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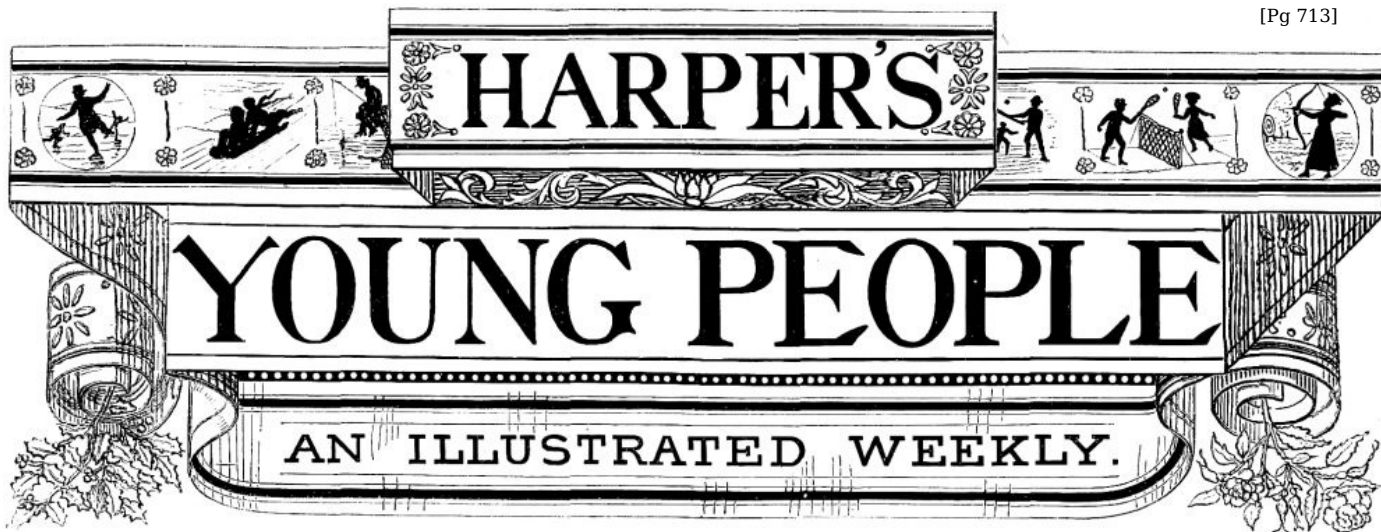
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FRED'S PERILOUS ESCAPE.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM.

HANGING BY A THREAD.

A Canadian Story.

BY DAVID KER.

"Well, boys, what do you think of *this* for a play-ground? Something like, ain't it?"

And well might Tom Lockyer say so. To be out in the woods on a fine summer morning, with the whole day clear, is a pleasure which any boy can appreciate, more especially such an active one as Master Tom; and he and his two cousins had certainly enjoyed it to the utmost. Ever since breakfast they had been scampering through the woods like wild-cats, climbing trees, tearing through briars, scrambling up and down rocks, chasing each other in and out of the thickets, and making the silent forest ring with their shouts and laughter.

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Tom had good reason to remark, with a broad grin, that nothing was left undamaged except their lunch bags; for all three were muddy from head to foot, ragged as scarecrows, and so scratched that their hands and faces looked just like railway maps done in red ink. But none the less were they all fully persuaded that they had been enjoying themselves immensely, and were quite ready to begin again as soon as they could find breath to do so.

"Here's the place for us to lunch, my boys!" cried Tom, flinging himself down upon the soft turf that carpeted the summit of the ridge which they had just climbed. "This is one of our best views, and you can feast your eyes and teeth together."

It was, indeed, a splendid "look-out place." The opposite face of the ridge went sheer down to the edge of the river, which, narrowed at this point to less than half its usual width by the huge black cliffs that walled it in, went rushing and foaming through a succession of furious rapids for nearly a quarter of a mile, plunging at length in one great leap over a precipice of nearly a hundred feet—a perfect Niagara in miniature.

"I say, Tom, old fellow, didn't you tell us that you went canoeing along this river every summer? You don't mean to say, surely, that you can take a canoe over that water-fall?"

"Not *exactly*," laughed Tom; "that *would* be a little too much of a good thing. Whenever we come to anything of this sort, we make a portage, as the French boatmen say—carry our canoes round by land, and then launch them again below the fall. There's a snug little path just round the corner, and as soon as we're through with lunch we'll just go down and look about us."

Tom's "snug little path" proved to be very much like the stair of a ruined light-house, and would have seemed to most people almost as bad as going down the precipice itself. But Charlie and Harry Burton, though new to the rocks of the Severn, had had plenty of climbing elsewhere, while as for Tom himself, he could have scaled anything from a church steeple to a telegraph pole.

The view was certainly well worth the trouble. Just at the break of the fall the stream was divided by a

small rocky islet crested with half a dozen tall pines, the "Goat Island" of this toy Niagara. In the few rays of sunlight that struggled down into the gloomy gorge the rushing river with its sheets of glittering foam, and the bright green ferns and mosses that clung to the dark cliffs around, and the shining arch of the fall itself, and the rocks starting boldly up in mid-stream, tufted with clustering leaves, made a splendid picture.

Close to the water's edge ran a kind of terrace, formed by the sliding down of the softer parts of the cliff; and along this the three walked till they came right abreast of the fall.

"Hollo!" cried Harry, suddenly, "didn't you say that nobody ever shot these rapids? Why, there's a fellow trying it now!"

There, sure enough, as he pointed up the stream, appeared a canoe with a single figure in it, shooting down the river like an arrow, and already close upon the edge of the rapids.

"Good gracious!" cried Tom, with a look of horror, "it's some fellow being swept down by the stream! See, he's broken his paddle, and can't help himself!"

Instinctively all three sprang forward at once, although the doomed voyager was manifestly beyond the reach of help. But even as they did so, the crisis came. With one leap the boat was in the midst of the rapids, banged to and fro like a shuttlecock by the white leaping waves, amid which it appeared and vanished by turns, till a final plunge sent it right toward the edge of the fall.

The lookers-on turned away their faces; but all was not over yet. By a lucky chance the boat's head had been turned straight toward the island, upon which the current drove it with such force as to dash it in among the sharp rocks, that pierced its sides and held it firm, while its occupant was flung forward on his face among the bushes.

"Phew!" said Tom, drawing a long breath, "what a shave! Ugh! wasn't it horrid, just that last minute? I'm awfully glad he's got off."

"But how's he to get ashore?" asked the practical Charlie. "It seems to me he's in just as bad a fix as ever."

Meanwhile the unlucky voyager had scrambled to his feet, and was staring wildly about him.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Tom, "if it isn't my old chum Fred Hope! I'd no idea he was home again."

"I don't think he sees us," said Harry; "let's give him a hail, just to show him there's help at hand. I've heard my father say that if a fellow's left long alone in a place like that he'll go crazy with the fright and the motion of the water."

Tom was not slow to take the hint. He sprang upon the boulder behind which they were standing, and, putting both hands to his mouth, shouted, above the din of the water-fall, "Hollo, Fred, old boy! how goes it?"

"Who-o's that?" answered a faint voice, tremulous with terror.

"Why, don't you remember Tom Lockyer?"

"Oh, Tom, is that you? Get me out of this somehow, if you can."

"Never fear, old chap; we'll have you out in no time," replied Tom, cheerily.

"But how on earth are you going to do it?" whispered Harry, amazed at his friend's confident tone.

"Haven't the least idea, so far," answered the philosophic Tom, coolly; "but it's got to be done *somehow*. If the worst comes to the worst, I can always run home for help, while you two stay here and keep his spirits up."

"If we could only get a rope across," suggested Charlie. "He's got one there, I know, for I saw it tumble out of the boat as she swamped; but how are we to get at it?"

"I have it!" cried Tom, suddenly. "Fancy my not thinking of this old sling of mine, when I've been using it all morning! I've read lots of yarns about fellows sending messages by arrows: let's see if a stone won't do just as well for once!"

He produced a ball of twine from his pocket as he spoke, and fastened one end of it firmly around a jagged stone which he had picked up.

"See if you've got some more string, boys," said he; "perhaps this bit won't be long enough."

The cord was soon lengthened sufficiently, and Tom, bidding his comrades keep a firm hold of the other end, mounted once more upon the boulder, and shouted, "Fred, ahoy!"

"Hollo!" responded the islander, whose nerves were being rapidly steadied by the prospect of help, and the sound of Tom's cheery voice.

"We're going to chuck you a line: mind and be ready to catch it."

"All right."

The stone whizzed through the air, and splashed into the water on the other side of the islet, while Fred promptly seized the cord attached to it.

"So far so good, as the hungry boy said when he got half way through the pie," remarked Tom. "Now, old fellow, just knot the string to that rope of yours, and the job's done."

Fred obeyed at once, and the two Burtons hauled in. The rope, once landed, was quickly made fast to the nearest tree, while Fred secured *his* end to one of the pines on the islet. The communication was complete.

"But what next?" asked Harry. "Do you expect the poor fellow to walk ashore on that rope, like Blondin?"

"Not quite," said Tom, laughing. "It's a case of Mohammed and the mountain—if he don't come to me, I must just go to him. Here goes!"

And, our hero, swinging himself up on to the rope, began to slide along it, hand over hand, in true gymnastic style.

Taut as the line was, it yielded a little with his weight, and he came perilously near the water midway; but the rope held firm, and in another moment he was safe upon the islet, shaking hands heartily with the expectant Fred.

"Mr. Robinson Crusoe, I presume?" said Tom, with a grin. "I'm the Man Friday, at your service; and a nice little island we've got of it. Now, old boy, there's your road open, and you've just seen the correct way to travel it; so off with you, and show us the latest thing in gymnastics."

