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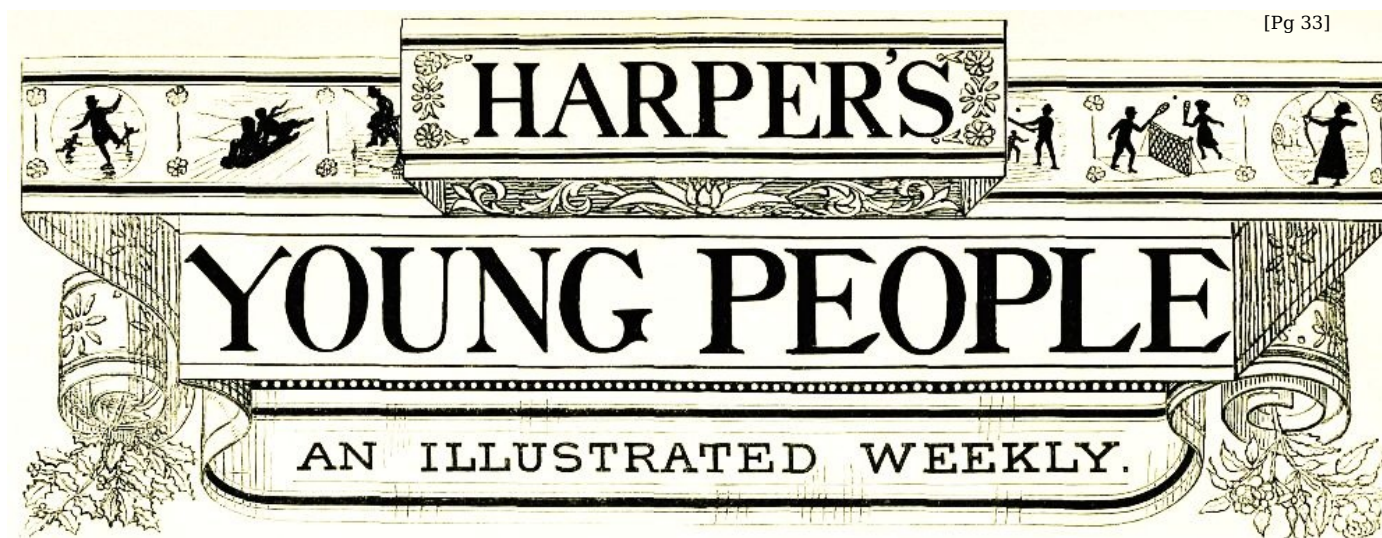
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IN THE WOODS.

THE FOX-SKIN COAT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"It's a dark night, Jenny," said Dr. Putnam to his wife, as he tied on a pair of coarse socks over his boots.

"Dark and cold too, David," said Mrs. Putnam.

"Don't fret, little woman. I've been out in many a worse. I only spoke of it because I doubted whether or no I should take the lantern; but I think I will, since it won't be lighter before I come back."

"Sam!" called Mrs. Putnam, and a curly dark head was thrust in at the door, "fetch father the lantern; light it first."

The Putnam children were trained to prompt obedience. Sam was almost sixteen, but he made neither delay nor objection. When he brought in the old-fashioned tin lantern you saw that he was a tall boy, with an earnest, pleasant face. He followed his father out of the door, hung the lantern by the side of the wagon seat, and tucked in the worn and ragged buffalo-robe as carefully as possible. His father nodded and smiled as he drove off. Sam stopped a moment to inspect the weather: the air was bitter enough, and not a star to be seen.

"Father'll have an awful cold ride," he said, as he re-entered the house; "the wind's northeast, right in his face, and everything is frozen up hard and fast."

"Poor father! he has a hard time winters," sighed Mrs. Putnam.

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And indeed he did. A country doctor's life is hard enough; day and night he must drive, in all weather and all seasons; nor does there come to him a time of rest and vacation, for people are always ill somewhere. Dr. Putnam had even a harder time than many others, for the district where he lived was among the hills and forests of upper New Hampshire, where roads were rough, winters bitter, inhabitants few, and doctors scarce. But he had a wife and three children to support, and he could not help himself. Besides, he was a hardy, brave, kindly man, and no night was too stormy, no road too long, if sickness called him. He had always been well till the year before, when an attack of pleurisy took hold of him sharply, and warned him that flesh and blood can not endure more than a given amount of exposure.

All this went through Sam's curly head as he mended the fire in the stove, brought in wood, and then went over to the next neighbor's after Mary Ann, his sister, two years younger than he, who had gone out to take tea. Teddy, the baby of the family, was asleep long ago. Mrs. Putnam still sat by the fire knitting when the children came back, rosy, cold, and laughing.

"Oh, mother, it's awfully cold," said the girl. "I'm so sorry father's gone 'way out to Accomac!"

"Mother," said Sam, "Joe Allen says when he was down to Haverhill last year he saw a man driving stage who had a big coat on all made of fox-skins: wouldn't that be perfectly splendid for father?"

"Yes, indeed, Sam. My father had one; he gave it to Uncle John when he got command of that whaler I've told you about, the *Emmeline*."

"I wish he hadn't," said Sam. "It's down at the bottom of the sea now; and if you'd had it, just think how warm father might have been!"

"No 'ifs,' Sam; you know we don't allow that little word here."

Sam laughed, and went after his old tin pail of butternuts, and the hammer and stone; but while he cracked them he was thinking very hard indeed, and inside his curly head a plan blossomed which in due time fruited. The little village of Ponds, on whose edge Dr. Putnam's homestead and small farm stood, was

nestled in the very heart of the New Hampshire hills. Five miles off a railway ran from the mountains to the sea-board, and there was a station nominally belonging to the town of Sabatis, which lay at least a mile and a half beyond. Ponds, however, was so shut in by the hills that nobody would have suspected a railway near it, except when the south wind brought a shriek of the whistle now and then. North of it lay higher hills, and real mountains miles away, while long stretches of wild forest harbored bears, foxes, even now and then a wild-cat, sometimes a deer, and plenty of smaller game.

Sam had been learning to shoot this summer that was just past, and had become a fair shot. More than one partridge had helped out the meals at home, and many a rabbit pie, for he was skillful also at snaring; but he had never tried his hand at larger game. Now, he thought, if only he could kill foxes enough, his father might have a coat. It is true, he had no hound, and he really did not like to go alone fox-hunting; for although he was no coward, the hills were full of precipices, and the woods of windfalls, where, if his gun should accidentally go off and injure him, or his foot slip on a dangerous edge, he might lie till death came without possible help; and his father had taught him long ago the difference between courage and recklessness—taught him that no man has a right to throw away his life or carelessly risk it. Sam had the best sort of courage, that which is considerate and calm.

But when he had thought over the matter till he fell asleep, and woke up still busy with it, the dawn seemed to have brought counsel: he remembered old Peter Dupont, a Canadian coal-burner, who lived in a shanty half way up Pine Hill, had a pair of fine hounds, and was said to be one of the best hunters about the village. Sam knew him very well; he had gone up to the shanty many a time with medicine from his father when Pete lay sick with a fever, and he had carried gruel and custard and beef tea from his mother as the old man grew better. It was from him Sam had learned all his tricks of woodcraft, and he remembered now how many fox-skins he had seen nailed against the outside of the little shed—skins that Pete sold at Sabatis when he was out of a coal job, and thereby provided himself with many a bag of meal and kit of salt pork.

But Sam must get his mother's consent before he could go hunting with Peter, and it took much coaxing, and many representations of how much his father would enjoy such a coat, to induce her to set aside her fears, and say yes to his repeated prayers. It was harder for her, because both she and Sam did not wish to have the Doctor know anything about it till the success came—if ever it did.

"But, Sam dear," said Mrs. Putnam, "have you ever thought how you shall get it made? Even if you get the skins, it will take a good deal of money to pay for lining and making and all."

Sam's face fell. "I never thought of that, mammy dear; but I am sure there'll be some way. You know what father's always saying—'God helps those that help themselves'; and I'll help myself as hard as I can, and you'll see if there doesn't come a way."

Mrs. Putnam stroked the curly head fondly; she would not say a word to disturb that honest, child-like faith. Perhaps it taught her a lesson, for she was naturally a doubting, grieving woman.

And, to be sure, the very next day the way Sam looked for was opened. A man drove over from Sabatis with an Irish girl who wanted the Doctor to pull a tooth out, for Dr. Pomeroy had gone to New York to see his dying father, and there was no one nearer than Dr. Putnam at the Ponds. But he had gone to the minister's to see a croupy child, so the girl sat down by the fire to wait. As she looked about, her eye fell on a long soft garland of the coral ground-pine which Sam had brought in the day before.

"Sure an' isn't that splendid!" she exclaimed.

"Did you never see any before?" asked Mrs. Putnam.

"'Deed an' I did. I seen it to Bostin—heaps av it; they brings it in from the counthry before Christmas-time, in big wreaths an' strings, an' sells it be the yarrrd surely, twinty-five cints for a yarrrd, an' it tied no bigger 'n me arrm, to hang up in churches an' houses. An' scarrce it is, too, for there's so many wants it."

A thought flashed across Mrs. Putnam's mind: it was the last day of October now; bitter as the cold was, there would probably be yet many thaws and days of sunshine before winter came, and the hills about them were fairly carpeted with these beautiful trailing evergreens. She gave her idea to Sam in a private interview, and he was greatly pleased with it; then they took Mary Ann into their counsels, and the matter worked so nicely among the three that by the time Sam had killed his first fox there were set away in the cellar two large rough board boxes filled with wreaths, crosses, and coiled lengths of garland beautifully tied by Mrs. Putnam, who had a natural taste for such things. Some were all of the soft coral pine, rich and velvety; some of the lighter ground-pine, darkened with clusters of the white-veined pipsissewa at even distances; and some wreaths were made of glittering kalmia leaves alone, others of all the sorts mixed together, while one or two crosses of tree-pine were set with snow-white bosses of the wild amaranth—"life-everlasting"—a store of which Mary Ann had picked when it first budded, intending to use it for home decorations. These boxes were sent by an obliging neighbor to the Sabatis station, and from there as freight to a cousin of Mrs. Putnam's mother, who kept a variety store in Boston, as specimens, the arrangement having been previously made with him that he should exhibit and dispose of these, and receive orders for others.

