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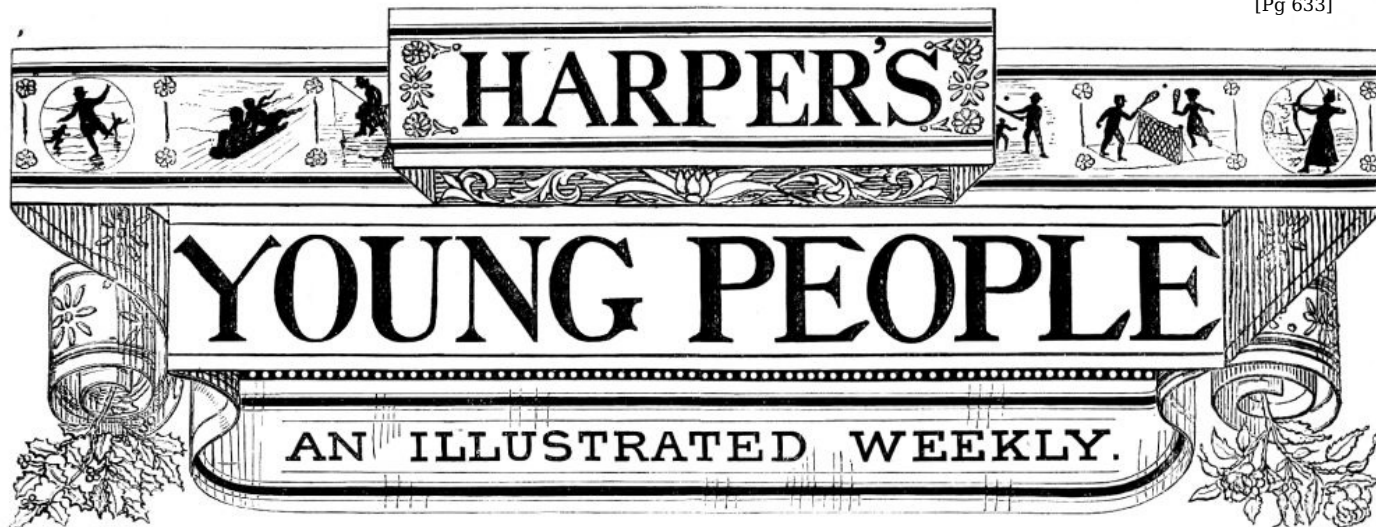
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CLAUDINE'S DOVES.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

A few days since, as I was driving in the Bois de Boulogne with a friend, a slender, sweet young girl was pointed out to me. She was walking beside her mother, and there was a loving, tender look in her blue eyes, a shrinking modesty in her deportment, which interested me at the first glance. She was apparently about fifteen. I observed to the friend who pointed her out to me that she was fair, modest, and pretty. "Yes," he replied, "and she is the heroine of a very pretty story."

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Eight years ago her father and mother occupied an *appartement*, or flat, in the Rue de Rivoli. Part of the Rue de Rivoli has houses only on one side; the other is bordered by a high iron railing with gilt spear-heads, inclosing the Garden of the Tuileries. At one point (which was nearly opposite the house where Claudine lived) one tall pavilion of the palace abutted on the sidewalk. The Rue de Rivoli is the most beautiful street in Paris. The windows of the sitting-room of Claudine's mother looked over the palace and its gardens, its chestnut-trees and its fountains, the Seine and its quays, with a more distant view of the Place de la Concorde and its obelisk, the Chambers of the Legislature, and the gilded dome of the Tuileries. Every procession passed under Claudine's windows. No little girl, I think, who lives in rooms overlooking the Rue de Rivoli would wish to exchange them for any other home.

Claudine's parents, though of good birth and education, were not rich; they lived on the third story. They had only one old servant. Claudine's mother was her daughter's nurse and governess. Till the German army marched on Paris they had a peaceful, refined, and happy home.

At the moment of which I am about to write, the siege had ceased, and the terrible days of the Commune were almost over. The little family began to breathe more freely—only in a certain sense, however, for they were all gathered together in a little close room, which would have looked into the court-yard of their house had not its windows been blocked up by pillows, mattresses, and furniture. They dared not look into the street, they dared not go into their own sitting-room, for the Versailles troops were entering Paris, bomb-shells were bursting in all directions, and volleys of musketry were being fired round every street corner. Paris was like a city expecting to be sacked, with the additional horror that each man's foes might be those of his own household.

Of a sudden they began to feel a stifling heat. Thick smoke rose all around them. There was the sickening and suggestive smell of coal-oil in the air. Claudine's father felt that he must know what was going on. To look out of the windows might be death to all of them; still he ran into the sitting-room, tore down the beds and pillows from a window, and looked out on the Rue de Rivoli.

The palace before him was in flames. As he looked, the fire swept over the venerable gray pile. Forked tongues of flame darted higher than the Mansard roofs of its tall towers, and threatened the stores and dwelling-houses across the way. Claudine's father looked below into the street: there was no safety there. The men and women of the neighborhood, driven from their rooms by falling fiery flakes from the high roofs of the old palace, clustered together under shelter of the great *porte cochères*—by which carriages drive into the court-yards of French houses under the rooms of the first story. Muskets, rifles, and mitrailleuses swept the street. To venture into it seemed sure destruction. To stay beneath their blazing roof would expose them all to perish in the flames. Bomb-shells were falling constantly to right and left, knocking off pieces of the cornices of lofty, stately houses, tearing off their iron balconies, and scattering shattered fragments of wood, window-glass, iron, and plaster on the pavement.

The father of Claudine, aghast with fear and horror, stepped back into the sitting-room. "I see no escape for us," he cried.

At that moment hoarse shouts below them in the court-yard announced that a party of insurgents, accompanied by a band of the fiendish women they called *pétroleuses*, had burst into the house that they inhabited. Already the dangerous fluid from which these women took their name was being poured over the wood-work of the staircase and the two lower *appartements*.

A cry ran through the house of "Save yourselves!" Claudine's father gathered together some important papers, some money, and a few jewels. The mother and her old servant spread a blanket on the floor, and flung into it such objects as they could gather up in haste, tying it by the four corners. As to Claudine, frantic with terror, she ran into her bedroom and brought out what she valued most—a cage containing two young turtle-doves. They were her only pets. She loved them better than anything else in the world, except old Clémence and her father and mother.

The torches of the Communards had already set fire to the wood-work saturated with coal-oil. Flames were breaking out in every direction. The inhabitants of the doomed houses were forced to make their way into the street, or stay to be burned alive. The first to rush down the staircase was Claudine, cage in hand. She ran into the street. A bomb-shell burst as she reached it, and her terrified parents saw her drop upon the sidewalk, while the cage fell at some distance, rolling away out of her hand.

When her father saw her dead, as he supposed, he rushed into the street, undaunted by the bursting of the shell, and picking up her body, retreated with it under shelter of the *porte cochère*.

But Claudine was not dead, nor even wounded. She had fainted with fright, and as her parents hung over her with tender words, she opened her blue eyes and smiled at them. A moment after, she remembered her dear doves. Before any one could stop her or forbid her she ran back into the street through bullets thick as hail, caught up her cage, and ran back with her recovered treasures. A *pétroleuse* who had seen her stopped as she was setting fire to some furniture, and cried out, with a mocking laugh,

"What was the use of running out to pick up those? They will be roast birds anyhow in the next half-hour."

On hearing these cruel words little Claudine began to comprehend for the first time the greatness of the danger. She drew back, darted a look of reproach at the vile woman who stood laughing at her trouble, and then, with the big tears rolling down her cheeks, "God will know how to keep them safe," she said, and opened the cage door. The doves flew out. They poised themselves a moment; then they rose into the air, and flew away to seek a purer sky above the clouds of smoke and sulphur. In spite of what the cruel woman said, the doves were saved.

A few moments later a drum was heard advancing up the street. The drummers marched at the head of a body of troops—the soldiers had come! "*Vive l'armée!*" cried the frightened householders.

In an instant *pétroleuses*, robbers, and insurgents scattered in all directions. It is a queer sight to see a French crowd run when the troops charge. *Now*, however, every soldier "thought on vengeance." The incendiaries dropped fast before the iron hail.

Meantime all hands were busy putting out the flames. The fire was at last got under. The furniture and wood-work of the first and second stories were badly burned and broken, but the rest of the house was saved.

Claudine and her family went back into their rooms, and let in the light of day, the father and mother blessing God for the timely arrival of the troops who had saved all Paris from fire and pillage. By degrees they grew more calm. But one sad heart was inconsolable. Claudine's share in the great catastrophe which had almost laid Paris "even with the ground" was the loss of her dear turtle-doves.

The next morning when she came out early on the balcony to look at the blackened ruins of the noble palace, and to mourn for her lost favorites, she uttered a cry of joy. Her doves sat on the railing of the balcony. They had flown back to their little mistress and their home.

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"Mamma! mamma!" she cried, "God has sent me back my doves!" and her little heart recovered the happiness that in her inexperience she fancied had been lost forever.

JOHNNY'S SONG.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Come, now, Johnny, sing me a song—
Sing me a song," said Mabel.

"I will," said Johnny, whose voice was strong,
"For I'm the boy that is able."

So he sang, and whistled, and sang again,
Till all the woods were a-ringing,
And Mabel frowned, and began to complain,
"Why, Johnny, what's that you're singing?"

"Don't you like it?" said Johnny Stout
(Mabel her laugh must smother),
As he straightened himself in his roundabout,
And said, "I'll sing you another."
He sang and whistled with might and main,
Till Mabel's ears were a-ringing,
And she stopped them up, and exclaimed again
"Why, Johnny, what are you singing?"

