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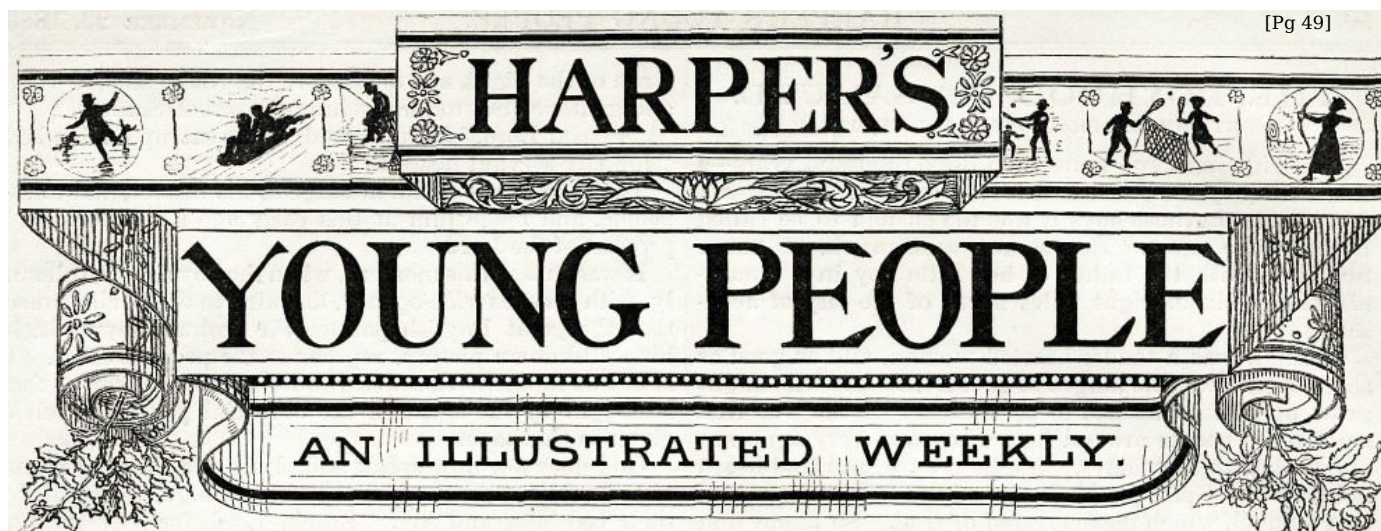
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LITTLE SAMUEL.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE BOYHOOD OF SAMUEL.

BY THE REV. BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, D.D.

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A long time ago—more than three thousand years—a little boy was born to a loving mother. She was a Jewess, and in those days it was the custom to be called by only one name. Her name was Hannah, or Anna. She lived with the father of her little boy in a mountain village six or eight miles north of the city of Jerusalem.

Hannah was a tender-hearted woman, and as good as she was gentle. She longed to have a little boy who might grow up and be trained to be a teacher of the true God among the people around her, who were very ignorant and wicked in those days. So she prayed, and God heard her prayer. Upon the birth of the little fellow she named him Samuel, which means *Asked of God*. So happy and grateful to God was this Jewish mother that she wrote a wonderful song, which has been preserved all these years, and may be still read in the Bible.

When her boy was two or three years old she carried him to the place where the people of the country met to worship God, where was the great tent called the Tabernacle, with its different coverings, of which we are told in the second book of the Bible, and where the priest of God and those that assisted him lived. Here she left him, with many warm kisses and tears, that he might be taught by these religious men, and be fitted to become in after-years a prophet or teacher of the true God. His school had no vacations; but once a year regularly his mother came to see him, bringing him a new, rich mantle as a gift of love, and a proper robe for one who assisted in public worship, although a child, to wear.

Every one saw that he was a remarkable boy. The old priest loved him as a son. The blessed God in heaven also loves children, and knows how to express His love to them so that they will understand it. He sometimes intimates to them, when He is about to call them to some great work, that they are by-and-by to become His ministers. Many a little fellow as young as Samuel has felt in his mind, he hardly knew how or why, that he would some time be a preacher of the Gospel.

When Samuel was about twelve years of age this wonderful thing happened to him. He had a little room by himself within the great tent where the people worshipped. The aged priest, whose name was Eli, had another quite near to him. In the night, while the lamps were still burning in the Tabernacle, and he had fallen asleep on his bed, he was suddenly awaked by a voice calling him by name. He supposed, of course, it was Eli calling, and he hurried to the old man's chamber, saying, as he entered, "Here am I."

"I did not call you," said Eli; "go, lie down again."

He had hardly dropped into slumber once more, when the same voice awaked him again: "Samuel, Samuel," it said.

He ran again to the room of Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me."

The old man thought, probably, that he was disturbed by terrifying dreams, and said to him, "I called not, my son; lie down again."