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It was very lucky for Sam's projects that his father was a doctor, and absent from home three-quarters of the time.

Sam's first fox was a triumph; it repaid him well for a cold and anxious day's work; and as he helped Peter nail the handsome skin against the shed it seemed to him an easy task that lay before him, but he did not find it so. The evergreen business was far more successful: the beautiful and graceful decorations found a rapid market; orders flowed in; Mrs. Putnam and Mary Ann got up early and sat up late to fill them; Sam drew the boards from the saw-mill, sawed them into lengths himself, and nailed the slight boxes together; but this was all he could do on frosty days, though whenever it thawed he worked bravely at gathering the greens and plucking the kalmia boughs; but the foxes were his own peculiar work: he must divide the glory and the gift of the coat with mother and Mary Ann, but after all it was he who would shoot the foxes.

Yet the foxes did not care to be shot by him; his patience and his strength almost gave out as week after week the cunning animals eluded his search and evaded his fire. It was the last week in December before he shot another, and that happy day two fell before him. It was not easy work at all. The long tramps through snow and rain, the treacherous windfalls, the cold winds and freezing mists, were not pleasant accompaniments; but they did not daunt him.

In the mean time the golden returns of their labor had come to mother and Mary Ann. Twenty-five dollars had been sent by Cousin Jakeway, and were carefully hidden away in a cracked tea-pot under the paper of

nutmegs.

In January, Sam shot two more; but the first week in February, as he was standing on a high and icy rock watching for a big gray fox to leave her den, into which the hounds had tracked her by another entrance, where Pete was stationed, in a moment of careless excitement he leaned too far, slipped, and lay helpless at the foot of the rock, with his left leg doubled under him, just as the old fox darted out, actually brushing his cap as he lay senseless. Peter heard no report of the gun, and hastening to see why Sam had not fired, found that his leg was broken, and he badly bruised all over. Luckily it was not far to the shanty, and Pete, by aid of a long light hand-sled he used to fetch wood on, contrived to get the boy on his own bed, and restored to consciousness, before he went for the Doctor.

But Sam could not be moved. And as he lay there day after day his father wondered why he did not mend faster: he was low and feverish, could not sleep, and evidently fretted. Dr. Putnam thought he was homesick.

"He don't get well, Pete," he said to the old man, shaking his head. "I think he is fretting for home."

A sudden gleam lit the old fellow's dark eye, but he said nothing till the Doctor was gone; then he went in to Sam. "Ho! ho! I ketch you, mine boy! The Docteur he say you fret. I tink an' tink why; then I have idea. Oh, you one big fool, mine boy! You tink, 'I get not mine fader skins for coat.' Ho! ho! you tink old Pete forget dat leetle boy fetch tings so much time to him long ago? Pollidge, pill, sweet-stuff, tisane, soups? No, Pete remember. Dem fox-skin I shoot is for Sam, just so many as he want; all, if coat want all. Now you get well, sar, pretty quick, eh?"

Sam turned his face into the pillow and cried. Forgive him—he was weak; but he got well rapidly now, and when the next November came mother and Mary Ann and Sam made a solemn presentation of the long handsome fox-skin coat to Dr. Putnam. The Doctor looked at it with astonishment and genuine pleasure. It meant more to him than any of them knew, for he had already had one secretly endured pleuritic twinge. Then he put it on, and turning round and round, surveyed himself, and looked up with a smile.

"I can't be cold in this," he said, with a sort of thrill in his voice; "but there's something about it more warming than the fox-skins."

"ALICE" AND THE WOLVES.

Nearly fifteen years ago, when the far West was much more wild and unsettled than it is now, a little party of seventeen men were travelling through the almost unknown Territory of Arizona. They were the remnant of a government exploring party that had originally numbered fifty members; but some had been killed by the Indians, and others had turned back at Santa Fe, dreading to face the unknown dangers of the approaching winter amid the mountains of Arizona.

In this party was one boy—a smooth-faced, brown-haired lad, barely sixteen years of age, who had left his home in New England fired with the ambition of seeing life on the plains, and who had joined the explorers in Kansas. Although effeminate-looking, he was a stout-hearted fellow, as merry as the day was long, and a universal favorite with the other members of the party. His appearance was in such contrast to that of the bearded men in whose company he was that it seemed to them almost girlish, and he had—partly on this account, and partly because one of the party declared that the boy looked enough like his sweetheart, Alice Mason, of St. Joe, to be her twin brother—been from the outset called "Alice," to which nickname he had at first made strong objections, but to which he now answered as readily as to his own, which was Charlie Adams.

The little party were now nearly two months out from Santa Fe, the month was November, and the weather in the mountains to which they had penetrated—the Sierra Madre—was growing very cold. At night, when the camp was quiet, great gaunt mountain wolves would come down into the valleys, and sneak about as close as they dared, in hopes of finding something to eat; or they would go off to a little distance, and, sitting on their haunches, point their long noses high in the air, and give vent to the most dismal and blood-chilling howls. These sounds would be taken up by the coyotes, which were always hanging about near camp, and which would join in with a chorus of quick barks, ending in a prolonged wail, and these sounds would be echoed and re-echoed from the hills and mountains until the night would be full of the most horrible yells and howlings imaginable.

One very cold evening camp was pitched beside a beautiful spring known as Agua Fria, or cold water, that bubbled up from the bottom of a narrow valley filled with great Norway pines, and hemmed in by tall mountains. Although there was no snow on the ground in the valley, it had already reached more than half way down the mountain-sides, and the wild animals that lived up them had been driven down, so that in the valleys wolves were more plentiful than usual, and they began to howl around the little camp almost before the tents were up. "Alice" had often wished, as he lay at night shivering under his thin blankets, and listening to the howlings of the wolves, that he had two or three of their thick warm skins to roll himself up in; but there had been too much work to do for the men to devote any time to wolf-hunting, and "Alice" had not been allowed to go out alone after them. This evening, however, the wolves were so much more noisy than usual that the attention of the men, who sat smoking their pipes about the roaring camp fire, was attracted to them, and "Alice" thought it a good time to put in his plea for some wolf-skins. His friend, old George Waite, a giant of a man, who acted as carpenter and blacksmith to the party, listened patiently to him, and told him that if he could get some arsenic from the doctor he thought they could manage to get hold of some wolf-skins before long. The doctor had in his chest a quantity of arsenic that he used for preserving the skins of rare birds and beasts, of which he was making a collection, and he willingly gave a small package of it to "Alice," though with many cautions as to its use.

Taking the heart and lungs and some other portions of a deer that had been killed that afternoon, old George rubbed over them the arsenic that "Alice" brought him, until half a dozen pieces of meat were thus prepared. Then he made a torch of a long sliver of pine, the end of which he split, and into the opening thrust a quantity of birch bark. This torch flared up with a brilliant blaze as he lighted it at one of the fires and handed it to "Alice." Old George then gathered up the pieces of prepared meat, and he and "Alice" scattered them along the banks of the stream about a quarter of a mile from camp. Having thus set their trap, they retraced their steps somewhat hurriedly, as their torch had burned itself out, and already

stealthy footfalls could be heard on the dry leaves very unpleasantly near to them.

At the first break of day "Alice" had turned out, and waking old George, the two started off to gather up their wolves. They were surprised, on nearing the place where they had left the poisoned meat, to hear the sound of voices and see smoke curling above the bushes.

"Step lightly," said old George; "let's see if the wolves have gone into camp, and are cooking the meat we so kindly left them."

The two crept cautiously forward, until they could peer through the bushes into the open space where they had left the meat the night before; and "Alice" started and almost uttered an exclamation as he saw, not an encampment of wolves, but of Indians, within a hundred feet of where they were crouched. He and old George could hardly believe their eyes, for Indians rarely travel after night-fall, and there had certainly been none there the evening before.

But there they were—a dozen men crouching over two very small fires that they nearly hid with their blankets, and two squaws preparing breakfast. "They are Navajoes," said old George, who had lived long in the Indian country, "and they are at peace with the whites now; but I don't think it would be very safe for us to go unarmed into their camp."

Hardly had old George said this in a whisper to his companion, when, with an exclamation of dismay, "Alice," who had been watching the movements of the two squaws, sprang from his concealment, and rushing up to one of them who was just lifting a large piece of meat to her mouth, dashed it from her hand with a quick blow.

Old George followed after him, and was beside him in an instant.

The women screamed, and in another moment had scuttled away into the bushes, leaving the two men surrounded by a group of angry Indians, who had gained their feet and their weapons at the first alarm.

"It was the poisoned meat, George," gasped "Alice," "and she was just going to eat it."

As both old George and the Indians could talk Mexican, an explanation was soon made and understood. Their opportune appearance probably saved the lives of all the Indians, and averted the war that would have certainly followed had this band of Navajoes been destroyed.



"ALICE" SPRANG FROM HIS CONCEALMENT.

KITTY WON'T PLAY.



Kitty, dear Kitty, I want you to play,
For I'm awfully lonesome when sister's away;
They've sent her to school, and I really would cry
If I were not ashamed when my dollies are by.

You are not as good fun as you once were, you know,
Poor Kitty; you're growing too lazy and slow;
But spring for my ball; let us have a good race;
You'd like it, I'm sure, I can tell by your face.

And here is a bit of such nice sugar-cake,
So sweet, Kitty—try it; 'twon't make your teeth ache.
No? Well, then, I'll eat it, and you shall have meat
If you'll scamper and frisk on your four pretty feet.

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER X.

RECAPTURED.

