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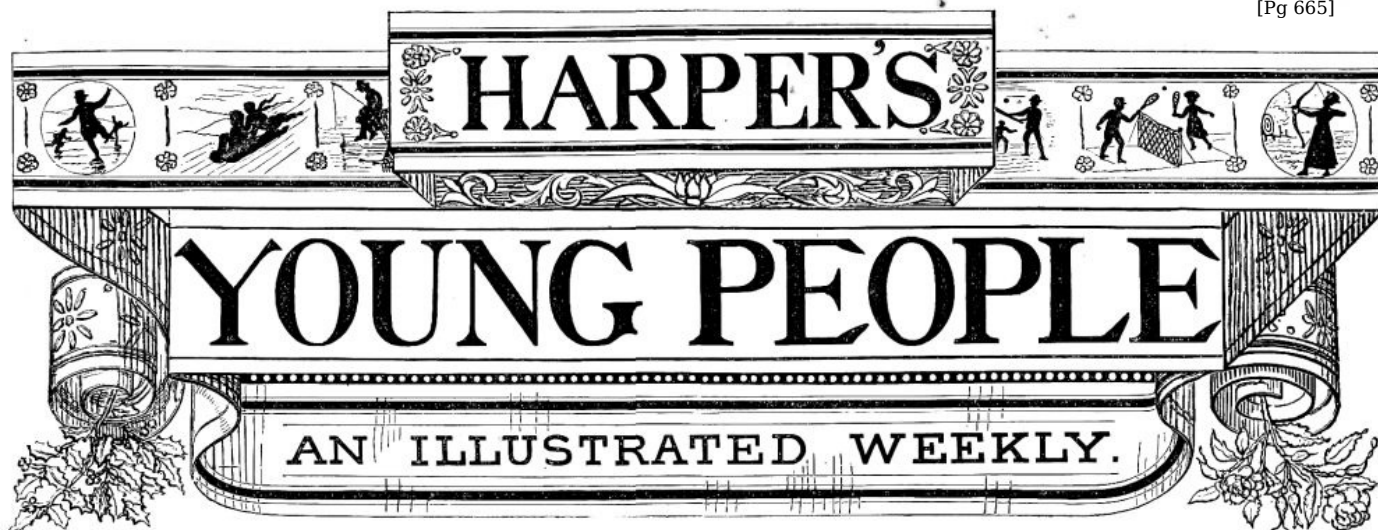
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CALLING THE ROLL.—DRAWN BY T. THULSTRUP.

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW PUPIL.

The boys who attended Mr. Morton's Select School in the village of Laketon did not profess to know more than boys of the same age and advantages elsewhere; but of one thing they were absolutely certain, and that was that no teacher ever rang his bell to assemble the school or call the boys in from recess until just that particular instant when the fun in the school-yard was at its highest, and the boys least wanted to come in. A teacher might be very fair about some things: he might help a boy through a hard lesson, or give him fewer bad marks than he had earned; he might even forget to report to a boy's parent's all the cases of truancy in which their son had indulged; but when a teacher once laid his hand upon that dreadful bell and stepped to the window, it really seemed as if every particle of human sympathy went out of him.

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On one bright May morning, however, the boys who made this regular daily complaint were few; indeed, all of them, except Bert Sharp, who had three consecutive absences to explain, and no written excuse from his father to help him out, were already inside the school-room, and even Bert stood where he could look through the open door while he cudgelled his wits and smothered his conscience in the endeavor to frame an explanation that might seem plausible. The boys already inside lounged near any desks but their own, and conversed in low tones about almost everything except the subject upper-most in their minds, this subject being a handsome but rather sober-looking boy of about fourteen years, who was seated at a desk in the back part of the room, and trying, without any success whatever, to look as if he did not know that all the other boys were looking at him.

It was not at all wonderful that the boys stared, for none of them had ever before seen the new pupil, and Laketon was so small a town that the appearance of a strange boy was almost as unusual an event as the coming of a circus.

"Let's give it up," said Will Palmer, who had for five minutes been discussing with several other boys all sorts of improbabilities about the origin of the new pupil; "let's give it up until roll-call; then we'll learn his name, and that'll be a little comfort."

"I wish Mr. Morton would hurry, then," said Benny Mallow. "I came early this morning to see if I couldn't win back my striped alley from Ned Johnston, and this business has kept us from playing a single game. Quick, boys, quick! Mr. Morton's getting ready to touch the bell."

The group separated in an instant, and every member was seated before the bell struck; so were most of the other boys, and so many pairs of eyes looked inquiringly at the teacher that Mr. Morton himself had to bite his lower lip very hard to keep from laughing as he formally rang the school to order. As the roll was

called, the boys answered to their names in a prompt, sharp, business-like way, quite unusual in school-rooms; and as the call proceeded, the responses became so quick as to sometimes get a little ahead of the names that the boys knew were coming.

Suddenly, as the names beginning with G were reached, and Charlie Gunter had his mouth wide open, ready to say "Here," the teacher called, "Paul Grayson."

"Here!" answered the new boy.

A slight sensation ran through the school; no boy did anything for which he had to be called to order, yet somehow the turning of heads, the catching of breath, and the letting go of breath that had been held in longer than usual made a slight commotion, which reached the ears of the strange pupil, and made his look rather more ill at ease than before. The answers to the roll became at once less spirited; indeed, Benny Mallow was staring so hard, now that he had a name to increase his interest in the stranger, that he forgot entirely to answer to his name, and was compelled to sit on the chair beside the teacher's desk from that moment until recess.

That recess seemed longer in coming than any other that the school had ever known—longer even than that memorable one in which a strolling trio of Italian musicians had been specially contracted with to begin playing in the school-yard the moment the boys came down. Finally, however, the bell rang half past ten, and the whole roomful hurried down stairs, but not before Mr. Morton had called Joe Appleby, the largest boy in school, and formally introduced Paul Grayson, with the expressed wish that he should make his new companion feel at home among the boys.

Appleby went about his work with an air that showed how fully he realized the importance of his position: he introduced Grayson to every boy, beginning with the largest; and it was in vain that Benny Mallow, who was the youngest of the party, made all sorts of excuses to throw himself in the way of the distinguished couple, even to the extent of once getting his feet badly mixed up with those of Grayson. When, however, the ceremony ended, and Appleby was at liberty, so many of the boys crowded around him, that the new pupil was in some danger of being lonely.

"Find out for yourselves," was Appleby's dignified and general reply to his questioners. "I don't consider it gentlemanly to tell everything I know about a man."

At this rebuke the smaller boys considered Appleby a bigger man than ever before, but some of the larger ones hinted that Appleby couldn't very well tell what he didn't know, at which Appleby took offense, and joined the group of boys who were leaning against a fence, in the shade of which Will Palmer had already inveigled the new boy into conversation.

"By-the-way," said Will, "there's time yet for a game or two of ball. Will you play?"

"Yes, I'll be glad to," said Grayson.

"Who else?" asked Will.

"I!" shouted all of the boys, who did not forget their grammar so far as to say "Me!" instead. Really, the eagerness of the boys to play ball had never before been equalled in the memory of any one present, and Will Palmer cooled off some quite warm friends by his inability to choose more than two boys to complete the quartette for a common game of ball. It did the disappointed boys a great deal of good to hear the teacher's bell ring just as Will Palmer "caught himself in" to Grayson's bat.

"You play a splendid game," said Will to Grayson as they went up stairs side by side. "Where did you learn it?"

Joe Appleby, who was on the step in front of the couple, dragged just an instant in order to catch the expected information, but all he got was a bump from Palmer, that nearly tumbled him forward on his dignified nose, as Grayson answered,

"Oh, in several places; nowhere in particular."

Palmer immediately determined that he would follow his new schoolmate home at noon, and discover where he lived. Then he would interview the neighbors, and try to get some information ahead of that stuck-up Joe Appleby, who, considering he was only four months older than Palmer himself, put on too many airs for anything. But when school was dismissed, Palmer was disgusted at noting that at least half of the other boys were distributing themselves for just such an operation as the one he had planned. Besides, Grayson did not come down stairs with the crowd. Could it be possible that he was from the country, and had brought a cold lunch to school with him? Palmer hurried up the stairs to see, but met the teacher and the new boy coming down, and the two walked away, and together entered the house of old Mrs. Bartle, where Mr. Morton boarded.

"He's a boarding scholar," exclaimed Benny Mallow. "I've read of such things in books."

"Then he'll be stuck up," declared Joe Appleby.

This opinion was delivered with a shake of the head that seemed to intimate that Joe had known all the ways of boarding scholars for thousands of years; so most of the boys looked quite sober for a moment or two. Finally Sam Wardwell, whose father kept a store, broke the silence by remarking, "I'll bet he's from Boston; his coat is of just the same stuff as one that a drummer wears who comes to see father sometimes."

"Umph!" grunted Appleby; "do you suppose Boston has some kinds of cloth all to itself? *You* don't know much."

The smaller boys seemed to side with the senior pupil in this opinion; so Sam felt very uncomfortable, and vowed silently that he would bring a piece of chalk to school that very afternoon, and do some rapid sketching on the back of Appleby's own coat. Then Benny Mallow said: "Say, boys, this old school must be a pretty good one, after all, if people somewhere else send boarders to it. His folks must be rich: did you notice what a splendid knife he cut his finger-nails with?—'twas a four-blader, with a pearl handle. But of course you didn't see it, and I did; he used it in school, and my desk is right beside his."

Will Palmer immediately led Benny aside, and offered him a young fan-tail pigeon, when his long-expected

brood was hatched, to change desks, if the teacher's permission could be obtained. Meanwhile Napoleon Nott, who generally was called Notty, and who had more imagination than all the rest of the boys combined, remarked, "I believe he's a foreign prince in disguise."

"He's well-bred, anyhow," said Will Palmer to Benny Mallow. "I hope he'll be man enough to stand no nonsense. He's big enough, and smart enough, if looks go for anything, to run this school, and I'd like to see him do it—anything to get rid of Joe Appleby's airs."

