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Various**

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**TED AND KITTY MAKING A FIRE.**

## **HOW TED AND KITTY CAMPED OUT.**

**BY EMILY H. LELAND.**

Kitty was eight years old, and Ted was seven. They had always lived on a large farm, and knew all about birds and squirrels, and the different kinds of trees, and how to make bonfires and little stone ovens; and they could shoot with bows and arrows, and swim, and climb trees, and split kindlings, and take care of chickens and ducks and turkeys, and do a great many jolly and useful things which city children hardly get even a chance to do. Well, once when they went on a visit with some cousins to an uncle's on the other side of "Big Woodsy," as they called the mountain, they did not get home that night.

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The uncle thought they had gone home, and the father and mother thought they had remained overnight at the uncle's. So nothing was done about it until noon next day, when the uncle came jogging over on horseback to look at a cow he thought of buying, and the mother asked him if Ted and Kitty were not making too long a visit.

Then the uncle said, "Good gracious! they are not at our house; they started for home last night, along with the Elderkins, I think."

Then the mother turned very pale, and said, in a faint voice, "They are lost!"

"Oh no," said the uncle, "not a bit of it. The Elderkins coaxed 'em home with them, of course. I'll ride round their way when I go back and start 'em home."

But the pale look wouldn't leave the mother's face, and in a short time who should come but the Elderkins themselves, to spend the afternoon, they said, with Ted and Kitty. Then there was a fright indeed. The father walked down to the gate, and looked anxiously up the long winding mountain road, as if that would do any good, and the mother followed him, calling out,

"Oh, John! John! where *are* our children?"

The uncle rode off in one direction, and the father quickly saddled a horse and rode in another, to inquire at all the farm-houses if anything had been seen of Ted and Kitty Curtis. And no one had seen them. All the Elderkins had to say was that Ted and Kitty had told them there was a nearer way to reach home than by following the dusty, roundabout road, and they had run off through the woods to find it. The Elderkins chose to follow the road, because they had on their new lawn dresses trimmed with torchon, and "didn't want to get all scrambled up by the briers."

So while the uncle and the father and all the neighbors were hunting up and down the forest, and the mother was staying in the house, with dear, calm grandma and the little twin babies to keep her from going *quite* crazy, I will tell you what Ted and Kitty were doing in the Big Woodsy.

After they had run on quite a way, the bushes and brambles began to be so thick they were obliged to drop into a walk, and finally to climb and crawl as best they might, for they never found the "nearer way," and the ground was covered with fallen trees and rocks, while the briers caught them sometimes as if they never meant to let go.

By-and-by the pleasant light of sunset began to fade away, and they sat down to rest on a mossy log, and looked at each other very soberly.

"I don't know which way we ought to go," said Kitty.

"No more don't I," said Ted.

"Well, then, we must stay right where we are, 'stead of trying to go on. 'Cause, don't you know, lost people always go round and round and round and never get anywhere, and just wear their shoes out, and get tired and hungry, and nobody ever can find 'em. You ain't afraid, are you, Teddy?"

"No—o!" answered Ted, with scornful emphasis; "course not! Why, it's only just camping out. We've always wanted to camp out, you know. An' it's warm, an' there's but'nuts, an'—an'—maybe we'll find a pattridge nest," and Ted looked around at the deepening shadows, and bravely winked back the two tears that had gathered in his eyes.

"You know there isn't anything in these woods that can hurt us," said Kitty, cheerfully. "Papa said there was no use for those hunters to come here last year, 'cause there's nothing bigger'n woodchucks anywhere round."

"But somebody killed a bear here the summer I was a baby," said Ted.

"Yes, but he was the last—the very last—and it's just as nice and safe here as if we's camping out in our orchard. And let's fix up a house right away. Let's play we've gone West and got some land of our own."

Then the two children went to work. They were scared a little, in spite of their brave talk, but they were soon so interested in their camp-building that they forgot their fear. First they cleared away the sticks and stones beside the log where they were sitting. Then they pulled large pieces of bark from a partly fallen tree, and leaned them against the log, making a shelter large enough for a very small sleeping-room. Over the bark they laid boughs of butternut and maple, with long sticks placed crossways to keep them in place. Then by the time they had gathered a few armfuls of dry leaves to place underneath, it was quite dusk, and too late for any more work.

"Won't we get bugs in our ears?" asked Ted, peeping into the queer little bedroom.

"Well, we'll tie our hankchifs over our ears. And we'll only take off our shoes, 'cause we're just emigrants, you know."

"I—I wish it wasn't quite so dark," said Ted, faintly.

"But the moon will be up right away," said brave Kitty; "and maybe we'll hear owls. We won't mind hearing owls, will we?"

"Course not," said Ted.

In a very short time the shoes were off, the handkerchiefs tied on, and the two tired children cuddled up in their wigwam, with Kitty's apron over their shoulders for a blanket.

"The Lord is here just as much as He's—He's in the Methodist church," said Kitty.

"Course He is," said Ted; and with this comforting thought they were soon asleep.

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Morning came earlier in the woods than in the quiet bedrooms at home. Birds were twittering around the little camp before sunrise, the breeze blew noisily through the low-hanging branches, and the children were awake before the night shadows were quite gone.

"Papa'll be sure to find us to-day," said Kitty, after they had crawled out of their nest. "We must have all the emigrant fun we can, for we'll only be Ted and Kitty after we get home."

"What do em'grants have for their breakfast, I wonder?" asked Ted.

"Oh, they—look around for things. Sometimes they have just butternuts, I guess," answered Kitty, while she slipped on her shoes.

"Well, then, let's have but'nuts—and lots of them," said hungry Ted.

So Kitty, who was a nice tidy girl about everything, looked around until she found a clean flat rock for a table; and while they were gathering their breakfast from the nearest butternut-trees, they came across a tiny little spring that bubbled out from under a ledge, and slipped away in a small stream down the mountain-side.

"Oh, isn't it cute?" said Kitty. "We'll build our cabin right here, and we'll play this is our water-power, and build a mill too. I'll be Mr. Brown, and you may be the Co.—Brown & Co., you know."

After a good drink of the clear, cold water from a cup made of a basswood leaf, they washed faces and hands, and went to the flat rock for breakfast. The butternuts were not quite ripe; they stained fingers, and they were hard to crack—with just a stone for a hammer—but there were "lots of them," as Ted had requested.

All the long bright forenoon they worked about their water-power, putting up an extensive mill of stones and sticks, and having no trouble at all, except when Ted got tired of being called "Co.," and insisted on being Mr. Brown a part of the time at least, in spite of Kitty's argument that the youngest ought always to be Co.

So, about one o'clock, when their father and uncle were galloping here and there in search of them, they were sitting at their rock table cracking more nuts, and listening proudly to the mimic roar of the water going over the dam they had just completed.

Sometimes they heard faint echoes and queer hootings off in the distance. "We'll play it's Indians, and

we're hiding from them," said Kitty, never dreaming that all the men in the neighborhood of her home were hunting and hallooing through the forest for two very lost children. Once, when the shouts came quite near, the echoes mixed up things, so that Kitty was almost frightened, and drew her brother into the shelter of some thick bushes. "It sounds like a crazy man," she said.

After a while the noise slowly died away down the mountain-side, and the woods seemed more comfortable to Kitty. But sunset drew near, and still there came no cheerful father-voice. The supper of butternuts was not a very jolly one. Ted tried to be brave, but finally he dropped his face into his elbow and wailed forth, "I want some bread and butter," and cried loud and long.

"If we only had matches," sobbed Kitty, after Ted's cries had hushed a little, "we could make a fire, and—and maybe find something to roast."

Ted stopped crying by trying very hard, and began to examine his pockets. The prospect of a bonfire is cheering even to a hungry boy. First a dull jackknife was laid on the rock, then two nails, then a little rusty hinge, then a piece of slate-pencil, then a brass button with an eagle on it, then more slate-pencil, then a piece of string wound into a ball, then half of a match—the end that wouldn't go! Then happily he thought of his inside pocket, and the hole that was in it! Feeling along the lining of his jacket, there in its corner was something which might be—yes, it *was* a match!

