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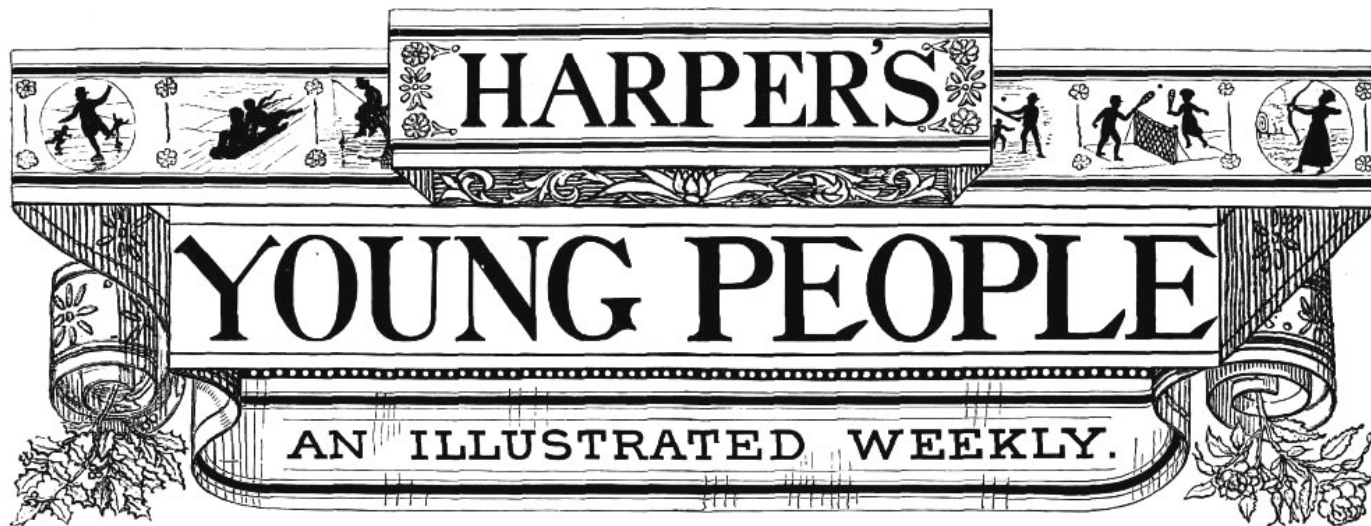
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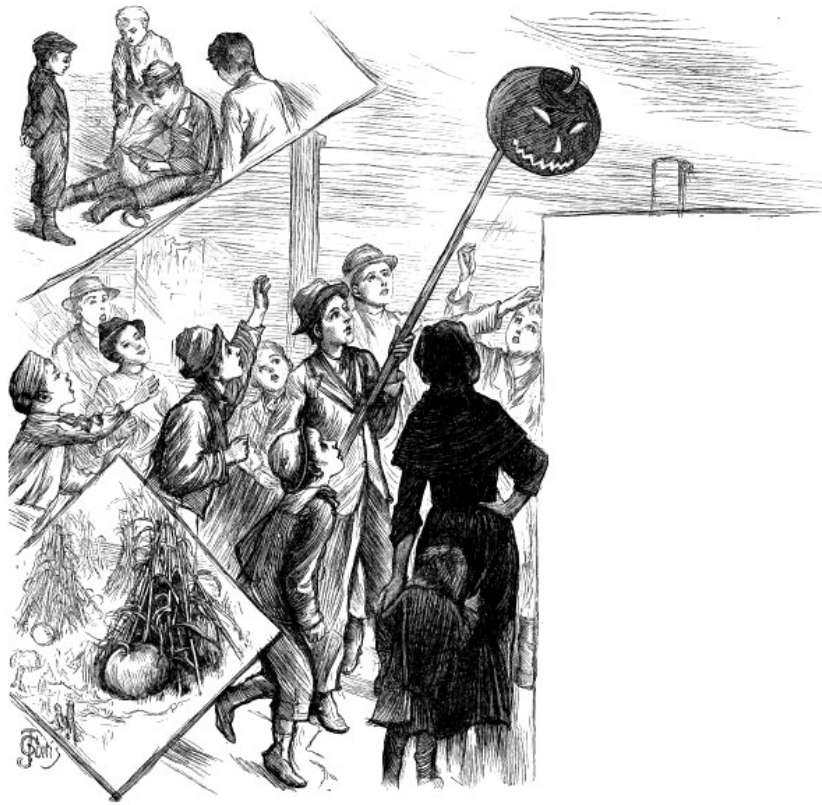
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A WORK OF ART.—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS.

## JACK-O'-LANTERN.

BY MARY E. FOLSOM.

Who is this nabob come to town,  
After a long vacation?  
He seems to have a host of friends,  
And makes a great sensation.  
He stalks about these frosty nights,  
While troops of boys run after  
To welcome him with merry jests  
And ringing shouts of laughter.  
'Tis Mr. Jack-o'-Lantern.

He towers above the noisy group  
As though he were a grandee,  
And struts about upon his stilts  
As agile as a dandy.  
You might think him an Eastern prince,  
Because his skin's so yellow;  
But spite of all his airs, he is  
A common sort of fellow,  
This Mr. Jack-o'-Lantern.

All summer long upon the ground  
He lay forlorn, dejected;  
No one in all the country round  
Was quite so much neglected.  
But see him now! with head aloft,  
He shines with regal splendor,  
And loyal subjects by the score  
Admiring homage render.  
How proud is Jack-o'-Lantern!

Now give three cheers for Jack, my lads—  
Three rousing cheers, and hearty;  
For is he not the brightest one  
In all your jolly party?  
And though his is an empty head,  
He can with satisfaction  
Amuse a crowd, and make himself  
The centre of attraction.  
Hurrah for Jack-o'-Lantern!

## THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

### CHAPTER II.

It was shortly after his reaching Philadelphia that Lafayette met Washington for the first time. "Though surrounded by officers and citizens," writes the young Frenchman, "his majestic face and form could not be mistaken, while his kind and noble manners were not less unmistakable." The veteran commander and the boyish lover of liberty and adventure were instantly drawn to each other. Washington invited Lafayette to join him at a review of the American army—"eleven thousand men, only fairly armed, and worse clothed, their best clothing the gray hunting shirts of the Carolinas." "We can not but feel a little abashed," remarked Washington, "in the presence of an officer who comes to us from the army of France."

"It is to learn, not to teach, that I am here," was the modest reply. "This way of talking," adds Lafayette, "made a good impression, for it was not common among the Europeans."

On the 11th of September, 1777, Lafayette saw his first battle. The English had landed at the Capes of the Delaware, and marched on Philadelphia. Washington was deceived by bad scouts, and before he knew it the British had got past his army; and though the Americans fought bravely, they were obliged to give way. In trying to rally them, Lafayette was badly wounded by a musket-ball in the leg. For some time, in his zeal, he did not notice the wound, until an aide-de-camp saw the blood, which had filled his boot, and was running over the top. Hastily dismounting to have the wound bandaged, Lafayette instantly took to his saddle again; and it was only at midnight, a dozen miles from the battle-field, and when a stand had at last been made, that he consented to give up and be properly cared for. For six weeks he was kept in bed; and it was not until the latter part of November that he again entered active service, which he did before his wound was fully healed. On the 25th of that month, at the head of three hundred and fifty men, he was making a "reconnaissance," *i. e.*, trying to find where the enemy were, and how many there were of them, when he suddenly came upon the British advance guard, strongly placed, with cannon. With a daring joined with prudence which was very rare in one so young, he attacked the enemy with such spirit that they thought he must have a large force with him, and retreated. Lafayette, who knew he might soon be surrounded with his little band, withdrew rapidly to a place of safety. "My experiment would have cost me dear," he writes, "if those who might have destroyed me had not counted too much on those who ought to have captured me." The British General was Lord Cornwallis, who then took the first of many lessons which Lafayette, "the boy," as he called him, was to teach him in the art of war.

This little fight had quite important results. It gave Washington time to get his army safely back into the country, and to take up quarters for the winter at Valley Forge. Congress was greatly pleased, and passed a vote asking Washington to give Lafayette command of a division, which was done. Scarcely turned twenty, the young soldier found himself at the head of a body of picked men, mostly Virginians, whom he tried hard to make the flower of the army in activity, discipline, and courage. He shared all the hardships and miseries of the terrible winter at Valley Forge, where the army underwent untold sufferings. From 18,000 men it was reduced to 5000.

The British lay well housed and idle in Philadelphia. There was no fighting going on, and the country simply forgot and neglected its gallant soldiers. These were camped in a wooded hollow among the hills, and during that winter deeper snow than had been seen for many years buried the country.

Lafayette writes that "in his night visits about the camp" he found the sentinels with bare feet frozen at their posts, and men without coats, often without shirts, huddled on beds of branches about the camp fires, unable, from hunger and cold, to sleep. For days together one scant meal a man was all that could be had. In the midst of such suffering the noble boy lived as his men did, fasting as they fasted, and denying himself everything. "Ill at ease" as he had been "among the pleasures of a Paris festival," he was at home on that cold hill-side, and attracted universal admiration by his simple self-denial, his cheerful and constant devotion.

Meanwhile Congress was divided into two quarrelsome parties; and while it had not time to attend to Washington's earnest prayers for relief for his starving army, it found plenty of time to plan to put another General over his head, and to try to carry on the war without him. To aid in this mad scheme they sought to win Lafayette by offering him a separate command of an army that was to march into Canada.

Faithful in his duty to his commander and his friends, Lafayette refused to take the place unless he could receive all his orders direct from Washington. This could not be refused, but it cooled the zeal of Congress, and when Lafayette arrived at Albany, where he was to have found men and means for the invasion of Canada, he found neither one nor the other. Seeing that it was too late to wait long for them, he promptly gave up the plan. He took a long journey northward to try to make friends with the Indians, whom he managed with great skill, and then came back to camp with Washington. He was very glad to rejoin his beloved General, who immediately gave him command of his old division, and sent him out, as he had done in the fall, to get news of the enemy.