Then the various groups separated, moved by the appetites that boys in good health always have. One boy, however—Joe Appleby—was man enough to deny his palate when greater interests devolved upon him, so he made some excuse to go back to the school-room, so as to be there when the teacher and his new charge returned. Half an hour later Benny Mallow, who had sneaked away from home as soon as the dessert had been brought in, and had vulgarly eaten his pie as he walked along the street—Benny Mallow walked into the school-room, and beheld the teacher, Joe Appleby, and Paul Grayson standing together as if they had been talking. As Benny went to his seat Joe followed him, and bestowed upon him a look of such superiority that Benny determined at once that some marvellous mystery must have been revealed, and that Joe was the custodian of the entire thing. Benny was so full of this fancy that he slipped down stairs and told it as fact to each boy who appeared, the result being to make Joe Appleby a greater man than ever in the eyes of the school, while Grayson became a tormenting yet most invaluable mystery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD-BY.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Good-by, vacation, you jolly old time—
Good-by to your idle hours;
Good-by to dear fields and mountains and glens,
And the beautiful sweet wild flowers;
Good-by to the hours of frolic and fun,
And to freedom's all-glorious reign;
For vacation is ended, it's season is o'er,
And now for our school life again.

No longer the fences we'll merrily scale,
Nor climb to the tree-tops each day;
But the ladder of learning before us is raised,
And upward we'll wend our way.
Ah, deep in our hearts will the memory lie
Of the happy old days so dear,
And over our books we will wearily sigh,
"Oh, would our vacation were here!"

The bright days yet linger, the grass still is green,
Not yet have the mountains turned gray;
But what are the charms of sweet nature, alas!
Since vacation has vanished away?
But there is one comfort—the seasons roll round,
And all in good time we shall hear
Dame Nature's glad joy-bell ring gayly once more,
"School is out, and vacation is here."

THE 'LONGSHORE YACHT CLUB.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Yes, boys, de tide's a-comin' in now. Dat yot ob mine'll float afore long."

"General," said Bob Fogg, "may we have your skiff for our yacht club a little while to-day?"

"No, sah," replied George Washington, positively, with a wide grin on his wrinkled, old, very black face. "De club can't hab no skiff ob mine. Ef dey wants to horry my yot, dey can, dough."

"Bob," said Tommy Conners, "don't you know a sailin' vessel from a skiff?"

"Look at the mast," said Gus Martin.

"And the sail," said Stuyvesant Rankin, with some dignity.

"Now, Sty," said General George Washington, as he limped a few feet further from the spot where his rugged-looking old boat lay stuck in the mud, "wot do you know 'bout sails? Youah mudder nebber went to sea. She's a dressmaker."

"We can have the yacht, then, General, mast and sail and all?"

The little old black man evidently liked the members of that club, but he shook his grizzled head doubtfully. "You mought tip ober, and git yerselves drowned."

"No, we won't," exclaimed Put Varick; "every one of us can swim across the Harlem and back again."

"'Cept wen de tide's runnin' too strong. Well, it's wuff w'ile dat you kin swim. I 'mos' upsot her myself dis berry mornin' comin' home. Wouldn't I lost a heap ob crabs! More'n a bushel. Real blue-leg channel crabs, bestest kind."

There was more to be said, but the yacht club carried the day, and the General limped off, turning now and then to chuckle, as he saw his young friends crowding into the wonderful craft on the mud.

"Ef dey hasn't h'isted de sail! Yah! yah! Gwine to sail dat yot ob mine right across de sand-bank!"

There was hardly wind enough for that; but it would be some time before the tide would rise high enough to float the boat, and the club were not in a state of mind to wait.

"Tell you what, boys, we'll have a cruise," said Bob Fogg. "She's a beauty. Let's have a 'lection of officers before we start."

They were all agreed on that, but Joe McGinnis insisted that the grown-up yacht clubs never had any elections.

"They just draw cuts, boys, and they give the longest straw to the man that owns the club, to begin with."

"That's the best way," said Tommy Conners; "but the General's gone home."

"I'll take his cut for him," shouted Bob Fogg. "I'll choose to be Bo's'n, 'cause I know how to steer."

Nobody objected, although every member of the club said he knew how to steer, and Sty Rankin had a lot of straws ready in half a minute.

Tommy Conners drew the longest straw, and said he would be Captain; but when Gus Martin came next, and decided to be a Commodore, Tommy muttered, ruefully, "I'd forgot about that."

Stuyvesant Rankin's memory was still better, for he had hardly compared his straw with the others before he shouted, "I'll be Admiral of this club."

Put Varick was so stunned by that that he only said, "I'm Cook; there won't be any work for me this trip."

"What am I, then?" asked Joe McGinnis, with the shortest straw in his hand.

"You?" said Bob Fogg; "why, you're the Crew. Take hold of that larboard oar, and pull it out of the mud. There's those three landlubbers up on the bank. They'd pelt us if they dared."

The three landlubbers were there, and they were making loud remarks about the club, but the yacht was almost ready to float now, and no attention could be paid to them. [Pg 668]

Just beyond the little creek where General George Washington kept his boat spread the busy waters of the Harlem River, with the great city of New York on both sides, but not very close to the edge of it. It was a very busy sheet of water indeed. There were small steamboats carrying passengers here and there; little tug-boats tugged and puffed and coughed at the sides of big schooners loaded with lumber from Maine; long race-boats, with gayly dressed oarsmen, darted swiftly over the water, like great wooden pickerel, they were so long and sharp and narrow. There were fishing-boats, pleasure-boats, steam-launches, even canoes that were driven by one man and a paddle. But among them all there was no other craft like General George Washington's "yot."

"Boys," exclaimed Captain Conners, "we've forgotten."

"What?" said Admiral Rankin.

"To name the boat."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Commodore Martin. "The General named her himself. She's the *Hail Columbia*."

"Admiral," shouted Boatswain Bob Fogg, "she's beginning to float. You get away forward there, beyond the mast. Captain, you and the Commodore get in the middle. Now, Cook, you and the Crew pull hard a minute, and we'll be out of the mud."

The Admiral obeyed, although there was hardly room to squeeze into, and the mast crowded his back a little. The Cook and the Crew also obeyed, and the *Hail Columbia* suddenly shot away from the bank, and around the head of the rotten old wooden pier.

"If there ain't those three landlubbers," exclaimed Boatswain Fogg, "out on the pier head. And they've got a lot of half-bricks to spatter us with."



THE YACHT CLUB STARTS ON ITS ANNUAL CRUISE.

There they were; but at that moment the wind came up with a sudden puff, and filled the sail which the genius of the General had added to the motive power of that "yot." It was just at the wrong moment, for Captain Tommy Conners and Commodore Gus Martin were having an argument over an extra oar they had found in the bottom of the boat, and they were rocking it badly. The Cook was rowing his best, but the tip of the boat sent his oar deep under water, and the Crew suddenly found his oar lifted out into the air.

"Joe McGinnis, you've caught a crab," exclaimed Boatswain Fogg. But before he could say anything to the Captain and the Commodore, the three landlubbers were at work.

Splash, splash, splatter! how those bricks and sticks did fall around the *Hail Columbia*!

"Oh dear!" said Admiral Stuyvesant Rankin to himself, in the bows. "If the yacht upsets, I'm the only member of the club that's got a new coat on."

The breeze came fresher and fresher, and in a minute more the *Hail Columbia* was out of reach of the "battery" on the pier head. Her sable owner, however, was watching her from the door of his cabin with genuine pride.

"Don't she go! Don't she jest slip fru de watah! She does moah sailin' to de squar' foot dan any odder yot on de ribber."

So she did, if he meant that it took her longer to travel that foot, or any other.

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It was no joke to be "Bo's'n" of the *Hail Columbia*, as Bob Fogg soon found out.

"Tell you what, boys," he said, "it's 'cause she hasn't any keel on her. I have to keep steering all the while. There's no saying where she won't go to."

"Keep along shore," shouted the Admiral from the bows. "You're heading out into the river."

"Now, Sty, if you think you can steer this yacht better than I can, just you come aft and try."

"Hey, there, you young pirates! Where are you heading for?"

It was the shout of a big-armed young fellow in a shell race-boat, who found himself suddenly compelled to pull to the right desperately to avoid being run down by the *Hail Columbia*.

"Lookout! Oh—"

Thump. "I declare!"

The first exclamation was from the tall, slim gentleman in the "out-riggered" wherry, who had been racing with the big-armed young man, and had not been looking out well enough.

He tried to turn to the left, but it was very late to try, and the suddenness of it helped him "catch a crab" with his starboard oar. When he said "Oh," he was just going over into the water.

The "thump" and the other exclamation did no harm to the *Hail Columbia*, but the fat old gentleman in the tub of a pleasure-boat that had bumped against the yacht remarked:

"The river swarms with boys to-day. I'm not sorry that other one got a ducking. I've had to get out of his way twice."

The officers and crew of the *Hail Columbia* were inclined to keep a little quiet, all but their brave Boatswain.

"Don't you know how to steer, you fellows? Don't you know that sailing vessels have the right of way? You ought to have blown your whistle sooner."

"I declare!" again exclaimed the old gentleman. "The child is perfectly right."

"Bo's'n," asked the Commodore, "can't we tack and keep along shore again?"

"We can't tack with the sail up—not in this yacht; but we can let it down and turn her round with the oars."

They did that very thing, and in five minutes more the *Hail Columbia* was pointing her Admiral toward the north shore of the Harlem again.

The slim man managed to get back into his "shell," but he had lost his race with the big-armed man.

"Bo's'n," remarked the Commodore, as they sailed along, "you needn't run us into the mud."

"I guess not," said Bob Fogg; "but if I can steer her close enough to land, I'm going up as far as the bridge."

It was a grand cruise, and it lasted a long time; but when the *Hail Columbia* once more ran into the little cove, there was General George Washington ready to say,

"Look a-heah, boys, I didn't say you mought cross de 'Lantic Ocean. I wants dat yot to go for some bass."

OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

No. V.

HOW THE SETTLERS OF WALPOLE DEFENDED THEMSELVES.

Beautiful the green meadows, the surrounding hills, and the distant mountains forming the landscape in Walpole, New Hampshire, which Colonel Benjamin Bellows and John Kilburn gazed upon on the banks of the Connecticut River in 1749. They had built their log-houses with loop-holes in the walls through which they could fire upon the Indians in case they were attacked. Though peace had been agreed upon between France and England, the people who lived along the frontier felt no security, for the French in Canada were continually urging the Indians to commit depredations on the English. It was a short and easy journey from Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, to the valley of the Connecticut, and the Indians who sold their furs to the French were frequent visitors to the settlements along the Connecticut.

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One of the Indians who visited John Kilburn was called Captain Philip. He had been baptized and christened by the Jesuit priests at the Indian village of St. Francis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, half way from Montreal to Quebec. The St. Francis tribe were called Christian Indians. There were rumors that war would break out again between England and France. Before war was declared hostilities began.