"We won't care very much about it anyway," said experienced Kitty, "and then it will be more apt to burn." Nevertheless, after they had piled up some dry leaves, and laid birch "quirls" and small sticks over the top, she struck the match across the sole of her shoe, shielded it with her hand, and watched it anxiously. The little blue light quivered, paled, almost went out, and then leaped cheerfully upon a dry leaf, and in an instant the pile was alive with snaps and sparkles and dancing flames. The children gave quite a merry shout.

"And now what'll we roast?" said poor Ted.

"We must fix the fire so it won't spread first," said Kitty; and she carefully scraped away all the leaves and sticks that were near. Then she took her brother's hand, and started to look for she hardly knew what, but trying with all her motherly little heart to think of something likely to be found in such a woods.

"Sour grapes roasted wouldn't be very nice, but maybe they'd be a sort of a relish, you know, Ted;" and she stopped by a tree overgrown with wild grapes, and began looking for the not very tempting clusters.

"Why, here are some that are nearly ripe. See! really purple a little."

Suddenly something alive sprang out of the brambles at their feet, and whirred away with a tremendous rush.

"It's the partridge nest, sure's you live!" said Ted, diving down among the leaves; and after a minute's eager search they were found—two, four, six, eight, nine speckled eggs in the cozy nest. "We'll leave one for the poor partridge to come back to, won't we Kit?" said Ted, swiftly placing them in his hat.

More wood was piled upon the little fire, and they waited not very patiently for hot ashes. The eggs were rolled up in large grape leaves, and fastened with little twigs. The sun went down, and the fire-light began to shine brightly on the overhanging boughs and the watchful faces of the children. Finally Kitty said it must be time, and proceeded to push away the blazing brands, and to roll the eggs in among the glowing ashes. She had just covered them, after a fashion, with the stick she used for a poker, and was saying to Ted they would soon be done, when something came crashing along through the brush, and there was a man with a scratched face and a torn coat, and a gun on his shoulder, standing before them.

"Oh, papa," said Ted, after taking a second look at him, "mayn't we stay until the partridge eggs are done? 'Cause we're so hungry."

"Oh, you—rascals," was all the father could say; and he was either very tired, or else Kitty rushed upon him and hugged his knees too vigorously, for he sank right down on the ground, and commenced wiping his face, and his eyes seemed to need a great deal of wiping.

"We didn't mean to camp out, papa," said Kitty, softly. "We only wanted to go home the nearest way, and we couldn't find it at all; and so when we found we were lost a little bit, we staid right where we were, so's not to get any more lost. Wasn't that right, papa? We knew you'd find us."

"Yes, an' we knew *you* wouldn't come hollerin' round like crazy Ingins. An' isn't the eggs done, Kit?" said Ted.

"Here's things to eat—things grandma fixed for you," and the father quickly opened a little bundle that hung at his side. "I was so glad to see you alive, and having a good time, that I almost forgot your lunch, you poor Hottentots."

The lunch was quickly disposed of, and after drinking two swallows apiece of blackberry wine—which grandma sent word they must do—the children "broke camp," and started for home, carrying the eggs in a handkerchief.

"It was a good thing you started your fire, little folks. I was just going to give up the mountain, and follow the others down to the creek, when I saw a smoke curling up, and I remembered your weakness for bonfires, and so— Why, bless me! I've forgotten the signal." And the happy father took his repeating rifle from his shoulder, and fired three shots into the air.

Pop!—pop!—pop! That meant, "Found, and alive, and well." Three or four guns answered from the valley below; and the mother and grandma, waiting and listening by the farm-house gate, thought they had never heard such sweet music in all their lives.

Only a quarter of a mile of very rough ground was travelled before the children found themselves trotting along in the "nearer way" they had tried to find the night before; and in an hour's time, after being much kissed and very tenderly scolded, they were bathed and lying in their clean, sweet beds, and Ted was sleepily saying to himself, "This is nicer'n em'grants, after all."

# OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

No. VI.

## LOVEWELL'S FIGHT WITH THE PIGWACKETS.

At the southern base of the White Mountains, where the river Saco winds through green meadows, was the home of the Pigwacket Indians. Their chief was Paugus. During the years of peace he visited the English in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, and was well acquainted with the settlers, but he liked the French better.

The Jesuit Father Rale, who had converted the Kennebec Indians, made his influence felt over all the surrounding tribes, and Paugus, through his influence, sided with the French. He could always obtain guns, powder, and balls at Quebec and Montreal in exchange for furs.

From their wigwams on the Saco, it was easy for the Pigwackets to go down that stream to the settlements in Maine, or going southwest to the "Smile of the Great Spirit," as they called Lake Winnipiseogee, they could descend the Merrimac to the settlements in Massachusetts.

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In 1724 the Pigwackets killed two men at Dunstable. When the alarm was given, eleven men started after them, but the Indians discovering them, shot all but two, took their scalps, and returned to their wigwams on the Saco, where they held a great feast over the successful raid, dancing and howling through the night, and boasting of what they would do on the next raid.

"I will give £100 for every Indian scalp," said the Governor of Massachusetts.

The offer of such a bounty stimulated Captain John Lovewell, of Dunstable, who started with eight men. It was midwinter, but the snow, cold, and hardship did not deter the intrepid men, who made their way up the valley of the Merrimac, and eastward to the country of the Pigwackets. The sun was going down, on the 20th of February, when Captain Lovewell discovered a smoke rising above the trees. He waited till midnight, when, creeping forward alone, he could see ten Indians asleep by a fire on the shore of a pond. He went back to his men, and all moved forward. There was snow upon the ground, which broke the sound of their footsteps. At a signal the guns flashed, and every Indian was killed. It was a party who had just started to fall upon the English settlements. They had new guns, ammunition, and blankets, which they had obtained from the French in Canada.

It was a day of rejoicing in Dover when Captain Lovewell marched into the village with the Indian scalps dangling from a pole.

"We will attack the Pigwackets in their home," said the men.

It was in April. The snow had disappeared, the trees were bursting into leaf, when Captain Lovewell, with forty-six men, started up the valley of the Merrimac once more. Three of the men, after marching about fifty miles, became lame and returned home. The others turned eastward, passed Lake Winnipiseogee, and came to Ossipee Lake—a beautiful sheet of water.

One of the men was taken sick, and could not go on, and Captain Lovewell built a little fort, and left there the surgeon and six men, with a portion of the provisions. The rest of the party, thirty-four in all, shouldered their packs and moved on in search of the Pigwackets. No one knew exactly where their wigwams were located, and they moved cautiously for fear of being surprised.

Captain Lovewell was a religious man, and every morning, before starting, the soldiers kneeled or stood reverently with uncovered heads, while the chaplain, Rev. Jonathan Frye, offered prayer.

The morning of May 19 came. They were on the shore of a pond, and the chaplain was offering prayer, when they heard a gun, and looking across the pond they saw an Indian on a rocky point on the other side of the pond.

"We are discovered," said Lovewell. "Shall we go on, or return?"

"We have come to find the Indians," said the young chaplain. "We have prayed God that we might find them. We had rather die for our country than return without seeing them. If we go back, the people will call us cowards." The company left their packs, and marched cautiously forward.

The Indians had discovered them—not the one who was shooting ducks; he did not mistrust their presence; but a party had come upon their tracks, and were following in their rear, and took possession of their packs.

Captain Lovewell moved toward the one Indian, who quickly fired upon the white. His gun was loaded with shot, and Captain Lovewell and one of his men were wounded. The Indian turned to run, but Ensign Whiting brought him down.

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"We will go back to our packs," said Lovewell; but when they reached the place they found that the Indians had seized them, and that their retreat was cut off by more than one hundred Pigwackets. The terrible war-whoop rang through the forest, and the fight began, Indians and white men alike sheltering themselves behind the trees and rocks, watching an opportunity to pick each other off without exposing themselves. All day long the contest went on, the Indians howling like tigers. The white men saw that they were outnumbered three to one. It must be victory or death.

Lieutenant Wyman was their commander in place of Lovewell, who was mortally wounded. He was cool and brave.



**"LIEUTENANT WYMAN, CREEPING UP, PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIM."**

"Don't expose yourselves. Be careful of your ammunition." So cool and deliberate was the aim of the white men that at nearly every shot an Indian fell. They suffered so severely that they withdrew and held a powwow with their "medicine man," who was going through his incantations, when Lieutenant Wyman, creeping up, put a bullet through him. The Indians, howling vengeance, returned to the fight; but the white men, protected on one side by the pond, held their ground.

