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INDIAN TALES.
WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?
THE BOY-GENERAL.
O'ER THE HILLS O' ARGYLE.
THROUGH THE RAPIDS WITH INDIANS.
NEW GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.
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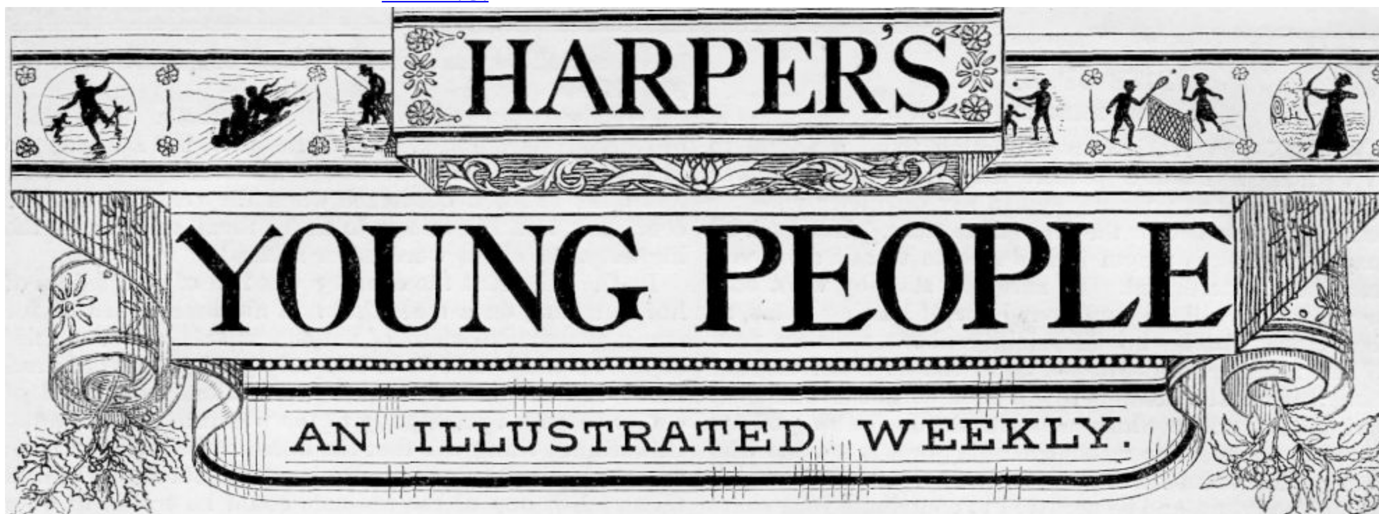


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# BITS OF ADVICE.

### BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

When you receive an invitation from a friend to make a visit at a specified time, it is polite to answer it as promptly as possible, and to say distinctly whether or not you can accept the offered pleasure. Your friend may have others whom it is desirable to ask after you have been entertained. Be sure you state by what boat or train you will go, and your hour of leaving home, so that there will be no uncertainty about meeting you. When nothing is mentioned as to the duration of your visit, it is usual to assume that a week will be its sufficient period. Do not stay longer than that time, unless you are urged to do so. The most agreeable guest is the one who is regretted when he or she goes away. Always anticipate a good time, and be prepared to contribute your share to it. Be pleased with what is done for you, and express your pleasure. Do not be obtrusive in offering help to your host, but if an opportunity arises for you to give assistance, do not be afraid to embrace it. There are little helpful things which come in our way at home and abroad if we have eyes to see them. Charlie, dear boy, was at Tom's house not long ago, and happening to glance from the window, he noticed Tom's mother struggling to open the gate with her hands full of parcels. He ran out at once, and relieved her of some of her bundles, held the gate open as she passed in, and closed it behind her. Helen, who is her mother's right hand when at home, is in request in her friends' houses, for somehow she scatters sunshine wherever she goes, she is so bright, so animated and cheery. She plays beautifully, and she never has to be coaxed to sit down at the piano, but does it willingly, and plays for dancing—a thing which most girls regard as tiresome—with spirit and good-nature whenever there is need of her skill.

When visiting we ought to conform to the family ways. It is ill-bred to give trouble or cause annoyance. Harry's father and mother dislike extremely to have people late for meals. When the Lesters were staying there they seldom heard the breakfast bell, and never came home from an outing until dinner was almost finished. Harry said he could not help it, but reproof nevertheless came upon him. Boys should not go tearing wildly through a friend's house, nor, for that matter, through their own. Grown-up ladies and gentlemen have nerves which should be considered. Of course well-behaved young people will put away their outside wraps when in a strange house, and not leave overshoes in full sight in the passage, nor shawls, cloaks, hats, and gloves lying loosely around the parlors. Young girls should be careful in their use of the pretty things that adorn their chambers. Do not rumple that dainty lace pillow-sham, nor strew your clothing over every chair and sofa, to the irritation of the mistress. Do not follow your friend and host everywhere, but at the busy times of the day amuse yourselves with books or work, and remember to thank them, on leaving, for what they have done for you.

# INDIAN TALES.

### TWO METHODS OF OBTAINING HORSES.

Of all the long list of officers who served the East India Company there were few men whose careers were more remarkable than that of General John Jacob.

Others have raised regiments, conquered provinces, and afterward administered justice therein; but John Jacob was the first man who created a nourishing town in a desert wilderness, and formed first one and

then three splendid regiments out of the most sanguinary and lawless cut-throats on the face of the earth. In the athletic exercises so dear to the Beloochees he excelled them all. Among a people who may be said to be almost born on horseback, there was no rider like the commandant of the Sind Horse.

His men were taken from all the most warlike races of Northwestern India. The Beloochee, the Pathan, the Mooltanee, and the semi-savage tribesmen of the hills, had alike to learn obedience when they came under his command, and his efforts to make them soldiers in the highest sense of the word never relaxed.

In the year 1854 the country was full of complaints of horse-stealing on a scale that had not been heard of for many years. No steed of value was safe, and the thief or thieves must have been tolerably good judges of horse-flesh, as none but the finest were taken, and these of course belonged principally to the wealthiest inhabitants. One strange thing was that the horses were stolen in such an extraordinary manner as to leave no foot-marks behind them. Not one of the animals could be traced as ever having been offered for sale in the country. Stables are rare in Upper Sind, and it is customary to secure a horse by picketing him with head and heel ropes, the syce, or groom, usually sleeping in the open air with the animal. The curious part of the matter was that each and every syce who had had a horse stolen from under his care told exactly the same story—that it had been taken away by Sheitan himself in person, after they, the syces, had been put to sleep by his diabolical arts.

To be sure, they described his personal appearance in many ways, according to the impression severally produced upon their excited imaginations, but in the main facts they were all agreed. They had been sleeping or watching, as the case might be, beside their horses, when a hideous figure suddenly and silently appeared to them, waved his right hand, muffled in a white cloth, in their faces; they lost their senses, and when they recovered, the horses were gone. In no case had the demon injured the men. Where more than one horse was picketed the fiend never appeared, which was considered to be the reason that the splendid chargers of the Sind Horse were not touched.

Superstition is very prevalent in Sind, as indeed it is throughout the East, and had any native skeptic ventured to hint that alert sentries, a vigilant patrol, and a stable guard with loaded carbines had anything to do with this immunity, he would, indeed, have been looked upon as a scoffer.

As to the British officers, of course, although heroes, they were infidels, and, however they might laugh at the idea of Satan roaming about the earth to deprive the sons of men of their horses, they could have no power to check the public opinion of the bazars.

There was, however, an old Ressaldar, or native captain of the Sind Horse, who was very much inclined to take the Feringhee view of the matter. Ressaldar Nubbee Bux was a veteran who had served in his corps almost from its foundation, and in his younger days had fought against the flag under which he had since served so long. He, with many other brave Beloochees, had been opposed to Sir Charles Napier at Meeanee, and had a vivid recollection of the time when the inhabitants of Sind actually believed that distinguished though eccentric General to be the fiend in human form. Since then Nubbee Bux had acquired rank, honor, and a good deal of worldly wisdom. He was naturally a shrewd, hard-headed man, and contact with intelligent Europeans had, if not entirely eradicated native superstitions from his mind, at least rendered him very dubious of any stories having for their basis supernatural agency. He had heard of genii, jinns, divs, afrites, and other evil spirits, but he had never seen one; he had never known them in his own time to interfere in worldly matters, nor had he heard, even in ancient story, that they were in the habit of laying felonious hands on live stock, or earthly property of any description. That the Prince of Darkness himself should be so hard up for horses as to go about stealing them appeared to him incomprehensible. It struck him as a mystery he should like to unravel; and as he feared nothing nor nobody on the face of the earth, nor below it, save his commanding officer, he determined to try. Ascertaining the whereabouts of the last wonderful robbery, he obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, and repaired to the village, well armed, and mounted on a magnificent thorough-bred Arab horse. He did not enter it nor put up at the serai, but had a tent some little distance outside. There he was soon visited by the head men of the place, who lost no time in paying their respects, for a native officer of the Sind Horse is a great man in the country around Jacobabad.



After salutations the local magnates were full of the unaccountable robberies, and earnest in their warnings to the Ressaldar to take care of his noble steed. Had he not better come into the village? The Kotwal had a stable with lock and key at his service, and would put a watchman over the door all night. Nubbee Bux civilly but firmly declined these favors. He said that if it was fated Sheitan should have his horse, neither lock, key, nor watchman could prevent it; he should stay where he was, and his syce should sleep with the animal as usual. His visitors departed, and the native officer, after a stroll about, took his supper outside the tent, smoked his hookah, and when it was dark dismissed his servants, and went to bed—or seemed to do so.