It was in the spring of 1755 that Captain Philip made a visit to John Kilburn's house with some beaver-skins for sale. He wanted powder, bullets, and flints for pay. While he was trading, Captain Philip was running his eyes over the house, looking at the thick timbers, the loop-holes in the walls. When he had finished his trade he visited the other houses in the settlement. He was kindly treated. The settlers never mistrusted that he was taking observations for future use.

August came. The settlers heard that war had begun, and knew that the French and Indians might be upon them at any moment. They strengthened their block-houses. No one went into the field to work alone. They always carried their guns with them. They had some faithful watch-dogs which always growled when Indians were about. There were nearly forty men in the settlement. They were stout-hearted, and were determined not to be driven out by the French and Indians. They appointed Colonel Bellows to be their leader. He had a suspicion that Indians were about.

"We must have a supply of meal, so that in case we are attacked we shall have something to eat," he said.

The settlers filled each a bag with corn, shouldered them, and then, in single file, each man carrying his gun, they marched to the grist-mill which they had erected, ground the corn into meal, shouldered the sacks once more, and started homeward, their faithful watch-dogs trotting in advance, paying no attention to squirrels or partridges, or game of that sort.

Suddenly the dogs came back, growling, the hair on their backs in a ruff.

"There are Indians about. Throw down your sacks," said Colonel Bellows.

The men threw their sacks on the ground, dropped into the ferns, and looked to the priming of their guns. The ferns were tall, and completely concealed them. Colonel Bellows suspected that the Indians had laid an ambuscade at a narrow place in the path which they must pass. He crept slowly forward to see what he could discover, careful not to break a twig or make any noise. He crept to the top of a little hill, peeped through the ferns, and discovered a great number of Indians, nearly two hundred, crouching behind trees, or lying on the ground, waiting for the white men to enter the trap. He made his way back to his men, issued his orders in a whisper, and all crawled through the ferns toward the Indians till they were only a few rods from them.

All were ready. Every man sprang to his feet, and yelled as loud as he could, "Hi-ya! hi-ya!" It was a terrific howl.

The next moment not a settler was to be seen; all had dropped upon the ground, and were concealed by the ferns.

In an instant every Indian was on his feet, firing his gun, but hitting nobody.

There was an answering flash from the ferns, each settler taking aim, and the Indians sprang into the air, or fell headlong before the bullets.

The red men outnumbered the settlers five to one, but were so astounded by the surprise that, picking up the wounded, they made a hasty retreat into a swamp, and the settlers made all haste to their block-house, anticipating an attack. Not one of them had been injured.

This body of Indians was a part of a band of more than three hundred, led by Captain Philip, who had come from Canada with the expectation of wiping out the settlements along the Connecticut, and of returning to

Canada with many prisoners and no end of scalps. It was at the pleasantest season of the year. The woods were full of game, and with the provisions they would get in the settlements which they intended to destroy they would have an abundance of food.

Captain Philip, with the rest of the Indians, was creeping stealthily through the woods toward John Kilburn's house. Mr. Kilburn and his son John, Mr. Pike and his son, were out in the field reaping wheat, their guns close at hand. Mr. Kilburn had trained his dog to scour the woods, and the faithful animal ever had his eyes and ears open, and was sniffing the wind if a wolf or bear was about. On this afternoon in August the dog came running in with his hair in a ruff, and growling.

"Indians," said Mr. Kilburn. The men and boys seized their guns, ran for the house, and had just time to get inside and bar the door when Captain Philip and nearly two hundred Indians made their appearance.

The Indians staid at a safe distance, and so did Captain Philip, though he came near enough to talk.

"Come out, old John! come out, young John! I give you good quarter," he shouted.



THE DEFENSE OF THE CABIN—DRAWN BY A. B. SHULTS.

There were only the two men, the two boys, Mrs. Kilburn and her daughter and four children, in the house, with three hundred Indians attacking them, but John Kilburn was not in the least frightened—not he. Neither was Mrs. Kilburn, nor her son or daughter. They had several extra guns; Mrs. Kilburn and her daughter knew how to load them. They would rather die than be taken prisoners. The Indians had no cannon, and their bullets would not go through the stout timbers. Only by burning the house would they be able to get in.

"Get you gone, you rascal, or I'll quarter you!" was the defiant answer that John Kilburn shouted through one of the loop-holes to Captain Philip, as the latter went back to the dark crowd of savages, who set up the war-whoop.

"They yell like so many devils," said John Kilburn; but he was not in the least disturbed by the howling.

Then the bullets began to come through the shingles on the roof, and strike against the timbers.

The Indians surrounded the house, but there were loop-holes on each side. Mr. Kilburn and Mr. Pike took two of the sides, and the two boys the others. Bang! bang! went the guns of Mr. Kilburn and Mr. Pike. Bang! bang! went the boys' guns. They could fire at a rest, and take deliberate aim. The Indians could not see the muzzles of the guns, and the moment one of the red men peeped from behind a tree his skull was in danger.

One by one they fell, which enraged them all the more, and they crept nearer, firing rapidly, riddling the shingles, hoping, quite likely, that a bullet might glance down from the roof, and hit those inside.

"The roof looks like a sieve," said John Kilburn, as he looked up and saw the holes.

Mrs. Kilburn and her daughter were loading the extra guns the while, and handing them to the men and boys, who kept up such a rapid fire that the Indians came to the conclusion that there were a large number of men in the house.

"We shall soon be out of bullets," said Mrs. Kilburn.

A thought came: why not catch the bullets that were coming through the roof? The balls had nearly spent their force when they came through, and they hung up a blanket, with thick folds, which stopped them entirely; and the girl, gathering them as they fell harmlessly upon the floor, put them into a ladle, melted them, and ran new bullets, which soon were whizzing through the air, and doing damage to the enemy.

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All through the afternoon the fight goes on, the Indians aiming at the loop-holes. Their bullets pepper the logs around them. One comes in, and inflicts a ghastly wound in Mr. Pike's thigh, but the Indians do not know it, and the brave defense is kept up till the Indians, foiled in all their efforts, defeated, with several of their number dead and many wounded from the volley fired by Colonel Bellows and his men, and by those in the house, set Mr. Kilburn's wheat on fire, kill his cattle, bury their dead, and slink away, not having taken a scalp or a prisoner. They have only wounded one man.

When everything goes well with the Indian he can be very brave, but when the tide is against him he quickly loses courage and becomes disheartened, and so Captain Philip made his way back to Canada, very much crest-fallen at the repulse received at the hands of two men, a woman, two boys, and a brave-hearted

CAMBRIDGE SERIES
OF
INFORMATION CARDS FOR SCHOOLS.

No. 3.

About Combustion.

BY

W. J. ROLFE, A.M.

Combustion is only another name for burning, and burning in all ordinary cases is *oxidation*, or union with oxygen, one of the gases that make up our atmosphere. It is a *chemical* change; that is, one by which we get a new substance entirely unlike any of the substances united. Common salt, for instance, is formed by the chemical union of a yellow, bad-smelling gas and a soft silvery metal. When coal and wood are burned, the chief products of the union with oxygen are carbonic acid and water. The former is a colorless gas, and the latter is in the form of invisible vapor, and both go up the chimney and mix with the outer air. The ashes left behind are only what can not be burned or united with the oxygen. If we collect all the products of the burning, together with the ashes, we find that they weigh more than the coal or wood, the increase being exactly equal to the weight of the oxygen consumed. No kind of matter can be destroyed by any power known to us; it may unite with other matter, and take many new forms, but its weight can be neither increased nor diminished. The amount of matter in the universe is always the same.

Oxygen must be heated before it will unite with coal or wood. The air is at all times in contact with them, but they will not burn unless they are first kindled. The chemical process itself, when once started, generally produces heat enough to raise more oxygen to the proper temperature, and thus the combustion is kept up. The point to which the oxygen must be heated varies much with different substances, as is well shown in kindling a coal fire. The heat produced by rubbing a match on a rough surface suffices to make the oxygen unite with the phosphorus on the end of the match; the burning of this causes heat enough for the union of the oxygen with the sulphur, and the burning of the sulphur enough to set the wood of the match on fire. The shavings, the kindling wood, and the charcoal are in turn ignited, and the burning charcoal develops heat enough to enable the oxygen to combine with the hard coal. Each step in the operation requires more heat than the preceding step. This seems a very simple thing now, but the anthracite beds of Pennsylvania long remained useless because no one had found out how to kindle the fuel, and the discovery was at last made half by accident.

There are some forms of combustion which are very unlike ordinary burning, and yet are essentially the same, being cases of union with oxygen. The only difference is that the process goes on slowly instead of rapidly. We know that vegetable and animal substances decay when exposed to the air; and decay is a slow burning. The oxygen of the air gradually combines with the substances, converting them into carbonic acid and water, and leaving only a small remnant of matter as the ashes of the lingering combustion. The *heat* produced in this case is found to be precisely the same as in ordinary burning, but it is set free so gradually that it escapes our notice.

We know that green wood decays much sooner than dry wood. Indeed, if wood is kept perfectly dry, it will not decay for ages. In the dry climate of Egypt wooden mummy cases have been preserved for more than three thousand years. On the other hand, dry wood burns much quicker than green wood; it is not easy to set the latter on fire. Why this difference, if decay and burning are similar processes? The decay of the green wood is due to the fact that the presence of moisture causes certain changes in portions of the wood, which enable the oxygen to attack it at a low temperature; and the slow combustion, once started, is self-sustaining. But in ordinary burning the temperature must be raised to a certain point before the oxidation can begin, and this point can not be reached until the moisture is evaporated, which uses up a good deal of heat.