All through the afternoon the struggle went on.

"We will give you good quarter," shouted Paugus.

"We want no quarter, except at the muzzle of our guns," shouted Wyman.

Paugus had often been to Dunstable, and was well acquainted with John Chamberlain. They fired at each other many times, till at last Chamberlain sent a bullet through Paugus's head, killing him instantly.

"I am a dead man," said Solomon Keys. "I am wounded in three places." He crawled down to the shore of the pond, found an Indian canoe, and crept into it. The wind blew it out into the lake, and he was wafted to the southern shore. The sun went down, and the Indians stole away. Pitiably the condition of the settlers. Lovewell was dead, and also their beloved chaplain, Jonathan Frye, who with his dying breath prayed aloud for victory; Jacob Farrar was dying; Lieutenant Rollins and Robert Usher could not last long; eleven others were badly wounded. There were only eighteen left. The Indians had seized their packs; they had nothing to eat; it was twenty miles from the little fort which they had built at Ossipee; but they were victors. They had killed sixty or more Indians, and had inflicted a defeat from which the Pigwackets never recovered.

"Load my gun, so that, when the Indians come to scalp me, I can kill one more," said Lieutenant Rollins.

They must leave him. Sad the parting. In the darkness, guided by the stars, they started. Four were so badly wounded that they could not go on.

"Leave us," they said, "and save yourselves."

Twenty miles! How weary the way! They reach the fort to find it deserted. They had left seven men there, but when the fight began one of their number fled—a coward—and informed the seven that the party had all been cut off, not a man left. Believing that he had told the truth, they abandoned the fort, and returned to their homes.

Nothing to eat. But it was the month of May; the squirrels were out, and they shot two and a partridge; they caught some fish; and so were saved from starvation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

## WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGHT.

The afternoon session of Mr. Morton's select school was but little more promising of revelations about the new boy than the morning had been. Most of the boys returned earlier than usual from their respective dinners, and either hung about the school-room, staring at their new companion, or waited at the foot of the stairs for him to come down. The attentions of the first-named division soon became so distasteful to

the new-comer that he left the room abruptly, and went down the stairway two steps at a time. At the door he found little Benny Mallow looking up admiringly, and determining to practice that particular method of coming down stairs the first Saturday that he could creep unnoticed through a school-room window. But Benny was not one of those foolish boys who forget the present while planning about the future. Paul Grayson had barely reached the bottom step, when little Benny looked innocently up into his face, and remarked, "Say!"

"Well?" Paul answered.

"You're the biggest boy in school," continued Benny. "I noticed it when you stood beside Appleby."

Grayson looked as if he did not exactly see that the matter was worthy of special remark.

"I," said Benny, "am the smallest boy—I am, really. If you don't believe it, look at the other boys. I'll just run down the steps, and stand beside some of them."

"Don't take that trouble," said Grayson, pleasantly. "But what is there remarkable about my height and your shortness?"

"Oh, nothing," said Benny, looking down with some embarrassment, and then looking up again—"only I thought maybe 'twas a good reason why we should be friends."

"Why, so it is, little fellow," said Grayson. "I was very stupid not to understand that without being told."

"All right, then," said Benny, evidently much relieved in mind. "Anything you want to know I'll tell you—anything that I know myself, that is. Because I'm little, you mustn't think I don't know everything about this town, because I do. I know where you can fish for bass in a place that no other boy knows anything about: what do you think of that? I know a big black-walnut tree that no other boy ever saw; of course there's no nuts on it now, but you can see last year's husks if you like. Have you got a sister?"

Grayson suddenly looked quite sober, and answered, "No."

"I have," said Benny, "and she is the nicest girl in town. If you want to know some of the bigger girls, I suppose you'll have to ask Appleby. What's the use of big girls, though? They never play marbles with a fellow, or have anything to trade. Say—I hope *you're* not too big to play marbles."

"Oh no," said Grayson; "I'll buy some, and we'll have a royal game."

"Don't do it," said Benny; "I've got a pocketful. Come on." And to the great disgust of all the larger boys Benny led his new friend into the school yard, scratched a ring on the dirt, divided his stock of marbles into two equal portions, and gave one to Grayson; then both boys settled themselves at a most exciting game, while all the others looked on in wonder, with which considerable envy and jealousy were mixed up.

"That Benny Mallow is putting on more airs than so little a fellow can carry; don't you think so?" said Sam Wardwell to Ned Johnston.

"I should say so," was the reply; "and that isn't all. The new fellow isn't going to be thought much of in this school if he's going to allow himself to belong to any youngster that chooses to take hold of him. I'll tell you one thing: Joe Appleby's birthday party is to come off in a few days, and I'll bet you a fish-line to a button that Master Benny won't get near enough to it to smell the ice-cream. How will that make the little upstart feel?"

"Awful—perfectly awful," said Sam, who, being very fond of ice-cream himself, could not imagine a more terrible revenge than Harry had suggested. Just then Bert Sharp sauntered up with his hands in his pockets, his head craned forward as usual, and his eyes trying to get along faster than his head.

"See here," said he, "if that new boy boards with the teacher, he's going to tell everything he knows. I think somebody ought to let him know what he'll get if he tries that little game. I'm not going to be told on: I have a rough enough time of it now." Bert spoke feelingly, for he was that afternoon to remain at school until he had recited from memory four pages of history, as a punishment for his long truancy.

"Who's going to tell him, though?" asked Sam. "It should be some fellow big enough to take care of himself, for Grayson looks as if he could be lively."

"I'll do it myself," declared Bert, savagely; saying which he lounged over toward the ring at which Benny and Grayson were playing. The boys had seen Bert in such a mood before, so at once there was some whispered cautions to look out for a fight. Before Bert had been a minute beside the ring, Grayson accidentally brushed against him as, half stooping, he followed his alley across the ring. Bert immediately got his hands out of his pockets, and struck Grayson a blow on the back of the neck that felled him to the ground. All the boys immediately rushed to the spot, but before they had reached it the new pupil was on his feet, and the teacher reached the window, bell in hand, just in time to see Grayson give Bert a blow on the chest that caused the young man to go reeling backward, and yell "Oh!" at the top of his voice. Then the bell rang violently, and all of the boys but Bert Sharp hurried up stairs, Grayson not even taking the trouble to look behind him. In the scramble toward the seats Will Palmer found a chance to whisper to Ned Johnston, "There's no nonsense about him, eh?"

And Ned replied, "He's splendid."

All of the boys seemed of Ned's opinion, for when Mr. Morton, just as Bert Sharp entered, rang the school to order, and asked, "Who began that fight?" there was a general reply of, "Bert Sharp."

"Sharp, Grayson, step to the front," commanded the teacher.

Bert shuffled forward with a very sullen face, while Grayson stalked up so bravely that Benny Mallow risked getting a mark by kicking Sam Wardwell's feet under the desk to attract his attention, and then whispering, "Just look at that."

Before the teacher could speak to either of the two boys in front of him, Grayson said, "I'm very sorry, sir, but I was knocked down for nothing, unless it was brushing against him by mistake."

"Was that the cause, Sharp?" asked Mr. Morton.

Bert hung his head a little lower, which is a way that all boys have when they are in the wrong; so the teacher did not question him any farther, but said:



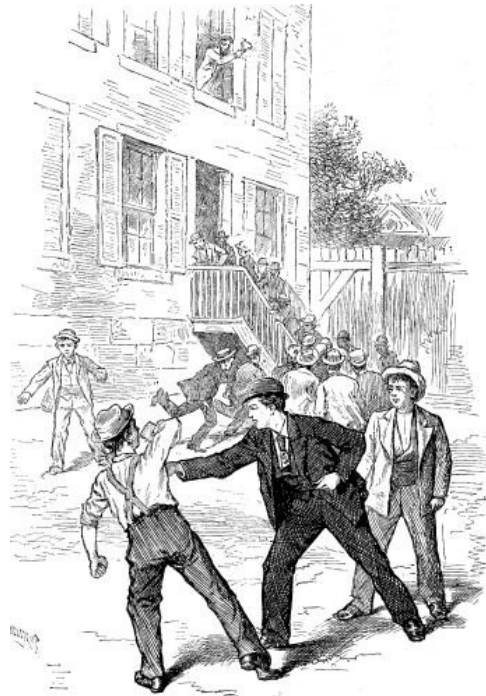
**THE RECONCILIATION.**

"Boys, Grayson is a stranger here. I know him to be a boy of good habits and good manners, and I give you my word that if you have any trouble with him, you will have to begin it yourselves. And if you expect to be gentlemen when you grow up, you must learn now to treat strangers as you would like to be treated if away from your own homes. Grayson, Sharp, go to your seats."