When the distant hum of the village was entirely hushed, and no sound but the usual howling of the jackals met his ear, he rose, pulled aside the canvas opening of the tent, and made a curious sort of barely audible noise like the "chup, chup" of the stag-beetle. His syce, who was lying beside the horse, swathed in a huge blanket, which covered his head as well as his feet, rose, and with noiseless footfall entered his master's tent. In three minutes he re-appeared, *or seemed to do so*, and again wrapping himself in his great blanket, lay down to sleep by the horse's side, *or seemed to do so*.

In about two hours from that time a hideous form appeared to rise from the earth. Its figure was human, but the dark brown flesh glistened as no human flesh ever glistened naturally, while the head was indeed fearsome to behold. It was surmounted by an enormous pair of horns, had two glaring eyes, and a mouth full of frightful teeth, from which protruded a tongue forked like a barbed arrow.

The weird figure stooped and advanced its right hand, wrapped in a white cloth, toward the head of the prostrate syce. Like a flash of lightning that prostrate form sprang up. Ressaldar Nubbee Bux (for he was his own syce on this occasion) dealt his assailant such a slash with his tulwar as would have cleft the head of any mortal man in halves, and which, as it was, stretched the horse-thief senseless on the ground.

As Nubbee Bux, bare blade in hand, bent over his foe, a strange sight met his view.

The blow had split a head-covering composed of buffalo-skin with the hair on, stretched over an iron mask, something like a diver's helmet, with eyes of transparent horn ingeniously illuminated by means of minute lamps concealed in the balls, the real eyes of the wearer having sight beneath. The false teeth and forked tongue were knocked out, and lay on the ground with the horns.

The Ressaldar summoned his syce, who had remained in the tent, and a light being brought, found that the

prisoner who had fallen into his hands was a fine athletic young Beloochee, about twenty-two years of age. He was quickly bound, and by direction of his captor carried into the tent.

He was only stunned, and soon recovered to find himself helpless, and the first words that fell upon his ear were spoken in his own language, by a stern-looking man of some five-and-forty years, whose right hand coquetted with the hilt of a tulwar, while his left hand ominously handled a pistol.

They were few but expressive: "Rascal! can you give me any reason that I should not blow your brains out?"

The prisoner remained silent. Nubbee Bux continued: "If I took you to yonder village you would, as you know, be torn to pieces. If I give you up to justice you will certainly be hanged. If, however, you obey my orders implicitly, I may deal with you myself. Tell me instantly how you managed all these robberies, and how you became possessed of that ugly mask you frightened all the poor fools with."

Then raising the pistol, he added, "I give you one minute to commence speaking, or I fire—and, mind, no lies, or it will be worse for you!"

The prisoner inclined his head, and said, in a firm voice, and with no sign of trepidation, "Sirdar, I will speak the truth."

"You had better," replied Nubbee Bux, grimly, toying with his weapons.

"My name is Jumāl. I come from Mittree, a small village about fifty miles from here, on the banks of the Indus. My father is a very poor man; but some two years ago he and I hid and sheltered an English deserter from one of the European regiments at Kurrachee. He was much inquired after by the police, but no one suspected us of harboring him. He had rupees, and gave some to my father; but had it not been so, the Sirdar is aware that the Beloochees, whatever else we may do, would never turn from our door a hunted fugitive in distress."

Nubbee Bux nodded.

"We finally got him away up the river to Mooltan, where he said he would be safe, as no one thereabouts knew him, and he had grown a long black beard since his desertion, which, together with his hair, my father dyed red for him. He was a clever fellow; he and I became friends, and he made the mask which you destroyed to-night, to assist me in horse-stealing, which I had already practiced on a small scale. He also showed me the use of chloroform—an English medicine—and instructed me how to procure it from Kurrachee. I used to pour some of it on the cloth you saw on my hand, and used it to stupefy the syce after I had frightened him. I then let the horse smell it sufficiently to render him quiet. Before making my appearances I always dropped, a few yards off, a small sack containing four little bags of moist sand, one of which I tied round each foot of the horse, so that on leading him away his feet, thus incased, hardly made any track, and the little impression there was upon the dry loose sand far more resembled the footprint of a camel than that of a horse, and even this was generally obliterated by the first drifting of the sand in the morning breeze. The peculiar appearance of my skin is due to the profuse application of cocoa-nut oil and sulphur. When I had got the horse to a convenient distance I uncased his feet, and stowing the coverings and my disguise in the sack, I mounted and rode him straight across country, avoiding all roads, to a hiding-place we had in the thick jungle. There my father and some friends who were used to the business soon so altered his appearance by well-known means that his late owner would hardly have known him. I never stole but one horse at a time, and they were all sent up the river to Mooltan, thence to be sold at various places remote from this."

After this Jumāl, the young horse-thief, gave up his evil ways, and enlisted in the Sind Horse, becoming in a short time one of the most valued members of the company commanded by his captor, old Nubbee Bux.

This is one method of obtaining horses. Among certain tribes of Indians in this country another method is practiced that is equally curious, but far more honest. It is the custom called by the Indians of the plains "smoking horses." If a tribe, or a band belonging to that tribe, decides to send out a war party, one of the first and most important things to be thought of is whether there are enough horses on hand to mount the warriors. If, as is often the case, the horses of the tribe have been stolen by other Indians, they decide to "smoke" enough horses for present needs, and to steal a supply from their enemies at the first opportunity.

**SMOKING HORSES.**

In order to "smoke horses" a runner is dispatched to the nearest friendly tribe with the message that on a certain day they will be visited by a number of young men, forming a war party from his tribe, who require horses.

On the appointed day the young warriors appear stripped to the waist, march silently to the village of their friends, seat themselves in a circle, light their pipes, and begin to smoke, at the same time making their wishes known in a sort of droning chant.

Presently there is seen far out on the plain a band of horsemen, riding gayly caparisoned steeds fully equipped for war. These horsemen dash up to the village, and wheel about the band of beggars sitting on the ground, in circles that constantly grow smaller, until at last they are as close as they can get to the smokers without riding over them. Then each rider selects the man to whom he intends to present his pony, and as he circles around, singing and yelling, he lashes the bare back of his victim with his heavy rawhide whip, repeating the stroke each time he passes, until the blood is seen to trickle down. During this performance the smokers take no notice of what is going on, but sit immovable, calmly smoking and singing. If one of them flinched under the cruel blows, he would not get his horse, but would be sent home on foot and in disgrace.

At last, when the horsemen think their friends have been made to pay enough in suffering for their ponies, each dismounts, places the bridle of his pony in the hand of the smoker whom he has selected, and at the same time handing him the whip, says, "Here, beggar, is a pony for you to ride, for which I have left my mark."

After all the ponies have been presented, the "beggars" are invited to a grand feast, during which they are treated with every consideration by their hosts, who also load them with food sufficient to last them on their homeward journey.

At last the "beggars" depart with full stomachs and smarting backs, but happy in the possession of their ponies and in anticipation of the time when their friends shall be in distress, and shall come to "smoke horses" with them.

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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 VIII.

### DARED.

For a day or two after the terrible collapse of the Indian theory Paul Grayson kept himself aloof from the other boys to such an extent that he made them feel very uncomfortable. Benny, in particular, was made most miserable by such treatment from Paul, for Benny was not happy unless he could talk a great deal, and as he could not even be near the other boys without being reproached for his untruthful Indian story, the coolness of Paul reduced him to the necessity of doing all his talking at home, where he really could not spend time enough to tell all that was on his mind.

Besides, there were several darling topics on which Benny's mother and sister, although they loved the boy dearly, never would exhibit any interest. Benny had lately learned, after months of wearisome practice in Sam Wardwell's barn, that peculiar gymnastic somersault known and highly esteemed among boys of a certain age as "skinning the cat," and he was dying to have some one see him do it, and praise him for his skill. But when he proposed to do it in the house, from the top of one of the door frames, his mother called him inhuman, and his sister said he was disgusting, the instant they heard the name of the trick; and although Benny finally made them understand that cats had really nothing to do with the trick, and that if he should ever want the skin taken off a real cat he would not do the work himself, not even for the best fishing-rod in town, he was still as far from succeeding as ever, for when he afterward explained just what the trick consisted in, his mother told him that he was her only boy, and while she liked to see him amuse himself, she never would consent to stand still, and look at him while he was attempting to break his blessed little neck.



And how unsatisfactory his sister was when consulted about fish bait! In marbles she had been known to exhibit some interest, but a boy could not always talk about marbles. When Benny explained how different kinds of live bait kicked while on the hook, and asked her to think of some new kind of bug or insect that he could try on the big trout that had learned to escape trouble by letting alone the insects already used to hide hooks with, she told him that she didn't know anything about it, and, what was more, she didn't care to, and she didn't think her brother was a very nice boy to care for such dirty things himself.

The change in the relations of the boys with Paul did not escape Mr. Morton's eyes; and when he questioned his newest pupil, and learned the cause, he made an excuse to send Paul home for something, and then told the boys that to pry into the affairs of other people was most unmannerly, and that he thought Paul had been too good a fellow to deserve such treatment at the hands of his companions. The boys admitted to themselves that they thought so too; and when next they were out-of-doors together most of them agreed with each other that there should be no more questioning of Paul Grayson about himself. Still, Sam Wardwell correctly expressed the sentiment of the entire school when he said he hoped that Paul would soon think to tell without being asked, because it was certain that there was something wonderful about him; boys were not usually as cool, strong, good-natured, fearless, and sensible as he.