"That's *Pinafore*," said Johnny Stout,
Who thought himself quite clever;
"You've heard it often enough, no doubt."

Said Mabel, "N—hardly ever."
And she made up her mind that never again
Would she ask Minnie Stout's big brother
To sing her a song, when 'twas very plain
He knew not one tune from another.

VIOLA'S SKETCH.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

We had been staying at Dinan, a pretty and cheap little summer resting-place in Brittany, and so picturesque were the costumes of the peasantry that Viola, my sister, was fascinated, and her sketch-book was getting crammed, while I, more frivolous, was longing to be in Paris, where I could go to the Bon Marché, see the newest fashions, and hear the latest doings and sayings of the famous actress Sarah Bernhardt. Viola was always more sensible in some things than I, but she was weak on jugs, and mugs, and rugs, and picturesque old rags, and old women, and children; therefore it was no surprise to me, when we were on the road to the railway station, and our trunks already well on the way toward Paris, to have her insist upon stopping to find out what was the matter with a child who was crying bitterly. When, however, Viola discovered that the child was the grand-daughter of old Margot, who had been our "maid-of-everything" at the little cottage which aunt had hired for the season, who had cooked for us, and washed for us, and gone to market for us, at some ridiculously low wages, there was no use in arguing with her; stop she would, and alight she would from the queer old conveyance we were in—for it was not the day for the diligence—and aunt had to wait, nolens volens—and that means willingly if you choose, and unwillingly if you don't choose—and I had to wait, and I had to do all the scolding, for aunt is as meek as a turtle-dove. And after a while both aunt and I were just as much interested as was Viola, and there were we three all listening to little Suzette, forgetful of the train and of Paris.

Suzette had ceased crying, and was pulling a flower to pieces as she told us of her trouble. Margot had been obliged to remain away from home on account of our intended departure, and she had left orders, strict orders, for Jacques, Suzette's brother, not to do this, nor that, nor the other—in fact, had forbidden so many things that poor little Suzette knew not what was the thing he could do; nevertheless Jacques insisted upon doing just as he pleased, and Suzette and he had a quarrel. Suzette wished him to obey his grandmother; he called his grandmother an old witch, and said Suzette was her cat, and that as for voice and eyes, their cat had much finer ones. Then they had even worse words, and she had pulled his hair, and he had banged the door, and said he was going to drown himself; and he had come down to the pond, for she had run after him, and she was sure—yes, positively sure—that her brother was dead, and she should never see him again.

"But, Suzette," said Viola, "he may be hiding just to tease you."

"No, ma'm'selle, he has not wit enough for that; he has a tender heart, and I was cruel to him, and of course being desolate from my unkindness, he has effaced himself."—And then she burst out sobbing again.

"Oh, come, Viola," said I; "the child believes this to be true; let us prove to her that it is not so. The pond is small; we will hunt high and low for him. You take one bank, I will take the other, and between us Jacques can not escape."

Aunt made a feeble expostulation about the train.

"The train, madame," said I, grandly, "can wait. When humanity demands our time, there should be no thought of personal convenience. You see this weeping girl, you hear what it is that causes her tears; how, then, can you suggest to us the idea of evading responsibility?"

Then aunt feebly again murmured, "Dinner."

"Ah, then, ma chère tante, behold the immense luncheon Margot has provided—good Margot, to whom we wish to render this service!" This was from Viola; and all the while Suzette was sobbing.

"Adieu," I cried, tucking up my skirts, and running to the pond. Viola followed me; but so lost was she in admiration of the water plants and lilies, that had it not been for me she would have sat down and sketched them whether Jacques drowned or not. I hurried her off, telling her the child might be just at the last gasp, and we must hasten.

So Viola took one bank and I the other. Every other moment I shouted, "Have you found him?"

"No-oo," came back to me.

"Neither have I," was my response.

I had a little ivory-handled riding-whip with me, and I began to beat the bushes. Viola was now too far away to hear me, so instead of calling to her I screamed,

"Jacques! Jacques! unless you are drowned, do answer me. Good Jacques, dear Jacques, where are you?"

There was no reply; but the wind sighed in the trees, and the water lapped softly on the margin of the pond. I began to have some fears of my own. What if I should come suddenly upon the boy just as he was sinking, the bubbles perhaps dancing up to the surface of the water? Could I do anything to save him? could I swim? Alas! I could swim in a bathing tank, with some one to hold up my chin. What should I do? would my screams be heard half a mile away?

As I thought thus I again began beating the bushes, which were thick along the edge of the water, and at the same moment a loud something, neither a scream nor a groan, saluted my ears. I stood amazed; I could not scream; and instantly a voice said:

"Ah, what a fine fellow I have lost! that was too bad!" and a scrubby little head appeared above the bushes.

"Is it you, ma'm'selle? I beg pardon. I have caused you to be frightened; but you have caused me to lose the finest frog in Brittany."

"Oh, Jacques! naughty Jacques!" I faltered, as well as my beating heart would allow, "how could you serve us all in this way?"

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"In what way, ma'm'selle?" replied the muddy creature, holding up a frog he was in the act of skinning.

"Why, we thought—that is, we feared—or rather Suzette said, you meant to drown yourself."

"I!" exclaimed this *gamin*, in the most innocent and artless manner.

"Yes, you. Did you not tell her so?"

"In a moment of excitement I may have uttered a careless expression," said the youth, peeling the frog's leg carefully. "Suzette is weak, like all women—begging your pardon, ma'm'selle—she believes all that we men say. She, in truth, irritated me, and I was cross. But I had promised Monsieur le Curé that he should have a fine mess of frogs to-day, and it was a good chance for me to get them; therefore I came to the pond, and left Suzette to recover her composure."

I had recovered mine by this time, but I knew not whether to laugh or to be angry; so I said, "Do you find your conscience tranquil when you utter a falsehood?"

"Oh no, ma'm'selle, never; but this was a jest, done just to make Suzette behave herself. She will not scold me again very soon." And with that he strung his frogs together, slung them over his shoulder, and was marching off.

"Come, come," said I, "you must go with me and show yourself."

"As ma'm'selle pleases," was the cool response, and we trudged back toward the road.

I expected to find Suzette still sobbing, and Viola in hysterics; but what were they doing? Suzette was posing, and Viola making a picture of her—the cap and the sabots had been too tempting. Viola had given up searching for the truant boy, and was trying to secure a correct sketch of his sister. Suzette looked "all smiles" at seeing Jacques, and would have embraced him, but Viola would not let her stir.



SUZETTE.—DRAWN BY THEO. ROBINSON.

It is needless to say that we lost the train, that aunt mildly lectured us, that Jacques and Suzette begged ten thousand pardons, and filled the carriage with water-lilies. We had to stop at the curé's to return some books he had lent us; and when we told him the story, he made us dine with him, and I must confess that I ate some of Jacques's frog legs, and that they were delicious.

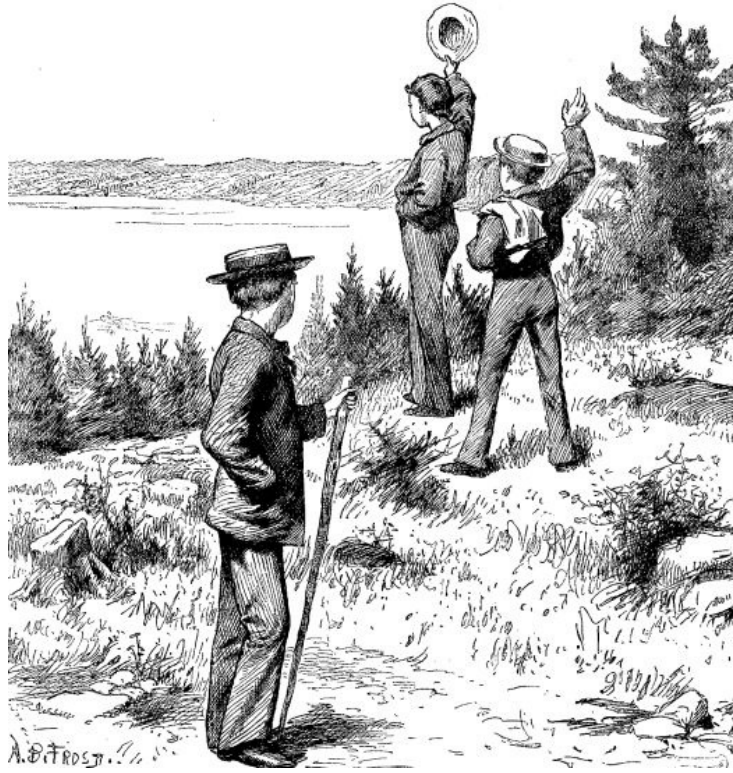
[Begun in No. 31 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, June 1.]

THE MORAL PIRATES.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

The boys had been on their island for more than a week when they resolved to make an excursion to Schroon, which was the nearest village, in order to get some sugar, coffee, and other necessaries. Schroon Lake, or rather the lower end of it, was not more than five miles from Brandt Lake; but there was a range of high hills between the two, and the village of Schroon was situated at the head of the lake, which was nearly ten miles in length. A long and tiresome journey was, therefore, before them, and they ought to have started early in the morning; but they did not start until nearly eleven o'clock. Harry, Tom, and Joe were to go to Schroon together, and Jim was to stay at the island until six o'clock, when he was to row over to the west shore and bring the others back to the camp.