"What, along *that rope*?" cried Fred, with a shudder which showed that he had not quite shaken off his panic yet. "Ugh! I couldn't. The bare sight of the fall below me would turn me sick; it looks just as if it was watching for me to tumble in!"

"Oh, if it's only the sight of the water that bothers you, *that's* easily settled," rejoined Tom, struck at that moment with a new and brilliant idea. "I remember hearing a fellow spin a yarn once about how he had escaped being ill at sea, by tying a handkerchief over his eyes so that he couldn't see the jiggle-joggling of the water. If I blindfold you, do you think you can manage it *then*?"

"Ye-es—I should think I might," replied Fred, somewhat doubtfully.

"Here you are, then," said the ever-ready Tom, producing a tattered red handkerchief, with which he bandaged his friend's eyes most scientifically. "Now, old boy, push along—think you're in for an Athletic Cup, with a lot of ladies looking on!"

The device worked wonders. Relieved from the disturbing sight of the precipice and the rushing water, and hearing Tom's hearty voice behind him, cheering him on, Fred went forward manfully; and he was quite surprised to feel his outstretched wrist suddenly seized in a strong grasp, and to hear the shouts of the Burtons proclaiming that he had got safe to land.

"Well done, our side!" shouted Tom, arriving a moment later. "That's what I call blindman's-buff on a new principle, and no mistake!"

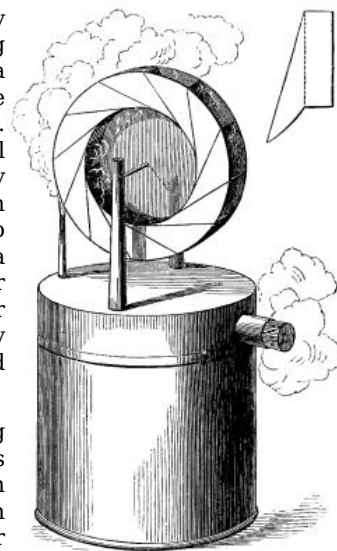
A STEAM-ENGINE OUT OF A TIN CAN.

BY THE PROFESSOR.

Few boys seem to be aware of the entertainment they may obtain with a soldering iron, a pair of shears, and a file. With them it is easy to manufacture working models of machinery, and philosophical apparatus almost without limit. Skill in the use of the iron is readily acquired with a little practice. The quickest way to learn is to observe for a few minutes a tinman at his work. A good-natured one, politely approached, will quickly explain all the mysteries in the process, and take pleasure in filling the office of teacher. For heating the iron, a charcoal fire is generally preferred; a gas stove is also good; and even a common coal fire can be made to answer. The first point is to make a little of the melted solder stick to the point of the iron. For this purpose the iron is filed bright about the point, to remove the oxide and expose the clear metal; then the iron must be quickly applied to the solder. If the heat is sufficient, the iron will get coated, and be ready for use. The oxide has to be removed also from the surface of the material that is to be united; it is the chief obstacle to successful soldering, as the solder refuses to unite with anything but pure metal. Sal ammoniac dissolved in water is good to cleanse off the oxide; better still is muriatic acid, with a little zinc and sal ammoniac added. This is known as the soldering mixture.

One of the most convenient materials for use is common tin, which can be obtained almost everywhere. A tin box can be melted apart, and cut into any desired shape. Pipes to convey liquids, steam, or gas can be made by cutting strips of the tin, and rolling them upon an iron rod. To make a pipe, say, a quarter of an inch in diameter, get an iron rod of that size, cut a strip of the tin about one inch wide, roll it upon the rod, allowing the edges to lap a little. If the tin be not bright, make it so by applying sal ammoniac with a small brush along the seam. Put on a little powdered resin, and then solder neatly by drawing the heated iron, with the solder clinging to it, over the joint. In this way a pipe strong and tight is obtained; and such pipes can be joined to one another indefinitely, in a straight line or at any angle. To unite them in a straight line, pass the end of one into the end of the other before soldering, or else wind an additional piece of tin over the two ends. To make a turn, or elbow, file the ends on a bevel, or slant, bring them together, and apply considerable solder for strength. If the solder be rightly put on, it will hold surprisingly.

A pretty device to illustrate the force of steam is shown in the accompanying picture. The boiler is a simple tin can, which need not be more than six inches high and four in diameter. To make the wheel, cut a circle of tin two inches in diameter, and pieces for the buckets, shaped as in the diagram. Bend each piece at right angles along the dotted line, and solder them one after another on the circumference of the wheel, which will then appear as in the picture. Bore a hole through the centre, insert a piece of wire for a shaft, and solder it fast at right angles to the wheel. File shoulders on the ends of the shaft, and mount it in uprights fastened to the top of the boiler. Make a small opening through the top of the boiler, and place over it a little spout in such a position as to send a current of steam directly into the buckets of the wheel. Make also a larger opening in or near the top of the boiler, and surround it with a neck to receive a cork. Through this the water is introduced. For this purpose a small funnel will be found convenient.



When all is complete, the boiler may be filled about half full, and set on a hot stove. When the water boils,

the steam will emerge through the spout, and propel the wheel. As the steam constantly escapes, no explosion need be apprehended. To remove all possibility of creating too much pressure, place the cork in the neck very lightly, so that it will pop out if more steam is generated than can escape through the spout. Then the miniature steam-engine and boiler may be regarded as harmless as a tea-kettle. As the quantity of steam that can be produced is very limited, care must be taken that there be no leaks, that the mouth of the spout be quite small, and that the current of steam be discharged accurately into the buckets. The bearings of the shaft should be oiled, and everything arranged so that there will be the least possible friction. Then the wheel may be expected to spin very rapidly.

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

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

Chapter IV.

WHO WILL TELL?

As Benny Mallow hid himself in a barn in the yard into which he had jumped, he had only one distinct thought in his mind: he wished that the Italian had never come to Laketon at all—never come to the United States, in fact. He wished that the Italians had never heard of such a place as America: if one of the race had to discover it, he need not have gone and let his fellow-countrymen know all about it, so that they should come over with organs and monkeys, and get boys into trouble—boys that weren't doing a thing to that organ-grinder when he threw a stick at them. What made the fellow go into the school yard, anyway? No one asked him to come. Now there would be a fuss made, of course; and if there was anything that Benny hated more than all other things, it was a fuss.

But what if the organ-grinder should really prove to be dead? Oh! that would be too dreadful; all the boys would have to be hanged, to be sure of punishing the murderer, just as the whole class was sometimes kept in for an hour because something wrong had been done, and no one would tell who did it.

Benny could not bear the thought of so dreadful a termination to his life, for he knew of a great deal worth living for; besides, his mother would need his help as he grew old enough to earn anything. What should he do? Wait until dark, and then run away, and tramp off to the West, where other runaway boys went, or should he make for the sea-board, and from there to South America, from which country he had heard that criminals could not be brought back?

But first he ought to learn whether the man was really dead; it might not be necessary to run away at all. But how should he find out? Suddenly he remembered that Mr. Wardwell's barn, in which he was, had a window opening on the alley; so he crept up into the loft, and spent several moments in trying to look up the alley without putting his head out of the window. Finally he partly hid his face by holding a handful of hay in front of it, and peered out. Between the stalks of hay he was delighted to see the organ-grinder on his feet, although two men were helping him. They were not both men, either, Benny saw, after more careful looking, for one of them was Paul Grayson; but the other—horror of horrors—was Mr. Stott, a justice of the peace. Benny knew that Justice Stott had sent many men to jail for fighting, and if Grayson should tell who took part in the attack, Benny had not the slightest doubt that half of Mr. Morton's pupils would be sent to jail too.

This seemed more dreadful than the prospect of being hanged had done, but it could be done more quickly. Benny determined at once that he must find out the worst, and be ready for it, so he waited until the injured man and his supporters had turned the corner of a street, and were out of sight; then he bounded into the alley again, hurried home, seized a basket that was lying beside the back door, and a moment later was sauntering along the street, whistling, and moving in a direction that seemed to be that in which he might manage to meet the three as if by accident. He did not take much comfort out of his whistling, for in his heart he felt himself to be the most shameful hypocrite that had existed since the days of Judas Iscariot, and the recollection of having been told by his Sunday-school teacher within a week that he was the best boy in his class seemed to make him feel worse instead of better; and his mind was not relieved of this unpleasant burden until at a shady corner he came suddenly upon the organ-grinder and his supporters, when he instantly exchanged his load for a new one.

"Why, what's the matter, Paul?" asked Benny, with as much surprise in his tone and manner as he could affect.

Justice Stott had just gone into an adjacent yard for water for the Italian, when Grayson answered, with a very sober face, "You know as well as I do, Benny, and I saw the whole crowd."

"I don't!" exclaimed Benny, in all the desperation of cowardice. "I didn't do or see—"

"Sh—h!" whispered Grayson, "the Justice is coming back."

Benny turned abruptly and started for home. He felt certain that his face was telling tales, and that Justice Stott would learn the whole story if he saw him. There was one comfort, though: it was evident that



BENNY MALLOW IN THE BARN.

Grayson did not want the Justice to know that Benny had taken part in the affair.

There was a great deal of business transacted by the boys of Laketon that night. How it all was managed no one could have explained, but it is certain that before bed-time every boy who had taken part in the assault on the Italian knew that the man was not dead, but had merely been stunned and cut by a stone; that Paul Grayson knew who were of the party that chased the man up the alley. Various plans of getting out of trouble were in turn suggested and abandoned; but several boys for a long time insisted that the only chance of safety lay in calling Grayson out of his boarding-house, and threatening him with the worst whipping that the boys, all working together, could give. Even this idea was finally abandoned when Will Palmer suggested that as Grayson boarded with the teacher, and seemed to be in some sort a friend of his, he probably would already have told all he knew if he was going to tell at all. Some consolation might have been got out of a report of Benny's short interview with Grayson, had Benny thought to give it, but he had, on reaching home, promptly feigned headache, and gone to bed; so such of the boys as did not determine to play truant, and so postpone the evil day, thought bitterly of the morrow as they dispersed to their several homes.