Pleasant relations were soon restored between the boys, but there was not as much playing in the school-yard as before, for the weather had become very hot; so the usual diversion of the boys was to sit in a row on the lower rail of the shady side of the school-yard fence, and tell stories, or agree upon what to do when the evening became cooler. Paul Grayson occasionally begged for a game of ball; he could not bear to be so lazy, he said, even if the sun did shine hotly. But the boys could seldom agree with him to the extent of playing on the shadeless ball-ground; so after dismissal in the afternoon Paul used to go alone to the ball-ground behind the court-house, and practice running, hopping, jumping, and tossing a heavy stone, until some of the boys, not having promised to abstain from talking with each other about Paul, wondered if their mysterious friend might not be the son of some great clown, or circus rider, or trapeze performer, or something of the sort. Paul's exercises seemed to give a great deal of entertainment to the prisoners in the

jail, for some of them were always at the large barred window, and the counterfeiter was sure to be at the small one the moment he heard Paul come whistling by; and well he might, for that cell, lighted only by a single very small window, must have been a dismal place to spend whole days in.

From occasionally looking at the prisoners from the play-ground Paul finally came to stare at them for several minutes at a time. The other boys could not see what there could be about such a lot of bad men to interest a fine fellow like Paul; but Canning Forbes explained that perhaps the spectacle would be interesting to them too if they were strangers, and had not seen the prisoners in every-day life, and known what a common, stupid, uninteresting set they were. All of the boys, Canning reminded them, had been full of curiosity about the counterfeiter when he had first been put into the jail; that, he explained, was because the man was a stranger, and no one of them knew a thing about him. Paul was in exactly the same condition about the other prisoners, and the counterfeiter too.

The explanation was satisfactory, but Paul's interest in the prisoners was not, for all the time he spent staring at the side of the jail might otherwise have been spent with them, all of whom, excepting perhaps Joe Appleby, felt that they never could see enough of Paul. Some of them were shrewd enough to reason that if Paul could be made to understand what a miserable set those jail-birds really were, he would soon cease to have any interest in them; so they made various excuses to talk about the prisoners by name, and tell what mean and dishonest and disgraceful things they did.



But somehow the scheme did not work; Paul himself talked about the prisoners, and he reminded the boys that some of those men had wives who were being unhappy about them; and others, particularly the younger ones, were keeping loving mothers in misery; and perhaps some of them had children that were suffering, even starving, because their fathers were in jail. How could any fellow help being curious about men, asked Paul, whose condition put such stories into a man's mind?

"Perhaps, too," Paul argued, "some of those men are not as bad as they seem. Every man has a little good of some sort in him; and although he is to blame for not letting it, instead of his wrong thoughts, manage him, perhaps some day he may change. I can't help wishing so about all of those fellows in the jail, and, what is more, I wouldn't help it if I could—would you?"

No, they wouldn't, the boys thought; still, they thought also, although no one felt exactly like saying it aloud, that boys at Mr. Morton's school had some good in them, and were a great deal surer to appreciate the thoughtful tendencies of a good fellow than a lot of worthless town loafers were, to say nothing of a dreadful counterfeiter.

"If you feel that way," said Joe Appleby, somewhat sneeringly, after the crowd had been silent for two or three moments, "why don't you go with Mr. Morton when he visits the prisoners? I would do it if I felt as you do; I would think it very wrong to stay away."

Joe's tone, as he said this, was so absolutely taunting that most of the boys expected to see Paul spring at him and strike him; they certainly would do so themselves, if big enough, and talked to in that way. But Paul merely replied, "I don't go, because he never asked me to."

"Oh, don't let that stand in your way," said Joe, quickly; "you can easily do the asking yourself. I'll ask for you, if you feel delicate about putting in your own word."

At this the boys felt sure there would be a fight, but to their great surprise Paul sat quietly on the rail, and replied, "I should be much obliged if you would; that is, if you're man enough to own that you first taunted me about it."

Joe arose, and looked as proud as if he were about to lead a whole army to certain victory.

"I'll do it," said he, "and right away, too."

"And I," said Canning Forbes, "will go along to see that you tell the story correctly, and do full justice to Grayson."

Joe scowled terribly at this, but Canning, although a very quiet fellow, had such a determined way in everything he undertook, that Joe knew it was useless to remonstrate, so he strode sullenly along, with Canning at his side. The other boys looked for a moment in utter astonishment; then, as with one accord, all but Paul sprang to their feet and followed.

Mr. Morton was astonished at the irruption, as his bell had not been sounded; but he listened to Joe's request and to Canning's statement, which was supported by fragments volunteered by other boys, then he replied, "I will gladly take Paul with me, but am sorry that the newest pupil in the school should be the first to express a kind thought about the unfortunates in the jail."

Then Joe Appleby hung his head, and Canning Forbes did likewise, and most of the other boys followed their example; but Benny rushed to the side window, thrust his head out, and shouted, "It's all right, Paul; he says you can go."

Then all the boys laughed at Benny, at which Benny blushed, and the teacher rang his bell, which called in no one but Paul. Then the school came to order, but most of the boys blundered over their lessons that afternoon, for their minds were full of what they had to tell to boys that attended other schools, or did not go to school at all.

The visit of Paul to the prison was made that very afternoon, and before night nearly every family in the town had heard of how it had come to pass, and determined that Paul Grayson was a noble fellow, no matter how much mystery there might be about him. Benny Mallow, having learned in advance that the visit was contemplated—for Paul could not get rid of him after school except by telling him—Benny waited on a corner near the jail until Paul and the teacher came out. He hid himself for a moment or two, so that Paul would not think he

had been watching him; then he hurried around a block, intercepted the couple, and made some excuse to stop Paul for a moment. As soon as Mr. Morton had gone ahead a little way, Benny, with his great blue eyes wider open than ever, asked, "How was it?"

"It was dreadful," said Paul, whose eyes were red, as if he had been crying.

"Then you won't ever go again, will you?" said Benny, giving his friend's hand a sympathetic squeeze.

"Yes, I will," exclaimed Paul, so sharply that Benny was frightened. He looked up inquiringly, and saw Paul's eyes filled with tears. "I'll go again, and often, now that I've been teased into doing it; but, Benny Mallow, if you tell a single boy that I cried, I'll never speak to you again in this world."

"I won't—oh, I won't," said Benny, and he kept his word—for weeks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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# THE BOY-GENERAL.

## BY EDWARD CARY.

### Chapter I.

If any of my readers who live in the city of New York happen to be passing the lower end of Union Square some day, they will see, standing among the trees of the little park, a bronze statue. It is nearly opposite the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, and is turned a little to one side, toward the noble statue of Washington on horseback, which is in the centre of the three-cornered space between the park, Fourteenth Street, and Union Square East. It represents a tall young man, in the close-fitting uniform of an American General of the time of the Revolution. With his right hand he clasps a sword against his breast. His left hand is stretched out toward Washington; his figure is erect, and inclined forward, as if about to spring from the prow of a boat, which the base of the statue is made to represent. This is a statue of the beloved and gallant Frenchman whom we commonly call Lafayette, whom the people of the Revolutionary days delighted to name "the young Marquis," and whose real name was Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. The story of his whole life is one of the most interesting and pleasing that has ever been written; but for the present I am to give you only the story of his services to America, and of his life during the few years in which those services were rendered. The statue that I have spoken of was set up in honor of these great services, in order that the young Americans who live in the full enjoyment of the blessings of freedom and order for which he fought may not forget him.

Lafayette was born in the province of Auvergne, France, on the 6th of September, 1757, shortly after the death of his father, who was an officer in the French army, and was killed at Minden. His own family was poor, but the death of his mother's father made him, while yet a child, very rich. As the custom was in those days in France, he entered the army while scarcely in his teens, and before he had left the Academy of Versailles, where he was educated. As was also the custom, he was married very young—while only sixteen—to a daughter of the house of Ayen and Noailles, who herself was only thirteen; but children though they were, they were possessed of strong natures, and their union was a very loving and happy one. Lafayette describes himself in boyhood as "silent because he neither thought nor heard much which seemed worth saying," and as having "awkwardness of manner, which did not trouble him on important occasions, but made him ill at ease among the graces of the court or the pleasures of a Paris supper." He was an ardent lover of freedom in the midst of an aristocratic society, and when his family wanted to attach him to the court he managed by a witty but offensive remark about the royal family to break up the arrangement. "Republican stories," he says, "charmed me," and he heard of the Declaration of American Independence with "a thrill of sympathy and joy."



He was just nineteen when, over a dinner given by an English Duke to the French officers of the garrison of Metz, he first learned of the Declaration. "My heart was instantly enlisted," he wrote, "and I thought of nothing but joining *my flag*." From that moment he regarded himself as a soldier in the army of American freedom. He knew his family would oppose him. "I counted, therefore, only on myself, and ventured to take for my motto *cur non?*" (why not?). He had great trouble in getting away. Going to Paris, he first obtained from the American agent there, Silas Deane, a promise of a commission as Major-General; but he had to keep everything very secret, to blind his family, his friends, the government—to avoid French and English spies. Only his girl-wife and two of his cousins knew what he was doing. Just as he had completed his plans, news came of the terrible defeats which Washington had suffered on Long Island and in the neighborhood of New York. The "arch-rebel," as the English called General Washington, was fleeing across the New Jersey plains, with only a handful of men, and the insurrection was believed to be nearly over. The American agent in Paris was dismayed and cast down. He told Lafayette that he could furnish him no vessel to go to America, and tried to persuade him to give up his project. Thanking Mr. Deane for his frankness, the brave young fellow answered, "Until now, sir, you have seen only my zeal; perhaps I may now be useful. I shall buy a ship which will carry your officers. We must show our confidence in the cause; and it is in danger that I shall be glad to share your fortunes." To cover his designs, he joined his uncle, the Prince of Paix, on a visit to London, where he was much courted. "At nineteen," he wrote, "I liked perhaps a little too well to trifle with the King I was about to fight, to dance at the house of the English Colonial Minister, in the company of Lord Rawdon, just arrived from New York, and to meet at the opera the General Clinton whom I was to meet the next time at the battle of Monmouth." Finally his arrangements were all made, and he came back to France to join his vessel. To his dismay, he was met by an order from the King to report, under arrest, at Marseilles. He pretended to start for that city, but on the way, disguised as a postilion, he turned aside, and after nearly being caught while sleeping on some straw in the stable of a post inn, he finally boarded his ship, with Baron De Kalb and others, and set sail for America. It was the 26th of April, 1777, "six months, filled with labor and impatience," since he had formed his plan. He was seven weeks on the sea. His ship was clumsy, and, armed with "only two bad cannon and a few muskets, could not have escaped the smallest English cruiser." Of these he encountered several, but lucky winds bore them away from him. He slipped between the ships guarding the coast, and landed in the night near the city of

Charleston, South Carolina. "At last," he says, "I felt American soil beneath my feet, and my first words were a vow to conquer or perish in the cause."