BIDDING JIM GOOD-BY—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

When they bade good-by to Jim, the three other boys assured him that they would certainly be back as early as six o'clock, and warned him not to fail to meet them with the boat. They then started to cross the hills, following a foot-path that was so little used that it was hardly visible. Unfortunately the path led through a thicket of raspberry bushes, and the fruit was so tempting that the boys lost a good deal of time by stopping to gather it. After a tiresome tramp under the mid-day sun they reached the lower end of Schroon Lake, where they hired a crank little row-boat, and rowed up to Schroon. There was a fresh northerly breeze which delayed them; and the spray from the bow of the boat sprinkled them, so that they were uncomfortably wet when they reached the village. By this time they were very hungry as well as tired, and so they went to the hotel for dinner. It was half past six o'clock when they started to row down the lake, and several men who saw them warned them that they were running a great risk in attempting to return at so late an hour.

The trip down the lake was certainly a rather foolhardy one, for there was a good deal of wind and sea, and long before they reached the landing-place it was quite dark. But the boys were anxious to get back to their camp, and for the first time during the cruise they acted somewhat recklessly. However, they met with no accident; and when they had returned the boat to its owner, they set out to cross the hills.

The path was not easy to find in the daylight, and it was next to impossible to find it in the night. A dozen times the boys lost themselves, and were compelled to depend entirely upon the stars to direct their course. The woods had been all cleared away for a space of a mile or a mile and a half wide between the two lakes, except just along the shore of Brandt Lake; so that it was not absolutely necessary for them to keep in the path, as it would have been had they been passing through a thick forest. Still, it was not pleasant to lose the path, and stumble over stones and stumps, and of course it made the journey longer. They must have walked at least seven or eight miles on their way back before they finally reached their own lake at midnight, at the point where they expected to find Jim waiting for them.

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Neither Jim nor the boat was there. He had waited until ten o'clock, and then, making up his mind that they had decided to spend the night at Schroon, he rowed back to the island, and went calmly to bed. An hour later a dense fog settled over the lake; and when the tired boys reached the shore they could see but a few yards in front of their eyes.

It was a terrible disappointment, but Harry tried to be cheerful. "We shall have to stay here to-night, boys," said he; "but we will build a good fire and keep warm." Tom said that he thought that was the best thing to do, for without a fire they would suffer severely from the cold, wet fog, and he asked Harry if he had any matches. Harry had none, Joe had none, and Tom had none; so the plan of building a fire came to nothing.

The cold gradually chilled them as they stood talking over their adventure, and their teeth began to chatter. Joe said he wished he could get hold of Jim for about five minutes, so that he could warm himself up by convincing him that he ought not to have taken the boat back to the island. Harry said nothing; but he was wondering whether he would freeze to death in the fog, and tried to remember how travellers overtaken by the snow on the Alps contrive to fight off the terrible drowsiness that steals over them when they are freezing. Tom was more practical. He did not expect to freeze in July, although he was miserably cold; and he did not want to punish Jim for a mistake of judgment. He knew that the house where they were accustomed to get milk was not far off, and that a boat usually lay on the shore near the house; so he proposed to Harry and Joe to borrow the boat, and make their way into the camp.

"If we go to that house at this time of night, we shall get shot," remarked Harry. "The man is an ugly-tempered chap, and I heard him say the other day that if he ever heard anything prowling around the house at night he always fired at it."

"Then we won't ask him for his boat: we'll borrow it without leave, and Jim can bring it back in the

morning," replied Tom.

"This is nice conduct for Moral Pirates," said Joe. "Capturing a vessel at night is real piracy, and when Jim takes the boat back, the man will be sure to shoot him. I'm sorry for Jim, but I hope it will be a warning to him not to leave his friends in such a fix that they've either got to borrow a boat without leave, or freeze."

They made their way stealthily and with great difficulty to the place where the boat lay. It was high and dry on the beach, and though the fog hid the house where the owner of the boat lived, the boys knew that it was very near. They launched the boat with the utmost caution, lest any noise should awaken the bad-tempered man with the shot-gun. They had it almost launched, when Harry's foot slipped on a wet stone, and he fell with a loud crash, clinging to the boat, and dragging Tom and Joe down with him.

It was very certain that if anything could wake the owner of the boat, he must be awake by this time; so the boys sprang up, and shoving the boat into the water, regardless of the noise, seized the oars, and rowed away into the fog. When they had gained what they thought was a safe distance from the shore they ceased rowing, and congratulated themselves that they were all right at last. To be sure, Harry had scraped his ankle badly; Tom had forgotten the coffee, and left it on the shore; and Joe had put the sugar in the bottom of the leaky boat, where it was rapidly dissolving into syrup; but they were once more afloat, and expected to reach their comfortable camp within the next twenty minutes.

There was not a particle of air stirring, and not a star was visible, so they had absolutely nothing to steer by. They could not even hear the sound of the water which ordinarily lapped the shore. Still, they were not discouraged. Harry thought he knew which way the camp lay, and so he and Tom rowed in what they imagined was the right direction.

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They rowed for two hours without finding the island, and without reaching the shore. They could not understand it. The lake seemed to have grown in the night, and to have reached the size of Lake Ontario. They knew that by daylight they could row across it at its widest part in less than an hour, but now it seemed impossible to find any shore. Joe had just suggested that they had made a mistake in coming back from Schroon, and had walked all the way to Lake Champlain, on which they were now rowing, when the bow of the boat struck the shore.

It was some consolation to know that the lake actually had a shore; but they could not tell what part of the shore they had reached. They pushed off again, and resumed their hopeless search for the camp. A new trouble now harassed them. From seeming to have no shore at all, the lake now seemed to have shrunk to a mere mud puddle. No matter in what direction they rowed, they would strike the shore within ten minutes, and always at a different place. Joe said that he had never dreamed that so much shore and so little lake could be put together.

Toward morning Harry and Tom became too tired to row, and they lay down in the bottom of the wet boat, and tried to keep warm by lying close to each other. Joe took the oars, and tried to row without hitting the shore; but he had hardly dipped his oars when the bow grated on the pebbles. He promptly gave up the attempt, and making the boat fast to a tree, joined Tom and Harry, and shared their misery.

They were much too cold and wretched to sleep, but they managed to keep from growing positively stiff with cold. The sun rose, but it did not for a long time make any impression on the fog. All at once, about seven o'clock, the fog vanished, and the boys found themselves in a little bay near the extreme northerly part of the lake. They had been rowing across this little bay, first in one direction and then in another, during all those miserable hours when they found such an unaccountable quantity of shore.

Of course they rowed down to the camp, where they found Jim still sleeping soundly, with a contented, happy look that was awfully exasperating. They woke him up, and scolded him with all the strength they had left, and then, putting on dry clothes, "turned in," and slept all day. Jim towed the borrowed boat back, but was not shot; and the boys afterward said that, on the whole, they were rather glad that he still lived, and that they would mercifully forgive him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JED'S FIRST HALF.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

Jed was thinking.

Anybody who looked at him would have seen that much, for he was standing all alone at the corner, leaning against the big poplar, with both hands in his trousers pockets.

The village was one long "main street," with little short side streets cutting across it, so that it did not have any "middle" to speak of; but the "centre" of it and of everything else was right there before Jed's eyes, on the steps of the grocery. It was in the shape of a stack of boxes of fire-crackers, and Jed was gazing at it.

It had been almost cruel of old Philips, the grocer, to pile them up out there the last week in June, to make Jed and the other boys count their pennies and feel uncomfortable.

Fourth of July was coming, and Jed knew he would not be half ready for it. There were five other little Pullmans, and Jed felt as if he alone could use up "fire-crackers for six."

Think of having one of those boxes—a whole one—with nobody knew how many packs in it!

"I'd treat every boy I know, except Prop Hooker; and mebbe I'd give him some if he'd promise not to throw any more stones at Barlow."

The thought of such riches was a little too much for a boy of nine, and Jed slowly sidled around the trunk of the poplar, as if he were trying to get away, but his eyes did not turn with him. They stuck to the crackers.

"Hullo, my little man, what's your name?"

"Jed, sir."

He had to look up, up, up, to get at the grim, weather-beaten, but not unkindly face of the elderly farmer before him.

"Jed, eh? What's your whole name?"

"Jedediah Rittenhouse Pullman. I live down there in that yellow brick house behind the maple-trees."

"You don't say! Why, if you'd ha' let your name drag after you, the back end of it wouldn't but just be coming out of the front gate now. Can you drive cows?"

"That's what I have to do every night and morning. 'Tain't everybody can drive our brindled heifer neither."

Jed was thinking again. He had made up his mind that the stranger was a head taller than Grandfather Pullman—in fact, that he was taller than any other man in the world, except old Mr. Myer, the maple-sugar man, and he had to stoop to get into his own house.

"You don't say! Well, I'm down here alone, and I've got a loaded team to drive, and I've bought a cow, and I want a smart boy to drive her home for me."

"How far is it?"

"Only to Topham. Little more'n twelve mile. I'll send ye home by somebody. Pay ye well, too. Will you go?"

Jed hesitated a moment, but it was only because he seemed to be listening to a great rattle of fire-crackers to come—a cow-load of them.

"Course I'll go, if mother'll let me."

"We'll see her about it right away. You're just the boy I want. Give you four shillings."

A York shilling was twelve and a half cents, and four of them made half a dollar. Oh, what fire-works!

Mrs. Pullman met them at the door, and the first word she said was, "Why, is that you, Deacon Giddings?"

Then Jed knew it was all right, and while his mother talked with Deacon Giddings, he went and combed his hair, and put on his Sunday hat and a pair of shoes and stockings.

"Jed's a tough little fellow," said his mother, "and he's used to driving cows."

She might have said more than that for him. Even Deacon Giddings had picked him out as the "toughest-lookin' little chap he'd seen in a long time." The deacon was in a hurry, though, and almost before Jed began to realize it, he was dancing around behind a very reluctant and rebellious cow, right up the main street, with his new friend watching him from the seat of the heavily loaded wagon.