There was not as much playing as usual in the school yard next morning, and when the class was summoned into school the teacher had no difficulty in discovering, by the looks of the various boys, who were innocent and who guilty. Immediately after calling the roll Mr. Morton stood up, and said:

"Boys, a great many of you know what I am going to talk about. Usually your deeds done out of school hours are not for me to notice; but the cowardly, shameful treatment of that organ-grinder began in the school yard, and before you had gone to your homes, so I think it my duty to inquire into the matter. Justice Stott thinks so too. When any one has done a wrong that he can not amend, the only manly course is to confess. I want those boys who followed the organ-grinder up the alley to stand up."

No boy arose. Benny Mallow wished that some one would give the bottom of his seat a hard kick, so that he would have to rise in spite of himself, but no one kicked.

"Be honest, now," said Mr. Morton. "I have been a boy myself; I have taken part in just such tricks. I know how bad you feel, and how hard it is to confess; but I give you my word that you will feel a great deal better after telling the truth. I will give you one minute more before I try another plan."

Mr. Morton took out his watch, and looked at it; the boys who had not been engaged in the mischief looked virtuously around them, and the guilty boys looked at their desks.

"Now," exclaimed Mr. Morton, replacing his watch in his pocket. "Stand up like men. Will none of you do it?"

Benny Mallow whispered, "Yes, sir," but the teacher did not hear him; besides, Benny made no effort to keep his word, so his whispering amounted to nothing.

"Grayson," said Mr. Morton, "come here."

Bert Sharp, who sat near the front of the room, where the teacher could watch him, edged to the end of his seat, so as to be ready to jump up and run away the moment Grayson told—if he dared to tell. Most of the other boys found their hearts so high in their throats that they could not swallow them again, as Grayson, looking very white and uncomfortable, stepped to the front.

"Grayson," said the teacher, "I have known you for many months: have I ever been unkind to you?"

"No, sir," replied Grayson; then he wiped his eyes; seeing which Bert Sharp thought he might as well run now as later, for boys who began by crying always ended by telling.

"You saw the attack made on the Italian; Justice Stott says you admitted as much to him. Now I want you to tell me who were of the party."

"May I speak first, sir?" asked Grayson.

"Yes," said the teacher.

"Boys," said Grayson, half facing the school, "you all hate a tell-tale, and so do I. Do you think it the fair thing to hold your tongues and make a tell-tale of me?"



"MR. MORTON, I WAS THERE."

Grayson looked at Will Palmer as he spoke, but Will only looked sulky in return; then Grayson looked at Benny Mallow, and Benny was fast making up his mind that he would tell rather than have his friend do it, when up stood Bert Sharp and said,

"Mr. Morton, I was there."

"Bravo, Sharp!" exclaimed the teacher. "Grayson, you may take your seat. Sharp, step to the front. Now, boys, who is man enough to stand beside Sharp?"

"I am," piped Benny Mallow, and he almost ran in his eagerness.

"It's no use," whispered Will Palmer to Ned Johnston, and the two boys went to the front together; then there was a general uprising, and a scramble to see who should not be last.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Morton, looking at the culprits and then about the school-room; "I believe you're all here. I'm proud of you, boys. You did a shameful thing in attacking a harmless man, but you have done nobly by confessing. I can not let you off without punishment, but you will suffer far less than you would have done by successfully concealing your fault. None of you are to go out at recess next week. Now go to your seats. Sharp, you may take any unoccupied desk you like. After this I think I can trust you to behave yourself without being watched."

The boys had never before seen Sharp look as he did as he walked to a desk in the back of the room and sat down. As soon as the bell was struck for recess Grayson hurried over to Sharp, and said,

"You helped me out of a terrible scrape, do you know it?"

"I'm glad of it," said Sharp. "And that isn't all; I wish I could think of something else to own up to."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE YOUNG HAWKS.

BY F. M. M.

One bright summer afternoon Bob and I slipped away from the other boys as soon as school was out, and went gayly down the road that led to the big bridge.

We were going birdnesting, and were determined to add something handsome this time to the collection of eggs that we had been gathering since spring.

The bobolinks knew us perfectly well; and you would have thought by the way they rose out of the meadows on each side of the road, and sang as if they were too happy for anything, that they were delighted to see us. Not a bit of it. Their singing was meant to attract our attention, and give the Mrs. Bobolinks time to glide through the tall grass, and then rise up so far away from their nests that we would not know where to look for them. We were not after their eggs, however, for we had all the bobolinks' eggs we wanted, carefully blown and laid away in our collection. Sharp as Mr. Bobolink was, we knew all his tricks, and had outwitted him often.

"Where shall we go, Bob?" said I. "We haven't been to see whether that cedar-bird's nest down by the river has any eggs in it yet."

"Oh, bother the cedar-bird! we can attend to his case any day. Let's go through the bushes on the other side of the meadow, and then down to the big bridge. We haven't been to the hill where the old dead tree is for ever so long."

"All right," said I; so we climbed the fence, crossed the meadow, and plunged into the bushes, watching every bush, and listening to every noise. Suddenly we heard a rustling of wings, and then a mournful cry like the wail of a lost kitten.

"Now, Bob, look sharp," I exclaimed; "there's a cat-bird's nest in here, and Fred Sprague asked me to get an egg for him the first time I came across any."

The old bird was fluttering from bush to bush, continually "mewing," and seeming to be in great distress. "There's the nest, Jack," cried Bob, pointing to a mass of twigs on the top of a tall bush. "You stand underneath and hold your hat to catch the eggs if they fall, and I'll bend down the branch."

The cat-bird was now in a terrible state of mind, and flew around our heads scolding at a great rate. We told her that we only meant to take one egg, but she wasn't a bit satisfied with our explanation.

Down came the bush as Bob carefully bent it, and presently we could see into the nest, where four beautiful eggs were lying. We took one of them out, and let the branch slowly up again; but the cat-bird did not seem at all grateful.

"Let's blow the egg now," said I; "it will be easier to carry. Have you got a pin with you?"

Bob gave me a pin, with which I made a little hole in each end of the egg. Then putting one end to my lips, I blew gently and steadily, until out came the clear white and then the yellow yolk, leaving the empty shell as light as a feather. Wrapping the egg in cotton, and placing it in a little pasteboard box that I took from my pocket, I felt certain that I could carry it home safely.

We found no more nests in the bushes, and after a while Bob said: "Let's make a bee-line for the bridge, and see if there's anything in that dead tree."

So we came back to the road, crossed the bridge, and went to the foot of a great dead elm-tree that stood on the side hill a little way from the river. It must have been struck by lightning, for it was nothing but a shell, and a long blackened crack reached from the top nearly to the bottom of it.

"I don't believe there's as much as a wasp's nest in there," said I.

"We'll see, anyway," replied Bob. "I'll fire a stone at that hole up by the top, and you stand back and watch if anything comes out."

Bob could throw a stone straighter than any other boy in school. He hit the trunk of the tree close by the hole, and in an instant something darted out with a loud whir, and vanished over the tree-tops.

"Bob," cried I, "that was a hawk."

"Hawks don't build in holes," replied Bob. "Perhaps it was an eagle."

"Eagles don't build in holes either," said I; "but I read yesterday that the pigeon-hawk does build in old dead trees."

"Then that's a pigeon-hawk sure enough," exclaimed Bob. "And there she is, sailing round in a circle, and watching us. What won't the boys say when they see us bringing home a lot of hawks' eggs?"

"That's all very well; but who's going to climb the tree?"

"You are," said Bob. "You know you're the best climber. The hole isn't more than thirty feet from the ground."

I was ready enough to climb, and pulled off my jacket at once; but I could not get my arms around the tree, and the lowest branch was a dozen feet from the ground.

"I tell you what we'll do," exclaimed Bob. "Let's get a fence rail, and lean it against the tree. I'll boost you, and when you get on the end of the rail, you can reach that branch."

We selected the longest and knottiest rail we could find, and leaned it up against the tree. Then Bob boosted me, while he kept his foot at the end of the rail to prevent it from slipping. By this means I managed to reach the lower branch, and seat myself on it.

"All right so far," said I; "but, Bob, the next branch is beyond my reach, and I don't see how in the world I'm going to get any higher."

"Jack," replied Bob, in a solemn tone, "you've got to do it. There's a hawk's nest up there, and we're bound to have it."

After making a good many trials, I found that by putting one hand in the big crack of the tree I could get a hold that would support me, and by-and-by I found myself standing on the upper branch, with one arm around the trunk, and the hole within my reach.

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"Now," cried Bob, "don't waste any time, but go for those eggs, or we won't get home before dark."

He looked very cool and comfortable on the ground, while I was standing in a very ticklish place, and was afraid that the dead limb might give way at any moment. I didn't very much like to put my hand into the hole, for how did I know but that there might be a big snake in it? However, it had to be done, so in went my hand. Something hit it a vicious dig, and you can be sure that I pulled it out in a hurry. To tell the truth, I was badly frightened for a minute, and nearly lost my balance. Then it flashed on me that the eggs we were in search of were young birds.

"Bob!" I shouted, "there are young ones!"

"Hooray!" cried Bob. "That's better yet. Throw 'em down, and I'll catch 'em in my hat."

Much as I hated to do it, I thrust in my hand again, and out came a young hawk, biting, scratching, and screaming. I didn't hold it long, but in less time than you can say "Jack Robinson," down it went into Bob's hat.