"May I speak to Sharp, sir?" asked Grayson.

"Yes," said Mr. Morton.

"I'm sorry I hit you," said the new boy. "Will you shake hands and be friends?"



**"JUST IN TIME TO SEE GRAYSON GIVE BERT A BLOW ON THE CHEST."**

Bert looked up suspiciously without raising his head, but Grayson's hand was outstretched, and as Bert did not know what else to do, he put out his own hand, and then the two late enemies returned to their seats, Bert looking less bad-tempered than usual, and Grayson looking quite sober.

Somehow at the afternoon recess every boy treated Grayson as if he had known him for years, and no one seemed to be jealous when Grayson invited Bert to play marbles with him, and insisted on his late adversary taking the first shot. But the teacher's remarks about Grayson had only increased the curiosity of the boys about their new comrade, and when Sam Wardwell remarked that old Mrs. Battle, with whom the teacher and his pupil boarded, bought groceries nearly every evening at his father's store, and he would just lounge about during the rest of the afternoon and ask her about Grayson when she came in, at least six other boys' offered to sit on a board pile near the store and wait for information.

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As for Grayson, he sat in the school-room writing while the teacher waited, for more than an hour after the general dismissal, to hear Bert Sharp recite those detestable four pages of history, and Bert was a great deal slower at his task than he would have been if he had not had to wonder why Grayson had to do so much writing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## **HOW A CRAB CHANGES HIS CLOTHES.**

**BY ALLAN FORMAN.**

"Say, now, you leave my dinner alone, or I'll tell mamma."

"You can tell, if you have a mind to. I don't care, tell-tale."

No, it was not children that I heard quarrelling; it was only two little crabs. Children never speak so crossly to each other; but those two little crabs scolded and bit down there in the water until— But I am getting ahead of my story. I'll tell you how it was.

I had been out fishing, and as the sun became too hot, I rowed my boat to the shore under the shade of the trees, and sat thinking. I looked down into the water, and saw a little crab holding a clam shell under his mouth with his claw, and eating as fast as he could, at the same time turning his queer, bulging eyes in all directions to see that he would not be disturbed. But soon another crab came up, and tried to snatch away the clam shell. Then ensued the conversation which I have already quoted. I dropped a piece of clam into the water, and the new-comer seized it. He scuttled away under a piece of sea-weed, and cried out in triumph:

"Aha! greedy, you didn't get it, and it is much better than your old shell. Don't you wish you had it?"

"I'll change with you," said the other. "Just see this blue on the edge of my shell. Ain't it lovely?"

"Change! I guess not. Who cares for the blue? You can't eat the blue."

"Of course you can't eat it, but it is pretty. However, there is no use in talking to you about it; you have no love for the beautiful," said the other, tauntingly.

"You needn't put on so many airs. I'm bigger than you are, anyway," snarled the first.

"You won't be long, for I'm growing every day."

"Children! children! what is the matter?" asked the old mamma crab, who just appeared on the scene.

"Mamma, he tried to get my din—"



"I didn't; I only wanted—"

"He's a mean, horrid old thing, and I don't—"

"Why, children," interrupted the old crab, "I am ashamed of you. What is the matter?"

"He tried to take away my dinner," said one.

"He said I wasn't growing big," said the other.

"That did not stop your growth, did it?" said mamma.

"No—o," drawled the little one.

"And now," she continued, "I want you to behave yourselves. Stop such silly quarrelling. You act so much like boys and girls that I am ashamed of you."

"Say, mamma, my clothes are getting too tight for me, and I've bursted a seam in the back of my coat," said one of the youngsters, after a short pause.

"That is all right," answered mamma, assuringly; "you are only going to 'shed.'"

"Am I going to be all soft and helpless, like papa was, and then be taken away and not come back any more?"

"Oh no, I hope not. You must find a quiet place, and hide until you can take care of yourself," answered mamma.

Accordingly the young crab wandered around, and found a nice quiet place under the shadow of a large log; here he half buried himself in the mud, and commenced the operation of changing his clothes. He swelled himself out until the upper shell separated from the lower, then worked his claws slowly backward and forward, and expanded and contracted the muscles of his body; little by little he emerged from his shell, and finally, with one effort, he freed himself entirely from his old clothes. He lay back, exhausted by his exertions. While the crab is soft it is perfectly helpless, and it can be handled without fear of bites. When it first emerges from its shell it is covered with a skin as soft and delicate as yours, but if left undisturbed it will soon harden. If taken out of the water and kept in damp sea-weed, the process of hardening can be delayed for three or four days, when it dies of starvation, as it can eat nothing while soft, and that is the way in which it is brought to the market. But the little crab I saw was fortunate enough not to be disturbed. He lay perfectly still, and in about an hour, if you could have put your finger on his back, you would have felt that it had grown stiff and rough; in between three or four hours the shell reaches the stage known as "paper shell." It is hard and coarse, like brown paper, and the crab begins to show signs of liveliness, and in about seven hours there is no perceptible difference between our recently reclothed crab and his hard brothers and sisters; but if you should catch him you would find him to be lighter in weight, and watery when boiled, and the fat, which in a healthy crab is of a bright yellow color, like the yolk of an egg, is a greenish-brown. But no one had a chance to see the color of the fat in the crab which I was watching, for just as he started to move, a great toad-fish came along and swallowed him at one mouthful.

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**HALF AFRAID.**

## THE INVENTION OF STEEL PENS.

According to the following extract from a manuscript document in the library of Aix-la-Chapelle, entitled "Historical Chronicle of Aix-la-Chapelle, Second Book, year 1748," edited by the writer to the Mayoralty, "Johann Janssen," it would appear that the invention of steel pens is of older date than is commonly supposed. The paper referred to says: "Just at the meeting of the Congress I may without boasting claim the honor of having invented new pens. It is perhaps not an accident that God should have inspired me at the present time with the idea of making steel pens, for all the envoys here assembled have bought the first that have been made, therewith, as may be hoped, to sign a treaty of peace which, with God's blessing, shall be as permanent as the hard steel with which it is written. Of these pens, as I have invented them, no man hath before seen or heard; if kept clean and free from rust and ink, they will continue fit for use for many years. Indeed, a man may write twenty sheets of paper with one, and the last line would be written as well as the first. They are now sent into every corner of the world as a rare thing—to Spain, France, and England. Others will no doubt make imitations of my pens, but I am the man who first invented and made them. I have sold a great number of them, at home and abroad, at one shilling each, and I dispose of them as quickly as I can make them."

## OUT IN THE STORM.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"That story about the baby in the storm? Oh yes, I'll tell you all about it. See, there's the scar on his dear little forehead yet—he'll carry it all his life, they say—but I shall never get over being thankful he came out of it so much better than I did, the darling."

And Janet glanced at her poor crooked arm as she settled herself more comfortably for a long talk.

"This was the way it came about. Mother said to me one Saturday afternoon, 'Janet, I am going over to the village; I will take the little girls with me, and I want you to take good care of Harry till I come back.'

"This arrangement did not suit me at all. I had other plans for the afternoon, and I said, 'But, mother, I promised Mary Hathaway I would go down there this afternoon. She is going to show me a new stitch for my embroidery.'

"'I don't like to interfere with you, dear,' mother said, 'but it seems to me you have been running there quite often this week, and I must have your help now.'

"This was true, but it made no difference in the fact of my wanting to go again.

"'Can't Bridget take care of him?' I said.

"'No, she has too much else to do.'

"'I hate being tied to babies all the time,' I snarled. 'I think we might keep a nurse as well as the Hathaways. Mary never has to be bothered with the young ones.' Mother looked at me with a look which begged for something better from me, but I kept the scowl on my face till I saw them drive from the gate. She said good-by to me with a loving smile, which faded out, as I would not return it. Even when I saw three hands waved to me as they turned the corner, some ugly thing at my heart kept my hand down, although half a minute later I would have given anything for a chance of answering mother's smile.