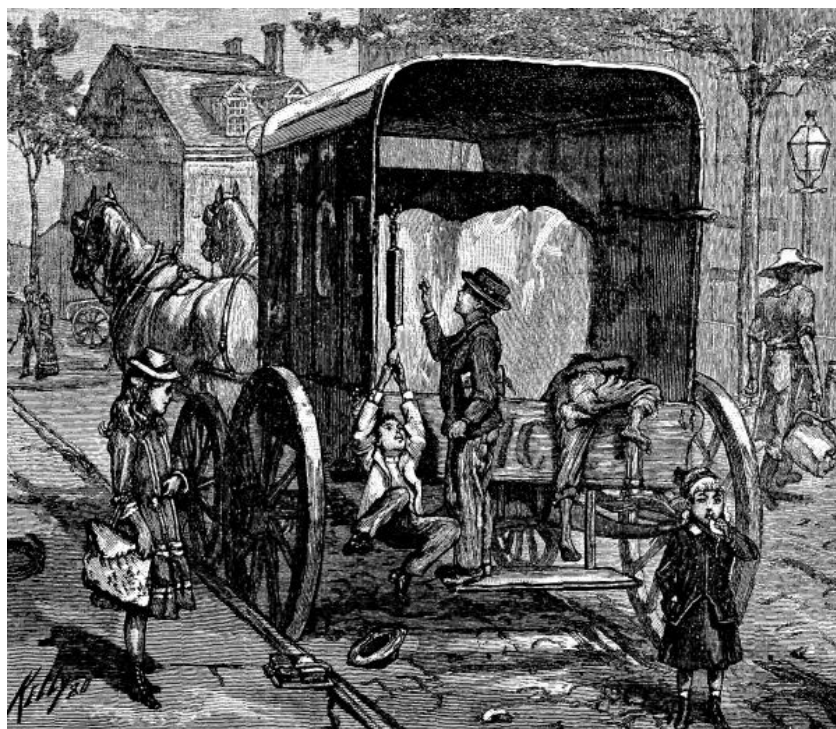
This process of decay is continually going on in our bodies; but during life the matter which is burned up is being constantly renewed from the food we eat. The body is not only decaying, as dead animal matter decays, but it is also wearing out. With every motion a part of the muscles is actually consumed, and must be replaced by fresh material. The heat of the body is likewise due to combustion, and must be kept up by proper fuel, like the fires in our stoves and furnaces. The products of all this burning are carbonic acid and water, which pass out of the body through the lungs.

The rusting of metals is a slow combustion, and scientific men have proved that, like decay, it develops heat. Iron can be easily burned in pure oxygen, with the production of intense light and heat. Zinc and some other metals can be burned in the air if heated very hot, and most metals are rapidly consumed in the flame of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe. Indeed, every form of matter known to us can be burned, unless it has already been burned. All substances belong to one of these two classes—those that will burn, or unite with oxygen; and those that have been burned, or are products of oxidation. Water belongs to the latter class, and so do nearly all the rocks and solid matter of the earth.

Slow burning sometimes becomes rapid, and then we have what is called *spontaneous combustion*. When cotton or tow which has become soaked with oil is laid aside in heaps, the oxygen of the air begins to unite with it; but the heat developed causes the oxidation to go on faster and faster, until in some cases the mass

bursts into a flame. The same thing sometimes takes place in moist hay, the moisture starting the process, as explained above, and the confined heat increasing until it is sufficient to set the heap on fire.

[By special arrangement with the author, the cards contributed to this useful series, by W. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head-Master of the Cambridge High School, will, for the present, first appear in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.]



GETTING WEIGHED.

DAVE'S GREAT LUNCH.

BY J. B. MARSHALL.

It was the great day at the State Fair, and the sidewalks were nearly deserted as Dave Burt went down Main Street toward the post-office. As Dave approached the Town Hall, or the City Hall, as the good people of Rawley were pleased to call that fine building, he glanced up at it, and saw Mr. William Henry Barrington, the great lawyer, standing at one of the large windows of his office. Mr. Barrington was frowning, and looked up the street and down it as if impatiently waiting for some one.

"I'll bet he's mad 'cause he can't go to the fair," thought Dave.

A few days before, Billy Barrington, a nephew, had been telling the boys of that fine office, with its brass-studded revolving chairs, great bookcases of books, and a private room where the great lawyer ate his dinner, which was sent up to him on a dumb-waiter from the restaurant in the basement of the City Hall the moment he touched an electric bell.

Dave was recalling all the delightful possibilities of such a room, when click! went something on the pavement before him. [Pg 672]

"A penknife," said he, picking up the article, and then, looking in vain among the branches of the tree for its owner. Examining the knife, he noticed a slip of paper shut in under the largest blade, and on which was written:

"Five Dollars Reward! I am on the City Hall roof, and can't get down, as the spring-latch door has blown closed. Please send the janitor to release me.

"CHARLES M. WILSON."

"Why, he's our Governor!" said astonished Dave, aloud, and started to look for the janitor. Dave had been on the roof with his father only the day previous, and knew just how the door would act if it was not fastened back.

Stout old Billy Simms, the janitor, in his shirt sleeves, had comfortably propped himself back in an arm-chair to take a nap, when rap-rap-rap sounded on the door. Billy's "office," as he called it, was on the ground-floor of the City Hall.

"Well, boy, what's wanted?" gruffly demanded old Billy, having opened the door and discovered Dave.

"Why, the Governor's shut out on the roof, and can't get down," said Dave, handing Billy the paper. "He must have been looking at the Fair Grounds."

Old Billy lowered his great silver-rimmed glasses from his forehead to his nose, and read the paper. He gazed for a moment in a queer way over his glasses at Dave, and then laying his hand pretty heavily on

Dave's shoulder, said, "Come with me."

"I haven't time; and, besides, I don't want any reward," answered Dave.

There was a small room, or closet, back of Billy's "office," toward which he moved, holding fast to Dave.

Remembering that the old janitor was rather deaf, Dave then formed his hands in the shape of a trumpet and shouted in the direction of Billy's right ear, "I say, Billy, I haven't time to go with you."

"Don't you call me Billy, you young rascal!" fiercely exclaimed the old man. "My name's Mr. William Simms."

Before Dave could make reply he felt himself shaken, pushed into the closet, and saw the door nearly closed.

"There, you've played that trick once too often," said old Billy. "It's downright murder in you boys to try and fool me into going up seven long flights of steps on an awful hot day like this."

"I did find that paper," said Dave, indignantly.

"Don't tell me you're innocent; you're a desperate character," said old Billy, slamming to the door, and turning the key. "Now," continued he, shouting through the key-hole, "I'll leave you in there two or three hours to think what a dreadful thing it is to try and trick an old rheumatic veteran."

The closet, Dave saw, was where Billy kept his brooms and brushes; the ceiling was very high, and a small round window far up on the wall furnished the light. At the back of the closet was a small sliding shutter, which, after considerable trouble, Dave managed to push up, hoping he might escape through it into another room. It disclosed a dark, square funnel, that seemed to extend far down below and far up above him, and suspended in which were several wire ropes.

"It must be the funnel where the dumb-waiter slides," thought Dave, and he caught hold of the nearest rope, pulling and shaking it to attract attention, and calling loudly at the same time. At once he heard a tinkle-tinkle of a small bell up the dark funnel; and then a scraping sound from the same direction, seeming to draw nearer him. Directly the dumb-waiter cage was seen descending, and Dave held fast to the wire rope until the cage was within a short distance of his hand.

When the cage ceased to move he climbed into it by aid of a chair, and curled himself up, hoping to go down into the restaurant. There was a wire running through the cage, and supposing it to be the same he had been previously holding, he pulled at it with both hands.

The cage began to move; but in place of going down, it began to move upward. Dave was frightened; but before he could decide what he ought to do, the cage had passed above the open shutter, and went on scraping between four dark wooden walls. Up and up went the cage, until Dave felt that he had traversed a distance far more than enough to have carried him to the very tip of the lightning-rod on the City Hall cupola.

Suddenly he saw a thin streak of light before him, and quickly releasing the wire, the cage moved a little further, and then came to a stop. Dave lost no time in waiting to drum on the door, partition, or whatever it was before him, and loudly called:

"Hello! Let me out! let me out!"

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In a moment there was the sound of quick feet, a sliding shutter was pushed aside, and such a flood of light shone into Dave's face that before he could get the dazzle out of his eyes some one carefully lifted him out of the cage, and stood him on his feet.

"What ever possessed you to take a ride in that carriage?" asked a pleasant voice.

Dave shaded his eyes, and saw that he was standing before Mr. Barrington in his private office.

"It's all that old Billy Simms's fault," said Dave, hotly, "and he ought to be arrested. I found a paper on the pavement that said a man was locked out on the City Hall roof, and please somebody come and open the door for him. But when I gave it to Billy, he just locked me up in a room, and said I was playing a trick on him, and the Governor wasn't on the roof. Then I opened a shutter, and—"

"The Governor fastened out on the roof!" said Mr. Barrington. "I've been waiting an hour for him to come and eat lunch with me, but this accounts for his absence. Sit down, my little man." Then Mr. Barrington stepped into another room, where Dave heard him send one of his law clerks to release the Governor.

"I see you are Captain Burt's son David," said Mr. Barrington, returning. "Simms has treated you very badly; but come—you must be hungry, being shut up in that dark hole—sit down here at the table, and eat some lunch. There will be plenty for the Governor."

Dave excused himself, having already dined.

"Then I know what you will eat—a Neapolitan ice."

The door opened, and the Governor entered, looking as though he was nearly roasted; and in a moment Mr. Barrington had explained to him how Dave had tried to have him released.

"I'm many times obliged to you, David," said the Governor, shaking Dave's hand, and making him feel very proud.

The Governor was too near broiled himself to feel like eating lunch, but the ices appearing, he helped Mr. Barrington and Dave to eat them.

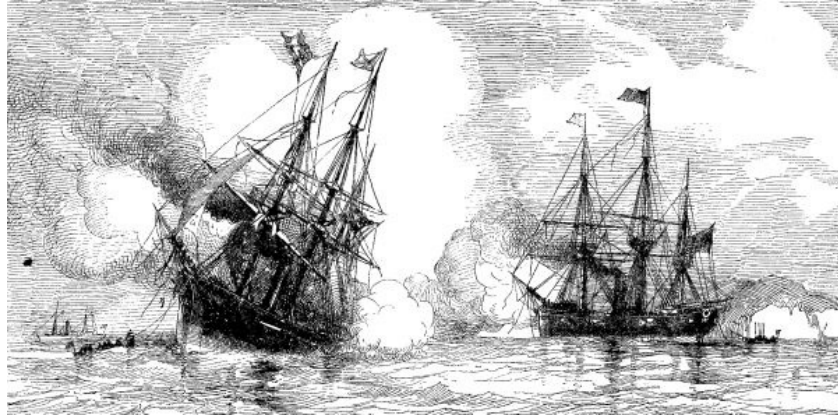
When the ices were eaten, the Governor wished to give Dave the five dollars, as promised, but he was very, very sure he ought not to take it. In a few days, however, there came to Captain Burt's house a package of books, marked "Master David Burt," and within was a note with the compliments of the Governor.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

CHAPTER X.