Clinton, the English commander, learned of the movement, and resolved to capture the daring "youngster." Lafayette had only 2000 men and no cannon; Clinton sent out 7000 with fourteen cannon after him. Some militia placed to guard a road that led around Lafayette's little army fled when the enemy came up, and before he knew it Lafayette was surrounded. Clinton, delighted with the prospect, sent an invitation to his lady friends in Philadelphia to meet Lafayette at supper that evening, so sure was he of capturing him; and the Admiral of the fleet was directed to set apart a vessel to take the prisoner to England. But they were reckoning without their host. Lafayette never lost his cool head for a moment. Arranging his men in the woods so as to make them seem many more than they were, he marched with such order that the English were deceived, and feared to attack him, and while they hesitated he got his men out of the trap into which they had fallen, and returned to the main camp.

Before the winter-quarters were broken up, and the fighting for the summer of 1778 began, Lafayette had the great joy of announcing to the American army that the King of France was going to send a fleet and an army to aid the United States. Then, for the first time, he felt sure of final victory. He was immensely

pleased to think that he was going to be able to fight side by side with his own countrymen on American soil for American liberty. It was largely his own wisdom and zeal that had brought about this result, for young as he was, he already showed himself a far-sighted statesman, as well as a brave, skillful, and prudent soldier.

Although he had been less than a year in the country, he had endeared himself to all hearts, and had especially won the entire confidence of General Washington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## STAMP COLLECTING.

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BY J. J. CASEY.

I have no doubt that many of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* are stamp collectors, and that many more are ready to become stamp collectors if they are started properly. Little difficulty is experienced at the present day in getting a good assortment of stamps, because the great spread of the postal system, and the resulting increase of correspondence, bring the stamps of every foreign country into the business houses of New York. But the main difficulty is so to manage with the stamps as to make them more than a plaything for a few weeks—to make them really instructive, and their possessors real Philatelists.

The materials requisite for the beginner are very few—a blank book, some sheets of very thin writing-paper, and a small bottle of pure gum-arabic dissolved in water and made thin. Of course, when the collection increases and begins to assume form, this blank book must give way to a special album; but in the beginning a small book, worth, say, four or five cents, will suffice. Thus provided, you are ready to begin your collection.



FIG. 1.

Every reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* has friends who have a correspondence more or less extensive, and whose desks are, therefore, store-houses of postage stamps. Requests for these stamps will seldom be denied, and in a very little while the beginner will have enough to make a start. Look over the specimens, pick out those that are the cleanest, and put aside as useless those that are torn or much defaced. Remove any superfluous paper from the back of the stamps selected for use by carefully touching the backs with warm water, when the adhering paper can easily be peeled off. Then cut the sheets of thin writing-paper into strips half an inch wide, gum along one edge of the strips, and lay the stamps on the gummed edge as in Fig. 1. Next cut the strips and trim the paper as in Fig. 2. Now fold this little strip of paper backward, so as to make a hinge, and fasten it to the blank page by a touch of gum. This is called mounting the stamp.

Now you may ask why all this labor, all this patience, with a lot of common stamps. Simply this: this system has been adopted by all Philatelists, but only after many trials, and the destruction of many fine specimens; and it is well, therefore, to be guided by the experience of others. Again, the collection will increase in interest, which could not be the case if no pains were taken in the mounting, and it will increase in size. You will, of course, desire to transfer the stamps to a more pretentious and permanent album. A little moisture will loosen the strip from the first book, when it can be placed in the new book without damage. Even when here you may wish to replace it by a better specimen without injury to the book. Another plan is to mount the stamps on thin card-board a trifle larger than the stamp, gum a square of paper to the back of the card, and a touch of gum to the centre will fasten it to the page.



FIG. 2.

But why hinge the stamp? Simply to enable you to write under it the date of issue, its cost, and certain other matters connected with the stamp itself, so that you may have at hand the few facts necessary to be known—all of which is necessary if you wish to be a true Philatelist.



Another point to which particular attention is directed: do not cut the stamps close up to the printed designs; if perforated, do not cut off the perforations. Aside from destroying the appearance of the stamps, you also destroy their value for collectors. Not long since a very large collection of stamps was sold by auction. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars must have been spent in purchasing the specimens, among which were numbers of all rarities. The owner had trimmed and trimmed his specimens, cutting away everything up to the printed design. The collection went for a mere song, in comparison to what it would have brought if the scissors had been left alone. No true collector fancies a mutilated specimen.

Thus far I have told you how to select your specimens, and prepare them for your blank book. At the outset it is likely you will receive nothing but current stamps of the several countries. Take all you get, select the best of each kind for yourself, and keep the others to make exchanges with your companions. That you may have some idea of the value of your specimens, it would be well to provide yourself with a catalogue of stamps, in which you will find full lists of all stamps issued, and in some many illustrations of the stamps. By exercising judgment in your exchanges you will soon be enabled to get together quite a number of good specimens from all quarters of the globe, and these without spending a single penny. Of course there is a limit to this mode of collecting, and you will soon find that you will require some loose change in order to add to your album. But do not let this frighten you. As interest in your



collection increases—and it will increase if you start out properly—ways and means will suggest themselves for getting desired specimens, and you will be astonished how much you can do at a little outlay. My collection, which numbers over fourteen thousand specimens, and which at the very lowest estimate is worth \$15,000, has not cost me \$1500 in money. And all this by making judicious use of the knowledge I acquired gradually, and by following out the principles I have laid down for your guidance. And my stamps are to-day as great a source of pleasure to me, if not greater, as were the first specimens I got eighteen or twenty years ago.



What I have written thus far applies only to postage or revenue stamps. Stamped envelopes and wrappers and postal cards must be managed differently, but it will be well to leave the proper mounting of these until you have advanced with your "adhesives." For the present, therefore, it will suffice to say, Do not cut out the designs from the envelope, wrapper, or card. Keep whole. However, the system of stamps has increased so enormously that it is next to impossible to keep up with the different classes. As a consequence, collectors are turning to specialties. Some devote themselves to postal adhesives, others to revenue stamps; some to stamped envelopes and wrappers, others to postal cards; and some, again, collect nothing but the private die proprietary stamps of the United States. Each of these is a field large enough in itself to be covered properly, and the one who attempts to cover all, or even several, will require a very long purse, and more time than can be spared in this busy age.

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Make your choice, therefore, and stick to that alone.

## FARM-HOUSE PETS IN JAPAN.

BY ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

The Japanese people are very fond of pets. It is very rare to find a house entirely destitute of some favorite animal, from the costly *chin* (King Charles spaniel) to the bob-tailed cat that purrs near the tea-kettle on the *hibachi*, or fire-box. Canary-birds are quite common, and in place of something more rare, tiny bantam fowls are caressed and petted. Even a "rain-frog," or tree-toad, has been made a child's darling, while the little water turtles with fringed tails are prized as rare objects of delight.

In the country the boys of the family catch by trap or pit the wild animals on the hills, and tame them. Hares are the most common creatures caught, and in a little box of pine wood, with an open front of bamboo cane, the little pet finds a home. It soon learns to run about the house, and stand on its hind-legs to nibble bits of radish or lumps of boiled rice from the children's hands.

Sometimes the farmers find bigger game in their snares, such as badgers and foxes. If the badger is young, or if the boys can find an old mother badger's nest, the little cubs can be easily tamed. If kindly treated, kept from dogs, and not provoked, they are quite harmless.

But the big badgers are very snappish, and their bites are dangerous. In the picture we see the old lady of the farm-house, quite scared at the big badger which one of her sons has caught and hung up by the legs. See her girdle tied in front, as is the fashion with old ladies in Japan. "*Naru hodo!* what a nasty beast!" she is saying. By-and-by the boys will kill the brute with arrows, and sell the skin to the drum-maker and the hair to the brush-maker, and the dogs will have a fine feast.



What is that little board at the top, with a rope on either side?

That is the farmer's device to keep the birds away from his rice just planted. The string makes the crows afraid, and the short bits of bamboo clatter against the board, and scare off the little birds. The old badger is tied up by the legs on one of these posts in the field.

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

## WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER IX.

BENNY'S PARTY.

Mr. Morton's school closed on the last day of June, and the parents of the pupils were so well pleased with the progress their sons had made that they almost all thanked the teacher, besides paying him, and they hoped that he would open it again in the autumn. Mr. Morton thanked the gentlemen in return, and said he would think about it; he was not certain that he could afford to begin a new term unless more pupils were promised, although he did not believe the entire county could supply better boys than those he had already

taught at Laketon.

The boys, when they heard this, determined that they would not be outdone in the way of compliment, so they resolved, at a full meeting held in Sam Wardwell's father's barn, that Mr. Morton was a brick, and the class would prove it by giving him as handsome a gold watch chain as could be bought by a contribution of fifty cents from each of the twenty-three boys. Every boy paid in his fifty cents, although some of them had to part with special treasures in order to get the money: Benny Mallow sacrificed his whole collection of birds' eggs, which included forty-seven varieties, after having first vainly endeavored to raise the money upon two mole-skins, his swimming tights, and a very large lion that he had spent nearly a day in cutting from a menagerie poster. The chain, suitably inscribed, was formally presented in a neat speech by Joe Appleby; Paul Grayson absolutely refused to do it, insisting that Joe was the real head of the school; indeed, Paul himself asked Joe to make the speech, and from that time forth Joe himself pronounced Paul a royal good fellow, and even introduced him to all girls of his acquaintance who wore long dresses.