"I carried baby out into the grove at the back of the house, and dumped him into the hammock, feeling cross and miserable enough. He sat there cooing and crowing and laughing in a way which would have put a better temper into any one but me. I sat on the ground beside him, fussing away at my embroidery, but I could not get it right, and I got crosser and crosser. At last Harry stretched over toward me, and took rather a rough grasp of one of my ears and a good handful of hair with it. He did it to pull my face around for a kiss, but as his pretty face came against mine with a little bump, I jumped up and spoke sharply to him. I laid him down with a shake, saying, 'Go to sleep now, you little tease.'

"He put up a grieved lip, and sobbed as I swung him. It was about the time of his afternoon nap, and he was asleep in a few minutes.

"Then I tried my embroidery again, but it was no use—I could not get the right stitch without some help from Mary. Then a thought came across my mind—why could I not just run down there? Baby would surely sleep for an hour, and I could easily be back within that time. He could not possibly fall out of the hammock, for there were strings tied to some of the cords, which could be fastened above him. I thought of telling Bridget I was going, so she would have 'an eye out' in case he *should* awake, but I knew she would be crabbed about it, and feel as if I were imposing on her, even if he did not give a single 'peep.' So I tied him in very carefully—he gave another little sob as I kissed him, and I was so sorry I had been cross to him. In ten minutes more I was running in at Mrs. Hathaway's gate.

"I had been going toward the north, so I did not notice that a black, curiously shaped cloud, which lay low in the south as I left home, was rising very fast. Mrs. Hathaway told me Mary was out in an arbor back of the house, so I ran out there, and for a little while we were so deep in the embroidery that I forgot to notice how dark it was getting. Then there came a flash of lightning—oh, how white and terrible that lightning was! It came all about us; we seemed wrapped up in it; and such a burst of thunder as I never heard before or since. It sounded like a cannon-ball falling right at our feet.

"As soon as we could move we flew into the house. I was wild with fright as I saw the awful blackness in the sky. Great drops of rain began to fall, and peal after peal of thunder came, as I snatched my bonnet and rushed to the door. Mary seized my arm and held me back. She cried, 'You must not go; indeed you *shall* not go out in such a storm.'

"Mrs. Hathaway came up to me too, and put her arm around me. 'Why, Janet, you can not go, my child. It might be at the risk of your life.'

"I think they almost meant to keep me by force, but I screamed out, 'I *must* go! I will! I will!' and I broke away from them, and rushed out into that blinding storm. I couldn't think of anything except the poor baby I had left all alone. There was no one there to take care of him, no one knew where he was, and in the noise of the storm nobody could hear him scream.

"The rain poured down in sheets by the time I reached Mrs. Hathaway's gate. It seemed almost to beat me down to the ground, and the water was over my shoes in half a minute. The lightning seemed like one long flash, and the thunder never stopped. I staggered on and floundered on, and slipped down and got up again, all the time just saying to myself, 'The baby! the baby!—if I could only reach him and find him alive!'

"Then it seemed as if night came down all at once. It got dark in one minute, and I heard a horrible roaring sound behind me—louder than all the thunder. I heard a long, rattling crash, and then another. It was Mrs. Hathaway's house and barn going to pieces, but I didn't know it then. I heard people scream; I heard all sorts of things whizzing about me, but it was too dark to see much. Things came striking against me, and soon a heavy thing came banging against me on one side, and just as I was falling down something seemed to pick me up, and I was whirled and twisted round and round, till I didn't know anything more.

"When I opened my eyes the rain was falling on my face. It was lighter, and I saw boards and timbers, and trees and branches and bushes, lying all about me. I was in a field not far from home. I felt dizzy, and didn't remember anything at first, and then I thought of little Harry, and sprang up to run to him. But, oh, how sick and sore I felt! When I tried to lift a heavy branch which was lying partly over me, I could raise only one of my arms.

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"But my feet were all right, and I ran as fast as I could toward home. I saw my father in the road in front of the house, looking up and down, with a white, frightened face. He hurried toward me.

"'Where have you been, child?' he said. 'I must go to see if anything has happened to your mother, but I could not go till I knew you and Harry were safe— Why, dear, you are hurt!'

"But I ran past him, crying, 'The baby, father, he's in the hammock—come quick!'

"When we got round to the grove I screamed at what I saw. The trees lay about as if a scythe had mown them down. I hardly knew the place, or where to look for Harry.

"One of the trees the hammock was tied to was lying exactly where I had left my little brother. Another tree was blown right across it. Father did not stop to look, but called the hired man, and they brought axes and saws. I stooped down and listened, though I felt sure the dear little one must be dead. But I heard a sad little sob, as if he had cried till he was worn out. I was so glad, I got up and danced. But father shook his head and said, 'He's alive, but how do we know how he may be hurt.' They chopped away at the branches, while I held my breath, oh, how long, *long* it seemed to wait! I crouched down and crept as near the baby as I could. I called to him, and he gave a pitiful little cry; he expected me to take him at once, and I was glad he got angry because he had to wait. He tried to free himself from the hammock, and I began to hope he might not be much hurt.

"At last a great branch was taken away, and I got closer to him. I called father, and we looked under, and I heard him say, 'Thank God!'

"There the darling was, in a kind of little bower made by two big branches which came down on each side of him. They had saved him when the other tree fell. His forehead was scratched deeply, but nothing else ailed him. Father reached in and cut away the hammock with his knife, and drew him out with hands that shook as if he had an ague fit. The little fellow held out his arms to me; but as I tried to take him my strength all seemed to go away. I grew dizzy, and fell down. Bridget took the child, and father carried me in and laid me on a bed.

"Then he and Bridget tried to get us into dry clothes. But I cried out every time they touched me, till father was nearly at his wits' end. I called aloud for mother. I knew she would not hurt me so.

"'I will go now and see where she is, dear,' father said at last, wiping his forehead. 'The good Lord only knows where she may be—and the little ones. I'll bring some one to help you, poor child.'

"The sun was shining brightly again by this time, but as I lay there, with a great deal of pain in my arm and head, I seemed to feel that black storm coming after me yet. The roar, roar, roar kept on in my head, and the bed was whirling up in the clouds with me, and Mary Hathaway was holding me, while some one pelted me with the stars; and mother said, 'Oh, my poor darling—look at her head!'

"Then the moon peeped at me, and said, 'Her arm is broken in two places.'

"It was the doctor who said this, and mother had really come to me. After that I seemed to be climbing and climbing through trees—oh, so long! I kept on for years, always hunting for little Harry, hearing him cry for me, and never able to reach him. But at last I saw a light—I had been in the dark all the time—and I struggled toward it, and looked out. Mother was there, but not Harry.

"'Where is he?' I cried.

"'Who, dear?' she said.

"'Why, the baby—little Harry,' I said. 'I was almost up to him.'

"'Here he is.'

"She lifted him up to me, and I tried to take him, but I could not raise myself, and was glad to find that I was in my own bed. I went off into a long sleep, and when I awoke I didn't want anything except to lie quiet and know mother was caring for me, and that Harry sometimes came toddling into my room, for he had learned to walk during the long weeks I had been sick.

"Well, that is about all there is of it. My arm was a long time getting well, and will always be crooked, like this. The doctor said it would have got entirely well if it had not been for the fever.

"But, dear me, how much thinking I did when my head got clear enough to think! When I was out in the storm all I had ever heard about the wrath of God on the children of disobedience seemed to come back to me. How I was punished! If I had been faithful to my duty, I should have been safe at home when the storm came. I shall always feel as if I knew something of that awful wrath, for wasn't I taken up in God's terrible hand?"

"When I was getting well I began to wonder why Mary Hathaway never came to see me. Mother put off telling me as long as she could that she and a younger sister had been killed in a moment by the falling of their house, and that Mrs. Hathaway was crippled for life. None of us had been hurt but me. Mother had got beyond the track of the worst part of the storm, but her horse was killed by the lightning. Father lost his barns, most of his stock, and nearly all his crops.

"That's the story of the terrible tornado. Its path was not more than half a mile wide, and it was all over in less than half an hour. Mother says I grew five years older on that day, and I think she is right."

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## "MOONSHINERS."