Just as I threw down the third and last bird I heard Bob shout, "Look out! the old one's coming." Then something hit me on all sides of my head at once, just as if half a dozen school-teachers were boxing my ears at the same time. I put up my hands to defend my eyes, lost my balance, and, crash!— I didn't know anything more for the next five minutes.

When I came to myself Bob was dashing water in my face by the hatful. I could just manage to say, "Don't drown me."

"Then you're not dead!" exclaimed Bob. "You gave me an awful scare. Why, I couldn't make you speak a word. Don't ever go and do it again."

"I'm not dead yet, Bob, but it was a pretty ugly fall, wasn't it? Where are the young hawks?"

"Oh, they're all right. I've got 'em tied up in my handkerchief. Try and see if you can stand up."

I did try, but the minute I bore my weight on my right ankle such a sharp pain went through it that down I fell, and fainted away again.

When I came to, the second time, I heard a man say, "Guess we'd better carry him right down to the house, and get the doctor to 'tend to him." Bob had gone to a farm-house near by, and had brought two men to help him take care of me.

"I'm all right now," said I, "except my ankle, and I guess Bob can wheel me home in a wheelbarrow."

"I'll wheel you myself," said one of the men. "You've done a good job breaking up that there hawks' nest, and I owe you something for it."

You'd better believe that the boys stared when they saw Farmer Jones wheeling me home, and Bob carrying three young hawks in his handkerchief. I felt pretty proud, but was laid up for three weeks with my sprained ankle, and I made up my mind that the next time I meddled with a hawk's nest, I'd shoot the old hawk first.

OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

No. VII.

JOHN STARK AND THE INDIANS.

In April, 1752, David Stinson, Amos Eastman, William and John Stark, paddled up the Merrimac River in canoes. Just above the junction of the Contoocook River with the Merrimac they passed the last log-cabin. From thence all the way to Canada there was not a white man. They made their way forty miles farther, entered a little stream now known as Baker's River, winding through a beautiful valley, built a camp, and set their traps to catch beaver, which were building their dams along the brooks.

There had been war between France and England, but peace had been agreed upon, and the Indians, who had been on the side of France, came from Canada and traded with the settlers along the frontier; but the settlers were ever on the watch, fearing an outbreak of hostilities at any moment.

The young hunters discovered some tracks in the woods, which had been made by Indians.

"The red-skins are about," they said.

It was agreed that it would be best to take up their traps and leave quietly, for the Indians claimed the whole country as their hunting ground. John Stark went out from the camp to take up his traps, when he found himself confronted by several Indians, who made him their prisoner. They had come from the village of St. Francis, in Canada, to Lake Memphremagog, brought their canoes across the divide between the lake and Connecticut River, and had descended that stream to the present town of Haverhill, in New Hampshire, and were on their way to plunder the settlements on the Merrimac. They did not know that John Stark had any companions near at hand, nor did he inform them.

"Why is John gone so long?" was the question asked by the others.

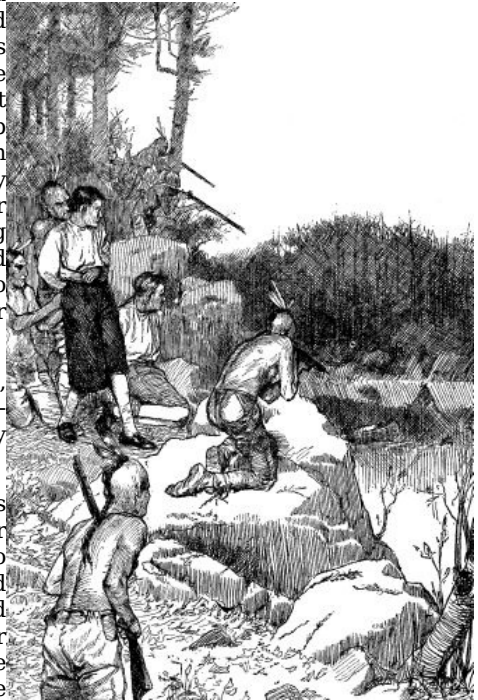
"Perhaps he is lost. Let us fire a gun."

The report of a gun echoed through the forest.

The Indians' eyes twinkled. There were more prisoners to be had. They stole through the woods with John, and came upon his three companions. Eastman was on shore, his brother William and Stinson in the boat. The Indians seized Eastman.

"Pull to the other shore," shouted John.

Crack! crack! went the guns of the Indians. Stinson fell dead, and a bullet split the paddle in the hands of John's brother, who leaped to the other bank, and escaped. Crack! crack! went the guns again, but he was so far away that they did not harm him. The Indians, enraged at William's escape, gave John a whipping; but instead of whining, he laughed in their faces. They gathered up the hunters' beaver-skins, took their guns and traps, piled them upon John and Eastman, and started for their canoes, greatly pleased with their luck. The Indians divided, one party going over the Green Mountains with the furs which they had captured, going to Albany, where they could get better prices than in Canada, and the other, with John and Eastman, going up the Connecticut to Lake Memphremagog, descending the St. Francis River to their village on the St. Lawrence.



It was a wearisome journey, and John had a heavy pack to carry, but he was young, strong, brave, and was not in the least down-hearted. He did not think that the Indians would harm him; they could do better—sell him to the French.

The Indian town of St. Francis was a collection of miserable cabins and wigwams. The Jesuit fathers had been among the tribe for many years, and had won their confidence; had converted them to Christianity; that is, the Indians had been baptized; they counted their beads, and mumbled a few prayers that the priests had taught them; but they had learned nothing of the justice, mercy, or love pertaining to the Christian religion. They were the same blood-thirsty creatures that they had always been, and were happiest when killing and scalping the defenseless settlers.

"CRACK! CRACK! WENT THE GUNS OF THE INDIANS."

The whole population—warriors, squaws, and children—came out to welcome the returning party. True, the French and English were not at war; neither were the English at war with the Indians; but what of that? Had they not made war on their own account? There was no one to rebuke them, for were not the English always considered as their enemies?

The Indians of St. Francis always made their prisoners run the gauntlet. It is not quite certain what the word comes from, but it means running between two files of men armed with sticks and clubs, each Indian to give the runner a whack as he passes.

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The Indians, squaws, children, and all, paraded in two lines about four feet apart. Eastman was the older, and was the first to run. Whack! whack! went the sticks and clubs, beating him black and blue.

"Your turn now," said an Indian to John.

He is thirty years old, tall, broad-shouldered, his muscles like springs of steel. He has an iron will, and is quick to think and act.

The Indians grasp their cudgels more firmly to give him a good drubbing. What fun it will be to bring them down upon his broad shoulders, and see him cringe!

John comes upon the run. Quick as a flash he seizes the cudgel in the hands of the first Indian, swings it about his head with the strength of a giant. Whack! it goes upon the skull of one, whack! again upon the forehead of the Indian opposite, knocking them right and left. The next two catch it, the third and fourth. They go down as the Philistines fell before Samson. His blows fall so fast that the Indians take to their heels: he breaks up the gauntlet, and marches over the ground like a conqueror. The Indians, instead of punishing him, are greatly pleased.

It is midsummer, and the corn which the Indians have planted needs hoeing. They take him into the field, put a hoe into his hands to work with the squaws.

"You hoe corn," they say. John Stark hoe corn for the Indians! Not he. He cuts up weeds and corn alike, giving a few strokes, doing what damage he can, and then flings the hoe into the river.

"Squaws hoe corn. Braves fight," he says.

Do they beat him? On the contrary, they pat him on the shoulder.

"Bono! bono!" (good! good!) they say.

The Indians look down upon work as degrading. They make their wives do all the drudgery. Women were made to work, men to fight. To humiliate their prisoners they put them to work, degrading them to the condition of women. John Stark understood their character, and acted accordingly, and his captors were so delighted that they wanted him to become an Indian.

"We make you chief," they said.

"You be my son. I give you my daughter," said the chief.

But John Stark had no idea of becoming an Indian. Nevertheless, he kept his eyes and ears open. He studied their ways. They showed him how to follow a trail over the dead leaves of the forest—how the leaves would be rustled here and there, turned up at the edges, or pressed down a little harder where men had set their feet. He saw what cowards they were unless the advantage was all on their side, and how wily they were to steal upon their enemies. He picked up a little of their language. He was ready to go with them upon a deer-hunt; but as for working, he would not.

Little did the Indians think that they were teaching one who would turn all his knowledge to good account against them a few years later; that when they were showing him how to follow a trail they were teaching him to trace their own footsteps; that when the time came he would pay them off roundly for having taken him prisoner.

He was so brave, resolute, stout-hearted, and strong that they set a much higher value upon him than upon his comrade Eastman; for when their friends sent money to Montreal to ransom them, they asked only sixty dollars for Eastman, while John had to pay one hundred. So much for being brave! The money was paid, and the two men were sent to Montreal, and from there to Albany. As they came through Lake Champlain, John Stark looked out upon scenes with which he was to become familiar in after-years, and which we shall read about at another time.

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THE RIVALS.

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LIL'S FUN.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"Boys have the best of it always!" said Lil, flinging herself in the hammock with a sigh, as she saw her two brothers, several cousins, and their comrades, in battered hats, turned-up trousers, and dingiest of jackets, going down through the maples with their fishing-poles over their shoulders.

"I think so too," said Ollie, spreading out her dainty dress, and picking a daring grasshopper off her silk stocking. "It's just too mean that we can't have some fun. They say we are always in the way, that we can't even bait our own hooks—it *is* horrid to stick those nasty worms on!—but I can catch fish as well as any one, and if boys are around, why shouldn't they make themselves useful? And they say we scream so, and make such a fuss about every thing," went on Ollie, in the same injured tone.