"Ain't I glad I brought Barlow along!" said Jed to himself, again and again. "He's a small dog, but he just knows how to bark the best kind."

Barlow was indeed a small dog, very fat and very yellow, and with less than two inches of stubby tail, but he was keeping up a very steady racket at the heels of the cow. He could hardly have done better if he had been a perpetual pack of fire-crackers, going off one at a time.

Once they were out of the village and into the country road, the work became easier, and Barlow could now and then sit down and pant awhile before opening a fresh bark.

"You're the boy for me," said the Deacon, from the wagon. "But ain't you afraid that dog o' yourn'll bark himself to death?"

"No, sir, he's used to it. Our brindled heifer always keeps him barking."

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"You don't say! Well, I'm glad I know your folks. What do you mean to do with your money?"

"Fourth of July, sir."

"That's it. I declare! Well, now, I might have thought of that. Gingerbread, nuts, candy—"

"No, sir. Fire-crackers."

"You don't say! Look out for that cow; she's heading down the road again. Hear that dog bark! I declare!"

She was quickly headed right again, and Deacon Giddings had by no means got to the end of the questions he wanted to ask.

They were not all about Jed's own affairs. In fact, he seemed willing to know everything there was to be known about the Pullman family, and all their relations, and all their neighbors.

Jed was willing enough to answer, whenever the cow would let him, and it made the long walk in the hot sun go by faster and easier.

It was slow enough even then, and by the time they reached Penniman's Corners, seven miles from the village, Deacon Giddings remarked, "Twelve o'clock, I declare! Jedediah Rittenhouse Pullman, you and I and the horses must have something to eat. The cow too, if she can stand still long enough."

Jed had been thinking of that very thing for the last mile or two, and he was glad enough to drive the cow into the tavern barn-yard.

Barlow stood at the gate for a minute or so after it was shut, and barked his best. Enough to last the cow while they were getting their dinners.

The tavern at Penniman's Corners was not so large as some there are in London and Paris and New York, but it was a wonderful thing to Jed, and so was the long dinner table, nearly three times as long as his mother's biggest table at home. There must have been more than two dozen people at that table.

"Jedediah," said the Deacon, before a great while, "you sit still. Eat all you can. I'm going to see about something."

Jed was busy with a great ear of boiled corn, and all he could do was to nod; but when he at last came out of the dining-room, there was news waiting for him.

A big son of Deacon Giddings had come on horseback to meet him, and Jed would not be needed any more, nor Barlow.

Jed's heart began to trouble him, in spite of the boiled corn.

"Oh, it's all right, Jedediah! You needn't feel bad about it. I've fixed a night's lodgin' for ye with Widder Simmons, right across the road there. She's to have a shillin' for it, and you can keep the other three, and go home in the mornin'. Here they are."

That was liberal, considering that Jed had driven the cow little more than half way to Topham, and Jed's face was bright again instantly.

The Deacon had a good deal more to say to him, but before long he, and his son, and the loaded team, and the cow disappeared in a cloud of dust up the north road.

For the first time in his life Jed felt lonely. The Deacon had taken him over and introduced him to Mrs. Simmons, and nobody could be blamed for feeling lonely in the same room with her. Jed could not remember seeing a smile on the face of Deacon Giddings, but then he had talked, and there was fun in him somewhere, and he had paid him his four shillings like a man. The Widow Simmons did not talk and she did not smile, and she looked at Jed through her silver-rimmed spectacles in a way that made him feel more and more alone in the world every minute.

Barlow had looked in her face just once, and then he had gone out in front of the house, and laid down in the grass.

Nearly an hour went by, or it seemed so to Jed, before he mustered courage to say, "May I go out, ma'am, and walk around a little?"

"Hain't ye walked fur enough for one day? I wonder your mother ever let sech a mite of a thing go a-cattle-drovin'. Well, go 'long. Only don't you be late for supper. You won't git a bite if you be."

Jed was out of the house in a twinkling, with his hand on the pocket which contained his four shillings.

"Barlow, come here."

It was no use to say, "Come here," for Barlow was travelling down the home road as fast as his short legs could carry him. When he reached what he may have thought a safe distance, he sat down and barked back. It was his turn to say, "Come here," and Jed understood it.

"It's only seven miles home, and no cow. What's the use of my staying here?"

It was plain enough that Jed was thinking again, and he was counting those four bits of silver coin over and over. There would be only three of them left if he staid all night at Mrs. Simmons's. Two packs of crackers gone, at six and a quarter cents a pack.

"I'd have to walk home, after all, or pay for a ride, or catch on to some wagon. No, sir! I'm going now."

He was afraid to say as much to the widow. He did not even go near the house again.

As for Barlow, that active dog refused to even sit down another time on the grass of Penniman's Corners.

Jed was half afraid he might be headed off and stopped by somebody. Mrs. Simmons might come after him, and insist on his staying overnight and paying her that shilling. Somebody else might take the other three away from him.

It was a great trial to be travelling alone with so much money as that, and Barlow must have felt it more or less, for he did not even bark. He had very few chances to sit down, however, for Jed did not feel really safe until he could see the steeple of the village church, and he walked better than he ever had before.

He was a very tired boy when he reached the corner of his own street, there by Mr. Philips's grocery, and he leaned up against the big poplar for a long look at the stack of boxes of fire-crackers.

"Ain't I glad I came back! Come here, Barlow."

But Barlow was lying down, with a large job of panting to do, and he did not come.

SOME INHABITANTS OF AFRICA.

Boys and girls who have visited menageries have probably seen an animal shaped something like a horse, but beautifully adorned with black and tawny stripes, standing silent and sulky in its cage. This is the zebra, the wild horse of the great plains of Southern Africa. There it lives in great herds, and browses on the thin grass and low shrubs of the wilderness. It enjoys the widest liberty, and gallops and gambols merrily with its companions through regions where the foot of man rarely penetrates. It is not strange that when captured it refuses to be tamed, and retains its wild nature to the end. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. There are at present a pair of zebras in the Garden of Plants, at Paris, which, by the constant care and kindness of their young keeper, have gradually come to show a great affection for him, and will even allow him to harness them to a little carriage and drive them about the streets of Paris.

The zebra's chief weapons of defense are its lively little heels, which it uses vigorously when attacked. It is a very wise and cunning beast, and as its sharp ears detect the slightest rustling among the bushes, it is very difficult to approach. The hyenas leave the zebra in peace, and even lions and leopards rarely engage in battle with it. They are quite content to pounce upon the sickly members of the herd which have lagged

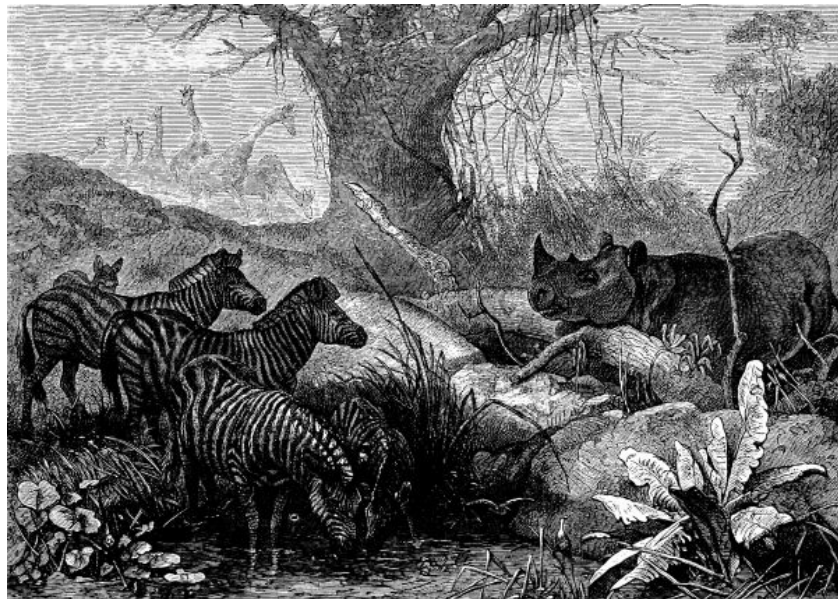
behind their companions, and are alone and defenseless; for if any enemy attacks a herd, the sagacious animals at once form a circle, their heads facing the centre, and begin such a lively battery with their heels that the attacking party is glad to save himself by flight.

The mane of the zebra is thick, but very short, and forms an upright fringe from its forehead down the back of its neck to its body. Its skin is striped from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, and down its legs to the hoof. The natives hunt it vigorously, as they prize its beautiful skin for personal adornment, and its meat is favorite food. They kill it with spears, or by pit-falls, in which the poor creatures get entangled, and are easily dispatched.

Large numbers of the zebra are shot by Europeans, who are covetous of its striped skin, while at the same time the meat gives abundant provision to their native followers. Mr. Stanley thus describes the killing of two of these beautiful creatures on the mountainous hunting grounds of Kitangeh, near the east coast of Africa: "It was not until we had walked briskly over a long stretch of tawny grass, crushed by sheer force through a brambly jungle, and trampled down a path through clumps of slender cane stalks, that we came at last in view of a small herd of zebras. These animals are so quick of scent and ear, and so vigilant with their eyes, that across an open space it is most difficult to stalk them. But by dint of tremendous exertion I contrived to approach within two hundred and fifty yards, taking advantage of every thin tussock of grass, and, almost at random, fired. One of the herd leaped from the ground, galloped a few short maddened strides, and then, on a sudden, staggered, kneeled, trembled, and fell over, its legs kicking the air. Its companions whinnied shrilly for their mate, and presently, wheeling in circles with graceful motion, advanced nearer, still whinnying, until I dropped another with a crushing ball through the head—much against my wish, for I think zebras were created for a better purpose than to be eaten."