He straightway set out for Philadelphia, where Congress was in session, and near which the army of Washington was encamped. The journey was long and fatiguing. From Petersburg, Virginia, he wrote to his wife: "I set out grandly in a carriage; at present we are on horseback, having broken my carriage, according to my admirable habit; I hope to write you in a few days that we have arrived safely on foot." The fatigue of the journey could not repress his constant gayety. When he reached Philadelphia, Congress was greatly bothered with foreign adventurers more anxious for rank and pay than to fight for America. Lafayette perceived the coolness of his reception, but far from being discouraged, he wrote to the President of Congress, "By the sacrifices that I have made I have a right to demand two favors: one, to serve without pay; the other, to begin my service in the ranks." Carried away by such generous devotion, Congress immediately gave Lafayette a commission as Major-General, and Washington placed him on his own staff.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## O'ER THE HILLS O' ARGYLE.

### BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I said, when a laddie o' ten, as I gaed o'er the hills o' Argyle,
"The way is sae rocky and steep, I am weary this many a mile;
Just leave me, and gang on yoursel'; the road I'm no likely to miss."
Then my feyther stooped down, wi' a laugh, and gied me a tender bit kiss.
"Why, Donald," he said, "be a man, and keep mind o' the words that I say,
A strong, stout heart and a sturdy step gang o'er the steepest brae."

"It, isna the steepness," I said, "but the way is sae wearifu' lang."
"Tut! tut! if your heart gies the order, your body will just hae to gang.
Think, Donald, o' mither and hame, and dinna give up for your life;
Step out to the sang you like best—'Here's to the bonnets o' Fife!'
Sing, lad, though you sing through your tears, and keep mind o' the words that I say,
A strong, stout heart and a sturdy step win o'er the langest way."

Then I said to my heart, "Gie the order." Singing, I walked or I ran;
My feyther stepped, laughing, beside me, and called me "his bonnie brave man."
And sae, ere the storm-clouds had gathered, we were safe at our ain fireside,
And feyther sat watching the snaw-drifts, wi' me cuddled close to his side.
"Donald," he said, "my dear laddie, no matter wherever you stray,
Keep mind—a strong heart and a sturdy step gang o'er the steepest brae."

Now far from the bonnie Scotch Highlands I've travelled full many a mile,
Yet always, in trouble or sorrow, I think o' the hills o' Argyle,
Say, "Heart, gie the order for marching!" strike up the auld "Bonnets o' Fife,"
And then I set dourly and bravely my face to the mountains o' life,
For the thought o' my feyther is wi' me: and, "Donald," I hear him say,
"Keep mind—a strong heart and a sturdy step gang o'er the steepest brae."

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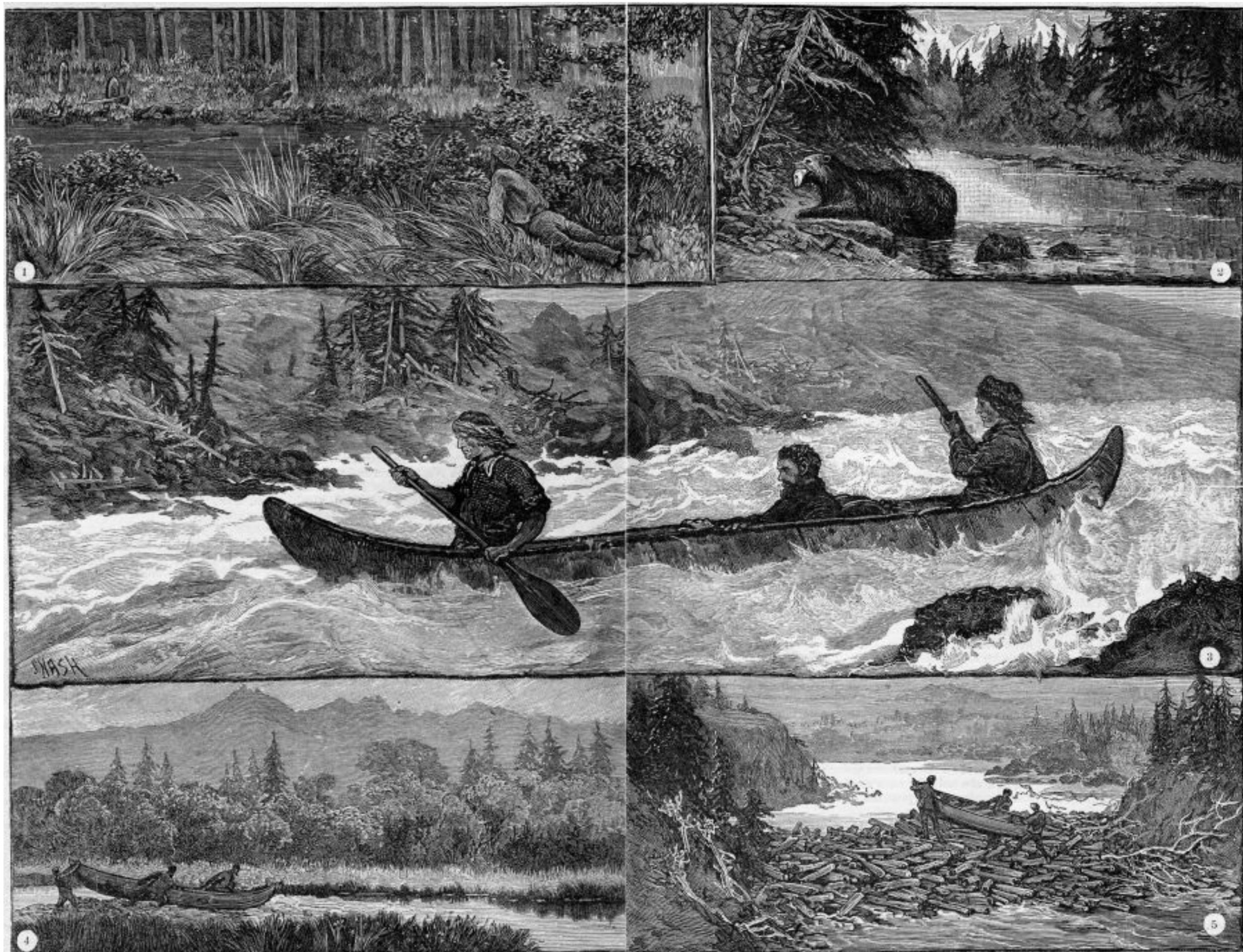
## THROUGH THE RAPIDS WITH INDIANS.

MOOSE LAKE, *August 16*.

MY DEAR CHARLEY,—I've had at last the experience of a real Indian canoe voyage, of which we used to dream when we read *The Young Voyageurs* on the sly behind our desk at school. To begin at the beginning (which modern stories seldom do), imagine me starting from Bear Creek to descend the river in a canoe with two "real live Indians." If you want to know what Indians are like, just fancy two overfried sausages wrapped in dirty brown paper, and you'll have a perfect picture of my "noble red men," whose names sounded to me exactly like "Cock-a-doodle-doo" and "Very-like-a-whale." But you soon get used to such things in a country where names like Nomjamsquilligook and Kashagawigamog are quite every-day matters.



**1. Beaver-Hunting. 2. A Poacher. 3. His first Rapid. 4. Over the Beaver Dam. 5. The Drift Pile.**

### THROUGH THE RAPIDS WITH INDIANS.

Now, Charley, if you value my blessing and your own welfare, never get into an Indian canoe. I ought to know something of uncomfortable conveyances, having crossed Central Asia with camels, gone a hundred miles into the Sahara in an Arab wagon, drifted over the Volga on a block of ice, and shot an Icelandic torrent in a leaky boat. But all these fall far, far short of the glorious uncomfortableness of my canoe. Louis XI. would have given any money for such an invention when he wanted to torture Cardinal Balue. I sat, and forthwith fell down on my back; I knelt, and promptly fell forward on my nose. I even tried to squat cross-legged, forgetting that Achmet Bey had spent three days in vainly showing me how *not* to do it when I was with him in Arabia; and how I *did* finally manage to stow myself I haven't found out yet. If the Indians had scolded or laughed at my mishaps, or even noticed them at all, it would not have been so bad, but their calm, silent, statuesque disapproval of everything I did made me feel as small as the first boy who breaks down at a spelling bee.



My first night was a very queer experience. Beyond the circle of light cast by our camp fire the great black shadow of the forest looked blacker and vaster than ever, and in its gloomy depths no sound was heard but the ghostly rustle of the leaves, which seemed to be whispering to each other some horrible secret. Then up rose the cold moon, glinting spectrally through the trees upon the swirling foam, and giving strange and goblin shapes to the huge trunks all around. In that dreary silence the hoarse sough of the river sounded unnaturally loud, and the wild faces of the Indians, seen and gone again by turns as the fire-glow waxed and waned, looked quite unearthly. But the mosquitoes soon gave me something else to think about, I can promise you.