"Everything is better for boys than for girls. All the stories are written for them; they can ride, and drive, and play ball, and swim, and skate, and—"

"Lil! Lillie!" called a soft sweet voice, "are you in the sun? Your complexion will be ruined."

"There! didn't I say so?" was the somewhat incoherent reply. "Isn't it always the way? See how we are watched: don't go in the sun, you'll be burned; don't do this, don't do that—all because you're a girl. I'm tired of it.—Aunt Kit, I'm not in the sun.—I wish I was," was added *sotto voce*.

"Country girls' mothers are not so particular," said Ollie. "Look at those Pokeby girls in their calicoes; they climb trees like monkeys, and they have lots of good times."

"Let's go over and see them; it is not far. Come, Ollie."

"In my new dotted mull and silk stockings?" cried Ollie, in amazement. "Aunt Kit won't let us."

"See if she don't;" and Lil bounced out of the hammock, and into the house, where in the cool darkness of a shaded parlor sat a slender lady, with a pile of flosses in her lap, and a graceful basket in her hands, which she was ornamenting. "Aunt Kit, I have come to ask a favor. We are just bored to death doing nothing."

"Lil, how can you use such an expression? I am shocked. You are really getting very careless in your use of words."

"Well, then, excuse me, but it's the truth all the same. Ollie and I want some fun; the boys wouldn't take us fishing, and now I want you to let us put on some old duds and go over to the Pokebys'. We will promise to come home to tea, we will be as prim as prunes afterward, and I'll play two extra exercises to-morrow, and learn three pages of French. Now you can't say no; there's every reason for saying yes, and you will have a nice quiet time all day, without being bothered. Please—that's a darling!" and she smothered her retreating relative with kisses.

After some hesitation, and after many protestations that they would remember every charge given them, the girls received permission to go to the farm.

"I never was more surprised in my life," said Ollie, as, after donning plainer attire, she and Lil started out. "Now I am going in for a day's fun."

"What are you going to do?"

"Everything. When I get hold of Clara Pokeby—There she is now!"

"Oh, Clara!" broke out both girls at once, "we have come to spend the afternoon, if we may. Is it convenient?"

"I'll ask mother," said the quiet little maid, with a sincerity which somewhat dampened Lil's ardor.

They were joined in a few moments more by two other girls, each a year older and an inch higher; and now Lil, having an audience, began to talk, as they left the orchard where they had met, and from which they were walking to the farm-house, which peered out from its thicket of lilac-bushes, syringas, and overhanging maples. She was waxing eloquent over her dissatisfaction with boarding-house amusements, the boys' neglect, and her aunt's strictness, when they reached the door, and Clara made known her wishes to her mother.

Mrs. Pokeby had heard the conclusion of Lil's speech, and a smile was dancing around the corners of her mouth.

"A little more work and a little less play would be my remedy, Miss Lil." But seeing the girl looked somewhat crest-fallen, she said, kindly: "Come in, come in, all of you, and welcome. If you can wait till my girls have helped me a little, you may have all the fun you can make for yourselves."

The farm kitchen was a very spacious room, and Lil and Ollie thought it ever so much nicer than the one in their city house. The dresser was filled with shining tins, the cupboard with blue china enough to stock two or three cabinets, the floor was white as the fine sand could make it, and the bunches of sweet herbs perfumed the room so pleasantly that bees had evidently mistaken the place for a branch of the flower garden by the way they flitted in and out.

Lil and Ollie sat down to watch Mrs. Pokeby, who was preparing to bake; but in a trice both had on aprons, and were busily assisting Clara and her sisters. It was so nice to be trusted to break and beat eggs, to sift flour, to wash currants, and weigh sugar. They whipped the eggs till they looked like snow, they made the creamy butter dissolve in the sparkling sugar, they tasted and tried the consistency of the cake, they buttered the pans, and watched the oven. Mrs. Pokeby even let them mould some biscuits, and spread the paste over pie plates, and drop in the luscious fruit. So intent were they in their occupation that they hardly noticed the lengthening shadows, and heard Clara Pokeby say it was time to be off if they were going anywhere to play.

"Oh, wouldn't it be nice to give the boys a supper?—a supper all cooked by ourselves?" said Lil, with a sudden inspiration.

"Jolly enough," said Ollie.

"And have it in the woods," said Clara. "Do you know where they have gone?" she asked.

"Yes, they were to fish in Black Creek—down where we gathered pond-lilies last week."

"That is not too far. Mother, may we do it?"

"To be sure. You may have a share of everything we have made. Let me see, there's an apple-pie, a pan of biscuit— I can whip up some corn-bread—"

"Oh, please let me do it," said Lil.

No sooner said than done. Again they went to work. By the time the corn-bread was finished, Mrs. Pokeby had packed the baskets. Lil had looked about fifty times in the oven, and fifty times more at the receipt-

book, to see if she had followed the instructions properly, while Clara and Ollie and the other girls had provided glasses and spoons and napkins.

"Now we are all ready—come on, girls," was at last the order issued by Lil, and away they went. Mr. Pokeby gave them a lift on the empty hay-cart, and carried the heaviest basket to the woods. They chose a lovely spot, grassy and smooth, not far from the path where the boys would have to pass. They could hear their voices now, and the occasional splash of an oar. They spread out their table-cloth, made a fire, and Lil said she was going to scramble some eggs; meanwhile Ollie and Clara could be on the watch to secure the guests.

It was a delightful afternoon, and a cool breeze was fluttering the grasses. The water of the creek reflected the overhanging boughs in its dark surface, water-spiders were spinning their little whirls, crickets were singing, and swallows had begun their evening hunt.

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The boys, tired and hungry, pushed their boat up on the bank. One or two were elated with their success, and had quite a string of fish to show; the others, disappointed, had been arguing as to their want of luck, and had subsided into silence.

"Whew!" said Lil's brother Charlie; "I smell something good; wish I was home; awful hungry. How is it with you, Ted?"

"Voracious."

"And you, Sam?"

"Tired as that trout I chased and didn't kill."

"My! how gamy you are!"

Here the group came to a sudden halt. Two small maids appeared from the woods, and making a profound courtesy to Charlie as leader, began a speech.

"Those bothersome girls again!" whispered Billy Brittain.

"The Misses Pokeby and the Misses Sinclair have the honor to—to— Oh, Clara, what was I to say?" asked Ollie, blushing tremendously.

"Cut it short, please; we're so hungry," put in Charlie.

"Well, I will. We want you boys to come and get some supper which we have prepared for you—a sort of picnic, you know."

The boys gave a shout, flung down their traps, and made for the water to wash hands and faces, only Ted looked ruefully at his string of fish.

"What is the matter, Ted?" said Lil, coming up, with her face all flushed from being over the fire.

"Why, I was wishing we could have some of these for supper; but it's no matter, after all."

"Oh yes, it is. If you'll scrape and fix them, I can put them in the frying-pan in a jiffy."

So Ted went to work with a will.

Never had the boys tasted anything half so nice as that supper; they ate till they could eat no more. Lil scrambled eggs, and fried fish, and made tea, till Ollie insisted upon it that she should sit down and be served like a princess. Then they sang, and danced, and played games till Mrs. Pokeby and Miss Sinclair came after them, and carried them all home in Mr. Pokeby's big wagon.

"Really I never had more fun in my life," said Lil to Mrs. Pokeby, as they bade her good-by at the farm gate; "and I am so much obliged to you for letting us give that supper, though the getting it ready was the best part."

"That's because you seasoned it."

"What with?" asked Lil, wondering.

"With work—actual work."

"Do you think so? Perhaps that's the reason boys have such good times."

"I dare say."

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 47, September 21.]

"MOONSHINERS."

BY E. H. MILLER.

CHAPTER III.

CONNYPAYS THE DOCTOR'S KINDNESS.

But before the mountains were quite bare there came a time when even Conny ceased to interest the family, for Joe was coming home from college. Joe, the handsome young student, whom father, mother, Betty, and the servants all agreed to worship. He was to bring with him a friend, and from garret to cellar the whole house was astir to do them honor.

Conny was in the kitchen, polishing the silver, and listening to Bidy's raptures. "Sure, thin, Conny, and it's

a young gentleman ye'll be seein' as there isn't the likes in ahl this miserable coountry, bad luck till it!"

"Is he like the master?" asked Conny.

"Indade, thin, I couldn't be sayin' whidder it's likest the masther or the misthress he is. Tahl an' straight, an' sooch a look in the two eyes of 'im."

"Conny," said the doctor, coming to the door, "I am obliged to go to Hampton to see a very sick man. You will have to go for Master Joe and the other gentleman to-night."

"Yes, sir," said Conny, well pleased with the commission.

"Be sure you start in season. Put Doll into the sulky, and lead Prince behind. The young gentlemen can drive themselves back, unless Joe chooses to ride Prince. He was always such a boy for a horse!"

The doctor's rugged face softened, as it always did at the thought of his boy, and it was no small self-denial to go away to the bedside of some poor old wreck of humanity, delaying for hours the delight of greeting his prince.

Early in the afternoon Conny started on his long ride of ten miles to meet the young gentlemen at Kilbourne, the nearest railroad station. It was almost November, but the blue haze of the Indian summer hung over the landscape, and the air was warm and mellow with sunshine. Any eye but Conny's would have said that the long mountain gorges, and the thickly wooded glens into which they opened, were deserted of all life save the squirrels and a few wood birds, but Conny heard a hawk's note from above the cliff, and caught sight of a man silently watching him from behind a mossy log. He laughed a little to himself to think how often he had played the spy in that very hollow, watching to see who came or went from Kilbourne, and then with a word started Doll into a quicker pace. He was at Kilbourne in ample time to meet his passengers, and, as the doctor had anticipated, Joe decided that he would ride Prince, as he had so often done before, while Conny should take his friend Douglass in the sulky.