For at least a month after school closed the boys were as busy at one sort of play and another as if they had a great deal of lost time to make up. Getting ready for the Fourth of July consumed nearly a week, and getting over the accidents of the day took a week more. Some of the boys went fishing every day; others tried boating; two or three made long pedestrian tours—or started on them—and a few went with Mr. Morton and Paul on short mineralogical and botanical excursions.

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Then, just as mere sport began to be wearisome, August came in, and the larger fruits of all sorts began to ripen. Fruit was so plenty in and about Laketon that no one attached special value to it; a respectable boy needed only to ask in order to get all he could eat, so boys were invited to each other's gardens to try early apples or plums or pears, and as no boy was exactly sure which particular fruit or variety he most liked, the visits were about as numerous as the varieties. Later in the month the peaches ripened; and as the boy who could not eat a hatful at a sitting was not considered very much of a fellow, several hours of every clear day were consumed by attention to peach-trees.

Besides all these delightful duties a great deal of talking had to be done about the coming cold season. Boys who had spent unsatisfactory autumns and winters in other years began in time to trade for such skates, or sleds, or game bags, or other necessities as they might be without, and the result was that some other boys who traded found themselves in a very bad way when cold weather came. Between all the occupations named, time flew so fast that September and the beginning of another school term were very near at hand before any boy had half finished all that he had meant to do during vacation.

There were still some pleasant things to look forward to, though: court would sit in the first week of September, and then the counterfeiter would be tried, while on the very first day of September would come Benny Mallow's birthday party—an affair that every year was looked forward to with pleasure, for Benny's mother, although far from rich, was very proud of her children, and always made their little companies as pleasant as any ever given in Laketon for young people. When Benny's birthday anniversary arrived every respectable boy who knew him was sure to be invited, even if he had shamefully cheated Benny in a trade a week before, and Benny generally was cheated when he traded at all, for whatever thing he wanted seemed so immense beside what he had to offer for it, that year by year he seemed to own less and less.

At last the night of the party came, and even Joe Appleby, whose own birthday parties were quite choice affairs, was manly enough to declare that it was the finest thing of the year. The house was tastefully dressed with flowers, which always grew to perfection in Mrs. Mallow's garden, and the lady of the house knew just how to use them to the best advantage. Benny and his sister received the guests; and although Benny was barely twelve years old that day, and rather small for his age, he appeared quite graceful and manly in his new Sunday suit, which had not, like the new suits of most of the Laketon boys, been cut with a view to his growing within the year. His sister Bessie was only a month or two beyond her tenth birthday, but in white muslin and blue ribbons, with her flaxen hair in a long heavy braid on her back, and her bright blue eyes and delicate pink cheeks, she was pretty enough to distract attention from some girls who wore longer dresses, and, indeed, from several girls in very long dresses, who had been invited out of respect for the tastes of Joe Appleby, Will Palmer, and Paul Grayson.

Mrs. Mallow was as successful at entertaining young people as she was in dressing her children and ornamenting her little cottage. She had prepared charades, and given Bessie a lot of new riddles to propose, and she herself played on her rather old piano some airs that the boys enjoyed far more than they did the "exercises" that their sisters were continually drumming. Several of the boys were rather disappointed at there being no kissing games, but they compromised on "choosing partners"; and as there were some guessing tricks, in which the boys who missed had each to select a girl, and retire to the hall with her until a new "guess" was agreed upon, it is quite probable that most of the boys enjoyed opportunities for kissing their particular lady friends once or twice.

As for the supper, a month passed before Sam Wardwell could think of it without his mouth watering. There were chicken salad and three kinds of cake, and ice-cream and water ices and lemonade, and oranges and bananas that had come all the way from New York in a box by themselves, and there were mottoes and mixed candies and figs and raisins and English walnuts, while so many of the almonds had double kernels that every girl in the room ate at least two philopenas, and therefore had enough to busy her mind for a day in determining what presents she would claim.

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But, in spite of a well-supplied table and forty or fifty appetites that never had been known to fail, full justice was not done to that supper, for while at least half of the company had not got through with the cream and ices, and Sam Wardwell had only had time to taste one kind of cake (having helped himself three times to chicken salad), a small colored boy, who knew by experience that news-carrying levels all ranks, if only the news is great enough, knocked at the door, and asked for Benny. While the door stood ajar, and Mrs. Mallow went in search of her boy, the spectacle of a number of other boys standing in the hall was too much for the colored boy, so he gasped, "De counterfeiter done broke out ob de jail!"

Then there was a time. Two or three of the boys abandoned their partners at once, and hurried to the door to ask questions, while one or two more seized their hats, sneaked toward the back door, walked leisurely out, as if they merely wished to cool off, and then started on a rapid run for the jail. Benny wished to follow them—and not for the purpose of bringing them back, either—and all of his mother's reasoning powers and authority had to be exerted to keep her son from forsaking his guests. Strangest of all, Paul Grayson, who had throughout the evening made himself so agreeable to at least half a dozen of the young ladies that he was pronounced just too splendid for anything, had been among the first to run away! Benny said he never would have thought it of Paul, and his mother said the very



**"DE COUNTERFEITER DONE BROKE OUT  
OB DE JAIL!"**

examined the inside of the cell, as he did every night before retiring, to see if the prisoner had been attempting to cut through the walls. The prisoner had been smart enough to listen, and to notice that the bolts were not shot nor the key turned, so he had quietly walked out, and had not Mr. Wardwell met him on the street, and recognized him in spite of the darkness, and hurried off to tell the Sheriff, no one would have known of the escape until morning. There was not the slightest chance of catching the prisoner again, the would-be deputy had said to Ned; there wasn't brains enough in the Sheriff and all his staff to get the better of a smart man; but things would be very different if proper men were in office.

When the party finally broke up, several boys were still missing; but as their absence gave several other boys the chance to escort two girls home instead of one, these faithful beaux determined that they had not lost so very much by remaining, after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## COUNTRY ANECDOTES.

I once saw a life-and-death struggle between two apparently very unequal opponents—a frog and a beetle. As I was standing near the cellar window, which was below-ground, and protected by an iron grating, I noticed in the area below it a large frog, which, at regular intervals of one or two minutes, leaped from one side of the little inclosure to the other. I looked more closely, and saw that it was each time followed by a black beetle, that walked backward and forward, not seeming at all discouraged when the frog, every time it reached it, jumped back over its head, and so escaped. It was evidently a trial of strength and perseverance between the two, and I was anxious to see which would first give in. They went on, however, for such a long time that I grew tired of watching them, and went away. The next morning, as I was again passing, I looked down the area to see what had been the result of the struggle, and, strange to say, it was still going on; the beetle deliberately hunting its victim, which, whenever they were about to meet, escaped by a great leap to the other side of its prison. Not until that evening did it end: then the poor frog, tired out, and too much exhausted to make any resistance, became the prey of its enemy, and no doubt furnished its meals for many a day.

As there were a good many rats about the out-houses and wood stacks, professional rat-catchers used to come once or twice a year, with their dogs and ferrets, and were paid according to the number they killed. Once when our gardener was assisting at the work of destruction he pulled one of the ferrets out of a hole, where it had been killing a brood of young rats. The poor mother, who had probably just returned from an expedition in search of food for her young ones, rushed out after the ferret, ran up the man's leg, on to his shoulder, and down his arm, quite blind to her own danger, and only desirous to reach the object of her vengeance in his hand.

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## OUR BABY.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Mr. Martin has gone away. He's gone to Europe or Hartford or some such place. Anyway I hope we'll never see him again. The expressman says that part of him went in the stage and part of him was sent in a box by express, but I don't know whether it is true or not.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and it can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby and saying "ain't it perfectly sweet!" Why I wouldn't change Sitting Bull for a dozen babies, or at least I wouldn't change him if I had him. After the time he bit Mr. Martin's leg father said "that brute sha'n't stay here another day." I don't know what became of him, but the next morning he was gone and I have never seen him since. I have had great sorrows though people

think I'm only a boy.

The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say "Here, Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy," and then as soon as you have got it they say "Don't do that my goodness gracious the boy will kill the child hold it up straight you good-for-nothing little wretch." It is pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that's the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday mother and Sue went out to make calls and told me to stay home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match but what did they care? They didn't want to go to it and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while and that if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying and be sure you don't let it swallow any pins. Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just for a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again the baby was awake and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish with a sponge in it on the end of a wire that Sue uses to black her shoes, because girls are too lazy to use a regular blacking-brush. [Pg 23]

The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle and I sat down to read the *YOUNG PEOPLE*. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge and about half his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it.

Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried just as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in.

I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son it will wrinkle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something that wouldn't hurt much.

The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think that it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

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## THE UNLUCKY SETTLERS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

Deacon Whitney's drug store fronted on the green, and Steve had just come out, and his father was standing in the door.

Just then Andy Yokum called out across the street, "Steve! Steve Whitney! what are we boys going to do with this here Saturday, now we've lost our ball?"

"I know what I'd like to do. Come over here."

"What is it, Steve?"

"Well, you see, Andy, I was down to old Captain Hollowboy's after school yesterday with a lot of all sorts of chemicals and things he'd been buying, and I knocked and I knocked, and I couldn't get in; so I went around to the back door, and there was Captain Hollowboy looking up at the biggest hornets' nest you ever saw."

"Hornets' nest? Wasn't he trying to break 'em up?"

"No, sir! He was just looking at 'em. And he told me he'd been watching that nest ever since the hornets began on it."

"Haven't they stung him yet?"

"Well, no; he said they hadn't. He's an old bachelor, you know, and he said hornets were good enough neighbors as long as there weren't any small boys around."

"Couldn't we get him to let us go in on that nest?"

"That's just what I asked him, and he said—"

"Hold up, Steve—here he comes!"

"Good-morning, Captain Hollowboy. Toothache, eh? I'll get you something."

"Toothache, Deacon! No, it isn't toothache. Is this the drug store? Have I got here? Can't but just see."

"Steve," shouted Andy, "just look at his face! It's all mud."