The quagga and the dauw, both inhabitants of South Africa, resemble the zebra, but are not so regularly striped nor so brilliant in coloring. They are not so vicious in character, and are capable of being tamed. The quagga is made useful by the settlers near the Cape of Good Hope, and is taught to draw and to carry burdens. A settler once captured a zebra when it was a colt. The animal accustomed itself to captivity, and appeared so good-natured that its owner thought to make it as useful as the quagga. As a trial, he bridled it one day and jumped on its back. The animal at once began to rear furiously, and rushed with its rider into a deep river. The man clung desperately to the furious little beast, and was safely carried to the shore. But when he dismounted, the zebra turned in a rage, and suddenly bit his ear off. After that he concluded to remain content with his quagga team.

There are many kinds of large quadrupeds in Africa, some of which are native to no other country. Besides the three members of the zebra family, there is the harmless, shy giraffe, with its beautiful spotted body, its long, slender neck, and its delicate head, which it carries fifteen feet or more from the ground. This graceful animal is also hunted by the natives for its soft skin and its delicate flesh, which is considered a great dainty at a royal African feast.



TAKING A DRINK.

One can imagine the peaceful life of these herbivorous animals of the great jungles, when not disturbed by the ravages of lions and other blood-thirsty beasts. In our engraving a pretty meeting of these creatures is represented. A company of zebras have gathered by a marshy pool to drink, while a huge two-horned rhinoceros, his great nose resting on a fallen tree, looks wonderingly at these uninvited guests to his particular swamp. Two zebras are in the water, eagerly drinking, while the others look up at the lord of the domain as if saying, "Excuse us, kind sir, and allow us to refresh ourselves a little, after galloping about in the sun; we will not trample the tall reeds half as much as you do yourself."

In the distance a crowd of shy giraffes are watching intently, as if they too were anxious to refresh themselves with a draught of cooling water.



AN ISLAND NEWSBOY.



ON THE WAY TO THE ISLAND.



WEIGHING THE BABY.



A STUDY OF BUMPS.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.



THE PONIES.



FORTUNES TOLD AND CORNS CURED.

CONEY ISLAND SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY A. D. SHULTS.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

"Molly, put the kettle on,
Molly, put the kettle on,

Molly, put the kettle on—
We'll all take tea."

Thus sang the cheerful mother of the Donald family, as she set the kettle of potatoes over the fire to boil for breakfast. The kettle was a tight fit for so many potatoes, and Bonny, looking on with interest from his high chair by the fire, remarked,

"Full, mamma; ain't it?"

"Yes, laddie, full as it can hold—just like our house."

"How it spatters and boils over, mamma!"

"And our house spatters and boils over with us, too, wee one."

Sure enough the Donald dozen did live in such a small tenement that it was a puzzle how they ever could all get packed into it at once.

But then early in the morning the father went out to his work; Alec followed to the shop, Jeanie to the store, Nickie to sell morning papers, some to school and some to do errands, till Bonny and the baby would be left alone with the mother. Then, shutting the door after the last, she would say,

"Do you see how they all boil away, Bonny?" and she would sing merrily as she scrubbed, swept, and cooked.

She did not sing so often after father Donald fell one day and broke a leg. Nor did she fill the kettle of potatoes as full either after that. Mr. Donald lay helpless, and worried about the place he feared he should lose.

"But I've worked for the house till it seems I could not work anywhere else. If they'd only promise to let me back again when I'm able, I'd bear the rest with an easy mind," said the sick man, getting fevered and flushed.

"Lad, I can't have you fret so," spoke his wife at last. She took down her bonnet and shawl. "I'll go and ask the master myself. I don't believe he'll refuse a woman, and you such a faithful hand. Bonny is so good he won't be any trouble to you, and I'll take the baby along."

So Bonny climbed up by the window, and watched his mother and the baby "boil away" like the rest.

Then Bonny played by himself a long while, it seemed to him. He built a church tower with his blocks, like the tower he could see shooting up above the low roofs. He changed the blocks into street cars, and dragged them up and down the window-sill. He thumbed his torn picture-books; he thumped his rag doll. Getting tired of all, he flattened his dear little soft nose against the pane, watching the people tramp, tramping by on the brick sidewalks, and the carts, drays, carriages, that clump, clumped over the stony street. He liked this, and crooned over to himself, contentedly, tunes that were no tunes, and words that he made up as he went along.

But time went on, and still his mother did not come. Bonny grew hungry, and crept down to ask papa about it. Papa was lying quiet and breathing heavily. Bonny had fairly sung his father to sleep.

It occurred to Bonny, as he tiptoed back, that there could be no good reason why he should not go and find his mother, or else Jeanie, or Nickie, or Ted. Jeanie's old red cape hung in the corner; quickly he threw it over his yellow head, and holding it fast under his chin with one hand, he lifted the latch and stepped forth.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully off in the direction he had seen his mother take, with short, nipping steps, like a meditative chickabiddy's. He had not a doubt that he should come to some member of his numerous family before long, but meanwhile he was thinking less of that than of the sights by the way. Two boys were racing velocipedes. To Bonny that was a splendid sight.

"I wist I had a velehorsipede," he whispered, with a pensive air.

On and on he plodded, blissfully bewildered, absorbed in these enchanting visions, until he found himself before a caterer's show window, tempting with crisp loaves of bread, daintily frosted cakes, and unspeakable cookies, tarts, jellies.

"Oh my! oh my!" cried Bonny, beginning at last to remember that he was nobody but a little hungry boy, "I'm hungry—I'm so hungry!"

While he stared with all his longing eyes, he heard these words spoken loudly right by his side, "Come on, then; we shall be sure of a good dinner."

Bonny turned round. Two men in tall black hats were striding by, and one, as he spoke, clapped the other on the shoulder. The invitation was not meant for Bonny at all. But that did not make any difference to him. He simply received the idea that if he followed these two men he should get to a dinner. So he pressed sturdily after them. He had to walk fast, and sometimes he almost lost sight of them in the throng. But Bonny was so hungry by this time that he was very much in earnest. He did not stop to watch the people, nor to look into any more shop windows.

It was really not long before the two tall hats were seen turning up some low, broad steps. The panting Bonny, tugging after, followed unnoticed through a wide door into a vast hall, all paved with marble. Quite confused and out of breath, Bonny suddenly stood still. Where he had lost sight of the two tall hats and the wearers of them he did not know.

"Seems like another out-doors," the child thought, looking up at the high ceiling; "but where's the dinner? There is a dinner; I smell it; it smells good. Seems to me I never did smell so much dinner in my life."

By this time he also became aware of a cheerful clatter of dishes and voices; and following the sound across the wide hall, he pushed open a great door that stood half ajar.

Sure enough, there before him lay table after table, adorned with spotless linen, and spread temptingly not only with flowers and fruit, but with plenty to eat.

How should little Bonny know that this was the day when the grand new Metropolis Hotel first opened to the public? How should he know that here were all the mighty men of the city—merchants, editors, ministers even—with their wives, met together by invitation to celebrate the dedication dinner? You see, they had not invited Bonny: nobody expected him; so at first nobody noticed him as he slipped noiselessly in.

The tables seemed so full of people that Bonny had to walk up the room to find a place. A queer hush fell on the clatter and the chatter. People dropped their forks. They watched this little figure with the sunny hair, the happy face, the shabby shoes, the tumbled check apron, that dragged after it the well-nigh forgotten red cape, and at last mounting into an empty chair, said, with a sigh of satisfaction, and in a very clear voice, "I want dinner, please."

Bonny glanced round him. He thought everybody looked pleased, and catching the eye of a lady who bent toward him, he smiled back a shy, friendly smile.

This lady was the first to speak to him. She crossed eagerly over and said, "May I sit beside you, dear? I knew a little boy once with yellow hair like yours."

Bonny never noticed that she had tears in her soft eyes now.

"I like your hair best," he answered, half timidly, half frankly. The lady's hair was very dark, and she wore in it a splendid yellow flower.

"But, please, I am so hungry! May I have dinner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout gentleman came hurrying up.

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"Well, well, let's see about this," he began, in a rollicking tone. "Shake hands, little stranger. So you came to my dinner, did you?"

Bonny dropped his head. He was rather afraid of the loud-voiced man; but the lady whom he was not afraid of said, re-assuringly, "This is the man who gives the dinner, little one; this is his house; he'll be very good to you, never fear."

So Bonny looked up then, and replied, simply, "I came; I was hungry, and I came."

The host cleared his throat, and said, heartily, while he patted Bonny's curls, "Well, I didn't expect you, that's a fact; but we'll give you just as good a dinner, for all that. A dinner?—I'll warrant you we will: and upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, I rather think the Metropolis Hotel is honored to have the chance."

Never, never had Bonny imagined such a dinner as he ate that day. The lady who sat by his side cut up the chicken, and helped him choose among the lavish dainties that the host kept insisting on having brought for him to taste.

Hungry? It seemed to Bonny that he never in this world could be hungry again.

His innocent heart ran over, and he told his new friend, the lady, all she asked him about his sick father, his tired mother, the little tenement that was like the kettle that all boiled away, and the big family that crammed it so full when gathered together. But one thing neither the lady, nor her husband, who filled Bonny's pocket with pennies, nor the host, could succeed in finding out from him.

This was where the little fellow belonged, and how to return him to his home.

Street and number he knew naught about. What was his name? "Bonny Laddie." His father's name? "Oh, John." What kind of work did his father do? "Oh, nothing; father is sick." He had no clear ideas associated with any calling except with Nickie's, as they found by questioning.