On the morning after Benny Mallow's party hardly a boy started for the brook or the woods. This was not because the dissipation of the previous night had made them overweary, or too heavy and late a supper had induced headaches, or the party itself had to be talked over. Each of these reasons might have kept a boy or two at home, but the real cause that prevented the majority going about their usual diversions was fear of meeting the escaped counterfeiter. Where the information came from no one thought to inquire, but the report was circulated among the boys quite early in the morning that the criminal was armed with two heavy revolvers that some secret confederate had passed through the window to him, and that he would on no account allow himself to be captured alive.

This story justified the stoutest-hearted boy, even if he owned a rifle, in preferring to keep away from any and all places in which such a person might hide, but the story seemed afterward to have been only half told, for as it passed through Napoleon Nott's lips a bowie-knife, a sword-cane, a bottle of poison, and a long piece of a prison chain were neatly added to the bad man's armament, so no boy felt ashamed to confess to any other boy that he really was afraid to venture beyond the edge of the town.

"You can never tell where such fellows may hide," said Sam Wardwell to several boys who had gathered at the school wood-pile, which was a general rendezvous for boys who had nothing in particular to do. "I've read in the police reports in the New York paper that father takes of policemen finding thieves and murderers and other bad men in the queerest kind of places. They're very fond of hiding in stables."

"Then I know one thing," said Ned Johnston, promptly—"our hens may steal nests all over the hay-loft, and hatch all the late chickens they want to, to die as soon as the frost comes, but I won't go inside of our barn again until that man is found."

"And I'll stay out of our stable," said Bert Sharp, "though it is fun to go in there, sometimes, when a fellow hasn't anything else to do, and tickle the horse's flanks to see him kick."

"You ought to be kicked yourself for doing such a mean trick," said Charlie Gunter. "Where else do they hide, Sam?"

"Oh, all sorts of places," said Sam—"sometimes inside of barrels. And just think of it! there's at least twenty empty barrels in the yard of our store, besides a great big hogshead that would hold six counterfeiters."

"Perhaps he's in that hogshead now, with his confederate," suggested Charlie Gunter. "Can't we all get on the roof of the store and look down into it?"

"I won't go," said Ned Johnston, very decidedly; "they might shoot up at us."

"One fellow," continued Sam, "was found buried just under the top of the ground; he just had his nose and mouth out so he could breathe, but he had even those covered with some grass so as to hide them."

"How did he bury himself?" asked Canning Forbes.

"The paper didn't say," answered Sam. "I suppose his pals dug the hole and covered him up."

"My!" exclaimed Benny Mallow. "I won't dare to go out into the garden to gather tomatoes or pull corn for mother." [Pg 38]

"Perhaps he's behind that very fence," suggested Napoleon Nott. "I had a book that told about a Frenchman that laid so close against a fence that the police walked right past him without seeing him, and then he got up and killed them, and buried them, and—"

"Keep the rest for to-morrow, Notty," suggested Canning Forbes; "but put plenty of salt on, so it won't spoil. We've got as much of it as we can swallow to-day."

"I wonder why Paul don't come out?" said Will Palmer.

"He isn't at home," said Benny; "and Mr. Morton is very much worried about him, too; but I told him that he needn't be afraid; that Paul could take care of himself even in a fight with a counterfeiter."

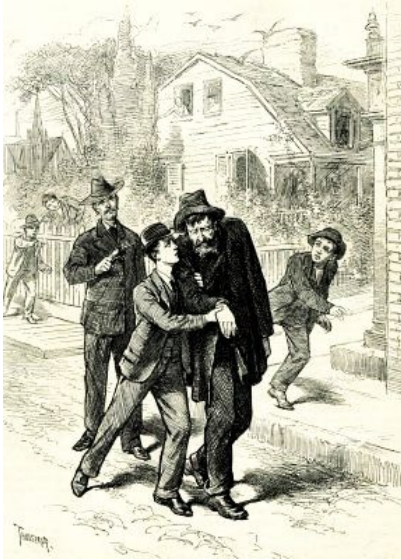
"Good for you, Benny!" exclaimed Will Palmer. "If Paul only had his rifle with him, I'd back him against the worst character in the world. But say, boys, while we're lounging about here the fellow may have been captured and brought back to jail. Let's go up and see."

All that could be learned, when the jail was reached, was that the Sheriff had sworn in ten special deputies, and these, with the Sheriff himself, were scouring the town and the adjacent country. The Sheriff had wanted to make a deputy of Mr. Morton, for men who were sure they could recognize the prisoner at sight were very scarce; but the teacher had excused himself by saying he was not yet legally a citizen of Laketon. Mr. Wardwell said to two or three gentlemen that this was undoubtedly a mere trick to cover the teacher's foolish tenderness toward the prisoner whom he had visited so often, and some of the gentlemen said that they shouldn't wonder if Mr. Wardwell was right.

When dinner-time came an unforeseen trouble occurred to the boys: they could not go in a crowd to dinner, unless some boy felt like inviting the crowd to take dinner with him, and no boy felt justified in doing that unless he first asked his mother whether she had enough for so many; so the party divided, each boy retaining his trusty stick, and going with beating heart past every fence and wood-pile behind which he could not see.

Benny Mallow had just reached home, with his heart away up in the top of his throat, and stuck there so tight that he was sure he could not swallow a mouthful, no matter how nice the dinner might be, when he

saw, crossing his street, and at least a quarter of a mile away, three people, one of whom he was sure must be Paul. He shaded his eyes, looked intently for an instant, and then became so certain that it was Paul, whom he felt himself simply dying to see, that he forgot his heart and his dinner, and even the danger that might lurk in any one of a dozen places by the way; he even dropped his stick as he sped away as fast as he could run. By the time he reached the place at which he had seen the men the party was two squares farther to the left, and Benny was panting terribly; but as he now saw that it was indeed Paul whom he had seen, he continued to run.



**PAUL AND THE
COUNTERFEITER**

After gaining considerably on the trio, however, Benny suddenly stopped, for he noticed that one of the three carried a pistol. What could it mean? Could it be?—why, yes, certainly; the man was one of the deputy-sheriffs, and the man beside whom Paul was walking—holding by one arm, in fact, as if he were dragging him along—must be the prisoner.

Benny was no longer afraid. Paul, he was sure, could protect him against at least six desperate criminals if necessary, even without the help of a deputy-sheriff with a pistol. "Mister," gasped Benny, as he overtook the officer, who walked a little in the rear of the others, "did—Paul—oh, my!—did Paul—catch the—the prisoner?"

"No, Benny, no," exclaimed Paul, who had looked backward on hearing Benny's voice; "I hadn't anything to do with catching him."

"He would have done it, though; I'll bet a hundred to one he would," said the deputy, "if he had met him before I did. I don't believe that boy knows what it is to be afraid."

"Of course he doesn't," said Benny, proudly.

"Benny," said Paul, "come around here by me; don't be afraid."

Benny obeyed, though rather fearfully, for the prisoner, with his face rather dirty, and bleeding besides, was not an assuring object to be so close to.

"Benny," said Paul, "don't you go to telling the boys that I had any share in catching—in catching this man. You know how such stories get about if there's the slightest excuse for them."

"I won't," said Benny; "but I can tell that you helped bring him in, can't I? because you're doing it, you know."

"Don't say that either," Paul replied. "I'm not helping at all—not to bring him in, that is. The man is very tired; he's been in the woods all night, lying on the ground, and he's had no breakfast; he is weak, and I'm helping him, not the Sheriff. Don't you see how the poor fellow leans against me?"

"Yes," said Benny. Then he dropped his voice to a whisper and said, "Would you mind telling him that I'm sorry for him too, even if he did—"

"Tell him yourself," said Paul, quickly. "And go on the other side of him and give him a lift."

Benny obeyed the last half of Paul's instructions, but the strangeness of his position made him entirely forget the first part, and he was wicked enough to wish that, as they reached the more thickly settled part of the town, people who saw them might think, if only for an hour or two, that he and Paul, two boys, had caught the dreadful counterfeiter. And his wish was gratified even more than he had dared to hope, for suddenly they came face to face with Ned Johnston, who gave them just one wondering look, and then flew about town and told every boy that the prisoner had been caught, and that Paul and Benny did it.

Arrived at the jail, the deputy pointed with his pistol to the still open door.

"One moment, please," said the prisoner. "Boys, I am very much obliged to you. Will you shake hands?"

He put out his hand toward Benny as he spoke, and Benny took it; then he gave a hand to Paul, and Paul looked him straight in the face so long that Benny was sure he was going to make certain of the man's looks in case he ever broke loose again and had to be followed. Then the man went into his cell, and Paul stood by until he saw the three great bolts securely shot, after which he and Benny went together toward their homes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Our Father, from the heaven's bright dome
Look down on us this day;
Hallowed Thy name, Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done alway.
Give us this day our daily bread,
Forgive, as we forgive,
And let our hearts be also fed,
That we in Thee may live.
Into temptation lead us not;
Deliver us from ill;
May life's hard trials be forgot,
Or borne as Thou dost will!
O lend us of Thy strength to bear
The burdens Thou dost send,
That we break not beneath the care,

Enduring to the end!
For Thine the kingdom is, and Thine
The glory and the power;
While day by day our lives decline,
To meet the mortal hour.

THE ROVERINGS AND THE PARADE.

[Pg 39]

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

The family had just moved into apartments on the Avenue; that is, they had one room in Mrs. Smilley's tall and narrow boarding-house, the window of which looked out on the most fashionable street in the city. The two Eds slept in a trundle-bed that in the daytime could be pushed out of sight underneath the big bedstead. So everything was very neat and compact.

It was the year of a Presidential election, and one morning at breakfast Mr. Roving looked up from his paper to remark, "My dear, I see there's to be a torch-light procession to-night, and—"

"Oh my! what fun!" cried Edward, dropping his fork into his coffee-cup, and stirring vigorously in his excitement. "It'll go past here."

Edgar too was preparing to exclaim joyously as soon as he should become rid of the potato he had in his mouth, when Mr. Roving suddenly made a severe gesture of disapproval, and said, "No, no, my son, we must not look at it; it is in honor of the other party."