BY E. H. MILLER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### CONNY LOSES HIS FATHER.

Dr. Hunter was riding leisurely on his morning rounds among the few people who managed to be sick at Dunsmore in spite of the clear sweet air that carried the balmy scent of the forests into all its pleasant valleys. Under the seat of his sulky was his little old-fashioned box of medicines, and close at his hand a tin box containing what was in the doctor's eyes quite as valuable—a specimen of a rare plant which he had discovered in a cleft of gray rock, and secured at the cost of some pretty hard climbing. The road upon which he was driving wound along the mountain-side, and he could look down upon the tops of the trees below, noting here and there the scattered buildings and stacks of feed that marked some little farm in a clearing, and from the very densest spot of all a faint thread of blue smoke rising above the trees. He had often noticed it, and more than once had asked about it, but no one gave him any satisfactory answer. You would have supposed that of all the men and women in Dunsmore not one had even chanced to see that smoke until the doctor's eyes had spied it.

"Smoke, sor?—so it be," said old Timothy, with a great pretense of straining his eyes to see it. "It's a fire in the woods, belike. Some tramping fellows on a hunt."

"It is always in one spot," said the doctor, "though sometimes it disappears for weeks. Is there any road that way?" [Pg 692]

"Not the track of a squurl, yer honor. There's not a wilder bit in all the State, I'm thinkin'."

"I believe one might find a way on horseback," said the doctor, "and I shall try it some day."

"Ye'd best not do it. I'd be loath to see ye leaving a good trade for a bad one." Timothy grasped his hickory cane, and shook his grizzled head at the doctor. Then, coming a step nearer, he whispered, "*Moonshiners*."

"To be sure," said the doctor, turning again to look at the smoke.

"It's a bad business," said Timothy, carefully studying the doctor's face.

"Yes, it's a bad business, making whiskey, or selling it, or drinking it; but paying a tax to the government does not make it any better. I believe every dollar that comes to the government from such a source is a curse."

Timothy drew a long breath.

"You're right, sor. I'm not beholden to the stuff myself; but yer honor's done me a good turn, and I couldn't see ye bringin' trouble on yerself by askin' too many questions. It mightn't be—pop'lar, sor."

The doctor asked no more questions, but he watched the blue smoke more curiously than ever, wondering much about the outlaws who carried on their secret trade in the mountain fastnesses. He had been thinking of them that very morning as he rode along, with the reins lying loosely on his knee, when suddenly Prince gave a start that roused his driver. A small figure stepped out from the shadow of a rock, and stood close beside the gig, saying,

"Would you come to my feyther, sir?"

"Who is your father?" asked the doctor.

"He's sick this three days," answered the boy.

"What is his name? Where do you live?"

"It's not far, sir," said the boy, without answering the question.

"Well, jump in here;" and the doctor held down his hand.

"Ye'll not be riding, sir; it's a bit off the road."

The doctor hesitated a moment, then fastened Prince securely in the edge of the woods, and with his box in his hand prepared to follow his guide.

"Now, then, Johnny, go ahead."

"My name is Conny, sir," said the boy.

"Conny, is it? And what else?"

"Just Conny, sir;" and the boy led the way rapidly through what looked like a pathless tangle, until below a sharp ledge of rocks they struck a little stream by whose side they found a narrow but easy passage into the very heart of the wood.



**"THEY CAME UPON A SMALL WEATHER-BEATEN  
CABIN."**

"Surely no human being can live here," thought the doctor; but at that very moment they came upon a small weather-beaten cabin, so low and gray that one might easily have passed it unnoticed among the rocks that hung over it, and the bushes that crowded around and in front of it. The roof, thatched with bark, had fallen in at one end, and the place looked as if it might have been forsaken for years. But the boy led him around to the rear, and they entered quite a comfortable room, with a decent bed in one corner, on which a man was lying with his face to the wall.

"Feyther," said the boy, "I've brought the doctor to ye."

The man neither moved nor answered, and the doctor, going up to the bed, was shocked to see that he was dead. He turned to Conny and asked, "Has your father been long sick?"

"Always sick, sir. He couldn't work at the North, and they told him if he came here the air would cure him, and the smell of the trees, but he coughed just the same."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dead, sir."

"And there is no one but you and your father?"

"Only us two, sir."

"Conny," said the doctor, slowly, "I am afraid your father is dead."

Conny did not answer for a moment, but his thin brown face settled into a look of disappointment.

"He said he should die, sir, and nothing could save him, but I thought maybe if you came— Couldn't you try something? They brought Black Joe round when he'd been long in the water, and was dead and cold— brought him round with rubbing, and stuff they put in his mouth. Isn't there something in your box that'll do it?"

"Nothing," said the doctor; "he is quite dead, my boy. You had better come with me, and I will send some one to attend to your father."

But no persuasion could induce Conny to leave the cabin, and the doctor was forced to return without him. For a quiet man, the doctor was greatly excited over the mystery of the little cabin, but old Timothy said, coolly, "That would be Sandy McConnell: one o' the moonshiners: varmint, all on 'em."

"But, Timothy, some one must see that he has a decent burial, and if you'll take a couple of men with you, and go down there—"

"Wait till to-morrow morning," said Timothy, significantly. "The birds of the air 'tend to their own funerals."

A terrific storm that swept over the mountains that afternoon compelled the doctor to follow Timothy's advice. The next morning, when they succeeded, with much difficulty, in finding their way through the tangle, the cabin was empty of every trace of human occupancy, and almost seemed as if it might have been undisturbed since the wood-choppers abandoned it. Under a great pine, a few rods away, they found a

new-made grave, carefully sodded, and bound over, in old-country fashion, with green withes.  
 "The moonshiners have buried him," said Timothy. "I told ye, sor, they'd see to their own funerals."  
 "I wish I knew what had become of the boy," said the doctor, as they slowly picked their way upward; "he seemed such a quaint, old-fashioned little chap."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



About the 1st of August I found some big worms crawling on an ailantus-tree in our yard. They were about two and a half inches long, of a pale green color, with white humps all over them, and beautiful blue spots on their heads. Mamma caught them for me, and we put them on a board with some ailantus leaves, and turned a large wire sieve over them. Every morning I gave them fresh leaves to eat, and in two or three days they began to spin themselves into cocoons. Some rolled themselves up in the leaves, while others clung to the side of the sieve, covering themselves at first with a thin white film, through which we could see the worm for half a day working himself back and forth. Then the film grew so thick we could not see the worm any more. When they had all formed cocoons mamma stood them away in a quiet place where nothing could injure them, and I went every morning to see if anything had come out of the cocoons. About three weeks passed, when one morning I found three magnificent moths clinging to the sieve. Mamma put ether on their heads, and they never moved again. She fastened them in a box for me, and arranged the wings, and they are just as beautiful as they can be. They spread about four inches. The color is reddish-brown, and across the middle of the wings there is a whitish line shading off into a clay-colored border. In the centre of each wing there is a long reddish-white spot, and on the tip of each fore-wing is a dark bluish eye. On the head are delicate feathered antennæ. Mamma found a picture of the moth in a book. We are sure it belongs to the genus *Attacus*, and we think it is the kind called *Attacus promethia*.

SARAH W. N.

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EDNA, MINNESOTA.

About a month ago a man caught a young whooping-crane, which I bought of him. It is now so tame that it will eat out of my hand, and come in the house and eat from the table, or drink out of the water pail. I keep him tied out back of the house by a string about two rods long, so that he can walk around. He is not a very small bird, if he is young. His neck is about two feet long, and his legs are very nearly the same length, and when he stands up straight he is about five feet high. He is not fully fledged yet. His body is now about as large as that of a goose.

I like to write. I am not a very good writer, but I think I can be a better one if I write a great deal. I am the lame boy whose letters you printed in the Post-office Box last winter.

ELMER R. BLANCHARD.

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Since my request for exchanges was published in *YOUNG PEOPLE* I have received a great many letters from all parts of the United States, and I would like to inform the correspondents that I will answer all of them in due time. Now I am very busy. I am getting a new book and fixing it up, my school has commenced, and I am taking music lessons on the piano. I can play familiar tunes like the "Racquet Polka," "Fatinitza," "Pinafore," and others. I am also taking German lessons.

WILLIE H. SCHERZER.