Captain Hollowboy had taken away his great red bandana handkerchief to look around him, and Deacon Whitney was holding up both his hands.

"What is the matter, Captain?"

"Hornets, Deacon, hornets. The most pernicious and ungrateful of all insects. I have applied aqueously saturated alluvium, but I want some ammonia."

"Slapped on some mud first, and now you want to try some hartshorn? That's right. I'll get you some quick."

He was getting behind the counter very fast for so fat a man, but Steve shouted, "Hurrah, Andy! let's go for the Captain's nest."

"Do, my dear boys, do. I consent to their utter obliteration and extermination; but I wish you would



preserve their interesting domicile intact."

"He means, Andy, that we may kill the hornets, but we mustn't spoil the nest. He's awful on big words."

"How did it happen?" asked the Deacon, as he held out a big bottle and a sponge.

"Happen? It was no fault of mine. I did but attempt an unobtrusive inspection of the marvellous ramifications of their intricate habitation."

"That's it," said Steve. "He stuck his nose into the nest, and they all went for him. Come on, Andy."

They were out of sight by the time half the mud had been sponged from the Captain's long lean face, but before they reached his queer little house, at the further corner of the village green, the hornets were in trouble.

Harman Strauss and Bill Ogden and Van Seaver had seen the Captain run, and they all knew about that hornets' nest.

"Fire's the thing," said Van.

"Biggest smoke we can make," said Harm Strauss.

"We must wrap our heads up," said Bill Ogden, "but it'll be the biggest kind of a Saturday."

Van had some matches in his pocket, and the heap of sticks and straw and chips the boys gathered for him was a foot high by the time he got the third match well a-going.

The hornet's nest was a big one, and there was a wonderfully numerous tribe of winged settlers in it. They had picked out a fine airy place to hang their house—just under the eaves of the open shed, back of Captain Hollowboy's one-story kitchen, at the corner.

The right place for the fire was at the foot of the upright corner post, but Harman Strauss told Van, "If we stick it there, Van, we'll set the house afire."

"That'd never do," said Bill Seaver. "It's jam-full of all sorts of chemicals and things. There'd be an awful blow-up if that house got afire."

"Might spoil the village."

"Oh, but wouldn't it blow those hornets good and high!"

Just at that moment Steve Whitney and Andy Yokum came over the fence. They did not even wait to put their handkerchiefs around their necks and faces before they began to gather great bunches of weeds.

It was time every boy of them had some kind of a brush in his hand, for the angry insects had smelled the smoke, and were coming out to see about it.

Such a fire department as they turned themselves into! Or, rather, they set out as a kind of police brigade to fight a crowd of young incendiaries, and save Captain Hollowboy's house from being set on fire and burned up. They were at least determined that not one of those boys should get any nearer the house they had so carefully built for themselves against the eaves.

"Mud! mud!" shouted Steve, in half a minute. "Boys, where does the Captain keep his mud?"

[Pg 24]

"Have they stung you?"

"Oh, my nose!"

Steve had just started to run for some mud, when he gave another shrill whoop, "Yow! he's in my neck!" and there was no such thing as any other boy helping him, for each one of them was thrashing away at the nearest hornet. That is, except Van, for he had been after some more sticks, and was just putting them on the fire when he felt as if some one had dropped a live coal right on his left ankle.

"Wah!" yelled Van; "I've burned a hole in one of my stockings. Ou! it's burned another! Oh, boys, it's two hornets lit right side by side. Oh dear!" and there he was, rolling over in the grass, and striking with a bunch of weeds at something he saw in the air above him.



**SMOKING THE HORNETS' NEST.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.**

Harman Strauss had been the wisest of them all, for he had pulled a couple of damp towels off the clothes-line, and had wrapped his head in one, and given the other to Bill Ogden.

Now he had found Captain Hollowboy's garden rake, and was shouting, "Give it to 'em, boys! You kill the hornets, and I'll pull down the nest. We must keep it for the Captain."

"He wants it for a specimen," explained Steve Whitney.

"Will he pickle it somehow?" asked Andy; but at that moment it seemed to him as if he had leaned against a red-hot pin, and he clapped his hand to his side. He had better not have dropped his bunch of weeds just then, for in a second more he was calling out, "Van! Van! did you say you knew where the mud was?"

"Here it is, Andy, right by the cistern. The Captain must have stirred it up for himself."

"And they kept right on stinging him while he was putting it on."

"Yah! That's just what they're doing now. They can sting right through a shirt sleeve."

"Sting? I guess they can; right through anything. Oh dear! I've got another! Boys, we won't leave one of 'em!"

"Boys! boys! I say, boys, what are you doing? I never indicated my assent to the application of fire!"

"I declare!" exclaimed Deacon Whitney, as he came through the gate behind Captain Hollowboy, "the young rascals have set them all a-going."

"Can you see, Deacon? I can not with any accuracy. Where have they located the combustion?"

"Stuck their bonfire right under the nest, Captain. Let 'em alone. The upright's burnin' a leetle, but you can put it out easy."

As he said that, Harm Strauss made a valiant pull with his rake, and down came the nest right into the bonfire.

"There!" exclaimed Steve, "you've spoiled it!"

"Such an exceptionally well-developed specimen!" groaned the Captain. "Pull it out, one of you."

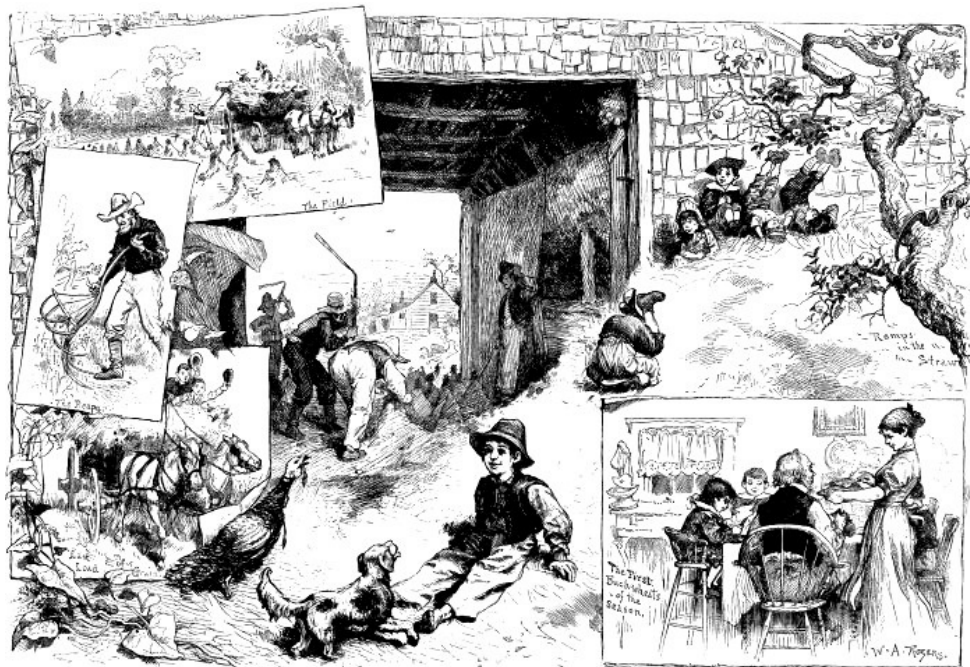
"Oh! oh!" roared the Deacon, clapping both hands on his ample stomach, and doing his best to lean over; "I hope he has pulled it out. It must have gone in half an inch."

The fire had rapidly blazed high and hot, for straw and splinters and chips kindle fast; and there were no hornets in that nest now, nor any nest left to hold hornets. In fact, for that matter, Captain Hollowboy's yard and garden, and the road in front, were too small to hold what was left of them, and any men and boys at the same time.

Old Mrs. Jones, who lived next door, put her head out of her window to see what was going on, and then that window came down with a great slam; and the next thing seen of Mrs. Jones, her silver spectacles were dropping off into the water-pail as she stooped over it.

There was no doubt but what that settlement of hornets was thoroughly broken up; but Captain Hollowboy led the way back to the drug store, and they were all ready to go with him.

"I am sorry," he said to the Deacon, "that you or any of my young friends are suffering physical inconvenience from the atrocious assaults of those pernicious insects, but I regret the obliteration of so remarkable a specimen of their ingenuity."



**BUCKWHEAT CAKES.**

## **ANCIENT EGYPT.**

Of all the curious works of the ancient Egyptians, the most strange and dream-like are the sphinxes. They are innumerable along the Nile, half man, half beast, carved in solid stone. But one—known as the Sphinx—the largest and most wonderful, sits near the Pyramids, with staring stone eyes that seem to have almost learned to see. It is half buried in the sands. Its head rises more than sixty feet above its base. Whole avenues of sphinxes lined the courts of the Egyptian temples. Then there are the tombs, or catacombs, where the mummies are preserved—long galleries cut in the rock, decorated with paintings, covered with

the dust of generations. Along the river these cemeteries are almost numberless. On the walls are drawn all the various occupations of the people. The fisherman is seen drawing his nets, the ploughman driving his team, the soldier returning from the war. But the most curious of the catacombs are those devoted to the preservation of the mummies of cats, bulls, birds of all kinds, and crocodiles. The Egyptians worshipped animals and birds, and when they died, preserved their bodies by a singular process. The bull (Apis) was adored at Memphis, and his death was a season of general woe. When a cat in a house at Thebes died, all the family went in mourning, and shaved their eyebrows.

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## THE GRAND PROCESSION.

BY MARY DENSEL.

Elsie Baker was sitting on a log in the wood-shed, gloomily listening to her brother Joe, who was talking with much enthusiasm.