Thus that point was settled, and the two Eds tried hard all day to forget there was going to be a parade in the evening, and to console themselves with the promise that they should be taken to a country circus some time next summer.

Mrs. Roving entirely approved of her husband's honorable resolve, and that night saw that the blinds were closely drawn, and the trundle-bed pulled out promptly at nine o'clock.

The Eds, in spite of their circussy anticipations, wore rather long faces as they prepared to retire, and both Mr. and Mrs. Roving, in their parental kindness of heart, felt glad as they reflected that the uproar of the procession would probably be made at so late an hour as not to awaken their obedient darlings.

The fond father, indeed, even went so far as to add to the already tempting next summer's programme the promise of purchasing five cents' worth of pea-nuts before the show began.

Under this soothing treatment the two Eds presently dropped off to sleep in the most obliging fashion possible, and their elders were congratulating one another on the dark spot their window would make in the general illumination, when there came a knock on the door, and callers for Mrs. Roving were announced.

The horrified lady gave one glance at the card, which read "Hon. Fielding Rollup," and another at the trundle-bed, and then she and Mr. Roving bent down and shoved the latter out of sight, with the Eds still sleeping peacefully within it.

The next instant the visitors were ushered in, consisting of the whole Rollup family, father, mother, and five children, and as the latter at once made for the window, it speedily transpired what they had all come for—to see the parade!

Mr. Roving grew quite pale as this conviction was forced upon him, for the Rollups were large purchasers of Roving & Co.'s fire-works every July, so it would never do to offend them. And yet how could Mr. Roving be so disloyal to his own party as to have his window not only thrown wide open, but full of enthusiastic spectators of the other party's procession?

In the midst of these dismal reflections there was another knock at the door, and the Boxes "just dropped in," as they expressed it.

Fortunately there were only three of them; but Master Freddie Box proved to be a whole family in himself, for while the rest of the party—eleven in all, including Mr. and Mrs. Roving—kept edging nearer and nearer to the window, he occupied himself in exploring every nook and corner of the room in search of fire-crackers. He peered into the vases on the mantel-piece, crawled under the sofas, looked behind the fire-screen, and tilted everything movable in the apartment.

Meanwhile the hands of the clock had crept around to nearly ten, the street below swarmed with surging crowds, and every time a shout arose the seven Rollups and the two Boxes all tried to put their heads out of the window at once, while Mr. and Mrs. Roving were obliged to content themselves with a fine view of the latest style in back hair.

It was during one of these false alarms that a cry from young Master Box attracted the general attention within-doors.

"Robbers! thieves! murder!" he shrieked, withdrawing his hand from under the bed, from whence there now began to issue the most dismal succession of howls.

"The Eds!" exclaimed Mr. Roving.

"The trundle-bed!" moaned his wife, and at that moment the parade began to appear.

Meanwhile the two Eds had been released from their odd prison-house, and were staring about them with wondering eyes.

"Is it the circus?" queried Edgar, seeing the crowd in the room and hearing the music in the street.

"Where are the pea-nuts?" demanded his brother; but as at that instant Mrs. Roving recovered, and bethought herself that her sons were still in their night-clothes, they were hurried behind the screen to be dressed.

It appeared on examination that the only reason the two Eds had not been smothered outright was that the mattress in the trundle was a very thin one, having, in fact, been expressly manufactured for a boarding-

house, and thus there was room for enough air to come in over the sides to keep breath in the boys' bodies until Freddie Box woke them up.

But now everybody's attention was turned to the street again, for torches were waving wildly, boys shouting, men cheering, and the crowd pushing in a way that everybody loves to watch.

The young Rollups, who were not particularly little if they were young, hung half out of the window in solid double layers; then behind them, and clutching their sacks and jackets to prevent accidents, were the Honorable and his wife; next stood Mr. and Mrs. Box, each very short, trying to see over the shoulders of Mr. and Mrs. Rollup, who were both very tall; and in the rear of them tip-toed Mr. and Mrs. Rovering, who had by this time overcome their political scruples, and were now trying by every possible means to obtain a glimpse of the reflection from a lantern or to spell out a word now and then on a banner, which by dint of dodging to look under this one's elbow, over that one's head, and around another's arm, they sometimes succeeded in doing.

As for Freddie Box and the two Eds, they would never have known whether it was men or kangaroos that were parading if a brilliant idea had not suddenly presented itself to the ever-active brain of Master Fred. This he made haste to confide to his young hosts, whereupon they all three hurried off down stairs, and presently came staggering back with a tall step-ladder, which they proceeded to set up behind the crowd at the window in stealthy triumph. Then they quickly scrambled to the top, where they had such a magnificent view of everything that Box junior could not refrain from giving vent to a crow of delight.

At the same instant there was a louder shout than usual in the street below, and Mrs. Box, in her absorbing curiosity to know what was going on, turned to see if there was anything upon which she could stand, when her eye fell on the step-ladder. And then, as another round of applause was given by the throng, she mounted to the step below the Eds in a flash.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! zip, bang, boom!" went the procession until nearly midnight, and the group at the Roverings' window looked and cheered and screamed and waved their handkerchiefs until the last torch zigzagged out of sight. Then they all turned away, and discovered Mrs. Box on the step-ladder. [Pg 40]

"Come, my dear," said her husband, when he had overcome his astonishment, "it's time we were going;" but no sooner had Mrs. Box made a movement to descend than the step-ladder creaked so terribly that she declared it would fall if she did not remain perfectly quiet.

Mr. Box begged and entreated her to come down, but she obstinately refused to move hand or foot lest she should precipitate her boy to the floor.

"I care not for myself," she affirmed, "but for him—and them," indicating the two Eds.

"Let Freddie creep around you and come down first," finally suggested Mr. Box, looking quite wild with despair and sleepiness; but this too proved of no avail.

What was to be done? Here it was past midnight, the house was being locked up, Mr. and Mrs. Rovering were yawning, and the trundle-bed waited to be filled.

Still the fact remained that the step-ladder had creaked, and Mrs. Box vowed she would remain where she was until broad noon before she would bring down her son and her friends' sons with violence to the floor.

"Look! look, somebody!" cried Freddie. "I guess another p'rade's coming."

That was sufficient. Mrs. Box went down the ladder even quicker than she had gone up, rushed to the window, and stared up and down the street. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Freddie, hustling the two Eds in front of him, descended to the floor with such speed that just as the three were clear of it the step-ladder tottered and fell with a crash.

Master Fred's drums turning out to belong to a section of the paraders moving homeward through the next avenue, the Boxes speedily hurried off in that direction, leaving the Roverings to settle for the broken step-ladder and give their landlady notice that they had decided to move into back rooms on a side street. [Pg 41]



THE STORY OF VICTORIA CROSS.

HOW "QUIET QUENTIN" WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

"So you want me to tell you something about the Victoria Cross, eh?" said Private Jack Phillips, of the —th Lancers, as he sat over his bread and cheese outside the door of the "First and Last," amid a circle of open-mouthed listeners. "Well, I can just do that; for although I never got it myself (worse luck!), I've got a friend who did, only the other day; and he wasn't a soldier, neither, but only a sort o' clerk. Think o' that, now!

"There's a many different kinds of crosses, but I can only call to mind three or four just this minute. First and foremost, there's our own Victoria, made o' gun-metal (the guns taken in the Crimea, you know). There's a V to support the cross, which hangs from a clasp with two laurel branches on it; and upon the cross there's the English lion and crown, with 'For Valor' underneath, 'cause it's only given for some special feat o' bravery in presence of the enemy. The ribbon's red for the army, and blue for the navy; and there's a pension of ten pounds" (fifty dollars) "goes along with it.

"Then there's the Iron Cross of Germany, given for bravery in action, same as our own Victoria. Mr. Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent that you've all heerd of, got it in the war of 1870 for bringin' in a wounded German under fire. Then there's the French Cross o' the Legion of Honor, started by old Napoleon Bonaparty when he was a-fightin' against us; but that's given to painters, and writers, and inventors, and all sorts o' fellows besides soldiers. They say old Nap used sometimes to give the cross off his own breast to any man that he saw do anything werry good; and the man that got it was fit to jump out of his skin for joy.

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"Then there's the Rooshian Cross of St. George, the biggest of all their orders, which is more to any Rooshian soldier than if he'd been made a General. I've heerd tell of some battle where one o' them Rooshian Marshals, seeing his men giving way, pulled a lot o' these Georges out of his pocket, and shied 'em right in among the enemy, callin' out, 'Lads, who's for the Cross of St. George?' The minute his men saw *that*, for'ard they all went like mad, and swept the enemy all to nowhere. Pretty 'cute of the old chap, wasn't it? We found one of 'em on the body of a Rooshian officer that was killed at Balaklava; but none of us liked to take it, 'cause we thought that as he'd never have parted with it living, he ought to keep it dead; and so we just buried it with him. 'Twas a cross with all four sides equal, and the figure o' St. George and the Dragon in gold on a white ground, and very pretty it looked.

"But I was a-going to tell you about that man who got the Victoria Cross without bein' a soldier. You see, just before the Mutiny, a lot of us were quartered at a little place on the Upper Ganges called Huttee-Bagh. The chief of the station (who's like what a district magistrate 'ud be in England) had a young fellow for under-secretary whose father had run through all his property, and died without leavin' enough to bury him; so the lad had to come out to India and work for a livin'.

"Quentin Masterton his name was; it's one I won't forget in a hurry, nor my comrades neither. Some of our officers used to call him Quentin Durward, after that feller in Sir Walter Scott; but the most of 'em called him 'Quiet Quentin,' 'cause he was always so quiet and gentle that he seemed to have nothin' in him at all. But hadn't he, just? Wait a bit.

"Well, the Mutiny broke out, and one morning, first thing we knew, the whole place was full of sepoy, yellin' and firin' like so many madmen. Most of our men were killed before they knew what hurt 'em, and the rest of us fought our way down to the river, with the ladies in the centre, and got on board one o' them big rice boats that they have out there. But before half of us were aboard, a fresh lot o' the villains came howling down upon us, and we had to turn to and fight 'em again.