The navy, especially the portion composed of the gun-boat and mortar-boat squadrons, performed most arduous and valuable services in connection with the armies on the inland waters of the great basin of the Mississippi. Soon after the capture of New Orleans, Farragut, with Porter's mortar-boats, and transports with troops, ascended the Mississippi to Vicksburg, and after that national vessels continued to patrol the waters of the great river.



SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA" BY THE "KEARSARGE."

At that time cruisers built in British ports for the use of the Confederates in preying upon American commerce were active on the seas. The most conspicuous of these was the *Alabama*, which for eighteen months illuminated the ocean with burning American vessels which her commander (Semmes) had plundered and set on fire. In the summer of 1864 the *Kearsarge* (Captain Winslow) fought her, off the coast of France, and sent her to the bottom of the sea. Our government held the British responsible for her outrages, and by the decision of an international commission they were compelled to pay the Americans \$15,500,000 in gold for damages.

National gun and mortar boats carried on a wonderful amphibious warfare among the bayous and in the tributaries of the Mississippi in 1863. In their exploits Commodore D. D. Porter was most conspicuous. The blockading squadron were very vigilant—so vigilant and active that during the war they captured or destroyed British blockade-runners valued, with their cargoes, at nearly \$30,000,000.

In the spring of 1863 it was determined to attempt the capture of Charleston, and Admiral Dupont was sent with a naval force to assist the army in the work. It was a perilous undertaking, for the harbor was guarded by heavy batteries aggregating three hundred great guns, and the channels were strewn with torpedoes. The navy had a terrific battle. "Such a fire, or anything like it, was never seen before," wrote an eye-witness. The little Monitors sustained the battle bravely, while tons of iron were hurled upon them from Fort Sumter and the shore batteries. During the battle of forty minutes the Confederates sent 3500 shots. The attempt to capture the city failed, and the fleet was withdrawn. It was renewed the following summer, when General Gillmore with troops on Morris Island, and Admiral Dahlgren with a fleet, attacked its most powerful defenses. They jointly attacked Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, and Fort Sumter, not far off. They drove the garrison from the former, and reduced the latter to a heap of ruins. But they did not take Charleston.

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Porter, with a fleet of gun-boats, went on a remarkable expedition up the Red River, for the invasion of Texas, in company with a land force under General Banks, in the spring of 1864. Nothing of importance was accomplished. The greatest exploit of that expedition was the passage of Porter's fleet down the rapids at Alexandria. While he was above, the river had fallen. It was now dammed by Michigan troops, and from an opened sluice the gun-boats were passed over the rapids, as logs are borne down a shallow stream by lumbermen.

In the summer of 1864 the government determined to close the two Southern ports yet open to British blockade-runners, namely, Mobile, near the Gulf of Mexico, and Wilmington, on the Cape Fear River. For this purpose Admiral Farragut appeared off the entrance to Mobile Bay, with a strong naval force, in August. He entered the bay on the morning of August 5, four iron-clad vessels leading the way, and immediately followed by the *Hartford* (the flag-ship) and three other wooden vessels bound together in couples.

In order to observe every movement of his fleet, Farragut had himself lashed to the mast in the round-top, and thence gave his orders through a speaking-tube extending to the deck. In that position he endured the terrible tempest of shot and shell while passing the forts guarding the entrance to the bay, also in the subsequent fierce encounters with a huge Confederate "ram" and gun-boats. At the beginning of the latter encounters one of Farragut's best iron-clads (the *Tecumseh*) was sunk in a few seconds by a torpedo exploded under her, when all but seventeen of her one hundred and thirty men perished. Undismayed, Farragut pushed on, won a victory, and permanently closed the port of Mobile. When the *Tecumseh* went to the bottom the Admiral prayed for light and guidance. "It seemed to me," said Farragut, "that a voice commanded me to *go on*;" and he did.

"The port of Wilmington must now be closed," said the government, when the news of Farragut's victory reached the capital. An immense land and naval force gathered at Hampton Roads, the former under General Butler, the latter under Admiral Porter. They sailed at the middle of December to attack Fort

Fisher, a strong work at the mouth of the Cape Fear, and on the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace, 1864, the fleet bombarded that stronghold with very little effect, throwing eighteen thousand shells upon it. A floating mine containing 430,000 pounds of gunpowder had been exploded near the fort, but without effect. Troops landed, but accomplished nothing, and the capture of Fort Fisher was deferred until the middle of January, 1865, when all the defenses at the mouth of the Cape Fear were captured by the same fleet, and a land force under General Terry. The port of Wilmington was effectually closed, and with this victory the most important operations of the navy in the civil war closed.

Here ends our brief story of the navy of the United States. It is only a brief outline; sufficient, perhaps, to indicate what remains in store for you when you come to read its marvellous details in volume at some time in the future. Its record in the past is glorious; it may be made more so in the future, for its capabilities are great. It ought to be cherished as the strong right arm of defense for our government, our commerce, and our free institutions.

Our government is now giving it a fostering care hitherto unknown. It has established training-ships, in which American boys are thoroughly instructed in all the arts of expert seamanship and the military tactics of the sea, while particular attention is given to the training of their minds and morals. There are bright promises that our future navy will be controlled by highly educated officers, and its ships be manned by refined, intelligent, and self-respecting American citizens, the peers of those in any other stations in life.

THE END.

SEA-BREEZES.

LETTER No. 4 FROM BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL.

BAR HARBOR, August, 1880.

Do you remember, dear Clytie, a poem I read in school last Forefather's Day, beginning like this,

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast"?

Well, these two lines I kept saying over and over to myself as the steamer drew near to Mount Desert, on our way from Portland to Bar Harbor, and long before we got here I had changed my mind about the crooked coast. I think I shall *not* tell the girls that the maps are wrong, and that Maine is not as jiggly as they make it out. Between you and me, Clytie, my next winter's maps will be better than they ever were before, and I shouldn't wonder if I were to take the prize, for I have seen with my own eyes the queer ins and outs along here, and I am sure that the more we jiggle our pencils up and down, the more "true to nature," as the artists say, our maps will be.

But I must tell you about our life here. There are mountains around us as well as the ocean, and the waves don't seem sad a bit, but with their pretty white caps on their heads, come rushing along in the sunshine, and splash 'way up over the rocks. There are lovely roads through the woods, and ponds where we go rowing and fishing. A little way from our hotel is an Indian encampment, where *real* Indians and squaws make and sell baskets. I have bought a little beauty, made of sweet-grass, to carry home to you. Yesterday we all went out to Green Mountain on a picnic. "All" means papa and mamma, Cousin Frank and me, with about a dozen of our friends. We had a nelight time, and after dinner, while the others were sitting on the grass telling stories, I wandered off by myself.

Mamma thought I had gone with Cousin Frank, while all the time I was only a few steps from her, searching for blackberries. I could not find any, and at last sat down under a tree to rest, for it was very hot in the sun, and I had walked farther than I knew. I heard voices a little way off, and thought they came from our party; but all at once some one walked round the very tree I was leaning against, and, handing me the prettiest little birch-bark canoe, about six inches long, filled with blackberries, said, "Wouldn't you like some berries?"

I clapped my hands and cried out: "Oh, how cunning! Isn't it lovely? Where—" But not another word did I say, for, on looking up, who should I see standing before me but my emerny from Old Orchard, Randolph Peyton! Yes, there he was; no mistake; and after all that had happened, he *dared* to offer me blackberries! I tossed back my head, and said, proudly, "I *scorn* your gift: we are emernies."

He made no answer, but walked sadly away. Here is a picture of us. Of course I can not make him look quite as ashamed as he did, nor me quite as scornful.

When he was out of sight I sat down again, and when my surprise and anger had passed off I almost wished he had left the berries, for I was tired and warm and thirsty. But no, he had taken the little canoe with him, and had not dropped a single one.

I was so tired that all at once, before I thought of such a thing, I was sound asleep. When I woke up the sun had set, and it was almost dark. I was alone on Green Mountain, with no idea which way to turn to get home.

There wasn't a sound to be heard except the chirping of

the crickets, and the queer noises we always hear at night, and never know where they come from. I tried to be brave, but the tears *would* come. I called as loud as I could to papa, and everywhere the cruel echoes called back, "Pa—pa—pa"—but there was no other answer.



At last, after wandering about for what seemed to me *hours*, I sank down, perfectly tired out.

All at once I heard a crackling in the bushes not far away, and started up, expecting to see the fierce eyes of a catamount glaring at me, but instead of that I saw a straw hat waving, and heard some one shouting, "Here she is! I've found her! she's all right!" and then happy voices called my name, and in less time than I can write it I was in papa's arms.

As soon as mamma had gone back to the hotel and found that I was *not* with Cousin Frank, papa had started with several of his friends in search of me. But, Clytie dear, the one who waved his hat and shouted, "Here she is!"—the one who *really found* me—was Randolph Peyton!

The little canoe is packed away among my treasures, and I shall never look at it without thinking of the day on Green Mountain when my life was saved by my bitterest emerny, who has become my friend forever!

Don't you think I have had adventures enough for one summer? *I do*, and we shall be home very soon, dear Clytie.

Your loving mamma,
BESSIE MAYNARD.

THE ASHES THAT MADE THE TREES BLOOM.

A Japanese Fairy Tale.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

In the good old days of the Daimios there lived an old couple whose only pet was a little dog. Having no children, they loved it as though it were the tiny top-knot of a baby. The old dame made him a cushion of blue crape, and at meal-times Inuko—for that was his name—would sit on it as demure as any cat. The kind people would feed him with tidbits of fish from their own chopsticks, and he was allowed to have all the boiled rice he wanted. Whenever the old woman took him out with her on holidays she put a bright red silk crape ribbon around his neck.

Now the old man, being a rice-farmer, went daily with hoe or spade into the fields, working hard from the first croak of the raven until O Tento Sama (as the sun is called) had gone down behind the hills. Every day the dog followed him to work, and kept near by, never once harming the white heron that walked in the footsteps of the old man to pick up worms.

One day doggy came running to him, putting his paws against his straw leggings, and motioning with his head to some spot behind. The old man at first thought his pet was only playing, and did not mind him. But he kept on whining and running to and fro for some minutes. Then the old man followed the dog a few yards, to a place where the animal began a lively scratching. Thinking it only a buried bone or bit of fish, but wishing to humor his pet, the old man struck his iron-shod hoe in the earth, when lo! a pile of gold gleamed before him. He rubbed his old eyes, stooped down, and there was at least a half-peck of kobans (oval gold coins). He gathered them up and hied home at once.