That Nickie peddled papers, and that Bonny would when he was bigger, he was very positive about.

"Well, then," suggested the host, "we'll try the newsboys. We'll just have Laddie standing by the door when they go past, and maybe he can pick out this brother of his from the lot."

The company sat for a long time round the tables. Bonny kept still, listening and wondering, though he understood little of the speeches and the toasts. Once all eyes were again turned toward Bonny.

A gentleman rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose the health of the first guest of the Metropolis Hotel, who, though uninvited, has given the patriarch of this palace the privilege of entertaining an angel unawares."

But Bonny answered nothing to the looks bent upon him. With one hand full of nuts and bonbons, the other in his heavy pocket, and a face of perfect peace, the little guest of the Metropolis Hotel lay fast asleep in his chair.

He was rosily awake again by the time the newsboys were crying their evening papers.

"Come and watch for Nickie," coaxed the host; and with Bonny's small, warm hand in his own he stepped out on the broad granite slab in front of the hotel.

"That isn't Nickie—nor that—nor that," Bonny kept saying at first. "Oh, Nickie!" he shouted, suddenly; and plunging forth into the street, tumbled against a small boy in big trousers and an overgrown cap, whose bundle of papers looked much fatter than he did.

Astonished Nickie, who had not been home since morning, could scarcely believe his senses at first, as he stared at his little brother through the dusk, the fog, and the rain-drops that now began to fall. However, he could answer all the questions that Laddie had been unable to satisfy, and in a very short interval a carriage had been summoned, the host had stowed away in it a capacious basket hastily filled with choice remnants from the feast, and Bonny Laddie was rolling toward his home in charge of the gentle stranger lady and her husband.

Was there ever in the most agitated of kettles such bubbling and boiling over as took place inside the crowded Donald tenement that night? Had not they all been breaking their loving, anxious hearts about Bonny Laddie, and lo! here he was, safe in the old red cape, smiling and shining as usual, and rather

mystified at having such a fuss made over him.

The stranger lady, promising Bonny to come again, made haste to go away, but before going she had time to wonder at something she saw. Why did Bonny's tired but blithe-looking mother give the lady's husband such a sad, almost fearful, look? Why did he seem confused, and going over to the sick man, say, "I will reconsider that matter, John. You may rest easy"?

Afterward she understood. When John's master had that afternoon curtly refused Mrs. Donald's petition, and let her go away disappointed and distressed, her patient waiting and her earnest pleading having been in vain, he had considered himself right, from the stand-point of his own interest. But then he had known nothing of the clean, crowded household, and nothing of this yellow-haired laddie who reminded him of another little yellow-haired laddie who had been taken from him.

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

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

CHAPTER VIII.

After an almost uneventful cruise, excepting the capture of the British war schooner *Pictou*, and a chase by two British frigates, the gallant and "lucky" *Constitution* remained in Boston eight or nine months. Late in December, 1814, she sailed from Boston for the Bay of Biscay, in command of Captain Charles Stewart, equipped with fifty-two guns and fully manned. She cruised for a while off the port of Lisbon and further southward; and late in February, 1815, she met, fought, and conquered the English frigate *Cyane* and her consort the *Levant*. The battle occurred in the night—the moon shining brightly. For fifteen minutes the three vessels kept up an incessant cannonade, and the moon was obscured by a dense cloud of smoke. By superior seamanship as well as gunnery, Stewart vanquished both his antagonists, while the *Constitution* was only slightly injured.

Stewart sailed with his prizes to Port Praya, Cape de Verde Islands. The next day three large British vessels were dimly seen in a fog approaching. The *Constitution* slipped out of the harbor under cover of the mist, followed by her prizes. The English vessels gave chase, but Stewart, by expert seamanship, saved his own ship and the *Cyane* from capture, but the *Levant* was overtaken and caught. This was the final cruise of the *Constitution* in the war of 1812-15, for peace had been proclaimed before this victory was achieved. "Old Ironsides" was ever afterward revered by the American people, and she is yet afloat in the service.

In 1814 Lake Champlain as well as Lake Ontario was a theatre of valiant deeds. In September a land and naval force invaded New York from Canada. The Americans had created a little navy on Lake Champlain to oppose the British, and placed it in charge of Commodore Macdonough. The hostile fleets met in Plattsburg Bay, and while a sharp conflict was raging between the land forces, a severe naval battle was fought on the lake. The British Commodore (Downie) was killed, and Macdonough achieved a brilliant victory, for which he was honored by citizens and by Congress. Meanwhile, Chauncey and Sir James L. Yeo were manœuvring for the control of Lake Ontario without coming to any very serious blows.

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In the summer of 1814 some new vessels were added to the navy. In June the frigate *Guerrière* was launched at Philadelphia in the presence of 50,000 people. In August the *Java* was launched at Baltimore before 20,000 spectators. The public and private vessels were very active. Indeed, the story of the cruises of some of the privateers at this time might be made as exciting as any tale of fiction.

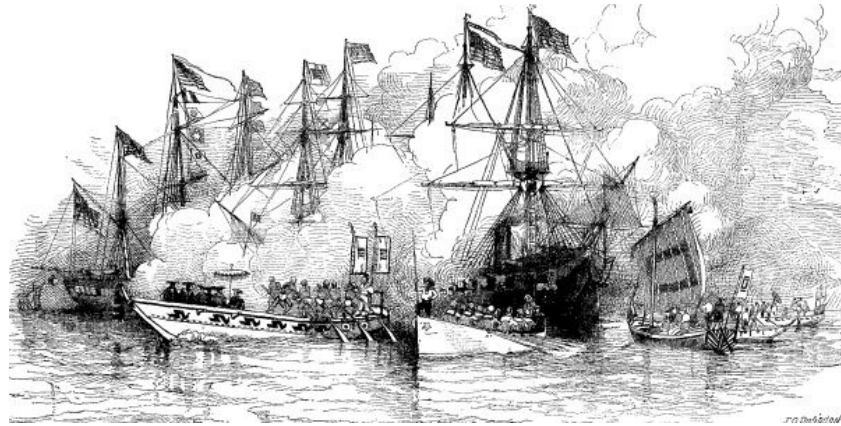
The *Wasp*, Captain Blakeley, made a successful cruise southward, vanquishing the *Reindeer*, *Avon*, and *Atlanta*. She was lost at sea in October, 1814, and was never heard of afterward. Captain Warrington cruised in the *Peacock* in the spring of 1814. He captured the *Epervier*, a most valuable prize. In May he crossed the Atlantic to the Bay of Biscay, captured fourteen merchant vessels, and returned to New York. At the same time Barney was very active with a flotilla of gun-boats on the waters of Chesapeake Bay, and in August, having destroyed his vessels to keep them from the British, he and his men assisted in the battle of Bladensburg.

At the beginning of 1815, Decatur was in command of a small squadron at New York. The *President* was his flag-ship. With her alone he sailed out of New York Harbor on a dark night, eluded the blockading fleet, and at dawn the next morning was chased by four British vessels. The *President* was deeply laden for a long cruise. One of her pursuers (the *Endymion*) overtook her, when a sharp action began. The two frigates ran side by side before the wind for two hours in a running fight, during which the *Endymion* was so crippled that she was about to strike her colors. At that moment the other pursuers came up, and the *President* was captured, not by a single vessel, but by a squadron.

The other vessels of Decatur's squadron, ignorant of the fate of the *President*, sailed for an appointed gathering-place in the South Atlantic Ocean. Captain Biddle, in the *Hornet*, captured the *Penguin* in March, after a conflict which called forth the highest praises for the American commander. Afterward, while the *Hornet* and *Peacock* were sailing together, they were chased by the *Cornwallis*, a British 74. They escaped, and the *Peacock*, continuing her cruise eastward, captured the *Nautilus* in the Straits of Sunda, the last vessel captured in the war.

The American privateers made such havoc among English shipping that the mercantile community were dismayed. "One of these sea-devils," said a London newspaper, "is seldom caught; but they impudently defy the English privateers and heavy 74's. Only think—thirteen guineas for one hundred pounds were paid to insure a vessel across the Irish Channel!" They had captured or destroyed during the war about sixteen hundred British merchant vessels of all classes. Our little navy had produced a wonderful change in public opinion in Europe concerning the resources and power of the United States. It had achieved the independence of the Republic.

In time of peace our navy has been employed in the beneficent work of giving aid to commerce; in making explorations of strange seas; in scientific investigations of ocean phenomena; and in the important operations of the Coast Survey, begun in 1817. The most conspicuous of the peaceful performances of our navy were known respectively as the "South Sea Exploring Expedition" and the "Japan Diplomatic Expedition." The former began in 1838, and ended in 1842. It was composed of six government vessels, furnished with a complete corps of scientific men, and was commanded by Lieutenant Charles Wilkes. It went southward until it reached pack ice, in south latitude 66°, and made a voyage of about ninety thousand miles.



COMMODORE PERRY'S SHIPS IN THE BAY OF JEDDO.

The Japan Diplomatic Expedition consisted of a squadron of seven vessels, commanded by Commodore M. G. Perry. Its business was to carry a letter to the Emperor of Japan from the President of the United States, who asked him to open his sea-ports to American commerce. The expedition sailed in the fall of 1852, and reached Japan in 1853. Perry was met on the bosom of the bay of Jeddo, in which his squadron had anchored, by high officials in the Emperor's state barges, and to them the object of the expedition was made known. The Japanese were astonished, for they had never seen a steam-ship. After several months' consideration the Emperor agreed to the President's request, and in 1860 he sent an embassy to the United States. Ever since then there has been free intercourse between the two nations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I AM THE LAD THAT FOLLOWS THE PLOUGH."