"*Then* you should have seen 'Quiet Quentin'!—he did the work of five men all to himself. When our two officers were killed, *he* led us on, and gave the black rogues sich a dose that they fairly turned tail and ran. Before they could rally again we were all in the boat; but she wouldn't budge, and then we found she was

hard and fast to a rope under the water.

"Quick as lightning Quentin Masterton jumps overboard, cuts the rope, and *shoves the boat away from him*, right out into the stream, just as another gang of the rascals came pouring down upon him. There was a crackle of musketry along the bank, and down went poor Quentin. We saw his head rise once, and then, bang! there came another volley, and down he went for good.

"*That* was a sore sight for us all, I tell ye. Some of the ladies cried outright, and we men felt the biggest cowards that ever was for lettin' him do it. But we soon had something else to think about, for all that night and all the next day we were drifting along, with nothing to eat, seeing the smoke of the burning villages all round us, and expecting to be attacked every minute.

"At last, by God's mercy, we fell in with a British detachment, which brought us safe across country to General S——'s division; and when we got there, whom should we see, all alive and jolly, but 'Quiet Quentin'?

"Sich a hurrah as we gave then you never heerd in your life; and we crowded about him, and nearly pulled him to bits, tellin' him that we'd all thought him dead.

"'Not a bit,' says he, laughing; 'there's plenty of life in me yet. You see, I dived as they fired at me, and then let my cap float up to the top, keeping myself well in the shadow of the bushes; and while they were peppering the cap I got off.'

"Just then the old General (who'd been listening with his eyes wide open) asked what all this meant; and when we told him he faces round on Masterton and says, quite angry like, 'Why didn't you tell me all this before?'

"'How could I?' says Masterton; 'twould be blowing my own trumpet.'

"'Well,' says the General, 'I'll blow it for you, and pretty loud, too. You shall have the Victoria Cross for this, my boy, as sure as my name's Richard S——.'

"And so he *did* have it, sure enough; and if you can find me any man that deserves it better, why, I'll be werry glad to see him, that's all."

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53, November 2.]

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

CHAPTER III.

We have now reached the fourth year of the Revolution. The British were getting ready to leave Philadelphia. Should the Americans allow them to march across New Jersey unharmed, or should they be followed, and, if possible, be beaten? Lafayette strongly urged that they should be closely chased, and that, if any chance offered, a battle should be fought. General Lee, a very able man, who was next to Washington in rank, opposed this idea. Washington sided with Lafayette, and sent him, with a strong body of men, to follow the British, and take the first opportunity to give them battle. Then Lee changed his mind, and wanted the command which the young Frenchman possessed. "My fortune and my honor depend upon it," he said, and the generous Lafayette gave up the command.

Lee managed badly. He retreated when he should have attacked, and ordered Lafayette to give way at the moment that the enemy was about to yield. Lafayette, angry and disgusted, sent word to General Washington that he was needed on the field. Washington galloped forward, took the command from Lee, reformed the troops, and won, after a hard day, the battle of Monmouth. From dawn till midnight Lafayette was in the saddle, now in the thick of the light, now attending by Washington's side, and when the battle was over, the two lay down under the same blanket, beneath the summer stars, and talked of the morrow. When the morrow came the British had stolen away, and all the comfort that Washington and Lafayette had was that though—through no fault of theirs—they had not stopped the enemy, they had rescued the American army from the jaws of defeat.

Then they turned their thoughts to the French fleet, which was on its way to the United States. Great hopes were felt that this, with the American army, could capture the British in New York. The Count d'Estaing, a brave and faithful man, was in command of the French. He was very much attached to Lafayette, and had a father's love and a soldier's admiration for the boy hero. He took greatly to the project of capturing New York; but the water was not deep enough at the entrance to the harbor to let his vessels enter. So it was concluded to undertake the capture of Newport, on Rhode Island, where the British had a strong garrison. Lafayette was sent forward with an advance guard to aid in the enterprise, and after a rapid march of 240 miles reached the point of meeting. Then commenced one of the most annoying and unpleasant chapters of Lafayette's experience in America. The French fleet sailed out of Newport to attack an English fleet which had just arrived. In the midst of the fight, when victory seemed sure, a heavy storm arose, scattered the French fleet, tore away masts and rudders, and left most of the vessels helpless. The Count d'Estaing was deeply chagrined, and was compelled to go to Boston for repairs to his fleet. Many of the American officers were angry at this. General Sullivan, in a general order, accused the French of having "abandoned" their allies. A protest against the course of Count d'Estaing was drawn up and signed by the American officers. Lafayette was indignant. He would not, of course, sign the protest. He declared to General Sullivan that the slur cast on the Count d'Estaing was a personal insult, and demanded an apology for it. This he obtained. Then he started for Boston, to try to prevent any ill-feeling there toward his countrymen. His letters to Washington at this time are very long, and full of grief and shame that his countrymen should have been so misunderstood. His feelings were expressed in the queerest of English, but they were very sincere. Happily, Washington shared them. Everything was done to keep the peace between the allies, and finally with success. While he was in Boston Lafayette heard that a battle was likely to take place at Newport, where the Americans had landed on the north end of the island, and were attacked by the British. Lafayette mounted his horse, and after riding eighty miles in less than eight hours, reached the field in time to take

an honorable part in the retreat which had become necessary. All further operations with the fleet appearing unlikely, he made up his mind to go back to France for a while to join the French army, and fight in the war which seemed about to take place on English soil.

A curious incident detained him. During the year 1778 Commissioners had come over from England to offer terms of peace to Congress. But no terms short of independence for the United States would be accepted. Lord Carlisle was the chief of the Commissioners. In one of his letters he warned the Americans not to trust the French, "whose perfidy was too well known to need further proof." Lafayette's fiery blood boiled at this insult to his nation. He straightway challenged Lord Carlisle to a duel. "I demand of you," he wrote, "an apology as public as was the insult. I hope to add to the glorious privilege of being a Frenchman that of proving to one of your nation that mine can not be attacked with impunity."

It was a foolish thing, this challenge. Lord Carlisle very properly replied that he was responsible for his public words only to his government. Washington, in the kindest manner, reminded Lafayette that the chivalrous spirit he had shown was a little out of date, and might make him seem ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men. Besides, even if the duel were to be fought, chance rather than courage often decided this sort of contests, and justice in no case was helped by the result. He could not bear to see a life risked which should be kept for greater and better service. And the brave old Count d'Estaing wrote earnestly to Washington to put a stop to this boyish adventure, and not to permit such a needless exposure of so precious a life.

Lafayette returned to France in the early part of 1779. He had left his country in disgrace, under an order of arrest for disobedience to his King. Even his friends had condemned his action as fool-hardy and useless. Nearly all his family had joined in bemoaning what they regarded as the ruin of a promising career by enlisting in a hopeless cause. He came back famous and honored. He had won high military rank, and had proved himself, in the words of the American Congress in parting with him, "wise in council, brave in battle, patient amid the fatigues of war." The hopeless cause he had taken up was on the point of victory, and the King who had ordered him to prison for joining it had become the open ally of the new nation.

Lafayette was welcomed with open arms, and though still but twenty-one, his advice was sought by both the American and French governments with high respect. Still ardently devoted to the American cause, he sought some opportunity to serve it. He planned first an expedition against the wealthy commercial cities of the English coast, in which he was to command the land-forces, and John Paul Jones, the gallant American sailor who was to be so famous, was to command the fleet. When this fell through, on account of the timidity of the French ministers, Lafayette proposed an attack upon Canada, but this also was a failure. Then, with characteristic independence and courage, he staked all his hopes on getting money, a fleet, and an army for the United States. He had been instructed by Congress not to ask for an army, for the Americans were afraid of the jealousy which foreign troops would excite. But Lafayette believed that a French army might arrive in the nick of time, and decide the result of the war. The event proved that he was right. He returned to America in April, 1780, a few weeks in advance of the French forces, of the coming of which neither the English nor the Americans had any suspicion. Then opened the last year of real war in the struggle for independence. Lafayette was to take a great part in its events, and of this we shall hear in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

BY C. H.

On the rug before the open fire sat Pussie, her head against her aunt's knee, her Skye in her arms—a picture of content. After a silence of at least two minutes she drew a long breath—so long that Aunt Kitty laughed, and asked her what the matter was.

With a good deal of hesitation the little girl answered, in a very sad voice, "Because it is almost time to go to bed."

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Because—because— I don't want to say."

"Then I will tell you why. Shall I, dear?"

"Oh, auntie, you don't know. You can not even guess why."

Aunt Kitty stooped over and whispered something, which had the effect of bringing Pussie on her feet, as she exclaimed, "Why! how did you know?"

"I once was a little girl myself, dear."

"Oh yes, I know; but then you never felt as I feel about the dark."

"Don't be too sure of anything, little one. What should you say if I told you that I found out your fear of the dark just because I used to feel as you do now?"

Still incredulous, Pussie shook her head, saying, "But when did it go away? You are not afraid of anything now?"

"Come here, and I will tell you," and taking the child on her knee, Aunt Katherine told her this little story of her own life.

"When I was a child I was as timid as a hare. I was very shy; I did not like strangers, and I did not care for companions of my own age. I was perfectly happy with my mother and father and my beloved dolls. Now you see you have the advantage of me, for you are not shy, you are fond of little girls and boys, and then, too, you have your dogs and your pony. Now I was so afraid of a dog that the sight of one, as far off as I could see him, filled me with such terror that I instinctively drew up my small legs, and then took to my heels. I was so afraid of a worm that I have gone a whole block out of the way to avoid passing one. I am afraid, Pussie, that I was a born coward, but nothing was so absolutely awful to me as the dark. A familiar

room was bad enough when unlighted, but one that was unoccupied was to me the most truly horrible place that could be conceived of. The windows, with their distinctly defined sashes, were one of the most frightful features to me, and I remember lying awake at night and seeing the four or eight white squares in the darkness, and trembling with fear—of what I did not know." And Miss Katherine heard a little murmur.