The brief sunshine was already vanishing when they started, and the warmth rapidly leaving the frosty air. Douglass wrapped himself closely in his cloak, and Master Joe was glad to start Prince into a brisk canter. Almost without warning the night shut down, and they found the deeper cuts among the mountains quite dark. Doll was a swift traveller, and old Prince could not keep up his pace, so Master Joe gradually fell back, and kept near the sulky, exchanging words with his friend, and plying Conny with questions about home.

"We shall soon be there now," he said, as they entered a narrow gorge. "We really ought to show you some sort of an adventure, Douglass, to give the proper spice to your first visit to the mountains. If it was summer, now, we could get something terrific in the shape of a storm, and slide a few rods of road down the mountain, or pile up the track with big trees and rocks."

"I should fancy it was just the kind of place for banditti," said his friend; "and I am sure some of those fellows we saw at the station look as if they would take naturally to that sort of life."

They were driving slowly, and at that moment a strange, shrill cry went wavering up from below them.

"That's a murderous voice for a bird," said Douglass.

"It's a hawk. I fancy," said Master Joe; "you often hear it among the mountains, though I've never been able to find the fellow.— What's wrong, Conny?" for Conny had stopped Doll so suddenly that Prince bumped his nose on the sulky.

Alas for Conny! He knew well enough what that cry meant. It was a warning sent up to some one at the rocky pass above, to say that danger was coming up the mountain. He remembered in an instant that old Timothy had said there were stories of government officers in disguise spying about Dunsmore, and that the moonshiners would make it uncomfortable for them if they crossed their tracks.

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No dream of fear for himself came to his mind, but how should he save Master Joe? for he knew more than even old Timothy guessed of the lawless and desperate characters among the mountains.

"Master Joe," said he, quickly, "would you mind changing with me a bit? I'm lighter weight to carry, and I'll go on to let old Timothy know. He'd be vexed not to be ready with his lantern."

Joe was quite ready for the exchange. It was many months since he had tried the saddle, and an hour of it was quite enough to satisfy him; so he settled back comfortably in the seat, while Conny went spinning away in the dusk, as if old Prince had suddenly renewed his youth. They heard the hoof-clicks on the hard road growing fainter in the distance, and then the sharp ring of a rifle that woke a thousand echoes among the hills.

Douglass started, but Joe laughed.

"Your banditti are putting in an appearance."

"Attacking an unfortunate rabbit, I suppose," said Douglass, bravely.

Neither of them guessed what had really happened. When Conny rode at full speed into Hemlock Glen he had hardly a plan as to what he should do, but the next instant a bullet struck him in the shoulder and almost sent him from his horse. He caught the lines in his left hand, and called in a clear but low voice to some invisible foe, "It's I, Conny McConnell, and the lads in the buggy beyond are just Master Joe, the doctor's son, coming home from college with a friend, just a laddie like himsel'."

There was not a sound in response unless a dry twig may have cracked, but Conny paced slowly along until Doll's quick feet brought her into the Glen.

"Hullo, Conny!" called Master Joe, "did you hear a rifle-shot?"



**"CONNY WENT SPINNING
AWAY IN THE DUSK."**

"Yes, sir," said Conny; "there's a deal of game running these nights."

"What sort of game do you folks hunt with rifles up here?" asked Douglass; but Conny did not answer, and in a few moments they came out upon the open road, and saw the lights of Dunsmore about a mile before them.

Old Timothy was on the look-out, and long before they reached the house they saw his lantern moving about the barn.

"Here we are!" called Joe, throwing down the lines and springing out; and in the happy confusion of the greetings no one looked at Conny, until the doctor, taking his hand from the side of Prince, started to see that it was stained with blood.

"What! Why, bless us! Conny, what has happened to you?"

"I think I have a little hurt somewhere in me shoulder, sir," said Conny, sliding from the horse; "it's nothing much, sir, if you'd have the goodness to fix me a little at the barn."

But the doctor would not hear to such a thing, and took Conny to the surgery, where he discovered that the bones of his arm were broken above the elbow; and most unwillingly Conny told the story.

How he had recognized the cry of warning, and understood that the young gentlemen were mistaken for revenue officers, and that mischief would probably be done them unless he could succeed in preventing the attack.

"And so you invited them to empty their rifles on you," said the doctor, gruffly; but as he spoke he wiped his eyes on a roll of bandages.

"It's good luck it was me, sir," said Conny. "Wouldn't it have spited us if Master Joe had been spoiled with a broken arm, and all the fun we've been planning gone for nothing?"

"But the rascals might have killed you."

"I don't think they're that bad, sir; they were meaning a bit of a scare, and maybe a drubbing or the likes."

"I'll drub them," said the doctor; "I'll make this county too hot for them," and then, having finished dressing the arm, he threw his own dressing-gown over Conny. "My boy," he said, gently, "I understand perfectly well what a brave thing you have done: you risked your own life to save our Joe. I honor you and love you for it from my heart, but you and I will keep it a secret between us for the present. I think it would kill my wife to know her boy had been in such danger. She shall not know it till that nest of murderers is cleared out."

Conny's part in Master Joe's vacation was not exactly what he had planned, but he scarcely regretted the wound that brought him such gentle and loving care from every member of the family, by whom it was only understood that Conny had been accidentally shot by a careless hunter, and had borne his pain in silence all the long ride home from the Glen.

Months afterward, when the last moonshiner had disappeared, and the old still in the forest had been dismantled, the doctor ventured to tell his wife of Joe's escape.

"And I have never thanked him," she said, her eyes filling with tears, as she went straight to the attic, where Conny was so deeply absorbed in a bit of carving that he did not see or hear her until she put her arms around him and kissed him again and again.

"I know all about it now, Conny—the brave, beautiful thing that you did for my boy."

"Oh, ma'am," said Conny, "it was nothing. I was so glad to do it."

Mrs. Hunter kissed him again, as she repeated, gently, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

And Conny, not understanding, said, earnestly, "Maybe you'll think me presuming to be saying it, but it's that same I'd do for ye, ma'am, or for little Miss Betty, or the master himself, if it's any good it would be bringing ye."

"I believe you Conny," said Mrs. Hunter, "but I hope you may never have a chance to try."

THE END.



LITTLE MISS TURNER.

BY W. T. PETERS.

"Oh, where have you been to,
My little Miss Turner—
Oh, where have you been to to-day?
I've brought you my wagon
To take you a-riding;
So why have I found you away?"

"Oh, I've been to the meadows,"
Said little Miss Turner,
"With sweet robin-redbreast at play;
And the daisies and daffodils
Made me a bow,
And said, 'How do you do to-day?'"



ROASTING EARS.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.

EGYPTIAN WONDERS.

It is said that an Egyptian Prince dreamed one night of an obelisk, and when he awoke ordered his engineers and his workmen to carve in solid stone the strange and useless device. An obelisk resembles nothing so much as the fanciful figures of a dream. It is a tall square pillar of a peculiar form, often carved with hieroglyphics, and commemorating the name and exploits of its founder. These solitary pillars of stone, sometimes more than a hundred feet in height, are formed of one block or piece, and must have been cut in the quarry with incessant labor. They abound in Egypt, and were a common decoration of its

immense temples. Later, several of them were transported on great rafts or ships to the city of Rome. There are in all twelve in that city. One of them is one hundred and nine feet high without the base—a solid piece of red granite. Europe has despoiled Egypt of its obelisks. Paris has one; London another, crumbling away on the banks of the Thames; and we have one in New York. The dream of the Egyptian Prince seems to have a strong interest for all ages.

All Egypt, its history, its cities, its buildings, its mummies, gods, cats, hawks, bulls, sphinxes, the Memnonium, resemble the fancies of a dream. The Nile flows through its sandy plain, and covers it with fertility. Late discoveries have shown that it is one of the longest rivers in the world, rising among the high mountains of Africa, and fed by immense lakes. In Egypt it overflows its banks every year, and covers the land with a rich deposit of mud. On its shores are the ruins of the strangest of all architecture, the works of the ancient Egyptians—immense, grand, awful. They are the largest of all buildings. St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, or the Cologne Cathedral, or even St. Peter's, at Rome, would be lost in the vast circuit of the columns of Luxor and Karnak. As one passes them by moonlight on the smooth stream, they seem, it is said, the palaces of giants. One temple was a mile and a half in circumference. The Pyramids exceed all other buildings in strength, height, and durability. Some of them are four or five thousand years old.

[Pg 726]



Very tasteful ornamental covers for the first volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which will conclude with No. 52, issued October 26, 1880, are now ready, and will be sold for thirty-five cents, or forty-eight cents if sent by mail, postage prepaid. These covers are not self-binding, but any book-binder will put them on for a small charge.

We wish to call the attention of those of our readers engaged in making exchanges to the great importance of careful and clearly written addresses. We receive proofs daily of the neglect of this essential point. In Post-office Box No. 46 we printed a letter from a correspondent anxious to make an acknowledgment of a pretty mineral, but who was unable to do so because she "could not make out the name" of the sender. Another correspondent, whose correct address was printed in full in Our Post-office Box, received a letter on which the only correct portion of the direction was his own name and the city in which he lived, the name and number of the street, and even the State, being entirely wrong. That he ever received it at all is a proof of the great experience and skill of Uncle Sam's Post-office Department. Now such a very careless method of direction might result in the loss of valuable minerals, stamps, or other specimens.

Other correspondents report having received letters without name or address of any kind, and yet the sender expected to be answered, and was no doubt disappointed, as he was probably unaware that he had omitted a very important part of his letter.