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Clarence L. can buy silk-worms, and obtain all information in regard to them, at the southwest corner of Juniper and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or at the Educational Department of the Permanent Exhibition, in the same city.

PAUL DE M.

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ASHLAND, KENTUCKY.

I have seen a real live white crow. It belongs to a gentleman living on Big Sandy River. The white crow was seen by several persons, who tried to shoot it. At last the gentleman who now owns it shot it in the wing. It was not much hurt, and soon got well. Its owner was offered three hundred dollars for it, but he would not sell it. A good many people go to see it.

WILLIE S. B.

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RADNOR, OHIO.

I wish some correspondent would tell me how to feather arrows. I have made a bow and some nice arrows, but I can not feather them.

I am making a collection of old coins. Are any other correspondents doing the same?

B. I.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am ten years old. I have no pets except a canary named David. I would like to know what to feed him with besides sugar and seed, for I think he must be tired of eating those all the time.

I have a collection of stamps. I like the Post-office Box ever so much.

ANN A. N.

Too much sugar is not good for your canary. You can vary his diet by giving him a leaf of fresh lettuce about once a week, or a bit of hard cracker to pick at. Whole oatmeal or grits, and a piece of apple or pear occasionally, are healthy food. These tidbits must be given sparingly, for if the bird eats them constantly it will grow so fat that it can not sing. The staple food should be canary seed mixed with rape, and there must always be a piece of cuttle-fish fastened in the cage.

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MATTAPOISETT, MASSACHUSETTS.

Here is a spelling game I invented, which may be played by two or more persons. The first player, who may be chosen by lot, proposes two letters, as, for example, c o. Then each player must in turn call a word beginning with those letters, as come. A player is beaten if he says a word beginning with any other than the letters named, or calls a word already given, or a meaningless word, or, when only two are playing, if his opponent makes two correct words while he is thinking of his. The addition of s is not considered to form a new word where it merely constitutes a plural.

I made a salt-water aquarium five days ago, and it is all right. I have two eels, one minnow, and five other fish, some hermit-crabs, scallops, and periwinkles. I had a pipe-fish, but it died soon after I put it in. I use a small wash-tub for the aquarium, with sand on the bottom. I had two minnows at first, but this morning I found one on the floor, dead. What do you suppose made it jump out? There is sea-lettuce in the water, so there must be enough air. How long must the aquarium stand in the sun for the ulva to work? And with what shall I feed the crabs?

W. A.

The directions in the paper on "A Salt-water Aquarium," in YOUNG PEOPLE No 42, are as clear as it is possible to give them, but they must be supplemented by experience, which, if you persevere, you will very soon gain. The ulva will work in an hour's time when placed in the sun, as you will see by the rising of the tiny air-bubbles, but it may be necessary to renew the exposure to the sun for a short time each day, always taking care that the temperature of the water is not too much increased. If your crabs will not eat bits of clam, try them with tiny mouthfuls of fish. Be careful to allow no uneaten food to remain in the water. Experience, which you will quickly gain, will insure you success.

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I have a great many German, French, Austrian, and English postage stamps, and would like to exchange with any who are beginning a collection. I can get all kinds of stamps.

I am a native of England. I have been two years in America, and I think it is a very nice country.

FRANK B. WESTWOOD,  
P. O. Box 4574, New

York City.

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I am nearly twelve years old, and I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

I am making a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with any other boy.

I can not get many kinds of stamps in this out-of-the-way place.

HORACE RANDOLPH,  
Sherman, Grayson

County, Texas.

---

I come from the far South, where I spend the winter in New Orleans. I am collecting postage stamps, and would like to exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDWARD L. HUNT,  
Barrytown, Dutchess

County, New York.

---

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is a splendid paper for boys and girls.

I have a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

HENRY A. BLAKESLEY,  
54 West Eighth Street,

Topeka, Kansas.

---

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper that I ever read, and I think the Post-office Box is one of the nicest things in it.

I am collecting relics and minerals, and would like to exchange petrified wood for relics. I will also exchange a chimney-swallow's egg for the egg of any bird except a robin, blue jay, or chipping sparrow.

W. A. WEBSTER,  
394 Clinton Avenue,

Brooklyn, New York.

---

I would like to exchange birds' eggs with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Correspondents will please state what kind of eggs they have to exchange, and what they would like in return.

GUSSIE HARTMAN,  
65 Cass Street, Chicago,

Illinois.

---

I would like to exchange postmarks for stamps with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

GEORGE G. OMERLY,  
616 Arch Street,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

---

I must write, dear YOUNG PEOPLE, to tell you how I love you. Through you I have made the acquaintance of little "Wee Tot." I have sent her some Lake Michigan shells, and she has sent me some lovely ocean curiosities, some of which are star-fishes, sea-urchins, and beautiful shells.

I would like to exchange slips of wax-plant, sweet-scented geranium, and fuchsias with any readers for more ocean curiosities, only I wish some one would please tell me how to send them safely.

ANNA WIERUM,  
495 West Twelfth Street,

Chicago, Illinois.

---

I like to read history, and about brave men, and I think "The Story of the American Navy" is splendid.

I am collecting postage stamps, and have over one hundred duplicates, which I would like to exchange with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

ROBERT LAMP,  
Care of William Lamp,

Madison, Wisconsin.

---

My sister takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I read it every week. The story of "The Moral Pirates" was splendid. I work out all the puzzles, and read the stories and the letters.

I would like to exchange stamps and birds' eggs with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

OSCAR RAUCHFUSS,  
Golconda, Pope County,

Illinois.

---

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from our news-dealer, and I find it a very interesting and instructive paper for the young.

I will exchange foreign postage stamps and United States postage and revenue stamps with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALEXANDER A. REEVES,  
Emporia, Lyon County,

Kansas.

---

I would like to exchange a specimen of the soil of Georgia for some of the soil of any other State.

Savannah, Georgia.

JAMES L. JOHNSON,  
76 Jones Street,

---

I am collecting birds' eggs, and have about one hundred varieties, but I need eggs of hawks, owls, eagles, whip-poor-wills, quails, partridges, prairie-hens, terns, snipes, plovers, gulls, finches, divers, loons, and other birds, and also the nest and egg of the humming-bird. I have a collection of nearly six hundred stamps, which I will exchange for birds' eggs or Indian relics.

Elizabeth, New Jersey.

HARRY F. HAINES,  
1259 Waverley Place,

---

Papa takes HARPER'S BAZAR, WEEKLY, and MAGAZINE for himself and mamma, and YOUNG PEOPLE for sister Mabel and me. We think it is a splendid little paper.

I have twenty different kinds of flower seeds, and would like to exchange with some little girls in the far West and South.

South Brooklyn,

GRACE DENTON,  
114 Thirty-ninth Street,  
Kings County, New York.

---

I shall be very grateful if any correspondents who can will send me specimens of minerals or fossil formations in exchange for the beautiful quartz crystals that we find imbedded in the rock at this place. I am also anxious to get some pretty shells, especially from the Southern and Western coasts. I will return any excess of postage on packages.

County, New York.

SUSIE C. BENEDICT,  
Little Falls, Herkimer

---

I have a nice collection of curiosities, and if Ida B. D., of California, will kindly send me some shells from the Pacific coast, especially some abalone shells, and some sea-mosses, I will exchange any of my curiosities for them. My curiosities consist of stalactites, stalagmites, conglomerates, crystals, Indian arrow-heads (some of which are broken), gypsum, iron ore, and a great many pretty pebbles and stones that I find on the sand-bars along Green River. If she sends me any specimens, will she please mark the name and where each one is from?

County, Kentucky.

JOHN H. BARTLETT, Jun.,  
Greensburgh, Green

---

JESSE HARGRAVE.—The poet alluded to by Scott in the forty-first chapter of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, as "him of the laurel wreath," was Robert Southey, who was appointed poet laureate of England in 1813. The lines quoted are from Southey's poem of "Thalaba the Destroyer," eleventh book, thirty-sixth stanza.