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"Oh, auntie, it always frightens me so! I am glad it frightened you too." And with a closer cuddle she said, "Please go on."

"Once my father spoke to me about it, reasoning with me most lovingly and tenderly, never uttering one word of ridicule or of reproach, telling me that no one else could help me in overcoming the dread of darkness, but that I might conquer it myself. I used to wonder if I should ever feel as he did about it, and be as brave as he was in every way.

"Some little time passed away, and when I was about seven or eight years old an idea flashed through my brain, and I will tell you what I did.

"It was just about this hour, between six and seven o'clock, and at this season of the year, when I made up my mind to explore the whole house in the dark. Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane (you remember I was telling you about them only last night?) could not have had a firmer conviction of the dangers they were braving than I had at that moment. 'The Dark' was quite as unknown a region to me as the north pole to them, and set thick with terrible risks and perils; but having made up my mind to do it, the possibility of retreat did not occur to me, for I remember I felt as if it were a sort of duty, a promise to my father; so I walked out of the room where all the family were sitting by the fire-light, and began to go up the first flight of stairs in the back part of the house—unlighted save by a ground-glass window, through which the hall lamp threw a dim light. I had made up my mind to begin with the worst, and went steadily up, one, two, three, four flights of stairs; the last led to the attic, divided into two rooms—the outer one finished but never occupied; the inner one unfinished, and each lighted by a window in the roof, and communicating by a little door, so low that, small as I was, I could not stand upright in passing through. In utter darkness I climbed the steep stairs, closing the door at the foot, and at last found myself groping my way into the inner attic through the door I have just described. Then on my hands and knees I crawled under the eaves, breathless and trembling; I left no corner unexplored. I remember going back more than once, to be sure that I had not 'shirked.' In this way I went into every room, crawling under every bed, which was an especial horror to me; I don't know why—do you, Pussie?"

"Oh, auntie, it is dreadful under the beds!"

"But what is it you are afraid of? Are you afraid that some one is concealed there who will hurt you?"

"No, indeed; I don't know *what* it is, but I always feel that *something* is hidden there, auntie—something awful."



EXPLORING THE ATTIC—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS.

"Well, Pussie, so did I, and as I crawled out from each bed I felt that I had had a narrow escape, expecting the next would reveal the dreadful thing. And all this time the windows seemed to grin at me; but I thought of my father, and of his telling me that I could 'conquer if I tried,' and I went on, closing the door of every room as I went in, going faithfully into every closet, and feeling with my hands under every piece of furniture which was not set close to the floor. It was such a long time to me! I felt as if I had not seen my father and mother for hours; but at last I began to feel that I was near the end, and I recall going back and exploring for the second time the unknown region under the last bed, because I felt in my heart that I had not been honest about it. I was conscious that the left corner nearest the window had not been *really* investigated. At last it was finished, and I can remember how I felt when I opened the door of the room where the others were laughing and talking, with bright lights and the fire—I can remember my bewildered feeling, as if waking from sleep, and the sensation of having been saved from something; and when my father put his hand out to me and drew me to his side, asking where his little girl had been all this time, and I cuddled up to him as you are doing now, dearie, I was so happy as I whispered back so softly that none of the rest could hear, 'I have been everywhere in the dark, under the beds and all.' I shall never forget the look he gave me as he drew me closer to him, and kissed me, whispering back, 'My brave little girl!' And when by-and-by my mother's lovely eyes beamed upon me as she stooped and kissed me, I felt quite repaid for all my distress; and, my darling, I never afterward suffered in the same way. Of course I had little thrills and panics, but lasting only for a moment. I could always send them away when I thought of my father's kiss. If I have any courage, it is due to my dear father's loving reasoning, to his patience and his sympathy."

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Both arms were round Miss Katherine's neck, and Pussie said, gently, "Auntie, I will try." And she did try, and did conquer her foolish fears so thoroughly that the dark has lost all its terrors for her, and a braver little girl can not be found in the country.

SEÑORITA CATITA MALTESA.

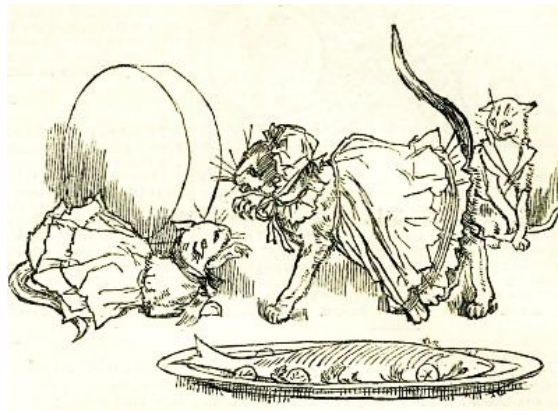
BY AMANDA SHAW ELSEFFER.



Señorita Catita Maltesa
Declared there was nothing would please her
But the daintiest mouse
To be found in the house,
And that anything else would but tease her.



Señor Don Tomaso Felini
And Señora the grand Grimalchini
Brought her cream in a dish,
But she only said, "Pish!"
With the air of a young Tigerini.



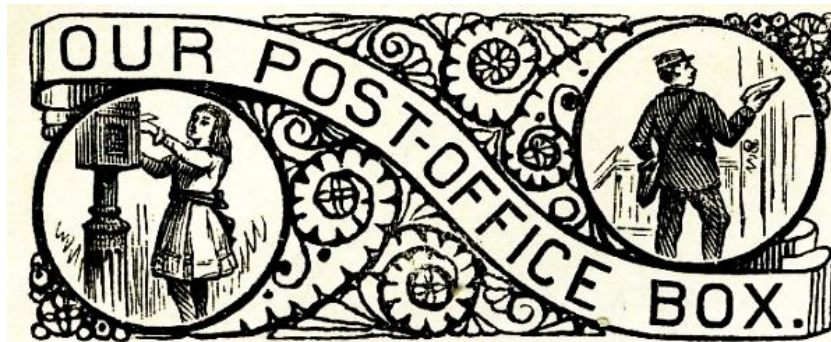
Then they fried her a salmon in batter,
And brought her a cheese on a platter;
But she laughed them to scorn,
And she bade them begone,
Or her nerves they would certainly shatter.



Then Señor and Señora were wroth,
And declared that from now and henceforth
Their cantankerous child,
Who had driven them wild,
Should have nothing but buttermilk broth.



But a knight of the house of Angora,
Who had long been Catita's adorer,
Took her home to his house,
Brought the daintiest mouse,
And gallantly placed it before her.



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SOUTH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am almost six years old. I had two lovely little kitties to play with this summer. Their names were Ringy and Daisy. Their mother's name was Diogenes Praxiteles Demosthenes Gosnold.

I have a velocipede and a railroad track. I almost cried when I heard about poor "Coachy's" fate. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am always going to take it. I sent it to my little cousin in Woonsocket for one year as a Christmas present, and he likes it too.

FRANK GETCHELL N.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

I have a pet kitty, and a bird named Cherry, but it does not sing.

A little baby friend of mine, when told that she must act like a little lady, said she was not a little lady, but only a girl.

MAY C.

ALLEGHANY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I love YOUNG PEOPLE. This year mamma paid for it, but next year I am going to pay for it myself. I

earned the money helping papa. We all enjoy it. I read it aloud to mamma while she is sewing. I like best the history of "Old Times in the Colonies," because it tells so much about my country.

I have no pets now, for my dog Beauty and my bird Jenny both died.

I am nearly ten years old, and this is the second letter I ever wrote to go by mail.

HOWARD K. M.

The following three letters are from three little boys, companion scholars, in a school at Evansville, Indiana:

I will be nine years old on Thanksgiving-day, and hope to celebrate my birthday by eating plenty of turkey and oysters.

We all brought a nickel to school, and had our teacher get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. We like to read the letters the little boys and girls write, and hope you will print ours.

JOHN A. J.

I am eight years old. I attend the public school, and am in the Fifth Reader, A grade.

Our teacher reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to us every Friday. We all fight for the paper when it comes, for the pictures are so pretty!

WILLIE H.

I love to read the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and we all love the stories.

I have a fine dog named Scout. He chewed up my hat. It was the only one I had, so mother gave me money to buy a cap. I also have a pet rooster, but he is sick. I gave him butter, as some one said it would cure him.

CHARLIE D. M.

MUSCOGEE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

We are twin sisters only nine years old. Our mamma and papa take HARPER'S WEEKLY for themselves, and YOUNG PEOPLE for us. We like it very much, but we like the "Jimmy Brown" stories the best of all.

We see a great many Indians here, but they never hurt us. We saw lots of blanket Indians go by when we were at Sunday-school this morning. Their faces were all painted red and yellow.

We go to school, and study algebra, arithmetic, English history, grammar, geography, Fifth Reader, and spelling. There are lots of tamed little Indians go to the school. They are a great deal better when they first come than they are after they have been here a while.

We have a great many ponies. We ride a great deal, and have lots of fun. We have no pets but our two little sisters and a black cat. Our little sisters' names are Edith and Millie. They are one and three years old. They are real cunning.

KATY and JESSIE W.

SMITHFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA.

The plant that Roscoe E. E. speaks of answers the description of the cotton-plant exactly. I am pretty well acquainted with cotton, for I live in the midst of a two-hundred-acre field, and sometimes go out with my brothers, and pick it for amusement.

MATTIE P.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I thought I would write and tell you what a sweet, lovely pet I have. It is a baby brother one month old. I am seven. I go to school, and I love to go very much.

Mamma reads to me in YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am going to have it bound.

EDWIN L. W.

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK.

We would like to tell Reba H. something that we think quite as odd as peach blossoms in September. On the 9th of October we had nine ripe strawberries brought to us from Columbia County, which grew out on the vines. On October 20 we picked from a vine hanging over the fence in our back yard a small china saucerful of beautiful red raspberries of a delicious flavor, and on the 26th of the same month nine more large ripe ones.