"For I tell you, sir," said he to Elsie, "it isn't every boy who'll get a chance to be in that percession to-night, sir. There'll be a thousand torches, and speeches, and fire-works; and the train leaves Porter's Corner at six o'clock; and Mr. Hill says to me, 'You be on hand, Joe, you and Jack Stone, and you may go to Portland along of the "Continental," and march each side of the flag, and wear white rubber capes, and carry a torch apiece if you like.' It's to be the biggest show of the season, and—"

"I can't go," burst in Elsie. "Just because I'm a girl I can never go anywhere or see anything."

"Of course not," assented Joe, cheerfully. "Girls never can. I go because father's in Ohio, and I'm the man of the family. I declare I shouldn't wonder if half the people in Portland should think Jack and I could vote when they see us *percessing*. Three cheers for Hanfield!"

Hanfield? Hanfield? That did not sound quite right. Joe meditated. Hanfield? Well, never mind. There was no time to waste over names. If Joe would help toward the election of a President of the United States, he must be off and away for Jack Stone, or the two would miss the train.

And Elsie? Poor little Elsie was left forlorn. She was quite alone, for her mother had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and would not even be at home for tea.

"Oh, *why* shouldn't a girl do just what her brother does, and have some fun?" thought Elsie, bitterly. "Or else why wasn't I born a boy?"

She sat close to the andirons in front of the wood fire, and more and more dismal did she grow. She had nearly come to wondering whether it was really worth while to live if one had to be only a girl, when the front door burst open, and in bounced Master Joe.

"Elsie," cried he, grasping her by the arm, "here's your chance. You can go."

"Go? go?" repeated Elsie, flushing crimson with excitement.

Joe hurried on. "Jack Stone's sick. Earache—both ears—onions on 'em—here's his cap—who'll know you're not a boy?—tuck up your skirts—on with this big cape—come!"

Elsie was beside herself. "Mother wouldn't let me," she half gasped.

"Did she ever say you mustn't?" argued Joe. "Like as not we'll be back before she is. Don't be a goose. There's no time to talk. Hurry! hurry! You won't get such another chance."

Her eyes flashing, her brain in a whirl, Elsie pulled the blue cap over her short curls. Her little petticoats were quickly pinned up and covered by the rubber cape. With her unlighted torch over her shoulder, who would not have thought her a sturdy younger brother of the boy who held her tightly by the hand, and exhorted her not to let the grass grow under her feet.

Down the road they flew, and reached the station just as the "Continental" came marching up with fife and drum.

"Here we are, Mr. Hill," said Joe, presenting himself and his companion.

"All right," said Mr. Hill, too busy to pay much attention. "Keep with the rest of the men. How are you, Jack, my boy?"

There was no time for the make-believe "Jack, my boy" to answer. The engine was puffing and panting. Elsie was swung on the train, where Joe and she tucked themselves away on a back seat.

The "Continental" were in the best of humor, so were the "Philbrick Pioneers," who, gorgeous in their Zouave regimentals, came crowding into the car at the next station, to crack jokes and talk politics.

"Well done, little chaps," said their captain, spying out Joe and his comrade. "You're beginning early, eh? Nothing like getting the boys on the right side. Ha! ha!"

Joe grinned, and was about to volunteer a "Hurrah for Hanfield!" but thought better of it.

One of the men frightened Elsie nearly out of her wits by chucking her under the chin, and shouting, rudely,

"You're a bright-eyed cove, you are. Does your mother know you're out?"

A sharp nudge from Joe kept her from saying, "No, she doesn't," but she shrunk close up to him, whispering, fearfully,

"Me the only girl, Joe!"

"Hush! Nobody'll think it, if you keep quiet," said Joe, hastily, himself a little disturbed; the men were so rough, and made so much noise.

But while he was thinking what he should do if any one else insulted his sister the train stopped with a jerk, and everybody was out in a twinkling.

There were shouts of command. The "Continental" and "Pioneers" fell into line. Torches were lit. A host of boys set up shrill yells. Joe and Elsie were twitched into place by energetic Mr. Hill, and ordered to hold up

their heads and keep time to the music.

"Isn't it fun?" thought Elsie, stepping briskly along, and grasping her torch with both hands.

If one hundred torches were "fun," what could be said when they reached Market Square, where the grand procession was to form, and where there was a blaze of light such as Elsie had never imagined! Bands were playing, horses were prancing; some one set fire to a sort of powder, and, lo! the whole street was rosy red.

Now everything was ready, and the march began. Whole blocks on each side were festooned with bunting and Chinese lanterns; candles twinkled in every pane; all the gas-burners did their best; Roman candles shot out colored stars; rockets went up with a fizz.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" The procession was pausing in front of a big house. Somebody was making a speech. Nobody could understand half he said. No matter. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Elsie shouted with the rest, and trotted gayly on.

"No reason in the world I shouldn't have come, like any other boy! Hurrah!"

[Pg 27]

Up one street and down another, each more brilliant than the last, Elsie marched on, till suddenly a small, then a larger, pain began to make itself felt in one of her feet.

"It's my new boots," said she to herself. "Why didn't I change them? I'll stamp hard and then I shall be easy."

But somehow she was not easy. Up one street, down another. It was not so much a pain in one particular spot now as a general ache, not only in her foot, but in her whole body.

"I'm afraid I'm growing tired."

She glanced at Joe. That worthy was in high spirits, and apparently as fresh as ever. Elsie limped bravely on. Across an open space the procession wheeled, and halted again to drink lemonade out of big tubs on the sidewalk. Elsie ventured to complain to Joe.

"Oh, cheer up!" was all the comfort he had for her. "We've marched 'most half the distance now."

"'Most half the distance!" Why, Elsie could never hold out if that were the case. Once more she struggled on. It seemed as if she had been marching for years and years—ever since she was a baby. She could not drag herself another inch. In the midst of a cheer she crept up a flight of steps, and sank down.

"I'll wait a few minutes, and then run fast, and catch Joe again," thought she.

The next moment, as it seemed, she heard two voices near her.

"The party must be hard up that has to take babies like this to help on their cause," said one.

"Poor little fellow!" answered the other—a lady. "He's dropped down, torch and all, and gone to sleep."

Elsie started and looked around her. Where was the procession? Where was Joe? Too terrified to say a word, up the street she rushed, gazing wildly on this side and on that. No Joe did she see; no procession either. It would have been quite dark but for the street lamps.

"I must stop somewhere. I must ask some one for Joe."

At a house smaller than the others she paused, and rang the bell. There was a confused sound of talking within.

"Don't you open that door as you value your life, Phœbe Maria," said some one in shrill tones. "Us all alone! This time of night! It's tramps, sure!"

Then Phœbe Maria called through the key-hole, "Go right away. I sha'n't let you in if you stop there till midnight. De-part!"

I think if the word "*de-part*" had not sounded so very ponderous, Elsie would have called back that she was no tramp. As it was, she ran blindly on.

"Mother! mother!" she sobbed, wringing her little cold hands. But no one answered. A clock near by tolled nine, ten, eleven. Two drops of rain fell. The wind rustled drearily among the tree-tops.

Steps sounded near. A tall man approached, and Elsie caught the gleam of brass buttons.

"What are you doing here, boy?" demanded the newcomer, in a great bass voice.

"I'm not a boy," cried Elsie. "I never was a boy in all my life. I'm Elsie Baker. I want to go home."

She quite broke down, and wept piteously.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the man, who was one of the police. "Where is your home?"

"Out at Porter's Corner. Joe brought me to the percession. I wish he hadn't. I wish— Oh dear, dear me!"

"Now here's a pretty mess!" said the policeman. "There's nothing for it but to take charge o' you to-night, and see how we can manage to-morrow. You come along with me."

Finding the child too exhausted to walk, he picked her up, and tramped off down in town with his burden. Where did he carry her?

To tell the truth, there seemed to be no other place, and he took her to the public "lock-up."

Elsie was too worn and spent to mind; too hungry was she not to devour eagerly the bit of salt fish and hard cracker which her new friend gave her; then forgetting her woes, she fell asleep once more, safely wrapped in his warm overcoat.

But, in the morning, waking in a strange place, all the terror of last night came upon her once more. Through an open door she darted like a startled hare, and when No. 11 came, an hour later, to find her, no child was visible. All that was left was the small rubber cape with its red collar.

"I must find some cars," thought Elsie. "I can't get home unless I find some cars."

It must have been her guardian angel who led the little girl, for, as she walked hastily along, right in front of her loomed up a big building, in and out of which locomotives were running.

"Would you please point out the train for Porter's Corner?" said Elsie, tremblingly approaching a man who was pushing round some trunks.

"Bless you! you're at the wrong station for that, sissy or bubby, whichever you be," said the man, glancing from the girl's dress to the boy's cap. "But there," added he, as the brown eyes filled with tears, "a gravel train's just going across the city to the Eastern Dépôt. Come with me, and I'll take you there."

Down the track Elsie rode, perched on a heap of gravel.

"I cal'late you've got a ticket for Porter's Corner?" said her companion.

Here was fresh trouble. No ticket had she, and, what was worse, not a penny to buy one.

"You don't mean to say you're going to *steal* a ride!" exclaimed the man.

Very likely this was meant for a joke, but Elsie took it for sober earnest. She had been called a "tramp" last night; now she was taken for a thief. It was too dreadful. She looked here and there, if perchance there might be some way of escape from all this misery, and suddenly—why!—what?—that boy on the platform of the Eastern Dépôt—could it be?

"Joe! Joe!" shrieked Elsie.

It was Joe: a very wretched Joe, a Joe who had not slept a wink all night, though he had gone home in a vain hope he might find the missing sister there.

He saw Elsie. He sprang toward her. He clambered on the car almost before it stopped. He hugged her, he kissed her. Boy though he was, he wept great tears over her. Then he took her by both shoulders and shook her.

"Oh, you bad girl! Where have you been? You've frightened mother 'most to death. Elsie, Elsie, what *made* you come to Portland?"

"You brought me, Joe," said Elsie, humbly.