BY MARY A. BARR.

I am the lad that follows the plough—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me—
 In a hickory suit that's pretty well worn
 I go to the field at early morn,
 I help to scatter the golden corn—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me.

Out in the meadows and woods and lanes—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me—
 I watch the sheep and the lambs at play;
 When the grass is high I toss the hay;
 There isn't a boy in the world so gay—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me.

I go with father to shear the sheep—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me—
 I fodder the cattle, the mangers fill,
 I drive a team, I go to the mill,
 I milk the cows with a right good will—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me.

I help the peaches and plums to save—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me—
 For I am the boy can climb a tree;
 There isn't an apple too high for me,
 There isn't a nut that I can't see—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me.

When I am a man I'll own a farm—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me—
 Horses and sheep and many a cow,
 Stacks of wheat, and a barley mow;
 I'll be a farmer and follow the plough:
 Robin and Thrush shall whistle for me.

'Tis better to stand in the golden corn—
 Robin and Thrush just whistle for me—
 To toss the hay on the breezy lea,



To pluck the fruit on the orchard tree,
 Than roam about on the restless sea:
 So, sailor-boy, I'll follow the plough.

'Tis better to hear the wild birds sing,
 Robin and Thrush on the apple bough—
 'Tis better to have a farm and a wife,
 And lead a busy, peaceable life,
 Than march to the noisy drum and fife:
 So, soldier-boy, I'll follow the plough.

MUSIC BY CHAS. F. ROPER.

[Pg 646]

I am the lad that fol-lows the plough, Rob - in and Thrush just whis-tle for me; In a
 hick - o - ry suit that's pret - ty well worn I go to the field at ear - ly morn, I
 help to scat - ter the gold - en corn; Rob - in and Thrush just whis-tle for me.



NEW YORK CITY.

In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 12 I read about some curious South American spiders that kill birds, and the other day I read in an English paper an account by Mr. Frank Buckland of an enormous spider which is kept in a glass case in the London Zoological Gardens, and I thought the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE might be interested to know about it. This spider, says Mr. Buckland, came from South America. He is about as large as a common house-sparrow with its wings folded, and when he spreads his legs he is a terrible-looking fellow. The whole of his body is covered with dark red-brown hair. He eats cockroaches, and spins threads to catch them. He will also kill and suck the blood of young mice when they are given to him. Such a gigantic creature could very easily capture and kill humming-birds. On page 648 you will find a picture of this terrible bird-eating spider.

It is evident that Shakspeare knew of the great strength of certain spiders. In *Measure for Measure* the Duke says:

"How may likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!"

These large spiders are very common in Cuba, as well as in South America, and are probably found in all tropical countries. In Cuba lives the big hairy tarantula. Its home is a hole in the ground, and boys often amuse themselves by running pieces of sweet-flag in the hole. The tarantula is fond of sucking the juice of this plant, and will immediately fasten itself to the root, when the boys pull it out and examine the curious creature. There is in

Cuba a large flat-bodied spider that lives in trees, and wages terrible warfare on young birds. It is a very common sight in Cuban forests to see these creatures, their long legs grasping a young bird which they have entangled in their strong web, as a devil-fish grasps its prey, and busily engaged in sucking the blood of their helpless victim.

R. R.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

We had two mocking-birds, but we were tired of them, and let them fly away. At night they came back for something to eat, so mamma left the cages out, and the next day they went in their cages again.

I am eleven years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

MAUD T.

MOLINE, ILLINOIS.

I live on the Mississippi River, which is over a mile wide here. I am thirteen years old, and a reader of YOUNG PEOPLE. I think "The Moral Pirates" is the best story of all.

Two of my companions, Frank and Rob, had read the story; so we made up our minds that instead of cruising we would camp out for a week. Frank's father owned a large row-boat, which he said we might take, and I took my tent and dog. We laid in enough provisions to last a month.

So after a good deal of trouble we got started. We landed about three miles from here, on the other side of the river. It was a splendid place to camp. The ground was sandy, and was hemmed in by trees. The first night passed well enough. The next morning Frank and I rowed across the river for milk. As we were nearing camp on our way back, a large steamboat nearly ran us down. The swell nearly capsized us, and as it was, we got pretty wet.

We concluded that we could not stand that sort of thing, and made up our minds to start for home the next day, where we arrived to be well laughed at.

ED.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

In HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1873, page 181, it is stated that Betsy Griscom, who was employed to make the first national standard of the United States, suggested that a five-pointed star be used, and showed how a paper could be folded so that the star could be produced by a single cut of the scissors. Can you tell me how it was done?

WILLIAM H. O.

Do any of our young readers know Betsy Griscom's secret? Let us see who will send the neatest method for making a five-pointed star with one cut of the scissors.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I am a reader of YOUNG PEOPLE. It is a grand paper for boys. Can any one tell me where I can get a few silk-worms? I am anxious to make some silk, and see the worms work.

CLARENCE L.

In HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1870, there is an interesting illustrated paper on silk-worms, which will give you much information. No doubt some of our young readers can tell you where you can obtain worms. You will find it easy to take care of them, but a little difficult to make the silk thread, unless you know how to spin, which is not probable. An old lady in a New England country town once had a desire for silk-worms. She procured a number, which she fed on the leaves of a mulberry-tree which grew in her yard. As during her youth she had been taught to spin, she unwound her cocoons, and made beautiful silk thread, with which she knitted elegant silk stockings as gifts to her friends. If you are successful in procuring worms, observe their habits carefully, and write about them to the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE.

CUSSETA, ALABAMA.

I am a little Southern boy. I have three brothers younger than myself. I am afraid we are not always as good as we should be. Last fall Ben and I ran away, and went with some negroes to pick cotton. When we came home at noon we found mamma crying because she thought we had been stolen, and papa hunting for us. When mamma got through with us we decided not to run away any more. We hunt hickory-nuts and chestnuts in the fall.

Success to YOUNG PEOPLE!

The two following letters are from very youthful readers, who print their communications with a pencil:

PEARL CREEK, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write to you. My brother has a snapping-turtle, and a white rabbit with brownish spots on it, and my brother and I have three kittens. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I like the story of "The Moral Pirates."

EDITH M. P.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I am five years old. I can not read yet, but I get my sister to read the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE. I like them better than any I ever heard. My letter is getting 'most too long.

ELLEN H.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, NEW JERSEY.

A short time ago, fresh from the country, I was walking along Cortlandt Street, New York city, when I dimly heard the familiar "Bob White" whistled. "Papa, there's a quail," I exclaimed. "Nonsense," replied papa, laughing; "your imagination is lively." "But," I answered, "I really heard one." "They don't have quails in the city," said papa; "perhaps some boy or man is imitating the bird." I said no more until right at our elbow the shrill notes "Bob White" startled us both. Papa stopped, exclaiming, "That is a quail, surely." We looked about us, but could see no cage. "That is strange," said papa. Then we looked closer, and saw in a wire inclosure, extended from a cellar window to the sidewalk, an unused basin of an old fountain, filled with plants, while half concealed beneath the foliage were two plump birds, one of which extended his little head and saluted us with familiar notes again. A little crowd soon gathered, and listened with pleasure to the sweet notes of these feathered beauties, which here in the very centre of the business activities and bustle of the metropolis recalled recollections of woods and rural delights.

EDDIE A. L.

HARPERSFIELD, OHIO.

I am a lame boy. I have hip-disease. One limb is shorter than the other, and I use crutches or a cane. I mean to be a doctor, and make hip-disease a specialty. Grandpa has promised me a nice carriage and harness, and my uncle says he will give me a nice horse when I grow up and get to be a doctor. I am eleven years old now. I must tell you how much I like YOUNG PEOPLE, especially the beautiful pictures.

FREDDIE G. C.

MARENGO, IOWA.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have a great many dolls, and I feel very sorry for poor Jane, who fell in the water, but more sorry for her dear mamma, Fanny. I am glad that Dora and Bessie rescued Jane. I should like to know whether they ever found her curls when the tide went down.

JESSIE LEE R.

EAGLE GROVE, IOWA.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE better than any other paper we take. I am twelve years old. I have been to school three terms without being absent or tardy once. I would like to be a school-teacher when I am old enough.

I tried Edith L.'s recipe for cream-candy, and I thought it very nice.

There are a great many wild flowers here, both in the woods and on the prairies.

My brothers have been busy harvesting, but they always find time to read YOUNG PEOPLE.

MARY E. P.

NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK.

I am so much interested to read of the pets that are often written about in the Post-office Box that I thought the other children might feel the same interest in mine. I have two kittens—a white one named Julius Cæsar, and a gray one named Spitz, because it spits at everybody who comes near it. I also have three little chickens named Bud, Blossom, and Cherry. They have no mother, and I am bringing them up by hand. They run after me every time I go near their box, and sometimes they seem to think Julius Cæsar is their mother, and they try to cuddle in his fur.

CARL E. T.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

My papa takes YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I am so happy when it comes. Every Saturday, when papa gets off from the street car, I run out to meet him, and I say, "Papa, have you got HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE?"

I have a pet pigeon with a red breast, a pussy, and a little brown calf. I had two beautiful chickens, but they died. I am seven years old.

LOTTIE S.

MONA LAKE, MICHIGAN.

My home is at Allegan, but now we are staying at this beautiful lake. It is only a station on the Grand Haven Railroad, and nobody lives here except the station-master and one or two others, besides those who are camping out. Most of the people live in tents, but we live in a house.