We are three little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, who are very anxious to find out who Paul Grayson is.

GERTY, WILL, and BERT.

ALDEN, MINNESOTA.

I send to subscribe to YOUNG PEOPLE for another year. I like it so much! especially "Old Times in the Colonies."

I live on a farm in this cold State. There is a snow-drift in our yard to-day (October 17) four feet deep.

I raised some early potatoes, and sold them to get money to pay for my paper. I have a nice Berkshire pig to sell. He is a real beauty.

I have a pony named Billy, and he and I have herded cattle part of every day this fall, but we can not to-day, because of the snow-storm.

I have saved all my papers, and mamma is going to put them in a cover for me. I am almost nine years old.

ARTHUR G. W.

MOUNT HOLLY, VERMONT.

I am a little girl four and a half years old. Only a few weeks ago I had a dear sister, who was, oh, so very kind to me! Now she is in heaven with the angels, and I am so lonesome I don't know how I can live. She was almost nine years old, and she used to be very happy when YOUNG PEOPLE came, and would read all the pretty stories to me, and tell me all about the pictures. We have had such nice times together it makes me cry to tell you about it. In one corner of our large yard we had a swing, and a little arbor close by among the lilacs and rose-bushes. All our mud pies we made there, and our two kitties, Pet and Jet, used to come every day to visit us. Rainy days we had a room up stairs where we played school, kept store, dressed our dolls, and did lots of other things. She used to play on the piano, and she taught me to sing a different part from what she sung. The last time she went to Sabbath-school she sung, "Suffer the children to come unto Me" all alone. I have ever so many things I want to tell you about her, but mamma is writing this for me, and it makes her cry so she can't see.

Papa is going to get a binding for all of Nenna's YOUNG PEOPLE, and have her name put on it. I am going to take it now. I want to thank all the boys and girls for writing such nice letters.

MABEL M. A.

DALLAS CENTRE, IOWA.

I want to tell the Post-office Box something funny that one of our hens did. We had an old hen that wanted to set in a box. In one end of the box our old cat had three little kittens. The old hen left her eggs, and would set on those kittens all the time. The old mother cat did not like that much, so she moved her kittens to another place. The old hen soon found the kittens, and set on them again. Finally the cat concluded she would not be imposed upon in that way, and she moved her kittens into a third place, where the old hen could not find them.

ALBERT D. S.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I have two brothers and two sisters, and we are very much obliged to Mr. Harper for publishing such a nice paper for us.

We have a rabbit and a duck and three chickens for pets. The chickens are very tame. They were hatched by artificial heat. So was duckie. I had a pretty white kid last year, but it grew too big for me to keep. I was born on St. Valentine's Day.

CAROLINE V. K.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

I have a little sister two years old, and I think there could be no nicer pet. I have a bird named Dick, and three kitties; but they have no names, because two of them are so much alike that I can not tell them apart.

I live near the mouth of the Saginaw River. I am twelve years old.

JESSIE M.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I dearly love to read *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Papa says he thinks it is just the best little paper for girls and boys he ever read, and so do I. I want very much to know if Bessie Maynard went to Europe and carried her doll Clytie.

Mamma's birthday is very soon, and we are all going to make her a present, but I can't think what my present to her shall be. I wish you would tell me something nice for a gift. I am eight years old.

FLORENCE D. F.

If you know how to embroider, even in plain cross stitch, work your mamma a pincushion cover with her initial in the centre, or some other pretty thing she can use. She will value the work of your little fingers a thousand times more than anything you could buy for her.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it was published, and think I shall take it always. I am ten years old. I go to school, but I have been sick this week.

I had three pets last summer: a pretty green parrot; a sweet, gentle ring-dove named Coooco; and Willie, my canary. All are dead now but Willie. I took good care of them, but they would die.

We have nice times now getting hickory nuts, and it is such fun to hunt them among the brown leaves. I am learning to ride. My horse is named Frank.

ISABELLE MCH.

MASSILLON, OHIO.

I am ten years old, and having no brothers or sisters I find a great deal of company, as well as comfort, in my dear little paper. I like every part of it. How I did enjoy reading the story of Bessie and her pet hen Coachy, although it made me cry. But I was not the only one in our house who cried over it. Then there is Paul Grayson. I can hardly wait to know more about him.

Last night, after ten o'clock, a company of boys passed our house making a great deal of noise and talking very improperly. I wished they had *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, so that they might find more pleasure in staying at home to read than they could find on the street.

MINNIE E. M.

I am making a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

York City.

LOUIS C. LEROY, JUN.,
226 Fifth Street, New

I would like to exchange foreign stamps, minerals, and fossils for other minerals and fossils.

Kansas.

ORMOND PERLEY,
P. O. Box 466, Emporia,

I have a lot of one, two, three, six, fifteen, and ninety cent Treasury Department stamps, which I wish to exchange for stamps of the Navy and Agricultural departments.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

R. L. PRESTON,
P. O. Box 327,

I would like to exchange petrified moss and iron ore with any correspondents for sea-shells or relics. I can get moss in three stages, when it is just beginning to petrify, when it is half petrified, and when it is wholly so. Correspondents will please mark distinctly anything they may send me, and state the locality from which it came.

Green County, Kentucky.

JOHN H. BARTLETT, JUN.,
P. O. Box 8, Greensburg,

I regret to inform the correspondents that I have lost my collection of stamps by fire, and will be unable to carry out the exchange I proposed in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53.

Boston, Massachusetts.

W. H. PIKE,
20 Edinboro' Street,

I would like to exchange postage stamps, both United States and foreign, with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

Collingwood,
New York City.

HERMANN BOEGE,
Care of Millard &
No. 7 Murray Street,

I have a large quantity of rare stamps and United States postmarks to exchange. I am very anxious to get good United States postmarks, but will exchange in any way to accommodate.

Falls,
York.

SUSIE C. BENEDICT, Little
Herkimer County, New

I am collecting birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with any of the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have eggs of the cat-bird, bobolink, goldfinch, Savannah bunting, and others. I am anxious to obtain eggs of the scarlet tanager, cardinal-grosbeak, brown thrush, fish-hawk, and woodcock. Correspondents, when answering, will please send a list of eggs they wish to exchange.

Box 338,
York.

JAMES R. BENTON, P. O.
Clinton, Oneida Co., New

I am making a collection of stamps, and would like to exchange with the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in Canada, British Columbia, Newfoundland, or in any part of the United States.

Kansas.

WILLARD CHURCH, Topeka,

I am a Brooklyn boy ten years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I liked the story of "The Moral Pirates" very much indeed, and I like "Old Times in the Colonies" next.

I would like very much to exchange postage stamps with any boy reader of YOUNG PEOPLE.

Brooklyn, New York.

ALFRED W. HASKELL,
33 Troy Avenue,

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have now about three hundred and sixty. I am twelve years old.

Massachusetts.

W. D. JUDD,
P. O. Box 56, Holyoke,

I would like to exchange foreign and United States postage stamps with any collector. I have about six hundred and fifty.

Massachusetts.

WILLIAM T. BERRIDGE,
P. O. Box 243, Boston,

I live in the country, and am very fond of trapping, at which I am very successful.

I have a young dog named Rover, and I think a great deal of him. He can hunt very well, for he is a hound. He was given to me, and he ran away twice, but I got him again, and kept him tied several days. Now he is used to staying with me, and does not try to run away.

I like the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am going to take it another year, for I do not know how to get along without it.

We had several snow-storms here in October.

I have written to some of the boys who offered to exchange stamps, and would like to exchange stamps and postmarks with any one. To whoever will send me four old coins, or fifteen stamps, I will send in return twenty-eight postmarks.

Lockport, New York.

FRANK A. HARMONY,
P. O. Box 1235,

I should like to exchange foreign postage stamps with any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE. Or I will give twenty-five foreign stamps, or ten foreign stamps and a piece of satin spar from Iceland, in exchange for two Indian arrow-heads or five birds' eggs.

Brooklyn, New York.

W. B. WYMAN,
108 Sixth Avenue,

I would like to exchange postage stamps for minerals. I also have about twenty varieties of eggs which I would like to exchange in the same way.

Connecticut.

LEWIS B. HILLIARD,
P. O. Box 208, Clinton,

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and enjoy reading the stories and letters. Sometimes I take it to school, and my teacher reads it to the scholars.

I will be happy to exchange mosses, ferns, or shells of California and the Pacific coast with any correspondent for those of the East.

EDITH DRENNER,
Santa Cruz, California.

Oxford,
Pennsylvania.

W. H. EMMERT, New
Adams County,

I have a fine collection of sea-shells, and petrifications of fish scales and other things, all gathered on the Pacific coast at Port Macon, Alaska, which I will exchange for foreign postage stamps.

West Virginia.

WILLIE B. PRICKITT,
Volcano, Wood County,

I live in the oil regions of West Virginia, and I have a lot of oil sand that came from eight hundred and seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth. It was taken from an oil-well. I will exchange one ounce of this sand for five foreign postage stamps, or I will give some of it in exchange for minerals, ocean curiosities, coins, or Indian relics.

I would like to exchange minerals with any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE.

Yates Co., New York.

"COMMERCIAL,"
P. O. Box 625, Penn Yan,

I am a little boy seven years old. I have a small black pony with four white feet and a white nose, and two yellow Cochin China chickens, for my pets. I have some postage stamps that I would like very much to exchange.

Edward Island.

I have some leaves which I would like to exchange for leaves from the South.

John Dryden,
Canada.

ANNIE DRYDEN, care of Mr.
Brooklin, Ontario,

I am twelve years old. I live near the Wissahickon.

I have a few English birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with some correspondent of YOUNG PEOPLE for Western or foreign eggs.

Walnut Lane,
Pennsylvania.

CHARLES HOPPER, West
Germantown,

I should like to exchange minerals with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. My brother and I have a cabinet. It is not large, but we hope to increase it. We have only about thirty specimens, but some are rare, such as lava from Mount Vesuvius. We have also some pressed flowers. We are making a scrap-book of natural history pictures. I am thirteen years old.