Thus in an hour the old couple were made rich. The good souls bought a piece of land, made a feast to their friends, and gave plentifully to their poor neighbors. As for Inuko, they petted him till they nearly smothered him with kindness.

Now in the same village there lived a wicked old man and his wife, who had always kicked and scolded all dogs whenever any passed their house. Hearing of their neighbors' good luck, they coaxed the dog into their garden, and set before him bits of fish and other dainties, hoping he would find treasure for them. But the dog, being afraid of the cruel pair, would neither eat nor move. Then they dragged him out-of-doors, taking a spade and hoe with them. No sooner had Inuko got near a pine-tree in the garden than he began to paw and scratch the ground as though a mighty treasure lay beneath.

"Quick, wife, hand me the spade and hoe!" cried the greedy old fool, as he danced for joy.



Then the covetous old fellow with a spade, and the old crone with a hoe, began to dig; but there was nothing but a dead kitten, the smell of which made them drop their tools and shut their noses. Furious at the dog, the old man kicked and beat him to death, and the old woman finished the work by nearly chopping off his head with the sharp hoe.

That night the spirit of the dog appeared to his former master in a dream and said, "Cut down the pine-tree which is over my grave, and make from it a mill to grind bean sauce in."

So the old man made the little mill, and filling it with bean sauce, began to grind, while the envious neighbor peeped in at the window. "Goody me!" cried the old woman, as each dripping of sauce turned into yellow gold, until in a few minutes the tub under the mill was full of a shining mass of kobans.

So the old couple were rich again.

The next day the stingy and wicked neighbors, after boiling a mess of beans, came and borrowed the magic mill. They filled it with the boiled beans, and the old man began to grind.

But, at the first turn, the sauce turned into a foul heap of dirt. Angry at this, they chopped the mill in pieces to use as firewood.

Not long after that the old man dreamed again, and the spirit of the dog spoke to him, telling him how the wicked people had burned the mill made from the pine-tree.

"Take the ashes of the mill, sprinkle them on withered trees, and they will bloom again," said the dog-spirit.

The old man awoke and went at once to his wicked neighbors' house, where he humbly begged the ashes, and though the covetous couple turned up their noses at him and scolded him as if he were a thief, they let him fill his basket with the ashes.

On coming home the old man took his wife into the garden. It being winter, their favorite cherry-tree was bare. He sprinkled a pinch of ashes on it, and lo! it sprouted blossoms until it became a cloud of pink blooms, which filled the air with perfume.

The kind old man, hearing that his lord the Daimio was to pass along the high-road near the village, set out to see him, taking his basket of ashes. As the train approached he climbed up into an old withered cherry-tree that stood by the way-side.

Now in the days of the Daimios it was the custom, when their lord passed by, for all the loyal people to shut up their second-story windows, even pasting them shut with slips of paper, so as not to commit the impoliteness of looking down on his lordship. All the people along the road would fall down on their hands and knees until the procession passed by. Hence it seemed very impolite for the old man to climb the tree, and be higher than his master's head.

The train drew near, and the air was full of gay banners, covered spears, state umbrellas, and princes' crests. One tall man marched ahead, crying out to the people by the way, "Get down on your knees! get down on your knees!" And every one knelt down while the procession was passing. Suddenly the leader of the van caught sight of the old man up in the tree. He was about to call out to him in an angry tone, but seeing he was such an old fellow he pretended not to notice him, and passed him by.

So when the prince's palanquin drew near, the old man, taking a pinch of ashes from his basket, scattered it over the tree. In a moment it burst into blossom. The delighted Daimio ordered the train to be stopped, and got out to see the wonder. Calling the old man to him, he thanked him, and ordered presents of silk robes, sponge-cake, fans, a *netsuké* (ivory carving), and other rewards to be given him. He even invited him to pay a visit to his castle. So the old daddy went gleefully home to share his joy with his dear wife.

But when the greedy neighbor heard of it he took some of the magic ashes, and went out on the highway. There he waited till a Daimio's train came along, and instead of kneeling down like the crowd, he climbed a withered cherry-tree.

When the Daimio himself was almost directly under him, he threw a handful of ashes over the tree, which did not change a particle. The wind blew the fine dust in the noses and eyes of the Daimio and his nobles.

Such a sneezing and choking!

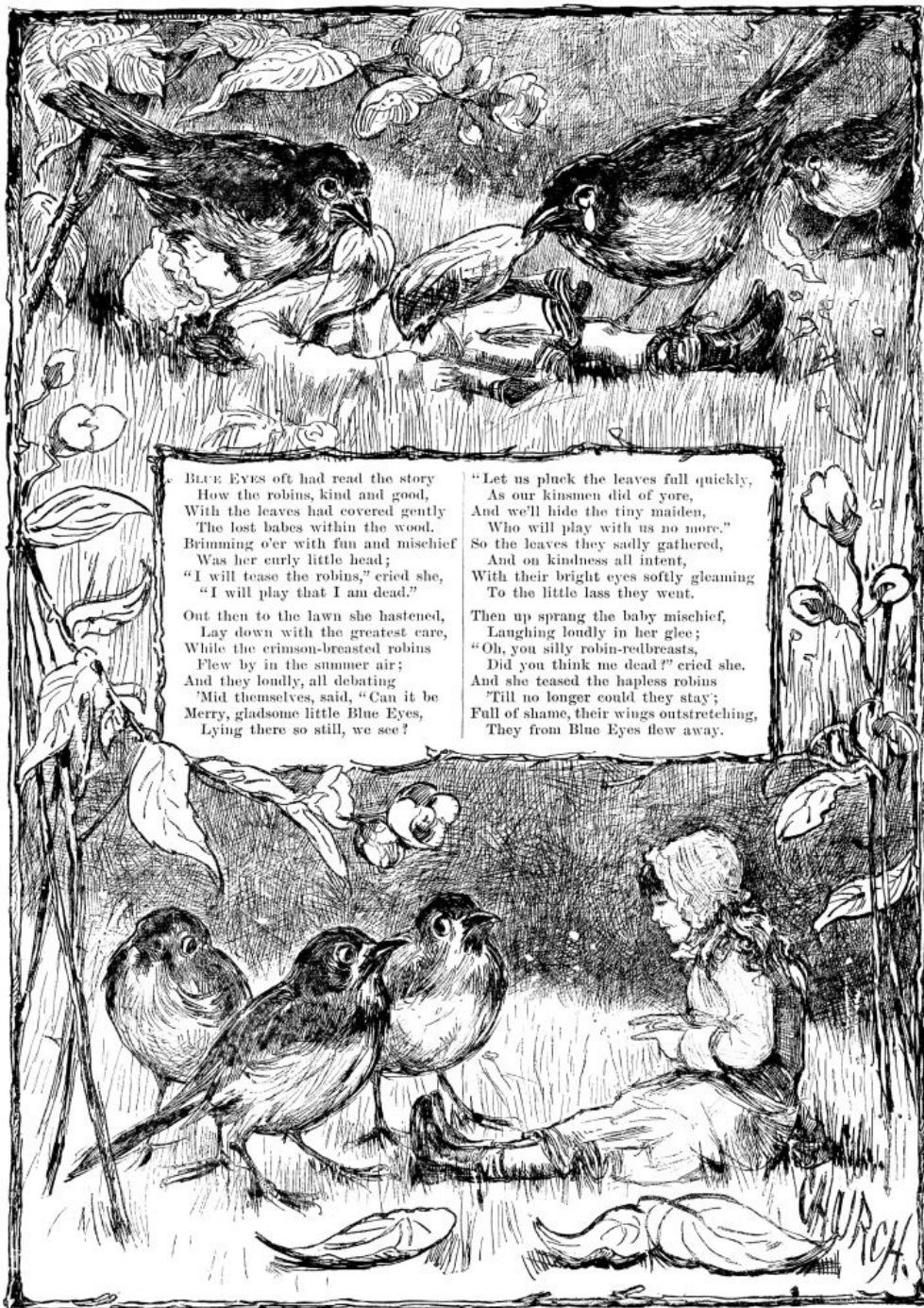
It spoiled all the pomp and dignity of the procession. The man who cried, "Get down on your knees," seized the old fool by the top-knot, dragged him from the tree, and tumbled him and his ash-basket into the ditch by the road. Then beating him soundly, he left him dead.

Thus the wicked old man died in the mud, but the kind friend of the dog dwelt in peace and plenty, and both he and his wife lived to a green old age.



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BLUE EYES oft had read the story
 How the robins, kind and good,
 With the leaves had covered gently
 The lost babes within the wood.
 Brimming o'er with fun and mischief
 Was her curly little head;
 "I will tease the robins," cried she,
 "I will play that I am dead."

Out then to the lawn she hastened,
 Lay down with the greatest care,
 While the crimson-breasted robins
 Flew by in the summer air;
 And they loudly, all debating
 'Mid themselves, said, "Can it be
 Merry, gladsome little Blue Eyes,
 Lying there so still, we see?"

"Let us pluck the leaves full quickly,
 As our kinsmen did of yore,
 And we'll hide the tiny maiden,
 Who will play with us no more."
 So the leaves they sadly gathered,
 And on kindness all intent,
 With their bright eyes softly gleaming
 To the little lass they went.

Then up sprang the baby mischief,
 Laughing loudly in her glee;
 "Oh, you silly robin-redbreasts,
 Did you think me dead?" cried she.
 And she teased the hapless robins
 'Till no longer could they stay;
 Full of shame, their wings outstretching,
 They from Blue Eyes flew away.

A BABE IN THE WOOD.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.



WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

An article in your paper of April 27, 1880, entitled "A Cheap Canoe," has given a decided stimulus to the boys of this town in the matter of canoe building. There are now six on our lake, built almost entirely by the boys who own them, on the model there given.

I send you a short article from our local paper, written by my son, a lad of fifteen, giving his experience on his first canoe trip down Ipswich River. He proposes a much longer one next summer vacation.

Many thanks are due to you for giving the boys something useful to do, which teaches them how to do their own work.

S. W. A.

ST. JOHNS, MICHIGAN.

Undertaking myself the education of my young son, I am deeply indebted to you for much useful information. I find *YOUNG PEOPLE* a *multum in parvo*, serving as an entertaining reader, besides giving manly hints in all branches of knowledge—geography, natural history, science, drawing, and music. Even the puzzles draw out the youthful mind, which learns from them unconsciously the analysis and definition of words. It is like the medicine which "children cry for."