Home they went, those two. At the Porter's Corner station they found every man and woman of the village, and to each severally must Elsie tell her story. Her mother never said a word. She only clasped Elsie tighter and tighter, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

But Joe!—oh, Joe did talking enough for all. The lofty sentiments that flowed from the lips of that virtuous youth were truly refreshing. His own share in last night's adventures had quite slipped his mind. He felt called upon, as "the man of the family," to exhort his sister at length in regard to her manners and morals.

"And now, Elsie Baker," he ended, "I hope you see why girls can't do as boys do. I could have marched for a week and not been tired. I hope you'll remember this the next time you want to tag on when I'm going anywhere."

And Elsie was actually so tired that she hadn't the spirit to answer a word.



SCANDAL.

SCANDAL.

"What do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know!"

"Don't tell anybody!"

"Oh no! oh no!"

"Somebody told me

That some one else said

That so and so told them

(You won't tell what I said?)

"Oh no! I won't tell.

What is it? Oh dear!

The way that you tell it,

Is really so queer!"

"Oh yes! But have patience,

I'll tell you in time;

But I have to make it

All fit into rhyme.  
Now don't tell anybody,  
Because, if you do,  
My secrets, the next time,  
I'll not tell to you."

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GOING TO SCHOOL.

## GOING TO SCHOOL.

Slowly to school, slowly they went—  
*His* eyes on his book were downward bent;  
*She* looked on the ground as they went along,  
But neither looked willing to sing a song.  
*She* was thinking of pudding and jam,  
*He* was spelling Seringapatam.  
Oh for a kite, or a top, or a ball,  
Battledore, shuttlecock, hoop, and all!

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THE BIRD-CATCHER.

## THE BIRD-CATCHER.

Laurence has set such a wonderful trap,  
It has a long string, and goes to with a snap;  
He has carefully scattered some grains of corn,  
And see! there's a bird coming over the lawn;  
Away it comes chirruping, chirping, and hopping;  
Into the trap it will soon be popping!  
Helen and Gisha take part in the sport,  
It is so exciting to see a bird caught!

---



**THE LITTLE WALK.**

## **THE LITTLE WALK.**

Oh, dear me! what a great big hat!  
Suppose we were all to wear hats like that!  
And see Mab's bonnet and peacock plume—  
I hope her head will find plenty of room!  
But Mab is kind, and gives Baby a ride,  
The Baby that wears the hat so wide.  
They won't have to walk too far or too long,  
Unless sister Mab is uncommonly strong,  
For Baby looks heavy, and so does her hat—  
The Baby who's sucking her fingers so fat!

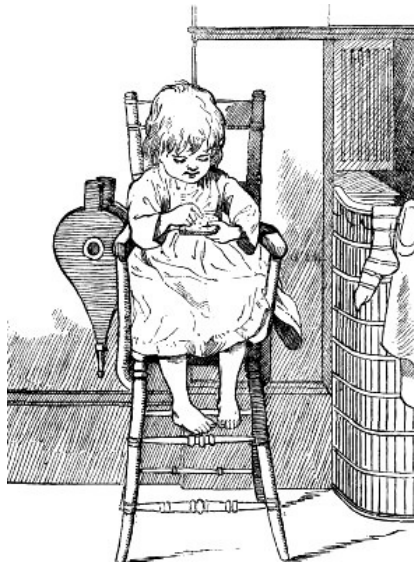


**RIGHT OF WAY.**

## **"RIGHT OF WAY."**

"Baa, baa, there's no road this way!"  
"Pretty sheep, do let me pass, I say,  
It's too late to go back again to-day;  
Nice little sheep, please do go away!"

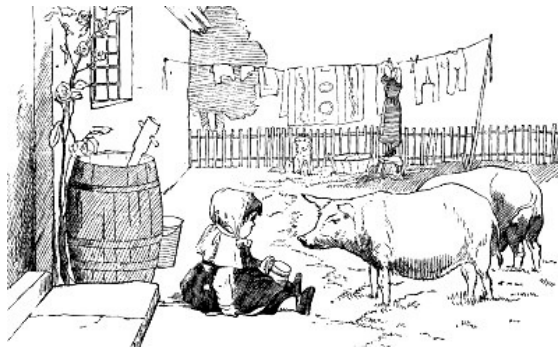
"Baa, baa, we won't let you by;  
It's no use for you to begin to cry.  
You can't come this road—no, not if you try,  
And never mind asking the reason why."



### **THE NURSERY CHAIR.**

Edith sits up in her chair so high;  
How busy she looks with her down-bent eye!  
What is she doing? Can you not guess?  
With her little bare feet, and her little night-dress.  
She is plucking the raisins so rich and so nice  
From out of her cake that is flavored with spice.

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**AN UNINVITED VISITOR.**

### **AN UNINVITED VISITOR.**

Rosie was breakfasting out on the grass,  
When two pigs on a walking tour happened to pass.  
One pig with rude manners came boldly in front,  
And first gave a stare, and then gave a grunt,  
As much as to say, "What is that you have got?  
Just let me have a taste out of your pot."  
But Rosie said, "Go away, horrid old pig!  
*I* am so little, and *you* are so big!"

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## SKIPPING.

Airily, airily, skip away:  
 Set to work, all of you, trip away!  
 Over your head, and under your toes,  
 That's the way the merry rope goes!  
 Aprons flap in the breezy air;  
 Fly away, lessons, this holiday fair!



NEW YORK CITY.

I have a little girl who has derived a great deal of pleasure from *YOUNG PEOPLE*. She has had every number since the beginning, and when through with them she sends them to children who are too poor to buy papers.

Perhaps some of the readers of this paper could amuse themselves by trying to form a word—said to be the only one possible in the English language—from the following combination of letters: H E C S T Y.

S.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

My dear companion-readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, let me tell you something about Dresden, the capital of Saxony, in which city I now live. Dresden is situated on the Elbe—a river of about one-seventh the size of the Hudson. The city is sometimes called Elb-Florence, as it contains picture-galleries, museums, nice architectural buildings, squares, theatres, and handsomely built churches. The Prager See and the Schloss Strasse are the most crowded streets, and as I am living on the first one, I enjoy seeing all the passers-by from my lofty stone balcony. Many good concerts are given here, and in the summer season the open-air concerts are visited by all the best people of Dresden.

The city has many lovely promenades and parks. The Zoological Garden is a gem, and wild and tame animals of all kinds may be seen there. Very often queer people, such as Esquimaux, Indians, Nubians, and Hindoos, come to Dresden, and have an exhibition, and many strangers may be seen in the streets. To-day the Chevalier Blondin, the celebrated tight-rope walker, created a great sensation, and many people attended his daring performance, rewarding his dangerous and difficult feats with enthusiastic applause.

I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. The new serial, "Who was Paul Grayson?" by Mr. Habberton, is excellent. Many of the incidents remind me of some I myself have witnessed. I remember the school-boy fights, and the teasing of new scholars. The other stories are also very interesting, and the jokes are sometimes capital. I like the cuts very much, and I hope both those and *YOUNG PEOPLE*—may it flourish for a long time!—will always remain as nice as now.

---

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I wish to tell the boys and girls that take this beautiful little paper about our sesquicentennial, or the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Baltimore. On Monday, October 11, the procession illustrated the history of Baltimore. In one wagon was an Indian scene, to represent Indian life. In another wagon was a large vessel with men in it in early Spanish costume, to represent Christopher Columbus and his crew. The Corn Exchange had several wagons, two of which were very amusing—one had a large bull in it, and the other a great ugly bear, which walked restlessly around the pole to which it was chained. A florist was represented by a beautiful garden, with trees, flowers, and grass, and right under the tree a funny little monkey was tied. It jumped all about, and looked very cunning, for it was very small.

Among the tableaux was a representation of Neptune drawn in a shell by two dragons in the water. Of course it was not real water, but it looked exactly like waves. At the other end of this wagon was a mermaid, half out of water. It was a very beautiful scene. Every trade was on parade, and some were working in their wagons. The butchers were making sausages, and throwing them to the people, and the bakers threw cakes and biscuit. The procession was ten miles long, and it was five hours passing a given point.

On Tuesday all the different societies, and the public and private school children, were on parade. All the houses and stores and public buildings were decorated with black and orange—the colors of Maryland—and with the American flag. The city looked very bright and beautiful. I am very proud of being a Baltimore girl. I am thirteen years old.

JESSIE H. L.

---

COOPERSBURG, KANSAS.

The first thing I read when my little paper comes is the Post-office Box. I live on a big prairie. I have a pet kitty, and lots of chickens and turkeys.

ADELLA T.

---

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

I wish some little girl would give me a good recipe for johnny-cake. My father has offered a prize to my sister and myself for the best johnny-cake.

MARY G.

---

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since my seventh birthday, which was the 15th of March. I like it very much, and I want papa to take it another year. I like the "Story of George Washington."

I have two little brothers, Fred and Walter. Fred is four years old, and goes to a Kindergarten. Walter and I go to the public school. We have a velocipede and a rocking-horse, but no live pets.

LOUIS EDWIN E.

---

GRANVILLE, WISCONSIN.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much indeed.

My brother Allie and I are raising two calves. Their names are Rosa and Jim, and now when we call them they will come running.

The other day I found some very pretty stones. I carried them in the house and put them in a tumbler filled with water, and set them in the sun. If any little girl wishes to do this, a large-mouthed bottle will answer as well as a tumbler; and if the stones have bright, pretty colors, and there are some arrow flints scattered among them, the effect when the sun shines on them is very beautiful.

ROSE C.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

Mamma, Georgie, and Frank went fishing down to the Point yesterday, and Georgie caught two smelts and a crab. Frank also caught two smelts, but while they were in the basket a crow came along, and took them both off.

JAKIE T.