I think Mona Lake is a beautiful place. There are picnics here almost every day. The chief attractions are boating, fishing, bathing, and the well of mineral water, which is said to be very fine. The lake itself is about seven miles long, and where we live it is about a quarter of a mile wide. It was named after my sister Mona, who was named after Castle Mona, in the Isle of Man. Papa has the American flag on a flag-staff on our house, and the Manx flag, with the three legs, on a pole set in the ground.

Pickereel, bass, cat-fish, sunfish, and perch are caught here. Pa caught a cat-fish that weighed fifteen pounds.

There are two camps here now. They are called "Kat-fish Kamp" and "Camp Toodle La." The last one is named after a song they sing here a good deal. It begins,

"Gentleman frog lived in the spring,
Toodle la! toodle la!"

EDDIE S. C. M.

FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and I like it very much. I think the Post-office Box is splendid. I have read the letter from Jennie Anderson, and should like to hear more about her home in India.

We have three canaries, and one of them is almost as old as I am. I am fourteen.

EMMA K. G.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I have four dolls. Their names are Bertha, Fanny, Juliette, and Rosy. Bertha has beautiful black hair, and Fanny has golden hair.

I, too, go very often to Spanish Fort. We had a little canary. It was a beautiful singer. But one day my aunt left the door open when she cleaned the cage, and it flew away, and never has been found. I am ten years old, and I have been to England, France, and Germany.

LOUISA D.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any correspondent of YOUNG PEOPLE.

WILLIE H. SCHERZER,
523 Arch Street,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I am collecting different kinds of seeds, and I would like to exchange with any

correspondents of your valuable paper. I have verbenas, forget-me-nots, four-o'clocks (red, white, and yellow), cypress, tropæolum, and other kinds.

Louisville, Kentucky.

C. D. K.,
490 Fifth Street,

I will exchange postage stamps with any foreign readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have several rare stamps.

County, Ohio.

E. M. VAN CLEVE,
Hillsborough, Highland

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a splendid paper. I would advise every one to take it.

I would like to exchange birds' eggs with some correspondent. To any one sending me ten eggs I will send ten in return.

Canada.

J. F. WELLS,
Ingersoll, Ontario,

A CONSTANT READER.—During early colonial times both Indians and negroes were held as slaves in Massachusetts, and advertisements of negroes for sale were common in the *Boston News Letter* and other publications of the day. Ship-loads of fresh importations of negroes were constantly arriving from the African coast. Meanwhile the feeling against slavery was steadily gaining ground, and much public discussion on the subject took place. The exact date of the abolition of slavery in Massachusetts is a disputed point, but it is generally conceded to have legally taken place at the time of the adoption of the State Constitution in 1780, although advertisements of slave property for sale appear in the newspapers of a later date. In 1788 the Legislature of Massachusetts passed an act to prevent the slave-trade, inflicting a heavy fine upon any citizen of the commonwealth who should import, transport, buy, or sell any of the inhabitants of Africa as slaves, or fit out vessels to be employed in the traffic.

[Pg 647]

Public feeling was for a long time hostile to the negro race, and during the early part of the present century "blacks" were repeatedly warned to depart out of the commonwealth, the pretext being to avoid the increase of a pauper population, "which threatened to become both injurious and burdensome."

C. S. M.—About what animal do you desire to know the habits? You left your sentence unfinished.

ALICE P.—Turtles prefer bits of meat and insects to bread-crumbs. If you read former numbers of Our Post-office Box carefully, you will find directions for feeding all kinds of turtles.

CAMILLE B.—The poem by your little sick friend is very pretty, but we can not make room for it.

PEARL A. H.—Your story is very pretty, but comes too late for publication.—You must send to the address of the advertiser for the catalogue you wish.

J. L. TOPPIN.—Directions for building a canvas canoe were given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 26. There is an interesting paper entitled "The Cruising Canoe and its Outfit" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1880, which will also give you much useful information.

Favors are acknowledged from Charles G. R., William Mullen, "Mars," Edwin J. Prindle, W. Clarence J., Louis H., John R. Glen, Nellie, Mary and Cora Wright, Katie and K. T., Etta G. D., Fannie E. C., T. Ellis, Susie A. M., Camilla A. M., Louise S., Mary Hartwell, Ivy Hamilton.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from "Evening Star," Samuel R. Hayter, K. T. W., F. B. W., Nettie and Lottie Marshall, Camille Benson, Charles L. Hupf, "Buttercup," Eddie A. Leet, Mary E. N., Gracie Kelley, John Brooke, Willie Hargest, Clara Jaquith, T. J. Anderson, Minnie H. Ingham, M. P. Martin, W. S.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in vein, but not in hand.
My second is in waist, but not in band.
My third is in queer, but not in funny.
My fourth is in sugar, but not in honey.
My fifth is in train, but not in car.
My sixth is in moon, but not in star.
My seventh is in wheat, but not in rye.
My eighth is in cunning, but not in sly.
A tribe am I whose home is found
Where snow lies deep on the frozen ground.

W. G.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARE.

First, a stalk. Second, an ancient vestment. Third, a river in Bohemia. Fourth, a sign.

GEORGE.

No. 3.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A city in New York State. Mountains in Asia. A river in Asia. A city in China. A lake in the United States.
Answer—Two rivers in Europe.

LEON.

No. 4.

DECAPITATION.

Entire I'm found in every home; but if you once behead,
I may be white, I may be black, I may be brown or red.
Behead again, and all at once invisible am I;
You can not grasp me, yet without me you would surely die.

JENNIE.

No. 5.

DIAMOND.

In market. A fruit. An article useful in drawing. A number. In grapes.

H. AND W.

No. 6.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. A beautiful flower composed of 8 letters.
My 4, 8, 5, 6 is a part of the face.
My 2, 3, 4, 1, 7 is a vessel.

FANNIE.

2. A river in the Northern United States composed of 12 letters.
My 6, 8, 3, 1 is an alkali.
My 9, 11, 4, 3 is to encircle.
My 7, 5, 10 is a part of a certain kind of wheel.
My 1, 12, 2 is a cape in the Northern United States.

ARTHUR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 41.

No. 1.

Magpie, Parrot.

No. 2.

H a M
E l I
L on G
I chneumo N
O hi O
T i N
R hin E
O cciden T
P i T
E as E

Heliotrope, Mignonette.

No. 3.

Full fathom five thy father lies.

No. 4.

H
B O A
H O R S E
A S K
E

No. 5.

Miles Standish.

No. 6.

Aristotle.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

If the blanks in the Historical Anecdote published in No. 41 of the YOUNG PEOPLE are filled by the following words in the order in which they are given, the story will be complete:

Richard Cœur de Lion.

Richard I.

England.

Henry II.

Crusade.

Palestine.

1191.

Philip Augustus.

France.

Holy Land.

Philip Augustus.

Richard.

Leopold.

Austria.

St. Jean d'Acre.

England.

Richard.

Leopold.

Henry VI.

Germany.

Richard.

Austria.

Leopold's.

Richard.

Henry VI.

John Lackland.

England.

Richard.

Blondel.

England.

Henry VI.

Eighteen.

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[Pg 648]



THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

SOLUTION OF RAJAH PUZZLE.

With the scissors cut from *A* to *B* in Fig. 1, and arrange the parts as in Fig. 2.



Fig. 1.

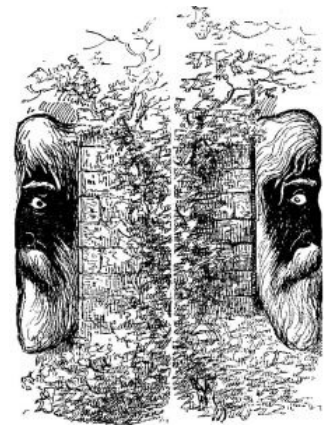
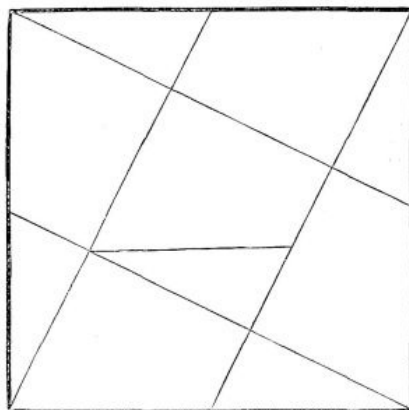















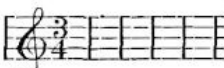





Fig. 2.

THE SQUARE PUZZLE.



Answer to the Square Puzzle given in No. 41 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

A MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

ONE very cold morning last winter an old gentleman seized his hat and  and started out for a walk. He had not gone very far before he heard a  sound. His first impulse was to  around and keep a \sharp look-out to ascertain the cause of all this noise. In a few minutes he saw a  away horse coming toward him. He immediately sprang to the fence; but in attempting to  it he tripped on the first , and fell \flat upon the ground. Shaking with fear, he crept under the fence, and hid behind a  of wood just as the horse  past. Tired out, breathless, and quite unable to move, he sat down to . A short space of , perhaps a  of an hour, elapsed before he continued his walk, but hardly had he travelled a  of a mile when he came to a \smile "What are you doing on my property?" called a ff voice. "Do you want me to  you hand and foot, and send you to prison?" "Why use such strong , friend?" said the old gentleman, with a  in his voice. "Because I am quite certain you are the man who stole a  of my nice canvas-back ducks yesterday." "I will not allow any one to cast a  upon my name," said our hero, in his \sharp tone of voice: "I came here to , and for no other purpose." But in spite of all he could say, the angry man led him to the neighboring town, where he was tried, and fully acquitted. His  can still be seen in the court register.



Adele (who has seized a favorable opportunity of trying Aunty's friz on Baby). "There, now, keep still till I see how you'll look when you're older."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 31, 1880 ***

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