HARRY F. JONES,
St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I have two little eight-year-old sisters, named Lucy and Eleanor, but we call them Dove and Bly. And I have a little brother of six years. When YOUNG PEOPLE comes, it is given first to the one who has behaved the best during the past week.

Can you tell me how the Black Prince died? I have looked in several histories, but none of them state the manner of his death.

C. C. B. H.

There was nothing remarkable about the death of the Black Prince. He died in England in 1376, after a long and lingering illness, which is said to have been the result of exposure and overexertion during the campaign against the French. After the battle of Navarete in 1367, in which the Black Prince won a victory which restored Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Spain, he returned to his home in Bordeaux sick of an incurable disease, and four years later he resigned the government of Gascony to his brother, and returned to England, where he declared himself on the side of popular reforms, but his health allowed him to take but little part in public affairs. He was a very popular prince, and was sincerely mourned by the whole English nation.

ELSIE M. K.—Needles were undoubtedly the invention of prehistoric man, as they have been discovered among the oldest remains of human life. Some rude specimens, made of horse's bone, and evidently intended for sewing skins, were found not long since in a cave in France, together with other traces of primitive life. Needles have also been discovered in the oldest Egyptian tombs, and among the remains of the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. The date of the invention of steel needles is unknown, but judging from the rich embroidered garments described in ancient record, it would appear that fine needles, of steel or some other material, were in use at a very early period.

JOHN R. G.—An etching is an engraving on a hard metal plate, usually on copper. The plate is first covered with a thin coating of wax and asphaltum, which is allowed to dry. The etcher then makes his drawing with a fine point, called an etching needle, cutting all the lines through the wax coating to the copper. A weak solution of nitric acid is then poured over the drawing, which eats into the lines where the copper has been laid bare by the etching needle. The plate is then cleaned, and the wax coating melted off, when impressions may be taken, as from any other engraving. If the action of the acid has been imperfect, the plate may be finished by using what is termed the "dry point," a sharp-pointed steel instrument capable of making the most delicate lines on the surface of the plate. Pen-and-ink drawings are sometimes called etchings, simply because they resemble that peculiar style of engraving.

CORA E.—We fear you could not exchange living birds, especially in the winter season, as these delicate household pets are very sensitive to changes of temperature. If you can propose any safe way of effecting the exchange, we will gladly publish your request, provided you send us your full address, which this time you neglected to do.

ANNA and THOMAS.—By great patience and persistency you may succeed in teaching your pet crow to speak a few words, but the experiment is not often successful with the common American bird. The English raven is more easily taught to imitate the human voice.

BOB WHITE.—Gray's *Lessons in Botany* is much used in elementary classes.—The educational works on art by J. D. Harding, the English artist, are excellent drawing-books, and will also give you some idea of handling colors. There are several volumes in this series, but each can be bought separately.

A CONSTANT READER.—The recipe you require involves the handling of so many dangerous and explosive chemicals that we are unwilling to place it before our young readers.

BESSIE H. S.—Your first letter arrived too late for acknowledgment among others of its class, but your name was in the list of favors in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 26.

"MAB."—It is immaterial what kind of paper you use when preparing copy for printing, but it should be written only on one side.

FLORA D.—Transparent tracing-paper may be made by saturating any kind of paper with boiled oil, or oil and varnish mixed, or with a solution of colorless dammar resin in benzole. It may also be made so as to receive washes of India ink by varnishing ordinary writing-paper with Canada balsam dissolved in oil of turpentine. The sheets should be hung on a line to dry, and if not sufficiently transparent, a second coat of varnish may be applied.

MATTIE P., GRACIE S., LLOYD E., and OTHERS.—The puzzles with which you favor us are excellent, but unfortunately the answers are the same as those of puzzles which have already appeared in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and it will therefore be impossible to print them.

J. T. MORGAN and ARTHUR L. V.—We regret that we can not print your communications. If you will read the introductory note to the Post-office Box of *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 45, you will see that it is contrary to our rules to print letters offering stamps or other things for sale.

Favors are acknowledged from Lizzie Frenzel, G. Fuller, G. W., L. Waechter, Lizzie Burt, Lula M. Jay, William P. Anderson, Clara M. Greene, Henry Van Dusen, Allie Hughes, Fred Huntoon, C. H. T.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Isabel L. Jacob, W. H. Wolford, "Lamar, Mississippi," G. Volckhausen, G. Dudley Kyte.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

RHOMBOID.

Across.—An admirer. Pertaining to the government of the seas. Pleasanter. A mechanical help. What every street has.

Down.—A letter from Gil Blas. A preposition. A wagon. Calamity. Breeds. A man's name. A color. A prefix. Another letter from Gil Blas.

No. 2.**DIAMONDS.**

1. In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. A useful plant. A river in France. An insect. In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

ARISTOTLE.

2. In table. A fluid. A bird. Cunning. In table.

CASS (10 years).

No. 3.**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

A flowering shrub. A voracious bird. A color. Unvaried. Something often heard in a fortress. Harmony. Ferocious. Primals and finals spell the names of two spring flowers.

LUCY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 52.**No. 1.**

BABY SLAT
AREA LIFE
BEAR AFAR
YARD TERM

No. 2.

CAULIFLOWER
H EDITORIAL M
OD FALSITY NU
REP COSEY BEL
SCRM TIN AICT
EROUD L B CVRI
RECRIM I NATION
AMTAN F NOOLO
DEOL KEG RUOM
INR LARCH SGI
ST JACOBIN YA
H OBSCURELY L
IMPERSONATE

No. 3.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

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HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

I have been spending a portion of this autumn at the house of some old friends in the country. They are not exactly farmers, but they own a farm, so there were lots of cream and new milk, and fresh eggs and poultry, and red apples and nuts, and such country luxuries. I was paying them a long-promised visit with my wife, my two daughters, and my son. My friend's family consisted of himself, his wife, their son aged twenty, their daughter and her two children. Well, you see this made a pretty good party to start with. There were five of us and six of them—five and six are eleven.



Fig. 1.

Well, one evening we were seated round the table trying to amuse ourselves with dominoes, wiggles, and such things, when in came the young minister—a nice, amiable gentleman, whose cravat was generally twisted round to the back of his neck, but who reminded you somehow of a host of gentle characters in Dickens and Thackeray: Traddles, Dobbin, Toots, Mr. Dick, the Pale Young Gentleman (in *Great Expectations*), Tom Pinch, and several others.

Not that he was precisely like either of them, but there was an air about him which reminded you of some pleasant book. Well, he came in and chatted a little while, when another ring was heard at the door, and a party of neighbors announced themselves, all fresh and frosty, viz., two Misses Larkin, two boy cousins, and two young gentlemen visitors from the city. Now, indeed, we *had* a party—eighteen in all.



Fig. 2.

First we talked, then we asked some riddles, then we played games—the Bachelor's Kitchen and such like. Then there was a pause; perceiving which, one of the young men from the city whispered to one of the boy cousins, he whispered to the daughter, and they all slipped out of the room. Conversation was resumed. Presently the door was thrown open, and in hopped the queerest-looking bird that any one ever saw out of a nightmare.

"This," said the young man from the city, "is the celebrated adjutant bird of the East Indies. This bird is to be seen familiarly walking about the streets of Calcutta, where he is, in fact, the Street-cleaning Bureau, Board of Health, and Captain Williams all combined. There are no ash barrels there, no garbage carts, no nothing; he gobbles up everything himself. He will swallow a leg of mutton at one gulp, and as for tomato

cans, they are like strawberries to him. He can impale a man on his strong bill, and has done it before now—"

So went on the young man from the city, acting as showman, all the company roaring with laughter meantime, for the bird was irresistibly ludicrous, as you may partly judge by his portrait above (Fig. 3).



Fig. 3.



When they retired I went too, and saw how the bird was built, and this was the way they did it. First of all they procured a sheet of stiff brown paper, which they rolled into a cornucopia; then with a paper spill dipped in ink they marked on it a saw-like line to represent the mouth. Then they made a hole in the mouth, and passed through it a piece of picture cord; this was supposed to represent a worm or a snake (see Fig. 1). Then they fastened this cornucopia on the face of the boy cousin, as represented in Fig. 2. Then they procured a pair of yellow slippers, on which they pinned some slips of brown paper; these they put on the feet of the boy. Then they twisted a sheet around him, so as to hump his back and fill him out generally, and over this they fitted a rough gray shawl, which completed the bird, all except the eyes, which were

made out of two round pieces of paper, with inked eyeballs, and fastened into their proper places with pins.

We had lots of fun that night. I can not pretend to tell you all we did; but one or two things I must describe, because they are worth doing again. A sheet was procured from the daughter, and spread on the floor. Each of the two boy cousins was blindfolded, and had an apron tied around his neck like a bib; then each was provided with a long wooden spoon and a bowl of bran, and they were placed opposite each other, as represented in our picture, and told to feed each other with the bran, encouraged by the promise that if they each succeeded in getting a mouthful of the bran, they should receive a very large piece of cake by way of reward. The struggles of these two boys were funny to the last degree. We all laughed and laughed till our sides ached again.

Another performance of the evening, though less funny, was quite entertaining. One of the gentlemen from the city arranged a kind of proscenium in one of the doorways, as represented in our engraving, where he performed many simple tricks of sleight of hand and illusion. Among others he took two walking canes, and played on them as you would on a fiddle, producing all the notes of the musical instrument. He took a common lead-pencil, and whistled on it most perfectly; and a bell without a clapper, and rang it distinctly. This astonished the audience very much, but the secret was very simple: he had a confederate in the other young man from the city, who, concealed behind the scenes, with a real fiddle,

a real whistle, and a perfect bell produced the sounds, whilst his friend went through the motions in presence of the audience.

The illusion was perfect, and the trick is well worth trying at any little social gathering when you want amusement.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, NOVEMBER 16, 1880 ***

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