For the next two days I enjoyed camp life in all its fullness—a buffalo-robe for bedding, a jackknife for dinner service, a camp fire for kitchen range, a freshly caught fish for breakfast, a water-fall for shower-bath. The very sense of existence seemed a pleasure in that glorious atmosphere, which made one feel always hungry, but never tired; and to jump into a swollen river, clothes and all, to carry the canoe a mile or more over broken ground, to start splitting wood at night-fall after voyaging all day, to get out on a wet rock at midnight and begin fishing, came quite natural. Once or twice I felt as if I must really give vent to my superfluous vitality by shouting or singing at the top of my voice, and was only deterred from striking up "I paddle my own canoe" by the reflection that I hadn't paddled it a foot since we started.



On the second day we passed several water-falls, and it was a rare sight to see the floating trees plunge over them. Sometimes a big trunk would stop short on the very brink, as if shrinking back, and then it would give a kind of leap forward, and over it would go—a regular suicide in dumb-show. A little below one of the falls the floating timber had drifted together into such a mass that it fairly blocked the channel, forming a barricade several hundred feet broad, and we had to get out and drag the canoe bodily over it as best we might. If you've ever walked over an acre of harrows piled on an acre of trucks, you'll know what kind of footing we had, and it's a marvel to me that I've got a leg left to stand on.

A little farther I espied a great shaggy beast, not unlike a bear, coming out of the river with a big fish in his mouth. I fired at him, but the bullet probably hit him too obliquely to pierce his thick hide. That's *my* theory at least; the Indians were mean enough to suggest that I never hit him at all.

On the third morning we came to a huge beaver dam, bigger than any I'd seen in Canada, and as neatly put together as any dike in Holland. The fur-coated gentlemen were hard at work when we appeared, some gnawing at the trees, while others plastered the dam with mud, using their broad tails for trowels. But at

our coming they all went splash, splash into the water, which was all alive for a moment with dancing ripples and flapping tails—a regular fac-simile of that scene in *The Last of the Mohicans* over which we used to laugh so.

Of course we had to make another "portage" with the canoe; and while we were dragging it along, up jumped a barefooted boy from among the bushes, and lent us a hand with it. A splendid young savage he was, who would have quite delighted my old friend Tom Hughes of Rugby. Straight as a pine, keen-eyed as an eagle, so supple and sinewy that one might almost have rolled him up and pocketed him like a ball of twine. He told me he was "after beaver," and had done pretty well this season, trapping and what not. I gave him some tobacco, which seemed to please him mightily, and he repaid me with what my New York friends would call "a tall yarn":

"Time when beaver hats was all the go (which don't I just wish they was *now*!) a feller went for a swim in a river one day, leavin' his hat and things on the bank. It happened to be pretty close to a beaver dam; and when he cum out agin, fust thing he seed was two young beavers a-weepin' over his hat, 'cause they knowed it for the skin o' their father."

Toward four that afternoon we began to hear a dull booming roar far away ahead. You should have seen the Indians' eyes flash when they heard it! *They* knew the sound of the rapids well enough. All at once the sloping banks seemed to grow high and steep, and the overhanging pines to go far away up into the air, and the channel to get dark and narrow, and the stream to go rushing along like a mill-race. Then suddenly we swung around a huge black rock, and were fairly in the thick of it.

After that I have only a confused recollection of being tossed and banged about in a whirl of boiling foam, and clinging like grim death to the sides of the canoe, while the river itself seemed somehow to be standing stock-still, and the great cliffs on each side to be flying past like an express train. The whole air was filled with a hoarse grinding roar that seemed to shake the very sky, and the spray came lashing into my face till I was glad to shut my eyes.

When I opened them again I almost thought I was dreaming. Instead of the foaming river and the frowning precipices, we were floating on a broad smooth lake, with a little toy town pasted on the green slope above us, and half a dozen big fellows in red shirts running down to welcome us in.

But I must break off, for I'm so sleepy, after hauling timber all day, that I can hardly sit upright. Remember me kindly to all your folks, and believe me

Yours to death (or till my next railway journey, which is much the same nowadays),

D. Ker.

# NEW GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

## BY G. B. BARTLETT.

## TIP.

Under this odd title a new and excellent game is described which is very popular in Germany, and will be equally so in America when it becomes known.

When first read it may not seem to amount to much, but it needs only to be tried to become a favorite with old and young.

Any number can play, as no skill nor practice is required, and it is adapted as well to the parlor as to the picnic. The writer has joined in it on two successive days, once in a pleasant drawing-room, with a large round table in the centre, by the cheery light of a flashing wood fire, and again under the radiant maples by the side of a beautiful lake. On the latter occasion a large shawl was spread on the ground, and a merry group of bright-eyed children, with their parents and older friends, sat around on the grass.

One of the mammas poured out from a paper package of assorted candy and small toys about as many pieces as the number of players, making the tempting heap, as nearly as possible, in the middle of the shawl within easy reach of all. After one of the children had been blindfolded, one of the ladies touched an article in the pile in the shawl, in order to point it out plainly to all excepting the one whose eyes were closed. The player then opened her eyes, and was allowed to select one at a time, and keep for her own all she could obtain without taking the "tip," or the piece that had been touched.

Often a great many pieces can be taken, and in some cases the "tip" is the last one to be pitched upon; but sometimes an unlucky player selects the "tip" first, in which case she gains nothing, for the moment she takes the "tip" she must give it up, and the turn passes to the next player on her right.

Of course all the children scream when the tip is touched, and the unlucky ones are laughed at a little, but are soon comforted by presents of candy from the stores of the more fortunate.

All who do not believe in the interest of the game are cordially advised to secure a group of children and a paper of candy, or of little presents nicely wrapped in papers, and to try it for themselves.

## INITIALS.

This new and interesting game can be played in several ways, and can be used also in connection with other old games, to which it lends a new charm. Any number of players can join, each one of whom tells the initials of his or her name, which the others can write on a slip of paper if they do not prefer trusting to memory. Each player invents an initial sentence, using the letters of one of the names. This sentence may be humorous or sensible, complimentary or the reverse, and can sometimes be made to fit exceedingly well. As specimens, a few impromptu sentences are given on the actual names of some of the original players: Easter Eggs, Exquisite Elegance, Fairy Prince, Fried Pork, Willful Negligence, What Nonsense, Serene Truth Triumphs, Saucy Tell-Tale, Goodness Brings Blessings. When all have prepared one or more sentences, the leader begins by addressing any person he pleases with a remark formed upon his initials, and each of the other players follows his example, also using the same letters. This attack is kept up indiscriminately on the person addressed by the leader, until he can answer the person who last addressed him before another of the players can say another sentence in the letters of his name, in which case the

others all turn their remarks on the one who has been thus caught. The game then goes merrily on, as shouts of laughter always follow the quick conceits which are sure to be inspired by the excitement of the game. As a specimen of the way in which it can be applied to an old game, "Twirl the Platter" has a new interest when the players are called out by initial sentences, as the effort to discover one's own name in some obscure remark made by the twirler, in order to catch the platter before it ceases to spin, keeps every player on the alert.

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# OUT OF THE WOODS.

### BY A. TEMPLE BELLEW.

In that rocky part of New York State called Sullivan County lived a poor widow and her little daughter.

The cold weather was approaching—the trees showed that; the maples were in flames, and the surrounding woods had such varied leafage that at a distance they looked like the border of an Indian shawl. Yes, cold weather was approaching, and the widow said one morning, as she came up from the cellar, "Well, Nannie, we have potatoes enough to last all winter, so we sha'n't starve; but what ever we shall have to wear I don't know. I can't *buy* any clothes, that is certain."

"We'll wear our old ones," said Nannie.

"They ain't fit for carpet-rags, child. We must stay in the house all winter, I guess, unless we want to freeze to death."

Nannie grew grave, and her brown eyes were full of trouble, as she listened. She had not thought of clothes all summer; she had trotted about in her little calico dress as happy as a sparrow; and now she felt very much like that same sparrow when he sees the first snow-flakes come drifting through the air.

What could she do to help her mother? If it were something to eat, it would not be so difficult; she could pick up nuts—lots of them; but something to *wear*: that was a great deal harder. So she sat on the door-step puzzling her little brains, until her eyes happened to fall upon a necklace she had that morning made of scarlet mountain-ash berries, and a brilliant idea occurred to her: she would make a dress of leaves—of bright red leaves.

"I can make it just as easy," she said to herself; "I won't say a word to mother till it's all done. Won't she be glad when she sees me dressed up so nice? And then I'll tell her I can make *lots* of things just like it."

She had a spool of thread in her pocket, and a needle carefully stuck in her frock, so she had only to run off to the woods, without bothering any one.

Once there Nannie had no trouble in finding leaves enough, bright red ones, too—so red that they made her blink when she held them out in the sunlight. She filled her apron with those scattered on the ground, and picked a huge bunch of long rush-like grasses that grew in a small clearing; then seated herself on a low stone, ready for work, surrounded by scarlet and gold like a little empress.

The tiny fingers proved very deft, and the tiny brain very ingenious. Leaf overlapping leaf, like the scales of a fish, they were sewn on the grass stems, until a garment was shaped resembling what is fashionably called a princesse dress. The sleeves Nannie could not manage, so instead she put shoulder-straps with epaulets of leaves. She could hardly keep from dancing, she felt so delighted at the success of her plan. On went the gay suit of armor gleefully, but slowly, lest it should be harmed.