Especially let me thank you for your historical sketches, and also for the healthy moral tone pervading every part of the paper, teaching the children to be gentle and kind, as well as manly and brave.

For myself, I am only less interested than the little ones for whose especial benefit it is intended. As a "little mother," my sympathies are all with your success.

E. S. C.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN, GERMANY.

Perhaps you would like to hear from one of your little American friends over the sea.

We live in Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is a beautiful city, full of public monuments and handsome buildings.

Last month when I was in Freiburg, in Baden, I had the pleasure of seeing the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden. They were spending a few days in Freiburg to visit their son, the Heir Prince, who lives there. During their stay the feast of *Frohnleichnamstag*, or Corpus Christi Day, took place, and a large procession was to pass through the streets and before their palace. The Grand Duchess came to an open window, and was joined by her daughter, the Princess Victoria, who is eighteen. Then the Grand Duke soon came and stood behind them, and when the Heir Prince peeped over his father's shoulder, the picture of the ducal family was complete.

The Grand Duchess also visited our school in Freiburg, and asked me several questions. She is very beautiful. She is about forty years old, but her skin is as fine and smooth as wax. She looks to be as good as she is beautiful. The Grand Duke is not less handsome.

I and my sisters and brother all enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE* so much, and welcome it every week.

We have lived in Paris several years, and I have often seen going through the streets the bath-tubs and boilers full of hot and cold water that Paul S. speaks of in the Post-office Box of *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 39.

I will write another time about the curious houses in old Frankfort.

ETHEL D. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have not been so fortunate with our pets as other young people. We had three rabbits and two guinea-pigs. The other morning, when we went to feed them, the top of the hutch was broken, and nothing was to be seen of the animals. We are pretty sure some dogs got them in the night, from the way things looked. We are very sorry to lose our pets.

ISABEL AND HELEN C.

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY.

I am ten years old, and I have one little brother. Papa is a doctor, and Johnnie and I take long rides with him, and drive for him. We have two horses, named Roxy and Bill. We have gold-fish and turtles and frogs in the fountain in front of our door.

We like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, and jump for joy when it comes.

A. W. and J. R.

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for eight weeks, and find it very interesting.

I have a little dog so small that mother can almost hold him in the palm of her hand. I call him Dash. Whenever I go out in the yard he runs after me, and tries to bite me. I have a little brother who is always begging for peaches.

WILLIE H. F. B.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

A few weeks ago, as I was passing a bookstore, I saw HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I went in and bought a copy. I am going to get all the back numbers. I think "The Moral Pirates" was a splendid story.

My brother has a row-boat, and I often go fishing and rowing in Burlington Bay. One day papa and I went fishing, and we caught four fish. Mamma laughed ever so much when we brought them home.

ANDERSON GIBSON S.

WEST HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

I am very glad that I have commenced to take YOUNG PEOPLE, and sorry I did not begin sooner. All my friends take it, and like it very much, as it is both amusing and interesting. "Across the Ocean" and "The Moral Pirates" were splendid stories. I wait impatiently for Tuesday to come, so that I can read the stories and the Post-office Box, which I like very much.

LOUIS H.

NEW YORK CITY.

Here is a recipe for ink powder for the chemists' club: Four ounces of powdered galls; one ounce of sulphate of iron; one ounce of powdered gum-arabic; half an ounce of powdered white sugar. This, mixed with water, will make a quart of ink. A few powdered cloves stirred in will keep the ink from moulding.

MAUD C.

PONTIAC, ILLINOIS.

I am twelve years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. My mamma has three mocking-birds she raised herself. She feeds them on cooked egg and bread, cooked potato and raw egg mixed, fruit of all kinds, and Hungarian seed. She gives them a feast of spiders occasionally, and always keeps plenty of clean sand in the cage.

I have two playful pet kittens, named Milly and Lillie, and a little dog named Dickie. He will shake hands with me, and when I make up a face at him he will frown terribly.

NETTIE D.

FAIRVIEW, LONG ISLAND.

I am eleven years old, and I live in the country. I have a nice little pony, which I ride almost every day for two or three miles. I enjoy it very much.

We have a little bantam rooster that takes care of six little chickens which their mother deserted; and I have three dogs, five cats, and a bicycle.

WILLIE O.

EAST WARSAW, INDIANA.

I have a little bantam hen that mothers twenty little chickens, although she only hatched four of them herself. I call her Minnie.

I have no sister, and only one brother. He is seven years old. He has a pet 'coon. I caught a little bird to-day in the meadow where my papa was working. This is a very pretty place. We live near the new cemetery.

MAGGIE D. M. B.

BEAR VALLEY, MINNESOTA.

We live in the country. The farmers around here are harvesting their grain now. We have some very warm days. We like "The Moral Pirates" the best of all the stories, and "Across the Ocean" the next best. The little picture called "I's Learning to Swim, Mamma," is just as

cunning as it can be.

Our little brother Artie says, every time it is mail-day, "Mamma, does HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE come to-day?" We like the Post-office Box best of all.

NETTIE AND MARY MCK.

SEGUIN, TEXAS.

I am twelve years old. I have a pet shepherd dog and a little white calf. Papa takes YOUNG PEOPLE for me and my sisters, and we like the stories very much, especially "Across the Ocean," and "The Moral Pirates." This is a beautiful, healthy State to live in.

WILLIE H. J.

I have some old and foreign postage stamps that I would like to exchange for some pretty sea-shells and a few specimens of sea-weed. I also have two Japanese newspapers, a Japanese bill, and writing paper that I would like to exchange for some relic.

JOHN BROOKE,
Greencastle, Putnam

County, Indiana.

I would like to exchange birds' eggs with the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I give a list of birds found in the Canadian woods: Baltimore oriole, barn swallow, wild canary, sand-martin, cherry-bird, ground-bird, ring-dove, shore-lark, red-headed woodpecker, orchard oriole, brown canary, dipper, phœbe, kingbird, guinea-fowl, and sparrows.

C. H. GURNETT,
Ingersoll, Ontario,

Canada.

I have some morning-glories growing near a wild cucumber vine, and the leaf is just like the cucumber leaf. I am waiting to see what the flower will be like. I hope it will blossom before frost comes.

I have a good many French postage stamps which I would like to exchange for others.

HATTIE R.,
Bismarck, Dakota

Territory.

This address does not appear sufficient to render an exchange successful.

I would like to exchange birds' eggs with any correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I give the names of some of the birds found here: linnnet, tree blackbird, red-winged blackbird, thrush, ash-throated fly-catcher, California canary, ground-sparrow, chipping sparrow, yellow-hammer, California quail, meadow-lark, common swallow, bank swallow, martin, yellow Summer-bird, night-bird, golden-crested wren.

S. C. DE LAMATER,
Santa Cruz, California.

My father takes YOUNG PEOPLE for my brother and sister and myself. We think there could not be a more interesting paper published. "The Moral Pirates" is about the best story I ever read. I wonder if it is true?

I am having a great deal of fun this vacation. I read two hours every day. I am now reading the *Life of Benjamin Franklin*. I enjoy it very much.

I am making a collection of stones, and will exchange stones from the shore of Lake Erie for specimens from other places of note.

WILBUR T. MILLS,
Cleveland, Ohio.

As Cleveland is a very large city, we doubt if this address is sufficient, and we will gladly print a fuller one if our young correspondent will send it.

I would like to exchange seeds of the sensitive plant for seeds or roots of rare plants growing in the far West or in the most eastern States.

FRED H. LOWE,

Missouri.

I am a constant reader of your splendid paper. I enjoy "The Moral Pirates" very much.

I brought two mud-turtles from the country this summer. One is so tame it will eat from my hand. I feed them on worms, meat, and flies.

I have a small collection of postmarks, and I should like to exchange with any boy reader of YOUNG PEOPLE in the West.

A. J. DOHRMAN,
557 Henry Street,

Brooklyn, New York.

I wish the correspondent who sent me a piece of colored marble from Tennessee would kindly write again, as I can not make out the name.

I shall be glad to exchange shells or minerals with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

LAURA BINGHAM,
Lansing, Michigan.

I have a collection of birds' eggs, and a collection of stuffed birds which I stuffed myself.

I would like to exchange eggs with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

HARRY B. GREENE,
8 Myrtle Street, Boston,

Massachusetts.

I am collecting postmarks and stamps, and I shall have enough before long to exchange with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I would like to exchange a French stamp for a Danish one now.

JOSEPH COMBS,
Care of W. S. Combs,

Freehold, New Jersey.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any correspondent of YOUNG PEOPLE. I am nine years old.

ANNA STUART,
Rye, Westchester

County, New York.

I am making a collection of postmarks, and would like to exchange.

I have an aquarium with gold-fish, minnows, tadpoles, eels, frogs, and turtles, and would like to know how to feed them.

JOHN FISHER,
3 Potts Street,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Very full directions for the feeding of these creatures have been given in different numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

I should like to exchange foreign postage stamps with any boy.

BENJAMIN H. WHITTAKER,
120½ Eleventh Street,

Brooklyn, New York.

I am collecting postage stamps, and would be glad to exchange with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have also some postmarks.

THOMAS HOGAN,
P. O. Box 243, Boston,

Massachusetts.

I and my cousin George are collecting stamps. We have a lot of War Department stamps which we would like to exchange in sets, or singly, for those of any other department. We have one, two, three, six, twelve, and fifteen cent stamps.

WILLIAM WINSLOW,
74 De Soto Street, St.

Paul, Minnesota.

I am beginning a collection of shells, minerals, birds' eggs and nests, and I would like to exchange with any correspondent of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. As I have just begun to collect, I have not very many things yet.

MARIGO S. GUNARI,
Care of P. Gunari, New

Rochelle, New York.

I would like to exchange Indian arrow-heads, and specimens of lead and spar, for shells, ocean curiosities, and pressed flowers.

EMMA LEE,
Elizabethtown, Hardin

County, Illinois.

EARNEST READER.—The small round holes in the clam shells are probably the work of the oyster drill, a tiny sea creature which does much mischief to all kinds of shell-fish. [Pg 679]

ALFRED B. C.—Directions for making a paper balloon were given in Our Post-office Box No. 43.

B. H. W.—The numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* you require will be forwarded to you, postage paid, by the publishers, on the receipt of one dollar and eight cents.

FORD M. G.—The genuine Bologna sausage is manufactured in the city of Bologna, in Northern Italy. Many imitations of the imported article are sold in the United States under the same name.