---

LAKE VIEW, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

I have a great many dolls, and I have a pet parrot that is very fond of me. He can not talk very much, but he will learn. I had a pet cat, but it got lost.

GRACE D. C.

---

COLLAMER, NEW YORK.

I am taking YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am delighted with it.

I have two pet cats, and I have some house plants. This summer there were some small insects at work on their roots. I wish some one could tell me what they were.

I am taking music lessons, and like to practice very much.

I have quite a large collection of birds' eggs.

BERTHA G. M.

---

PREAKNESS, NEW JERSEY.

I have three old rabbits and two young ones. I used to have twenty-six, but I sold some and lost some. Rabbits have very interesting habits. Sometimes they sit up on their hind-feet and wash their faces with their fore-feet.

I am trying to make a fresh-water aquarium. I had a fresh-water lobster, two lizards, and some minnows, but they all died. Can you tell me how to take better care of them?

JUDSON S. T.

We can not give you any fuller directions than are contained in the papers on aquaria in YOUNG PEOPLE, Nos. 42 and 43.

---

MAYERSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

I have never written to the Post-office before, but now I wish to say how very much I like this valuable little paper. I only commenced taking it myself with No. 41, but before that I borrowed it from a friend. I can not tell you how much I enjoy it. I believe I liked the story called "Moonshiners" best of all.

I live on the Mississippi River in a very pretty little town.

GERTRUDE P.

---

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am so much obliged to YOUNG PEOPLE for all the stories and poems.

I wish all the children could see my parrot. She is the wonder of the age. Every one that comes to our house is convulsed with laughter at her laughing, crying, singing, and talking. She is very impudent; and after imitating any one, which she does capitally, she will roar with laughter, and cry out, "Oh, Polly, how funny!" Sometimes she swears. Then she laughs again, and cries, "Oh, you bad Polly!"

Will you tell me of some books of fairy tales for older children? I think the story of "Photogen and Nycteris" was lovely.

MAY.

There are a great many books of fairy tales which even grown-up children enjoy very much. *The Rose and the Ring*, by Thackeray, is delightful. Miss Johnson's *Catskill Fairies*, relating how they amused a little boy who was blocked in by a snow-storm, is a very fascinating book. Then there are the fairy-books of Laboulaye and Macé, *Puss-Cat Mew*, *Queer Folks*, *Tales at Tea-Time*, and other books by Knatchbull-Hugessen. *Alice in Wonderland* is also very entertaining; for although it is the most absurd nonsense ever written, we pity the person too old to enjoy it. *The Snow-Queen*, and other fairy tales by Hans Christian Andersen, are charming books for readers of any age.

---

ACCORD, NEW YORK.

The Post-office is a mile and a half away from where I live, but I get YOUNG PEOPLE every Tuesday,

and I can hardly wait for it. I learn ever so much from it.

I have a little brother Henry, four years old, and a little sister Eleanor, who is ten months. She is a great pet. My papa has two mills here, and he is very busy, but he devotes a great deal of time to our comfort and enjoyment.

MOLLY C. D.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I have seen so very many letters about pets in the Post-office Box that I thought I would write the story of a poor, lone, forlorn chicken a friend of mine had.

This chicken was orphaned and thrown upon the tender mercies of this world at the tender age of two days. Jet discovered it, and brought it into the house. She fed it, and every night wrapped it up in a flannel rag, and put it into a snug corner near the stove, and took it out again in the morning. At last it grew so large Jet considered it in the way, so one night she took it out to roost with the other fowls on the grape-vine trellis. The next day Jet found her Majesty waiting to be fed as usual, and every night she had to lift her up on to the trellis. This continued about a month, when Jet's patience gave way, and the poor chicken was beheaded.

I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. The stories I have liked the most are "Photogen and Nycteris," the series by "Jimmy Brown," Bessie Maynard's long-worded letters to her doll, and "Who was Paul Grayson?"

BERSIA.

---

I have a collection of twelve hundred and fifty postage and revenue stamps, and I would like to exchange with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE residing in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, or in any part of Canada. Correspondents will please give the number of stamps in their collection.

H. A. BLAKESLEY,  
54 West Eighth Street,

Topeka, Kansas.

---

I have no pets, but I have the dearest little brother that ever lived, and I am going to have a present of a kitty. I like "The Moral Pirates" and "Who was Paul Grayson?" very much.

I will gladly exchange flower seeds with Grace Denton, as I live very far West.

LAURA C. MARSHALL,

Greeley, Colorado.

---

We have been pressing a great many autumn leaves and ferns, and would be glad to exchange them for flower seeds with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Correspondents will please mark the name plainly on each package of seed.

BESSIE G. and ELIZA B.

BARTLETT,

Greensburg, Green

County, Kentucky.

---

I have a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with Harry Gustin, Eddie De Lima, Horace C. Foote, or with any other readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Correspondents will please send a list of stamps they have to exchange, and of those they would like in return.

E. M. DEVOE, P. O. Box

159, Mount Vernon,

Westchester County,

New York.

---

Will "Wee Tot," or some other subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE, send me some sea-shells in exchange for feathers of the white crane and of some other wild birds? I have also a petrified buffalo's tooth which I will exchange for shells or quartz.

THEODORE PATCHEN,  
Herman, Grant County,

Minnesota.

---

I am collecting stamps, postmarks, and shells. I have to exchange a good many Greek stamps and some shells.

ANDREW GUNARI,  
Care of P. Gunari, New

Rochelle, New York.

---

I enjoy knitting lace very much, but I would like some new patterns. I have two that are wide, the oak-leaf and Normandy, and one that is narrow and very easy. I will be glad to exchange any of these for something new.

A class of the pupils in this school have just listened to "The Moral Pirates," and enjoyed it very much.

ALICE C. LITTLE,  
Institution for the Blind,

Janesville, Wisconsin.

---

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any of the readers of this interesting paper. I have some very rare stamps to exchange.

FRANK F. RICE,  
109 East Seventy-ninth

Street, New York City.

---

I like to read the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

I have three kittens, and a canary which is very tame. I go to school, and am taking drawing lessons.

I will exchange postage stamps with any of the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I am ten years old.

ARLINE M. SKIFF,  
37 College Street, New

Haven, Connecticut.

---

I would like to exchange eggs, copper ore, postmarks, and stamps for coins or Indian relics.

S. B. FOSTER, Knowlton,

P. Q., Canada.

---

HENRY R. H.—Yale College was chartered in 1701, and in the autumn of that same year the school was opened in Saybrook, Connecticut. It was removed to New Haven in 1716. In the first years of its existence it was known as "The Collegiate School of Connecticut," but in 1718 the name was changed to Yale College, as a recognition of gifts of valuable books and considerable sums of money from Elihu Yale, who was a native of New Haven, but who left his birth-place when a boy, and resided all his life in either London or India. He amassed great wealth, and was for some time Governor of the East India Company. He died in London in 1721.

[Pg 31]

LEWIS D.—In early numbers of the Post-office Box, especially in No. 5, are directions for the care of a pet tortoise. And in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 27, in the article entitled "A Letter from a Land Turtle," you will find interesting facts about the habits of these creatures.

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ROBERT G. S.—Rabbits, as a rule, obtain all the moisture they require from the leaves of lettuce, cabbage, and other succulent plants upon which they feed. They like bread or cracker soaked in milk, and we have known rabbits that would drink water, but it is not supposed to be required by the little beasts when they are in a healthy state.

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MINNIE W.—Vancouver Island was named from Captain George Vancouver, a British naval officer, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first and second voyages round the world. In 1790 he was put in command of a small squadron, and sent to take possession of the Nootka region, then in the hands of the Spaniards. The island which now bears his name was surrendered to him by the Spanish commandant Quadra in 1792. Vancouver was instructed by the English government to institute a search for a northern water connection between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans after taking possession of Nootka, but he was

unable to discover what many navigators before and after him sought for in vain. It was not until 1850 that the Northwest Passage was finally discovered by Sir Robert McClure. Captain Vancouver died in England in 1798.

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JENNIE C. A.—The cover for *YOUNG PEOPLE* is strong, and very prettily ornamented. It is not self-binding, but any book-binder will put it on for you for a small charge. See answer to C. B. M. in Post-office Box of *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 53.

---

DUDLEY.—The standard value of the foreign coins about which you inquire is subject to slight variation in the United States, but as used in the computation of customs duties on January 1, 1880, it was as follows: Chilian peso, or dollar, ninety-one cents; Peruvian dollar, eighty-three cents; Norwegian crown, twenty-six cents; India rupee of sixteen annas, thirty-nine cents; Brazilian milreis of one thousand reis, fifty-four cents; Austrian florin, forty-one cents; German mark, twenty-three cents; Turkish piaster, four cents; Italian lira, nineteen cents; Russian ruble of one hundred copecks, sixty-six cents. We have not given the fractions of a cent, which in business transactions are added to the above amounts, for as you are simply a coin collector, we do not think you will require them.—The Spanish silver "quarter," the "elevenpence," worth twelve and a half cents, and the "fi'penny-bit," worth six and a quarter cents, were in general circulation in the United States, especially in the West, about forty years ago. These coins were marked by the two pillars of the Spanish coat of arms, between them the two castles and two lions rampant of Castile in a shield surmounted by a crown.

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"*YOUNG SAILOR*."—The first light-house of which there is any record in history was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus about 300 B.C. It was a tower on which wood fires were kept blazing at night. It was built on Pharos, a small island in the bay of Alexandria, and was one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It is an interesting fact that the modern French and Spanish names for light-house—the one being *phare*, the other *faró*—still preserve the memory of the island where the first attempt at sea-coast illumination was located. The ruined tower in Dover Castle, England, erected about A.D. 44, is claimed by some authorities to have been built for a light-house, upon which an enormous wood fire was kept burning.