We have ourselves received large numbers of correct answers to puzzles, often accompanied by the pretty appeal, "Do, please, print my name in the list of those sending correct answers," and neither initials, name, nor even address attached upon which we could base an acknowledgment. When the answers were published, and those little folks found their solutions were correct, and yet their names didn't appear, no doubt they thought themselves very badly treated; but the fault was not ours.

Now when you direct a letter for purposes of exchange, copy the whole address given in Our Post-office Box very carefully and clearly. And give your own address in full, very plainly written, or else, even should your letter reach its destination, you probably will not receive an answer.

Learn to bestow care and attention upon little things now while you are young, and as you grow older you will find it easier to be careful in things of greater importance, and thereby save yourself and others from much unnecessary trouble.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

It would be curious to know how many of the child-correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE are really getting good natural history collections. I can not imagine a greater help in educating a child. My little girl, known among them as "Wee Tot," is quite absorbed in learning everything she can about shells, minerals, birds, flowers, and other natural objects, and nearly every mail brings or takes some new variety.

ONE OF THE MOTHERS.

WEST BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.

Although I am not one of your youngest readers, I wish to tell you that *YOUNG PEOPLE* is the best paper I ever saw for little folks, and I very much wish there was one as good in my own country, which is France.

My pet is a little chicken hatched by steam, which I bought at Coney Island, at a show where you can see the whole process of hatching. The eggs are kept at a certain temperature for twenty-one days, the length of time a hen would sit on them, and then the little chickens begin to knock on their shells for admittance into the wide world. In half an hour they are fairly out, and ready to eat some yolk of an egg crumbled in little bits, which is given them for the first few days of their life.

I bought one when it was a day old. The poor little thing was put in a card-board box, where it cried all the way home. I kept it in a cage made of an old box for several weeks, fearing the cat would take it for a bird, and eat it up. I call it Cocotte. It is very tame, and follows me everywhere, but its favorite place is in the kitchen closet, keeping guard over the oatmeal bag, which contains its principal food, although it will eat any kind of meat with the cats, and drinks milk with them.

Cocotte, which is now two months old, is a Spanish Leghorn. She sends her best love to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and begs me to say that she is a very happy orphan.

A. D.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

I have some very queer pets. They are craw-fish, which I caught in a little creek. There were thirteen, but there are only twelve now, for one fell out of the window. We keep them in a pan, and they fight each other a great deal. A good many have some of their claws bitten off, and in the morning I find a stray claw floating on the top of the water. The two smallest are named Budge and Toddy. I would like to know how to take care of them.

BESSY F.

You must put dirt and small stones on the bottom of your pan, for craw-fish like to burrow and hide themselves in the mud. Feed them with worms and bits of meat. If they live, and you watch them carefully, you will find that the claws they lose will soon grow out again.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

As all the children write of their pets, I would like to tell about mine. They are ten little silver minnows. They are so tame they will come up to me when I go near them. They are very fond of moss, which I put in the water for them, and they like to run under it.

In cold weather the water freezes, and I put the glass globe near the fire to thaw. The minnows seem so happy when the water is thawed.

M. LILIAN K.

DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I send a very simple experiment to the chemists' club. Take equal parts of oil and water, and even when shaken violently they will not unite. Add a small quantity of ammonia, and they will take the form of liquid soap.

GEORGE L. O.

LYNCHBURGH, TEXAS.

I am taking *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it very much, but I like the Post-office Box very much indeed.

I have a pet colt. I raised it on milk. At first I had to feed it with a bottle, as it had no mother. Its name is Minnehaha. It now eats bread, sugar, or corn. When I call, it answers just like a child, and will come to me.

I have a wax doll named Lily. I had eight dolls, but I sent the others to my little cousins.

My little sister Ruby, five years old, has a pet cat that comes every morning and gets in the bed with her, and lies down with its head on her arm, like a little baby.

PEARL A. H.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I was very much interested in the account of "Lovewell's Fight with the Pigwackets," in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 47, as I live in the house in which it is said Chaplain Jonathan Frye was born, and from which he started to the fatal fight where he lost his life. About sixty years

ago my grandfather bought the house and repaired it, and my uncle owns it now. The north portion is the oldest, and the walls are finished with antique wooden panels. Formerly there were very big fire-places, but they have all been modernized.

Just before starting to fight the Indians, Chaplain Frye brought a young elm-tree from the woods, and planted it on the green by the road-side near the house. About a month afterward, in May, 1725, he was killed, but the tree grew and flourished, and its great round crown stood nobly against the storms and winds of a hundred and fifty, years. It was known all through this region as the "Old Frye Elm." Although it had many dead branches, it was still a beautiful tree when in 1875 it was cut down. The trunk was left standing about twenty feet high—a silent and mournful monument to the memory of him who planted it. The winds carried some germs of the solidago to the top of the stump, where they rooted in the decaying wood, and for several autumns crowned it with their golden blossoms. But the stump is now very much decayed, and must soon fall, and this natural monument to the memory of a brave man will disappear forever.

HARRY W. C.

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I was very much interested in the story of the escape of Hannah Dustin, in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 42, because I know many of the places through which she passed. The brook that runs by our house empties into the Merrimac. Lake Pennacook, now called Long Pond, supplies the city of Concord with water. It is a favorite resort for picnics and boating parties.

The monument on the island at the mouth of the Contoocook is near Fisherville, one of the suburbs of Concord. There is another monument on the west side of Concord, which we pass every time we go to town. It is in memory of several white people who were massacred by Indians near that spot.

We have felt three slight shocks of earthquakes here this summer.

I hope the Moral Pirates will report their next cruise.

B. M.

HAZLET, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nine years old. My mother, my little sister, and myself came from Texas in June to spend the summer in the North. We live in Galveston. I think *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* is full of pretty stories. I have been very much interested in "The Moral Pirates." I found a little row-boat in the creek last week, and took possession of it with three of my little friends. We cruised to the end of the creek, where we had to leave our boat, as we did not know how to turn it around. The boat is there still. It is too old to be of any use, and is abandoned by its owner. Mamma said I must have been imitating the Moral Pirates. I never enjoyed myself so much as I did that day.

OMER.

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have asked my papa to write for me and tell you how much even a blind boy may enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Mamma, papa, and Arthur read me the stories over and over again. I should like to know the Moral Pirates, but papa says my brother is one, and that ought to be enough.

I am almost seven. I used to run all about, chase the butterflies and everything else that came in my way. But last year I was awful sick, and though I run now as well as I can, my little brother can run so much faster. I can see the light of the fire in papa's fire-place, and the sunlight coming in at the windows, but the things I used to see are so dark, and I can only feel. I have not found a word of fault because I can not do like other boys.

EVERETT C. B.

TROY, TENNESSEE.

My brother Clarence takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I enjoy it almost as much as he does, and he says he couldn't do without it.

I have a doll with great blue eyes and light hair. Her name is Dora. She is thirty inches high. Mamma dressed her in my own lemon-colored lawn and blue sash. When papa gave Dora to me I stood her by the side of my little sister Hallie, fourteen months old, and they were the same height.

My home is near Reelfoot Lake, which is about twenty miles long and seven wide. Papa says it was sunk there about 1811.

There are several mocking-birds tame enough to build in our yard and raise young birds.

The old ones sing all night when it is moonlight. I am seven years old, and began school in September.

PEARL H.

PLEASANTON, CALIFORNIA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since No. 11, and I think it is a splendid paper.

I have only one pet—a black cat named Nig. He is very cunning. He will sit up as well as any squirrel. He never mews unless he wants a drink, or to run out-of-doors. He tries hard to turn the door knob himself, but has never succeeded.

MAMIE B.

I have postage stamps I would like to exchange with the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE, if they will send me a list of the stamps they would like, and of those they have to exchange.

ETTIE A. HOUSTON,
9 West Nineteenth

Street, New York City.

My papa has taken HARPER'S WEEKLY for twenty years, and I take YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "Old Times in the Colonies" and "The Story of the American Navy" the best. I have a collection of about one hundred and fifty stamps, and would like to exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

CURTIS BISHOP,
P. O. Box 1093, New

London, Connecticut.

I have just begun to take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I think "The Moral Pirates" ended splendidly.

If any boy would like to exchange postage stamps with me, I would be much obliged if he would send me a list of his stamps, and I will send one of mine in return.

C. F. MOSES,
Care of J. J. Cohen &

Sons, Augusta, Georgia.

I have about two thousand foreign stamps, comprising about fifty varieties, that I would like to exchange with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, especially beginners, for I have not many rare varieties. I have also a number of one, two, three, six, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty-four, and thirty cent War Department stamps to exchange.

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

Washington, D. C.

I have some little stone cells, built and occupied by worms. I found them in a brook in Mount Alto Park, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. The worms were alive when I took them from the brook, and perhaps if I had kept them in water they would have developed into something different.

If George M. Finckel, or any other readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, would like a few specimens of these worm cells in exchange for stamps, I could supply them. My list of stamps is not large, as I am only beginning a collection. I have no Chinese or West India stamps, and would be glad to exchange for them any of the following, which are all the duplicates I have: One zwei groschen Nord-deutscher post: one eighty centime, Empire Français; one sixpence; two threepence; two two-hundred mils. Correos de Esco. de España.

[Pg 727]

Waynesborough,
Pennsylvania.

LIDIE B. KEITH,
Franklin County,

I have about four hundred and twenty-five different kinds of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I also have a lot of rare

postmarks, which I should like to exchange for stamps. I particularly wish the ninety Interior, and the seven, twenty-four, thirty, and ninety of either the War or Treasury Department; or any foreign stamps. I have Persian, Turkish, Canadian, German, English, Swedish, and Interior Department stamps for exchange.

A. H. VERRILL,
P. O. Box 824, New

Haven, Connecticut.