"Don't I look pretty?" sighed Nannie, in perfect content, as she glanced down at her leafy skirt; "but I can't wear that old sun-bonnet. I must make a new hat too."

Again the thread and needle, grass and leaves, were called into service. This time a queer comical cap, like Robinson Crusoe's, placed jauntily on her head, turned her into a wood-sprite indeed.

She primly picked her way through the wood, avoiding every brier as if it were poison-ivy, until she reached the opening; here she stood suddenly still, rooted to the spot by wonder. A man, a stranger, was there, sitting on a funny crooked kind of bench, doing something to a big board fastened to three long sticks in front of him. He seemed nearly as wonder-struck as Nannie for a moment; then, as she was about to move, he called out, "Who in the world are you, little fairy, and who dressed you up like that?"

He looked so pleasant that Nannie gave him a laugh for his smile, and answered promptly, "I did it my own self; ain't it pretty?"

"Yes, indeed; and what made you think of such a pretty dress?"

Then Nannie's little tongue being loosened, she told him all about it—how poor they were that year, and how badly her mother felt; in fact, chattered over all her small history, some parts of which made the stranger's blue eyes misty, while others made him smile, whereat Nannie had always to laugh in return—she very seldom smiled.

"Now," said the stranger, "do you think you could stand still for a short time?"

Nannie at once became motionless, and the stranger began to work away at the big board before him with some very thin sticks. Once in a while he would say, "There, you may move now; sit down on that stone and rest." Then Nannie would sit down until he asked if she felt like standing again, when she would spring to her feet and take her former position. She was beginning to feel very tired—so tired that her little tongue was quiet—when he said, "That will do, little one; come and look at this."

And she came beside him. Why, there she was on the board, scarlet dress and all; her black curls ruffling about her head, her big brown eyes wide open, and her cheeks as pink as king apples.

"Why, that's me!" she cried.

"Of course it is," laughed the stranger.

"Why, ain't I pretty!—only I wish I had my shoes on. I've got a pair in the house, but I only wear 'em in winter."

"It looks prettier in the picture without shoes," said the artist.

Then he told her that she had been a very good little girl; and taking a piece of something like green paper from his pocket, put it in her hand, saying,

"Give this to your mother, and tell her to buy you a nice warm dress with it. I am coming to see you to-morrow; and now good-by, little maid."

Then he stooped down and kissed her, and she ran away up the hill-side, covered with red leaves, and holding a green leaf in her hand—a wonderful green leaf, as she afterward discovered.



She rushed into the cottage like a small cannon-ball, and startled her mother not a little, appearing in such strange attire, and too breathless to tell her story except in excited snatches that puzzled more than they explained, and for a short time the widow thought that a three-legged man had stolen Nannie's clothes, and was coming to-morrow to steal hers; but as soon as Nannie regained breath she made her understand the real state of the case.

"Wonder what he is?" said the mother, puzzled. "Three sticks—a big board."

After long cogitation she decided that he must be "one of them archertics from New York as took your photergraph."

"He's real kind, anyway," she added. "Why, child, he's give you *ten dollars*!"

"Ten dollars!" gasped Nannie, with an overwhelming sense of wealth.

Next morning the stranger appeared in good season, and won the widow's heart by his courtesy.

"Jest as polite as if I was the minister's wife," she afterward told Nannie.

He explained the mystery of the big board and three sticks, and showed how they were used, getting Nannie to stand for him again in her dress of leaves.

Nannie opened her eyes when he told her that her picture was going to New York to hang in "a great big room called the Academy." "At least I *hope* so," he added, laughing.

He came many following mornings, always to paint Nannie, getting more interested every time in the simple-hearted widow and her bright little child, while they in turn delighted in his visits, his stories, and his painting.

At last the day came when he had to go back to the city. Nannie cried her eyes as red as the maple leaves, and they all felt that "good-by" was a very miserable word.

So the stranger went away, and the widow tried to console herself and Nannie by making a journey to the nearest town, and laying out the wonderful ten dollars in warm clothing for Nannie; but though Nannie got very busy and happy over her shopping, she did not forget her stranger friend, and felt even bright red flannel a very poor substitute for kind blue eyes.

Nannie spent the long white months very merrily, romping by day and sleeping by night, only one thing happening to vary the quiet life: at Christmas came a letter and a box of goodies from the stranger, then all went on as before.

By-and-by winter turned to spring in town and country, the spring fashions of one doing duty for the spring leaves of the other; and among the pleasantest of spring fashions in New York is—the Exhibition of that "great big room called the Academy," about which the stranger had told Nannie so much. And this fair April upon its walls hung the picture of a bright-faced little girl, clad and capped with scarlet leaves, coming out of the dim gray woods.

Of all the many visitors there not one passed it by unnoticed; young ladies all beauty and old ladies all back-bone and eyeglasses, artists gray-headed and young fellows just from Paris, one and all, and many more, stopped to admire the brown-eyed child so quaintly garmented. The morning and the evening papers, too, did not overlook it, but patted the young artist kindly with their pens. Rich people talked about it, and the richest bought it for the sake of saying that "the gem of the Exhibition" was in his gallery.

A few days after this a letter, registered and stamped carefully enough to carry it to China, had that been its destination, came to Nannie and her mother—a letter from the stranger, telling all about it, and sending to his "little good genius" a check for *fifty dollars*.

What other wonderful things were the result of that queer dress of leaves may perhaps be told some day.

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## THE LITTLE TEASE.

"Now div me my dolly." If baby were able

To talk in plain fashion, he'd certainly say,
"I think you are awfully mean, sister Mabel,
To trouble and tease me and vex me this way."

But baby can only let grieving lips quiver,
And lift little hand in an angry protest:
Come, sister, from trouble the wee one deliver,
'Tis naughty to pain him so, even in jest.

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**LITTLE SHOPPERS—"A VERY DOOD SMOOFING-IRON."**

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New York City.

I like Young People very much, and can hardly wait from one number to another, I am so impatient to get it. All the stories are very interesting, and the pictures are beautiful. But I don't like the advertisements after the Post-office Box, because they keep out something I would like to read. I like "Old Times in the Colonies" very much.

Carrie M.

Our correspondent will see that her wishes have been anticipated. Henceforth all advertisements for Harper's Young People will be printed on a neat cover, as in the present number, and will no longer appear in the body of the paper. This cover will also serve to keep the paper clean, and the bound numbers at the end of the year will form a perfect book.

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East Hampton, Connecticut.

My sister takes Young People, and I like it very much.

Eight of us girls have a society, which we call the Y. L. F. S. We have singing, readings, and charades, and have lots of fun. We meet around at the members' houses once in two weeks, on Monday evenings. Next time we meet we are all going to make speeches on politics. I am fifteen

years old.

VIOLET S.

We should like very much to have a fuller report of the doings of this society. Now that the long winter evenings are approaching, societies of this description bring about much pleasant recreation, and if any systematic course of good reading is followed, enlivened by music, recitation, or discussion of any given topic, the benefit to the members becomes of an importance beyond mere social enjoyment.

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NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since No. 36; papa subscribed for me then. I like "The Moral Pirates" and "Old Times in the Colonies" best of all, and I am very fond of reading the letters of the little boys and girls in the Post-office Box.

I go to a large private school one block from my house. I speak French and English, and I am learning to play the piano. I have a splendid black cat, named Beauty.

VIRGINIA S.

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MAYERSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and am perfectly delighted with it. My subscription will soon be out, but I am going to renew it.

We have a very nice time here playing on the riverbank in the sand. There is some beautiful grass growing on the sand-bar in the river opposite our town.

DELLA R. S.

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WYOMING, ILLINOIS.

I am eleven years old. I have no pets, except a canary named Freddie, but I have a play house, and I think it is a very nice one. I have four nice dolls, and a doll carriage, and in the play house I have a bureau, table, chair, cupboard, blackboard, and a very nice set of dishes. The house is carpeted, and the rain does not get into it. I have a girl's velocipede, and I ride on it to school. I have some plants of my own.

HATTIE G. S.

---

CANTON, NEW YORK.

I have a black dog named Jet. He will sit up, sing, speak, shake hands, stand up and beg, and lie down when I tell him. I have an aquarium, and I tried to get some sticklebacks, but they all had five spines. Are they the kind that make nests?

I have two turtles, and would like to know how to keep them through the winter.

I am making a squirrel cage, and am very anxious to catch a gray squirrel. And I have a collection of birds' eggs. I get nests and all. I am twelve years old.

MARK M.

All kinds of sticklebacks, so far as known, build nests. Set your turtles at liberty in the yard before the ground freezes, and they will take care of themselves until spring. Or if you are afraid of losing them, give them a tub of earth to bury themselves in during their long nap.

---

JAMAICA PLAINS, MASSACHUSETTS.

Here are some directions for making a pretty decoration which some reader of YOUNG PEOPLE may like to try. Take a carrot, the largest and smoothest you can find, and cut off the pointed lower end. Then make a cup of the large upper part by carefully hollowing it out, leaving the bottom and sides a quarter of an inch thick. Bore some holes in the sides near the top. Three will do. Through these pass strings by which to suspend the cup. When it is finished fill it with water, and hang it in a sunny window, and it will soon send out leaves from the bottom, and become a very pretty hanging basket. Never allow all the water to evaporate, but put in a little fresh every day. If the carrot is large enough to allow the sides and bottom to be left thicker, the green leaves will last longer and be more abundant.

DANIEL D. L.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I thought perhaps you would like to hear of a plan we have made. It is this: We are going to have a club, each member of which takes Young People, and every Friday we meet to read the stories and work out the puzzles. I wish other children would try this plan, and write to the Post-office Box how they succeed.