DAISY VIOLET.—The first volume of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* will close with No. 52, which will be published on October 26, 1880.

MAUD C.—There is no better way to preserve autumn leaves than to press them between the leaves of a book, or sheets of paper, and varnish them when they are thoroughly dry. In the Post-office Box of *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 38 there is a letter describing a neat and simple method of varnishing leaves.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

LATIN WORD SQUARE.

First, negative individuality. Second, the imperfect form of a verb. Third, the ablative form of a noun signifying a portion of the body. Fourth, a bird.

EDDIE.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in yacht, but not in ship.
My second is in beat, but not in whip.
My third is in bun, but not in bread.
My fourth is in needle, but not in thread.
My fifth is in ink, but not in pen.
My sixth is in boys, but not in men.
My seventh is in table, but not in bench.
My eighth is in chisel, but not in wrench.
If ever my whole you chance to meet,
You would better make a speedy retreat.

JAMES.

No. 3.

DIAMONDS.

1. In Labrador. Something all girls should learn to do. To revolt. A textile fabric. In Labrador.
2. In Palermo. Novel. A hard substance. A passage. In Palermo.

SUSIE.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A gentle animal. One of the United States. A Scottish lake. A mark made by a blow. A Norman name. A recluse. Answer—A city in Europe and a city in the United States.

MILDRED.

[The following puzzle is for the benefit of our young readers who are studying French.]

No. 5.

FRENCH NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am a French proverb composed of 28 letters.
My 18, 5, 27, 15, 10, 3, 24, 13 signifies endurance.
My 12, 25, 23 is a ruler.
My 21, 7, 19, 17, 27 is a measure.
My 14, 28, 9, 16, 8 is a fight.
My 11, 26, 1, 27, 20 is a pit.
My 6, 22, 13, 2 is an adjective.
My 9, 4, 24, 8, 16 is an educational institution.

UNCLE TOM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 43.

No. 1.

Cleopatra's Needle.

No. 2.

Josephus.

No. 3.

B O M B
O L I O
M I E N
B O N D

No. 4.

S no W
T erro R
O liv E
R epubli C
M on K
S hip S

Storms, Wrecks.

No. 5.

Chaucer.

Favors are acknowledged from Ethel Frost, S. T. H., Grace A. C., Mary L. Jones, C. T. Hamilton, Burton Wilson, Elvira Holder, St. Clair Thornton, Lynn D., E. L. D., Elmer Wheeler, Daniel D. L., Stella M. B., May, Hattie M., George Berkstresser, Etta D.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Ada B. Vouté, Nellie Binney and Harry Phillips, Annie D. Jones, Fannie E. Cruger, E. Eden, K. T. W., Gracie Kelley, G. Volckhausen, Frank T. Merry, Eddie A. Leet.

The following poetic answer to "A Riddle in Rhyme" in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 39, page 568, has been received from a correspondent in Auburn, New York:

From Anno Domini—for short A.D.—
Begins the count of the Christian year.
That Adam was fatherless all agree;
That he was a father is very clear.
That a dam is a mother who'll dispute?
Or that a son's his father's fruit?
And puzzle over it, little or much,
A dam gave Holland to the Dutch.

THE MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

The Musical Anecdote given in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 44 can be translated by substituting for the musical signs the following words in the order given:

Staff.
Quick, staccato.
Turn.
Sharp.
Run.
Scale.
Bar.
Flat.
Chord.
Dashed.
Rest.
Time.
Quarter.
Sixteenth.
Full stop.
Very loud.
Bind.
Measures.
Quaver.
Brace.
Slur.
Natural.
Rest.
Signature.

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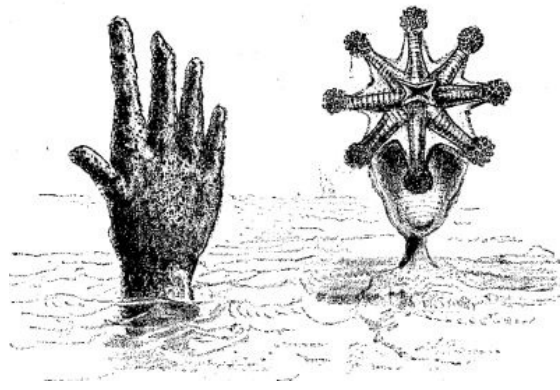
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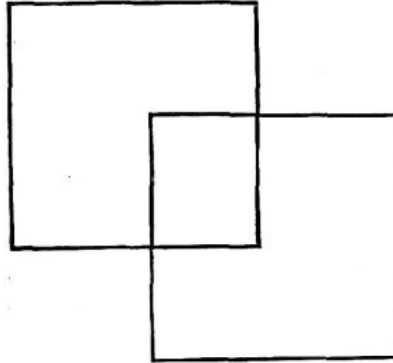
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Of these two objects the first is not a hand, and the second is not a windmill. What are they?



ANOTHER SQUARE PUZZLE.

The puzzle is to draw two squares in the positions shown by the diagram, without lifting the pencil from the paper, or crossing one line with another.

Let our little readers exercise their ingenuity over this apparently simple problem.

HOW TO MAKE A CUCUIUS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

You would like to be able to mate a cucuius, would you not? We will tell you. But perhaps you would like to know what, in the name of Memnon, a cucuius is? Well, we will tell you that too.

A cucuius, or cucuij, is a kind of beetle, about three inches long, which emits a very brilliant light from two large protuberances in its head, which look like its eyes. It is called the lantern-fly in English, and lives in South America. The light it gives is so bright that you can read a book by it. The natives employ them in place of candles to illuminate their rooms while performing their domestic work. We have seen one exhibited in a room where eight gas-burners were in full blaze, and yet its two great demoniac-looking eyes (or what appeared to be eyes) shone more brightly than the most brilliant of precious stones—with an intensity, it will be no exaggeration to say, equal to the electric light. The effect was perfectly startling, and rather appalling.

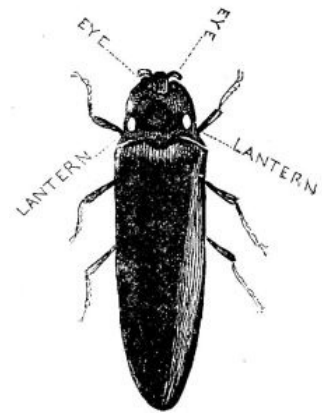
To give light, however, is not the only good quality this wonderful insect possesses: it is a deadly enemy to gnats, by which the natives of the Spanish West Indies are greatly annoyed. When they wish to rid themselves of these pests they procure two or three of the cucuiiii, and let them loose in the room, when they soon make short work of the enemy. The method of catching the cucuius adopted by the natives is to repair to some open piece of land with a flaming fire-brand, which they wave vigorously backward and forward, calling out all the time, "Cucuie, cucuie, cucuie." This attracts the insects to them, when they are easily captured with a small net. What a blessing these cucuiiii would be to us be-bitten inhabitants of the United States if Mr. Cucuius would only treat our mosquitoes with the vigor that he does the gnats of the tropics!

In South America they are used as ornaments for the hair and dresses of the ladies; and on certain festivals young people gallop through the streets on horseback, brilliantly illuminated, horse and rider, with these insects, secured in little nets, or cages made of fine twigs woven together. The effect is marvellous, producing in the dark evening the appearance of a large moving body of light. "Many wanton, wild fellows," as an old writer describes them, rub their faces with the flesh of a killed cucuius, as boys with us sometimes do with phosphorus, to frighten or amuse their friends.

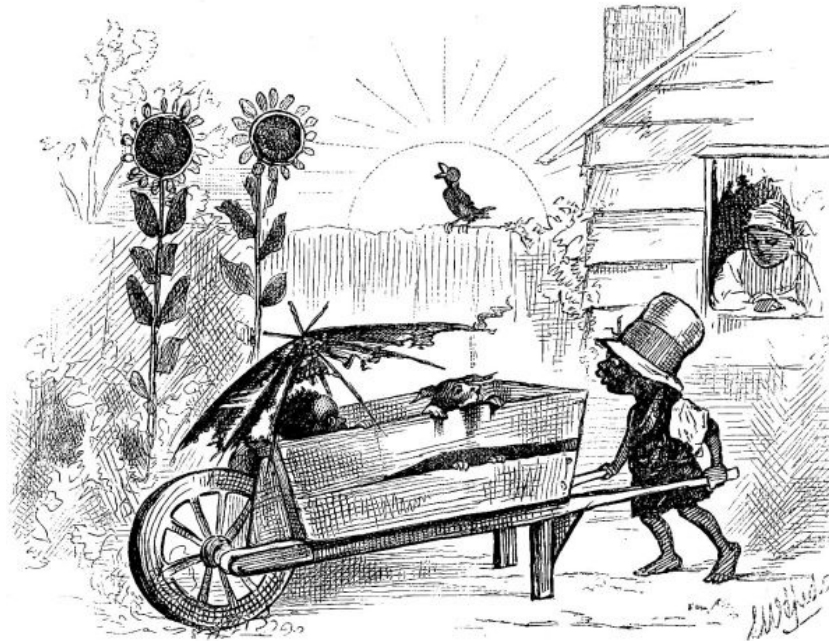
And now we will tell you how to make a very fair—by no means so brilliant—imitation of the cucuius. By looking at our picture you will see the shape of the insect. Cut this out of a piece of cork about three inches long, and make the legs of thin wire (after the manner of the spider we described in a previous number); then get some strips of thin tin-foil, and gum them on the back of the cucuius; then paint over the whole with transparent green color (oil paints if possible). Now gouge out two holes

about the size of the head of a common match, and then cut off the heads of two common matches, and insert them into the aforesaid holes, and your cucuius will be complete. To make the eyes shine, rub them with oil or water. If your insect is painted with oil-colors, you can place it in a vessel of water, for it is in that element that the real cucuius shines most brightly.

You can make a still more brilliant imitation of the cucuius by filling the eye-holes with grains of pure phosphorus, easily procured at a druggist's, or with a paste made of tallow and phosphorus, which is less combustible than the pure article. But as both these things are very dangerous to handle, we would not recommend their use except with the consent and in the presence of a grown person. Another point with regard to the handling of phosphorus, which applies also to matches, is that it is apt to destroy the teeth, particularly where any decay has already taken place. For this reason only persons with sound teeth are employed in match factories. Therefore never put the end of a match in your mouth.



The Cucuius, or Lantern-Fly.



A PLEASANT DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, SEPTEMBER 14, 1880 ***

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