I would like to exchange with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE some rare foreign stamps for other foreign stamps and United States official issues of 1851, '55, '56, '57, '61, '65, '69, '74, '75, and '76.

PAUL GOLDSMITH,
Hohokus, Bergen

County, New Jersey.

I am making a collection of minerals, and I would gladly exchange with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

CARRIE THORNER,
185 Hurn Street, Toledo,

Ohio.

J. B.—Honey-bees were unknown in America until they were brought here by early European settlers. On this account the honey-bee is called white man's fly by the Indians.

W. A.—From your description your "queer animal" appears to belong to the family of caddis-worms. If he is a member of this family, he is a scavenger, and will feed himself on the bits of decayed matter in the water. After a while he will cling to some weed near the surface, and spin a chrysalis, from which the caddisfly will break forth.

"CAPT. FRANK."—The directions you require are in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 26.

G. T. T.—Experience has shown that catamarans with two masts are not as serviceable as those with one.

D. C. D.—A very popular Halloween game in Scotland is apple-catching. A large tub of water is placed in the centre of the floor, and a basketful of plump, rosy-cheeked apples dumped into it. The young folks then try to pick them from the water with their teeth. As the apples are slippery, and bob around merrily, there are a great many laughable mishaps before the coveted prize is secured. A ten-cent piece may be hidden in one of the apples, which gives more interest to the sport, as the lucky possessor becomes King or Queen of the festival. This game has its disadvantages, as you must play it in the kitchen, where the water may be spattered on the floor without doing mischief. Then, too, you can not wear your pretty new winter frock, but must be contented with a calico dress, which you will get soaked with water, and must change the moment all the apples are captured and the game finished, or you will surely take cold, and remember Halloween with sorrow. We do not advise you to try apple-catching, but give it as one of the few sportive games associated with Halloween. There are many foolish tricks practiced on that night, but they are intended for grown-up young men and maidens. They are most of them innocent, but very silly.

C. D. N.—Nellie H.'s recipe for candy is in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 24. The recipes for white cake and cream candy are both in No. 38. You will find different recipes for cake and candy in Nos. 19, 27, 28, and 31 to 43 inclusive.

Favors are acknowledged from Burt J. Wilson, Hammond W. S., Gracie Stevens, Harry Kennard, Albert Rareshide, George H. K., Mary E. B., Mabel Lowell, Julian H., G. E. H.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from H. M. P., Ernie Garden, Allie Maxwell, Hugh Lesley, Nellie Cruger, Artie Winter, J. N. Howe, Howard Rathbone, J. F. W.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, lean. Second, part of a door. Third, to fish. Fourth, a memorial. Fifth, to choose.

BOLUS.

2. First, a low shrub. Second, remarkable. Third, a mountain famous in mythology. Fourth, a region. Fifth, rapidity.

OWLET.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Backward. Rancid. A European bird. Greased. A boy's term for father. In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

BOLUS.

No. 3.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

Terrible. One of a wandering race. An affirmation. In Europe. A domestic animal. Ludicrous. A powerful medicine. Centrals read downward spell the name of an American author.

S. F. W.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in symbol, but not in sign.
My second in creeper, but not in vine.
My third is in mutton, but not in beef.
My fourth is in robber, but not in thief.
My fifth is in terrible, not in fright.
My sixth is in darkness, but not in night.
My seventh is in freshet, but not in tides.
My whole on a dreadful scorpion rides.

BELLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 46.

No. 1.

N E M O
E R A T
M A N U
O T U S

No. 2.

Cannibal.

No. 3.

R
S E W
R E B E L
W E B
L

M
N E W
M E T A L
W A Y
L

No. 4.

L a m B
O h i O
N e s S
D e n T
O d O
N u N

London, Boston.

No. 5.

Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.

Answer to Hand and Windmill Puzzle in No. 46—The first is a sponge, and the second is a species of sea-anemone.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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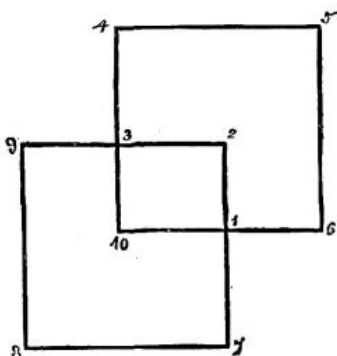


THE WOMBAT.

A Mandarin owned a wombat
 That grew so exceedingly fat
 That, when it would laugh
 'Twould most break in half,
 And tickle the soul of the cat.

A Dog that could Cipher.—The well-known English astronomer Dr. Huggins had a mastiff that bore the name of Kepler. This dog possessed many rare gifts, and amongst these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors. At the close of luncheon or dinner Kepler used to march into the room, and set himself down at his master's feet. Dr. Huggins then asked him a series of arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted off-hand with the utmost readiness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of nine, Kepler replied by three barks; or, if the question were the square root of sixteen, by four. Then various questions followed, in which much more complicated processes were involved—such, for instance, as "Add seven to eight, divide the sum by three, and multiply by two." To such a question as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks ought finally to stop. Still, in the end, his decision was always right. But how did he do it? may be asked. The solution is easily furnished: the proper answer was unconsciously suggested to the dog by his master. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr. Huggins himself. The case was one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention. Dr. Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical processes as he propounded the numbers to Kepler, and being, therefore, aware of what the answer should be, expected the dog to cease barking when that number was reached, and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog.

SOLUTION TO SQUARE PUZZLE IN No. 46.



Start with, your pencil from figure 1 and draw a line to 2, from there to 3, and so on from number to number till you have completed the figure.

CHARADE.

BY H.

Up in the air I'm lifted high
Above the worshippers below,
Yet near their hearts I always lie,
As reverently they come and go.

I've many forms, like Proteus old,
But tell forever the same tale;
Men gaze, and see by me foretold
What sometimes makes their cheeks grow pale.

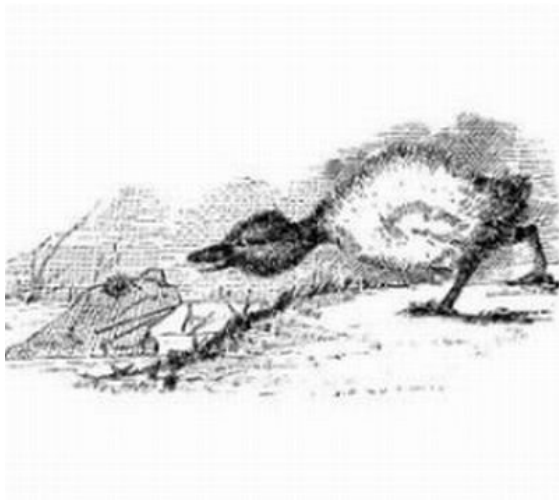
And through my secret winding course
There ebbs and flows a mighty tide;
Alas! what pangs of keen remorse
Are his who turns that stream aside!

Yet in the gay and festive throng
I am what many a maid may be,
While in the pauses of the song
Her lover pleads his cause in me.

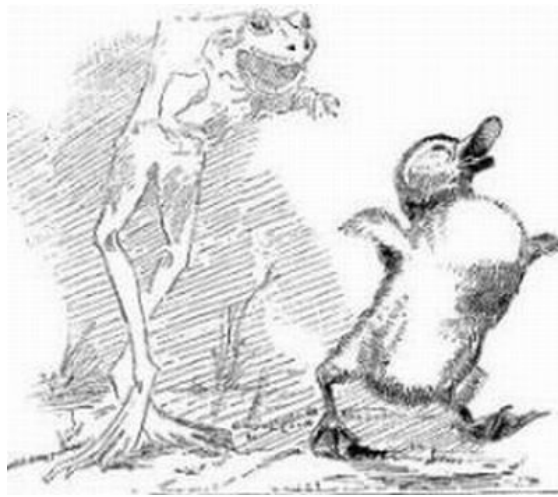
Sometimes, a ship, I face the storm;
Sometimes beneath the earth I bide,
And then its beauty men deform
To find the secret that I hide.

But in the air, or in the breast,
Whate'er my form, like beast or bird,
I keep my secret from the rest—
By man my voice is never heard.

The quicksilver mines of Guancavelica, in Peru, are of a prodigious depth. In their profound abysses are seen streets, squares, and a chapel where religious mysteries are celebrated on all festivals. Thousands of flambeaux are continually burning in it. The miners suffer terribly from the mercurial vapors, which produce convulsions and paralysis. Thousands of workmen were condemned to forced labor in these frightful subterranean regions. These mines were discovered about 1566 by Henry Garces, a Portuguese, who was one day examining a red earth used by the Indians for making paint. He remembered that in Europe quicksilver was extracted from cinnabar, and with this earth he made some experiments which led to the opening of this mine.



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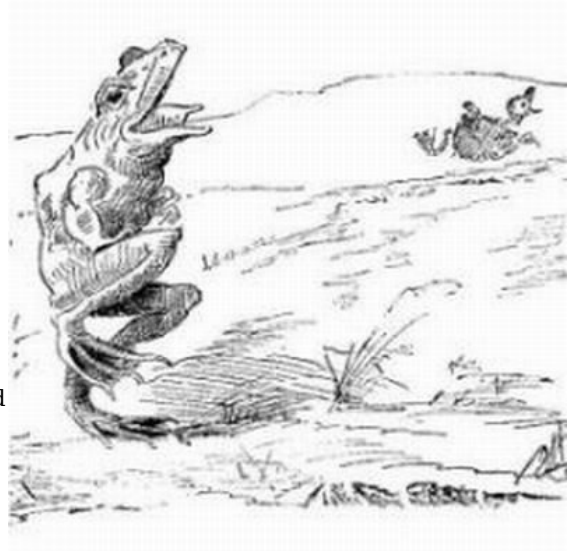


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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, OCTOBER 5, 1880 ***

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