N. D.

---

Watertown, New York.

My papa has taken Young People for me since the first number. I read it all through. I think "Mirthful Magic" is very funny.

I have two pet bantam chickens, and they are very tame. I hold them as I would a kitten. I have four caterpillars that I am feeding on apple leaves, and one that has spun a cocoon. I am seven years old.

Z. C.

---

New Haven, Connecticut.

Since my request for exchange was published in Young People I have received no less than ten letters every day. My time is pretty well taken up at present, but I wish to say to all correspondents who have sent me postmarks that I will answer them as soon as possible.

James A. Snedeker.

---

I wish to inform the egg collectors with whom I have exchanged specimens that I have changed my residence. I would be very happy to exchange some of my eggs for Indian arrow-heads, as well as for other varieties of eggs. My new address is

I. Quackenboss,
169 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, New York.

---

Toledo, Ohio.

I have received so many letters in answer to my request for exchange of minerals that I can not answer them all immediately, as my school duties keep me very busy. I will answer them all in time. I have no more specimens to exchange at present.

Carrie Thorner.

---

I have a great many different kinds of Iowa postmarks, and will send one hundred to any reader of Young People who will send me some pretty thing in return.

I have taken Young People ever since it was published. I am almost eleven years old.

Lucy Henderson,
Cedar Rapids, Linn County, Iowa.

---

I would like to exchange stamps of all kinds with any boys or girls who take Young People. I will also exchange a piece of cedar of Lebanon for a reasonable number of stamps.

Samuel McMullin, Jun.,
Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio.

---

I would like to exchange rare stamps for foreign or United States coins with any readers of Young People.

Sidney Abenheim,
127 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City.

---

I have a large number of foreign postage stamps that I would like to exchange. I have also a large collection of mineral and Indian curiosities. I think Young People is a splendid paper.

William Harris,
226 Fort Street West, Detroit, Michigan.

---

I have gained about one hundred and fifty stamps by exchange since my letter was printed in Young People. I am collecting sea-shells and curiosities, which I would also like to exchange.

Vernon L. Kellogg,
P. O. Box 413, Emporia, Kansas.

---

I have taken two copies of Young People ever since it was published, one of which I send to my cousin, and the other I keep for myself.

I am collecting minerals, shells, animal and vegetable curiosities, stamps, coins, and relics, and would like to arrange an exchange of these articles with any correspondent.

Louis N. Brown, care of Ph. Hake,
155 William Street, New York City.

---

I have a large collection of internal revenue stamps which I would like to exchange for foreign stamps and postal cards.

William H. Pike,
20 Edinboro' Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

---

My brother has taken Young People for me since the first number. He says it is a splendid paper for children, because it contains no trash. We like it so much we are going to have it bound.

I have two pet cats. Dick is the name of one. He is seventeen years old, and was born in the barn on the same day that my brother was born in the house. I call them twins. The other cat I call Kitty. She was born about one week before my other brother, and is fourteen years old. She is getting very weak now, and we do not think she will live as long as Dick, who is still very lively.

I would like to exchange slips of fern grown in New Jersey for fern from any other State with any girl. I wish to get a specimen of fern from every State and Territory if possible.

Julia D. Moore,
1107 Locust Street, Camden, New Jersey.

---

I take Young People, and I think it is the best paper I ever saw for little folks. I expect to take it till I am grown up, and that will be a long time, as I am only eleven years old.

I would like to exchange flower seeds for geranium and fuchsia slips, or ocean curiosities. I have many kinds of seeds which I raised myself.

Annie Sidney Duffie,
Princeton, Arkansas.

---

I am twelve years old, and have taken Young People since April, when I received a year's subscription for a birthday present. I always look forward with pleasure to its coming.

I, too, am making a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with readers of Young People. I have several hundred, among which are Danish, Norwegian, Japanese, and other foreign issues.

Nellie Hyde,
162 Third Street, Oakland, California.

---

I am making a collection of stones, one from each State. I will exchange a stone from Iowa or Missouri for one from any other State. If Jessie I. Beal will send me a stone from Michigan, I will

gladly exchange with her.

LOTTA R. TURNER, P. O. Box 705,
Keokuk, Lee County, Iowa.

---

I received several very satisfactory answers to my request for exchange of stamps. I would now like to get a Chinese and an Italian stamp. I will exchange for them French and German stamps, or morning-glory or double-hollyhock seeds. I will also exchange these seeds or postmarks for new postmarks.

WILLIE D. VATER,
Office of the *Daily Journal*, Lafayette, Indiana.

---

Since my request for exchange was printed in the Post-office Box I have received over one hundred letters, and have gained about four hundred stamps. I have now thirteen hundred. If any other readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to exchange with me, I will be very glad to do so, especially if they have any duplicates of rare stamps.

LEWIS S. MUDGE,
Princeton, New Jersey.

---

I wish to exchange postmarks with any boy or girl in the United States or Canada.

H. L. MCILVAIN,
120 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

---

I am studying natural history, and am very fond of it. I would like to exchange specimens of minerals and insects, especially with "Wee Tot."

FRANCES M. HEATON,
Flushing, Long Island.

---

I am making a collection of minerals, and would be glad to exchange petrified wood, celestine, satin spar, chalcedony, fossil shells, or concrete sand balls for other minerals, or Indian relics.

I am a reader of YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much.

HERBERT E. PECK,
P. O. Box 296, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

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MABEL C.—We suggest "Agate Club" as a pretty name for your society. In the language of gems agate signifies prosperity. Take each letter of the word as the initial of another gem, and let the sentiments of these gems be the mottoes of your club. You can give the name this interpretation: agate, prosperity; garnet, constancy; amethyst, love and truth; topaz, friendship; emerald, faith. If you wish for a club pin, you can have an agate in a simple setting, which would be a very pretty ornament, and not expensive.

---

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I would like to know if the story about Captain Cook's goat is true.

WILLIE W.

We only know of one goat connected with Captain Cook. This travelled beast twice circumnavigated the globe—first in the ship *Dolphin*, with the early discoverer Captain Wallis: and secondly in the ship *Endeavor*, with Captain Cook. After the goat arrived in England for the second time, the Lords of the Admiralty granted it the privilege of a residence in Greenwich Hospital, and a silver collar was put around its neck, inscribed with a Latin couplet composed by Dr. Johnson. But the goat, like many other old sailors, did not apparently thrive on dry land, for it died in April, 1772, as it was about to be given to the old seamen at Greenwich for a pet, and less than a year after its return from the long voyage with Captain Cook.



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C. B. M.—Postage stamps, if they are clean and in good order, will be received in payment for the covers of Harper's Young People.

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"Bill."—We refer you to the advertisement of toy steam-engine in Harper's Young People No. 53.

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Ernst H.—Your insect from Colorado answers the description of the caddis-worm. This worm, which is a soft, white creature, lives under water in a movable house which it makes for itself out of bits of stone, pieces of shell, and grains of sand. It feeds on minute particles of water refuse. When its life as a worm is ended it forms a chrysalis, from which issues a fly with hairy wings called the caddis-fly, of which there are many species. The caddis-worm is much used as bait by fishermen.

---

The following communication is longer than those we can, as a rule, admit to the Post-office Box, but as we are sure it will be interesting to other little mothers of doll families, we make an exception in its favor:

> My family of dolls are unfortunately all orphans. I had the parents of the four girls named French, but my brother Jack sat on the head of the papa, and hopelessly crushed it. The mamma I left too long in a sun bath, and her beautiful wax complexion melted all away.
>
> Dora French is the oldest girl, and has auburn hair like the Empress Eugenie. Her hair comes off sometimes, but I use a sticking stuff for tonic, and fasten it on just as the ladies do their puffs. Dora is very graceful, and turns her head beautifully. She wears blue, to suit her hair.
>
> Sue French is a brunette with handsome black eyes, long black hair, and bangs. She is very beautiful. My uncle sent her to me as soon as she arrived from France. She is named for my aunty Sue.
>
> Lizzie French, the third girl, came over in the same steamer with Sue. She is the sweetest blonde, and is called for my own mamma. Both Sue and Lizzie are very fond of dress.
>
> Louise French is the intelligent one of the family. She talks beautifully, and is always calling for mamma and papa; but, poor thing, they never answer her. Perhaps if they were alive, and had the strings in their sides pulled as hard as I pull those of poor Louise, they would answer lively enough. Louise has lovely teeth, but by an accident one was knocked out.
>
> The baby is named Minnie. She is an American, and the pet of all the dolls. A lady found her in a doll's orphan asylum, or rather a big store. She is just too lovely for anything, and has lots of long clothes, like a real baby. She has a cradle with sheets, blankets, pillows, and quilts; a pretty baby carriage; a baby basket, lined with blue and trimmed with lace, which holds her brush, comb, sponge, soap, towels, nursing bottle, and rattle. She has caps, cloaks, and an afghan for her carriage.
>
> I have almost forgotten dear Gretchen. She is not the little Dutch Gretchen who sat in the kitchen eating her cold sour-krout, but is a cousin to the Misses French. Her trousseau came in the box with her; and such queer satin and white Swiss dresses, funny little aprons, quaint slippers, fine stockings, and dear little hats you never saw, unless you have been in Switzerland. Her hair is light, and braided in two long plaits. I tell you she is a beauty; and although she is the youngest of all the dolls, except the baby, she is as tall as any of them.
>
> Then there is Ho Shen Chee, the Chinaman. He is the only boy in the whole family. Mamma picked him up at the Centennial. He looked so forlorn and lonesome that mamma felt sorry for him, and brought him home. We do everything to make him happy, but he still has that same sad look, and his head wobbles awfully. His clothes are a great trouble to us, for we can never make any like those he had on when he came.
>
> The French girls have everything elegant. Their Saratoga trunk is filled with lovely dresses, shoes, bonnets, fans, stockings, gloves, jewelry, parasols, hats, dressing-cases and travelling bags, writing-paper and desk, watches, perfumery bottles, books, and everything that young ladies need. Their furniture is very handsome, too. Their bedstead was made to order, and has a mattress, pillows, shams, and everything. They have a large bureau, a lounge, tables, chairs, and a cabinet filled with bric-à-brac. They have a small work-basket, with little scissors that open and shut, thimble, needles, and all other work-box necessities.
>
> Olive, or Aunt Olive, as the dollies call her, is the very smallest, but the beauty of the family, and the richest. She lives in a large house with her adopted daughter Pussy, and a great many servants. Her house has five rooms—parlor, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen, and bath-room, where real water runs from a faucet. All these rooms are furnished too lovely for anything. The windows have real glass and curtains; the doors have curtains too. We have a large barn (when I say *we*, I mean my brother Jack and myself, for he loves dolls as well as I do), which has horses and a dog-cart, in which Olive rides. We have a Park phaeton too. We build our farm-yard in one corner of the room, and our fort in another; these are the summer resorts. We move the things on Jack's big dray and cart. We play the figures in the carpet are lakes, rivers, and ponds. The dolls ride on these in our boats, which go on wheels. Away off in another part of the room we put up the tents. We build the railroad, and the dollies go out to the camp. When we want to take them to amusement, we build our theatre, which plays *Cinderella*. When they get tired of that we take them to the dog show, which is Jack's collection of beautiful china dogs. We have a race track, where the dolls go to the races on the elevated railroad which we set up. When they get hungry we put the cooking stove on the fender, with the pipe up the chimney, and make a fire, and really cook. Of course we do the eating, using our pretty blue and gilt dishes.
>
> We only know one other little girl in New York, and she does not care to play with dolls; so Jack and I get in a room all by ourselves, and put up all these things, and I tell you we have a splendid