---

W. W. S.—Many thanks for your kind attention in sending us the interesting facts concerning the nesting of English sparrows in trees. These little foreigners will pile the mass of dried grass, hair, and other rubbish which composes their nest, on any ledge or shelf which will support it, and if a decayed stump or deserted nest affords such support, they are quite as ready to use it as they are to take possession of the little houses which kind hands fasten to the branches of trees. They will also build in woodbine and ivy, the strong branches of which, clinging to the brick or stone wall, form a solid support, quite as good as the ledge over a window or door. Almost any corner is acceptable to these little fellows. A lady who had been absent from the city during the summer, on returning home found one of her chamber windows taken full possession of by the sparrows. The blinds had been closed, and the space between them and the window was stuffed full of rubbish, the birds using an open slat as an entrance to their cozy home. We know of no instance where sparrows have woven an independent nest, and fastened it to the branches of a tree, and for that reason we have not classed them among birds that build their nests in trees.

---

W., F., and S.—To make a boat scup set two upright posts firmly in the ground about four or five feet apart. Connect them at the top by a strong bar, across which at the centre fasten another bar at right angles. The boat, which should have a seat at each end, is hung by four stout ropes, one to each corner, so as to balance well, to the connecting bar. A rope passing from each end of the cross-bar enables the occupants to swing the boat forward and backward. The upright posts should be well braced. If you can visit some park or picnic ground where one of these swings is in operation, you will understand better how to build one.

---

WILLIAM F. S.—The coins you describe belong to the class known as business tokens. They are issued by private parties, and are valueless.

---

CLARENCE E. and F. B. W.—You can get the back numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* you require by forwarding the necessary amount to the publishers, with your full address. They will cost four cents for each copy.

---

EDDIE DE LIMA.—The oldest text-book on arithmetic employing the Arabian or Indian figures (those at present in use), and the decimal system, is that of Avicenna, an Arabian physician who lived in Bokhara about A.D. 1000. It was found in manuscript in the library at Cairo, Egypt, and contains, besides the rules for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, many peculiar properties of numbers. It was not until the seventeenth century that arithmetic became a regular branch of common education.

---

CAPTAIN FRANK.—The average price of a boy's bicycle is from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Very small sizes may be obtained at a lower price.

---

Favors are acknowledged from Lizzie Gieselberg, H. N. Dawson, John R. Blake, C. D. Nicholas, Carrie Hard, Lilian McDowell, Nellie Rossman, Henry Coleman, Annie M. Douglas, Aggie M. Mason, Madgie W. B., Sallie R. Ely, Dora Williams, M. W. D., Mary McWhorter.

---

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Olive Russell, "Chiquot," Minnie H. Ingham, Sidney Abenheim, Emma Shaffer, Edward L. Hunt, Allie Maxwell, George Volckhausen.

---

## **PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.**

### **No. 1.**

#### **UNITED DIAMONDS.**

1. In September. An ancient water vessel. An article of food. A domestic animal. In December.
2. In February. A part of the body. A product. To blend. In August. Centrals of diamonds read across give a valuable natural product much used in the East Indies.

HENRY.

---

### **No. 2.**

#### **ENIGMA.**

My first is in empty, but not in full.  
My second is in rope, but not in pull.  
My third is in light, but not in dark.  
My fourth is in silent, but not in hark.  
My fifth is in drop, but not in fall.  
My sixth is in high, but not in tall.  
My seventh is in stool, but not in chair.  
My eighth is in mend, but not in tear.  
My ninth is in circle, but not in ring.  
My whole is a new and wonderful thing.

S. T. H.

---

**No. 3.**

**NUMERICAL CHARADES.**

1. I am an ancient Greek astronomer composed of 10 letters. My 1, 2, 3 is a part of the body. My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is to dry up. My 9, 10 is a pronoun.

F. W.

2. I am an ancient Greek comedian composed of 10 letters. My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a poetic narrative. My 5, 6, 7, 8 is injury. My 9, 10 is a pronoun.

3. I am an ancient Greek historian composed of 9 letters. My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a great warrior. My 5, 6, 7 is a small spot. My 8, 9 is a pronoun.

S. C. H.

---

**No. 4.**

**WORD SQUARES.**

1. First, froth. Second, one of the United States. Third, designs. Fourth, a vegetable growth.

FRANK.

2. First, a ship famous in ancient legend. Second, to harvest. Third, festive. Fourth, a precious stone.

LUCY.

---

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 44.**

**No. 1.**

Esquimau.

**No. 2.**

S T E M  
T O G A  
E G E R  
M A R K

**No. 3.**

R ocheste R  
H indoo- H  
Coos  
O b I  
N anki N  
E ri E

Rhone, Rhine.

**No. 4.**

Chair, hair, air.

**No. 5.**

R  
NUT  
RULER  
TEN  
R

**No. 6.**

1. Hyacinth. 2. Androscoggin.

---

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

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Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

## WALTZING FAIRY.

A very pretty toy, and easily made, is this Waltzing Fairy. It may be familiar to some of our readers, but will be new to a great many more.

Cut a doll out of a good-sized cork—one from a Champagne bottle is best, because broader at the base; into this base insert a number of stout bristles, as in Fig. 1. If you can not procure bristles, fine broom-corn will answer the purpose.

Dress this cork body (Fig. 2), taking care to make the dress just so long that it will not touch the ground. Place this doll on the top or sounding-board of the piano when any one is playing, and it will dance about in a very graceful manner.

If placed on a smooth tea-tray, and the tray tilted a little at one end, the doll will waltz across the tray in lady-like style.

---

## CHARADE.

### I.

A gentleman once, with his children and wife,  
 Fled away from a town that was burning,  
 By command of a friend, who added that life  
 Must depend on their never back turning.  
 The lady, alas! like her grandmother Eve,  
 With a longing for knowledge is curst:  
 She turns to behold—it is hard to believe—  
 And is pillared straightway in my *first*.

### II.

An elderly female in gorgeous array  
 Promenades in the streets of Verona;  
 She is seeking a heart, which has wandered astray,  
 To the serious loss of its owner.  
*Her* heart is all safe; but her sense of her charms  
 Is still great—for what woman e'er lost it?—  
 So my *second* precedes her t'allay her alarms,  
 And to speak in her stead if accosted.

### III.

The battle's done; the chieftain's in his tent,  
 And glories in the victory he has won.  
 He dreams of plaudits by his sovereign sent—  
 When, lo! appears a curled perfumed one,  
 Who claims to be the herald from the King;  
 Who prates of war, though ne'er a squadron led;  
 And says but for my *whole*—the villainous thing—  
 He too had worn a helmet on his head.

---

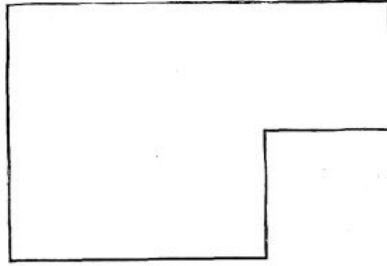
**How Salt was formerly Made.**—The art of making salt was known in very early times to the Gauls and the Germans. The process was very simple, for they did nothing more than throw the salt-water on burning wood, where it evaporated, and left the salt adhering to the ashes or charcoal. The ancient Britons probably



extracted the salt by the same method, for in the Cheshire salt-springs pieces of half-burned wood have been frequently dug up. The Romans made salt a source of revenue six hundred and forty years before the birth of Christ. Part of the pay of the Roman soldiers was made in salt, which was thus called *salarium*, whence we derive the word "salary."

---

### THE MARINER'S PUZZLE.



A mariner at sea discovered, while in a storm, that a square hole had been made in the bow of his ship by the displacement of a piece of plank. This must be immediately closed to stop the inflow of water. The only piece of plank he had on board was in the form of two connected squares, as represented in the annexed diagram.

Either of these squares was too small to fill the space, but the two parts, reduced to one single square, would give him a plank of the size required. This he obtained by making two straight cuts with his saw through the plank.

In what direction were the cuts made?

---

### MEADOW-QUAKERS.

In the early autumn  
Come the Meadow-Quakers;  
Not the Shakers, not the Shakers—  
    No, no, no.  
These quiet little people  
Stand straight as a church steeple,  
And no one ever saw them come  
    Or ever saw them go.

White their hats and broad-brimmed,  
Lined with pale pink lining,  
On them dew-drops often shining—  
    Yes, yes, yes.  
No butterfly goes near them,  
No brown bee hums to cheer them,  
And what these Quaker folks are called  
    I want you all to guess.

---



"Oh dear! I went to catch a little Fly, and the naughty thing had a pin in its tail."

[Continuation of sobs.]

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