The light-house on the southern end of the island of Conanicut, at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, is said to be the oldest in the United States. The present structure is comparatively modern, but the first one was erected in 1750, and for nearly one hundred years previous a watch-tower with a beacon fire had existed at the same point.

This light-house bears the odd name of Beaver Tail. The southern portion of Conanicut Island is shaped something like a beaver, with its tail pointing southward, and in early times it was known by that name, the two extremities being called head and tail.

Previous to 1789 the few light-houses existing in the United States were maintained by the States in which they were situated, but from that date the expense was assumed by the general government, and in 1791 the first light-house under the new law was erected at Cape Henry. There are now nearly six hundred and fifty light-houses, lighted beacons, and light-ships on the coast and waters of the United States.

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JACK NEMO.—If you paid a year's subscription to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, you will receive your paper until January, 1881. Subscriptions may begin with any number, and the paper will be sent the length of time for which the subscription is taken, without reference to the beginning or close of a volume.

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Favors are acknowledged from Frank L. L., Joseph Henry C., S. V. B., A. R. Reeves, Lloyd Elliot, "Bo-Peep," Mary Burns, Hattie Venable, Bertha M. Hubbard, Nellie M. S., Amy L. O.

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Correct answers to puzzles are received from Nellie Brainard, Jennie C. Ridgway, "Jupiter," G. Dudley Kyte, A. H. Ellard, Alfred C. P. Opdyke, George M. Finckel, G. Volckhausen.

---

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 51.

### No. 1.

C-hestnut.  
E-lm.  
D-ogwood.  
A-sh.  
R-ose-wood.

### No. 2.

B H  
FLY DOE  
BLOOD-HOUND  
YON END  
D D

**No. 3.**

I R I S R A C E  
R O S E A C I D  
I S L E C I T E  
S E E R E D E N

**No. 4.**

Lemon.

**No. 5.**

P A R T N E R  
G O R G E  
F E E  
N  
A T E  
S T O I C  
L E O N A R D

---

**PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.**

**No. 1.**

**DIAMOND—(To Bolus).**

1. A letter. 2. To loiter. 3. A plant. 4. The kingfisher. 5. Merrily. 6. Shy. 7. A letter.

ZELOTES.

---

**No. 2.**

**EASY SQUARES.**

1. First, an easy seat. Second, to unfold. Third, measures. Fourth, insects.

S. F. W.

2. First, a quantity of wood. Second, scent. Third, a girl's name. Fourth, a cart.

C. H. McB.

---

**No. 3.**

**HOURLASS PUZZLE—(To Zelotes).**

A city in Great Britain. A city in India. A city in Switzerland. A lake in Scotland. A letter. A city in Germany. A city in France. A city in Russia. A city in Asia. Centrals read downward spell the name of a port on the Mediterranean Sea.

OWLET.

---

**No. 4.**

**ENIGMA.**

My first is in Paris, but not in the Seine.  
My second is simple, but not in fool.  
My third is in Frankfort, but not in the Main.  
My fourth is in labor, but not in tool.  
My fifth is in trouble, but not in grief.  
My sixth is in fortune, but not in fate.  
My seventh is in robber, but not in thief.

My eighth is in malice, but not in hate.  
My ninth is in gymnasium, furnished with ropes and bars.  
The secret of my whole is hid in sun and moon and stars.

TOM.

---

## CHARACTER TREES.

1. What is the sociable tree?
2. The tree where ships ride?
3. The languishing tree?
4. The chronologist's tree?
5. The fisherman's tree?
6. The tree warmest clad?
7. The tree that fights?
8. The housewife's tree?
9. The lazy tree?
10. The dandy's tree?
11. The tree that supplies wants?
12. The tree that invites to travel?
13. The tree that forbids to die?
14. The tree always near in billiards?
15. The Egyptian plague tree?
16. The tree in a bottle?
17. The tree in a fog?
18. The busiest tree?
19. The most yielding tree?
20. Tree neither up nor down hill?
21. The tree nearest the sea?
22. The tree that binds ladies' feet?
23. The tree cockneys make into wine?
24. Tree that warms cold meat?
25. Tree offered to friends when we meet?
26. The treacherous tree?

---

## THROWING LIGHT.

BY E. MASON.

I am white, I am black, I am all colors save blue, green, and purple, and all lengths, yet when I am grown I am of uniform size. I run with great swiftness, but have no motion of my own; am carried round by my possessor, and worn according to the taste of my owner. I don't know how I can be worn, though the outer covering of me is put to some use, I believe. I am very hard to tame, though gentle and timid, yet I submit to being pulled, tied, cut, dressed, burned, without rebelling; in fact, I might be called inanimate, though I never cease growing; but the truth is, in a year I attain my full growth.

I am excellent eating, and esteemed a delicacy, yet should I make my appearance in the food of a delicate person, or even of anybody, disgust would certainly ensue. I can be dressed according to fancy, though there is but one way of cooking me; still, I do not need cooking, except when taken from my natural place: then I am baked to preserve me; but I am only cooked to be eaten, not preserved; and as to dressing me, my garment must be taken off before I can be made palatable, and that I never am, for I can't be chewed or swallowed, though lovers of me declare me to be a toothsome morsel.

Men hunt and persecute me, yet they do not like to be without me, and are very apt to feel when I leave them that it is a sign of age. I can belong to people in two ways—either by inheritance or by purchase; when in the latter manner, every one tries to conceal the fact, and pretend that I am a gift of nature, though extravagant sums are paid for me, as there are fashions in me in color, and I am often dyed, though that process would render me worthless and unmarketable.

Soft and silky, fine and coarse, harsh and wiry, of a sleek coat, running on four legs, having no legs at all, capable of suffering and being killed, a theme for poets, having no feeling of pain, yet dying, I am a part of man, yet an animal.

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## HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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**TWO MOTHERS.**

**NELLIE. "Annie, the season has commenced,  
and we must fix up our children's party  
dresses."**

## **THE WONDERFUL DRAWING LESSON.**

**BY G. B. BARTLETT.**

Many years ago a very funny pantomime was performed by the Ravels, or some other talented actors, that astonished every one who saw it, and no one could guess how it was done. We propose first to give a sketch of the action of the scene, and then to describe a very simple manner of doing the trick upon which it depends. By careful attention to the description any boy can prepare it in a few hours in such a way that it can be often used for home and hall, and will give as much pleasure in preparation as in performance. The pantomime requires an old man, an old woman, and a stupid boy—the latter it is often easy to find in any family. The old parts can be assumed by young people, as they can be made venerable by powdering their hair with flour. They must borrow their grandfather's and grandmother's clothes, if possible, but the boy can wear an old dressing-gown, and the girl a long skirt trained over her own dress, looped up at the sides with bows of ribbon; she should have an old-fashioned bonnet, or a broad hat tied down to resemble one, a kerchief, and a cane. The boy should borrow a suit of a smaller boy that is too short and tight for him, and should brush his hair down over his eyes, and wear a paper ruffle around his neck. The boy who wears the dressing-gown or old dress-coat should also have a palette, brush, a piece of chalk, and some other artistic implements with which to decorate the room, which can be very prettily arranged if for a public performance. The most conspicuous object is a large blackboard, standing on the floor at the rear of the room, behind which another boy is concealed, and upon which all the mystery depends. The artist is discovered walking around the room in a nervous manner, as if expecting a pupil. A knock is heard, and he admits the lady, who salutes him with an old-fashioned bow in response to those with which he greets her. She leads in the boy by the hand, who hangs back, as if very bashful. She puts her hand behind the boy's head, and compels him to bow to the artist, of whom he seems afraid.

The mother consoles him, and persuades him to look at some pictures which the artist shows him. The boy expresses great interest, and the artist points to the blackboard, as if offering to teach him to draw. The boy seems eager to begin, and seizes a piece of chalk from the table. The artist takes the chalk from him, and pats the palm of his left hand with three fingers of his right, to signify that he wants some money. The mother pays very unwillingly, and the artist keeps demanding more, until she shakes her head very forcibly, and points to the board, as if refusing to pay any more money unless she is satisfied with her son's progress in art.

The boy is then furnished with chalk, and the artist holds up a pattern before him, and points from it to the board. The boy slowly draws the face of a man on the top of the board, near the centre. The mother seems much pleased, and claps her hands, in delight. The boy goes on with his work, and finishes the body, with the arms extended, and the artist then demands, more money, which the mother refuses, when the arms which have just been drawn move up and down with violent gestures, and the mother becomes so much alarmed that she pays him, and the arms then remain still. The boy goes on with his work, and draws the two legs of the figure, which is supposed to be facing the audience.

At the completion of the work the mother and boy contemplate it with wonder and delight, and the artist renews his demand for more money, which the old lady refuses. The right leg then kicks out violently, the other does the same toward the left, the arms go up and down, and the chalk man thus appears to be alive, and to be dancing a jig, as the movements of the legs and arms increase in speed, although they can only swing up and down on the board. The mother and son hold up their hands as if struck with horror, and the former rushes out of the room, pulling the boy by the arm. The artist follows, demanding more money, and the curtain falls.

The blackboard is made of any smooth board painted; the arms and legs of the figure are cut out in outline of common pasteboard, and are fastened to the blackboard by a peg, upon which their weight is balanced, and upon which they move. The limbs are moved by means of bits of black thread attached to them, and

passing through small holes in the board to the boy behind it. They are fastened on after the board has been painted, and the whole is made of a uniform dull black with common paint, so it does not show when the light is between it and the spectators.

The boy may make the figure of the man in any style, taking care only to match it to the limbs, the outline of which he draws on the edges of the pasteboard profiles. A little practice will enable the performers to arrange animals and other figures on the same plan, to the delight of themselves and their friends.



**OPENING OF THE FALL HUNTING SEASON—LITTLE TOMMY'S NIGHTMARE  
AFTER A BUSY DAY SETTING RABBIT SNARES.**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, NOVEMBER 9, 1880 \*\*\*

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