time. When we get tired we put the dollies to bed, and get out their wash-tubs, boards, and irons, which we heat on the little stove, and wash and iron their little clothes.

Next to reading Harper's Young People, this is the best fun we have.

Bessy Guyton.

---

Favors are acknowledged from Percy Schuchardt, L. P. Wilson, Willie E. Billings, W. L. Bradley, Belle Sisson, Cass K. Shelby, A. G. Norris, John Moody T., Daisy May B., Annie Quinn, Bertha A. F., Frank A. Harmony, Abbie Parkhurst, Jessie De L., Hattie Cohen.

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Correct answers to puzzles are received from Bessie C. Morris, Florence Nightingale, Isabel L. Jacob, Clara B. Kelso, Lizzie, "Freeport, Illinois."

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The following names are of those who sent answers to Wiggle No. 14 too late for acknowledgment with the others: Maggie and Harvey Crockett, Lucy P. W., Estelle R. Moshberger, Jackson, Bertie, Helen C. Edwards.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

### ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF COMBINED DIAMONDS.

Central.—In Westmoreland. A margin. A despicable person. Bipeds. In Ireland.

Upper Right Hand.—In game. Obscure. One of a class of laborers. A sea-fowl. In sport.

Upper Left Hand.—In grapes. Devoured. Something dreaded by sailors. To blunder. In melons.

Lower Right Hand.—In general. At present. A bird. Humor. In captain.

Lower Left Hand.—In amethyst. A tropical vegetable. A nobleman's house and lands. A tumultuous crowd. In emerald.

Owlet.

---

### No. 2.

### ENIGMA.

My first is in mat, but not in rug.
My second in wasp, but not in bug.
My third is in red, but not in blue.
My fourth is in false, but not in true.
My fifth is in wren, but not in owl.
My sixth is in bird, but not in fowl.
My seventh is in calm, but not in rough.
My eighth is in shawl, but not in muff.
My ninth is in poem, but not in ditty.
My whole is a European city.

Mamie.

---

### No. 3.

### EASY NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. My whole is a beautiful sheet of water composed of 13 letters.
My 8, 13, 5, 3, 9 is a river in Europe.
My 6, 2, 11 is a domestic animal.
My 4, 10, 7, 8, 12 often wakes the baby.
My 3, 13, 1 is always fresh.

Little Sister.

2. My whole is composed of 12 letters, and is always in motion.
My 11, 2, 9, 6 can never be trusted.
My 4, 7, 12 is a fluid.

My 10, 3 is a musical term.
My 8, 5, 1 is much used by the Japanese.

JULIAN.

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### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 50.

#### No. 1.

```
   W          H
 V I A       B A G
W I T C H - H A Z E L
 A C E       G E M
   H           L
```

#### No. 2.

```
J U R A   H A N D
U R A L   A G U E
R A A B   N U L L
A L B A   D E L L
```

#### No. 3.

Wood-box.

#### No. 4.

1. Mustard seed. 2. Rhinoceros.

#### No. 5.

Boston.

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## NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

To the hosts of young readers who bade Dr. Bronson and his nephews Fred and Frank good-by in Hong-Kong at the end of Part First of *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*[1] the announcement that, by the appearance of Part Second of this fascinating narrative, they may once more journey into strange lands with their young friends, will be a welcome one. Starting from Hong-Kong, the boys continue their travels down the coast to Singapore, stopping by the way in Cochin China, Anam, Cambodia, and Siam. From Singapore they sail through the Malayan Archipelago to Batavia, in doing which they cross the equator. From Batavia they take long excursions into the interior of the island of Java, and here the reader has again to leave them for a time while they make preparations for further explorations of the wonderful lands of the Far East.

The book is filled with tales of adventure by land and sea with pirates and wild animals, curious bits of history, accurate descriptions of strange people and queer customs, animals, birds, and plants. In it the author has so artfully blended instruction with amusement that the young reader is taught in spite of himself, and finds the driest facts interesting when presented in this charming form. The letter-press is supplemented by copious illustrations that appear upon nearly every page. The binding is very handsome, and the book bids fair to prove one of the notable attractions of this year's holiday season.

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Most books of foreign travel are written with the view of cramming the minds of their readers with the greatest possible amount of information, and the result is apt to be a fit of mental indigestion from which the victim does not readily recover. In *Harry Ascott Abroad*,[2] however, the author has carefully avoided the text-book plan, and has confined himself to the simple relation of an American boy's every-day experience during a year's residence in Germany, and while travelling in Switzerland and France. The story is told in the boy's own language, and is made up of just such facts as will interest other boys, and at the same time teach them what to expect, and what mistakes to guard against, if they happen to find themselves in a position similar to that of Harry Ascott.

---

Mrs. Cochran (Sidney Dayre) has earned so enviable a reputation as a writer of short stories for children that while the "young readers" feel sure that anything from her pen must be interesting, their parents are equally confident that the tone of the story will be healthy and pure. *The Queer Little Wooden Captain*[3] and *The Little Lost Girl*, the two stories contained in the present volume, are Christmas tales, both of which, without moralizing, teach how much greater are the joys of giving than those of receiving.

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HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

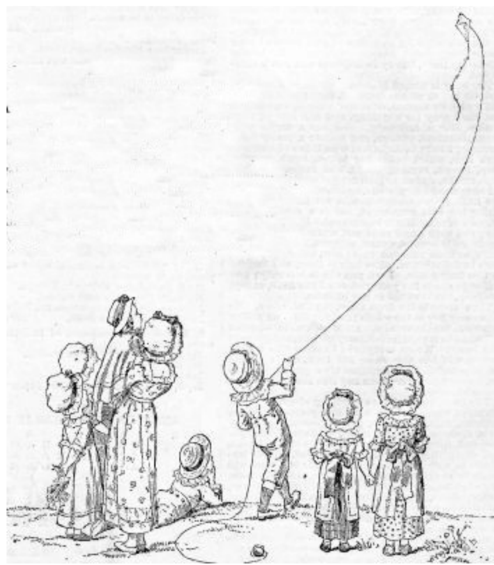
## THE PEG-TOP.

Spin away, spin away, round and round—
The hum of the top has a merry sound;
The peg-top's journey is just beginning,
Ever so long it will go on spinning.
Up in my hand, or down on the ground,
Still the peg-top goes round and round.
Baby looks on with eyes so bright—
Isn't top spinning a wonderful sight?

## BREAD AND MILK.

Bread and milk, bread and milk, fit for a king,
Plenty of sugar has been put in;
Mix it up well with a silver spoon,
Wait till it cools, and don't eat it too soon!

Milk and bread, milk and bread, isn't it nice?
Why! the whole basinful's gone in a trice!
Oh! there is many a poor little boy
To whom bread and milk would be a great joy.



## FLYING THE KITE.

Fly away, fly away, comical kite,
Up in the sky to a terrible height;
When you come back, tell us where you have been,
Where do the stars live, and what have you seen?

---

## MAYING.

Oh! who loves May, so sweet and gay?
A long, long way I've been to-day,
Over the fields and down the lane,
Into the copse, and back again;
Such a ramble, such a scramble,
Catching my dress on a blackberry bramble.
All the merry brown bees were humming,
And all the birdies sang, "Who's coming?"
And the butterflies came to my branch of May,
For I've been Queen of the Woods to-day.

### FOOTNOTES:

[1] *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*. Part Second: Adventures of two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java, with Descriptions of Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 446. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] *Harry Ascott Abroad*. By MATTHEW WHITE, Jun. 16mo, pp. 94. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.

[3] *The Queer Little Wooden Captain*. By SIDNEY DAYRE. 16mo, pp. 152. Illustrated. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, NOVEMBER 2, 1880 ***

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