A third time the voice called. It is wonderful that the lad was not affrighted. But if one loves God and does right, there is nothing that can harm him. The open-faced child of the Tabernacle, obeying without hesitation, although answering twice in vain, hastened to the chamber of Eli with his ready and filial response, "Here am I; for thou didst call me."

The aged minister then knew that it was not a human voice, but the voice of God. He said to the child, "Go, lie down, and if the voice is heard again, say, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'"

He went alone to his chamber and to his bed in the silence of the night, and once more the voice came, so sweet and gentle as not to terrify him, "Samuel, Samuel."

"Speak, Lord," he answered, as he sat up on his bed, "for Thy servant heareth."

Then God gave him a message to his master, and to the people, and made him at this early age a teacher and a prophet of the Lord.

It was just at this moment, when the boy sits up, solemnly, with his eyes wide-opened, listening to the Divine voice, that the great English painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his well-known picture, represents the prophet-child. It is at this moment that his wondering and prayerful face is caught by the artist in the beautiful picture which is given in this paper.

God does not now speak audibly in the sleeping-rooms of little fellows; but when they kneel, night by night, by their bedsides, and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," He comes into their minds and leads and teaches them just as if He called them by name. There is no prayer goes up to Heaven more readily heard or answered than the simple words of a sincere, praying child.

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

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

CHAPTER IV.

When the courier who brought the news that Lafayette had landed again in Boston was introduced to the presence of General Washington, those who were standing by saw tears of joy run down the cheeks of the veteran soldier; and when Lafayette came to him, bearing the glad tidings that ships and men and money were on their way from France to aid in the common cause, the happiness of Washington was beyond words. And well it might be. The help the French had sent the year before was of little use. The country had again fallen into a weary and grumbling mood. The army had shrunken until it was the mere ghost of an army. There was no money in the Treasury. Washington wrote to Lafayette that he had not enough cash at his disposal, or in the whole army, to pay one messenger to ride fifty miles. And here came back the dearly loved friend from France, whose zeal and talent had won from the French government promises of the most generous help. No wonder that the brave American commander welcomed Lafayette with a heart filled with gratitude and love.

The young Marquis resumed his old place at the head of the advance guard of chosen troops. He had brought back from France a thousand little gifts for his old corps—badges for the soldiers, swords for the officers, a bright new silken flag for each battalion—kindly proofs of the affection with which he had constantly remembered them.

The French fleet, and an army under the Count de Rochambeau, followed quickly after Lafayette, and great efforts were made to agree upon a common plan for the campaign. Unluckily only a part of the fleet came at first, and this part got shut up by a larger English fleet at Newport, and was of little value, except that the English ships which were watching it could not ravage the American coasts.

Just at this moment happened one of those little incidents which sometimes have great effect. Washington had gone from near New York over to Connecticut to hold a meeting with the French commanders. On his way back he turned off his road to show to Lafayette the forts at West Point on the Hudson River, of which he was quite proud, and which had been laid out by an intimate friend of Lafayette's. Benedict Arnold, who was in command at West Point, had just arranged to betray the post to the English. Major André, an English officer, had been sent up to close the bargain. On his way back to New York he was captured as a spy, and all the papers on his person were sent to General Arnold, whose treason no one suspected. Arnold received them a half-hour before he expected General Washington. Had he not looked for Washington's arrival he could have released André, and carried out his wicked plan. Instead, he fled straightway to the British camp; so that Washington's love for Lafayette, which made him wish to show him the forts at West Point, was, in this curious fashion, a means of saving the American cause. Had the British captured West Point, and cut off the Eastern from the Central and Southern States, the Americans might easily have been subdued.

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The year 1780 passed without any events of importance. But early in 1781 Washington sent Lafayette south into Virginia with a couple of thousand men to capture an English garrison at Portsmouth, near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. This he was to do with the help of a French fleet, which was to arrive there at the same time. But an English fleet got ahead of the French fleet, and beat it in a sea-battle off Cape Henry. Lafayette was about to return, when Washington wrote him to stay and try to protect the State of Virginia, which the British were about to overrun. Lafayette staid, of course, but he had a hard time of it. His troops had not expected to remain, and were inclined to desert and go home, the more because they were very badly clothed. Lafayette borrowed \$10,000 in his own name, and got them new clothing and shoes. Then he issued an order telling them that he was about to start on a dangerous business, and any man who was afraid to go with him would be sent back. That put a stop to desertion.

Meanwhile, Lord Cornwallis, the ablest General the British had in America, made his appearance with an army much stronger than Lafayette's. He was "a cool, active" man, and was bent on capturing the young Frenchman. Lafayette drew back slowly before him, trying to deceive him as to his real strength.

At last Cornwallis had pushed the little army of Americans away northward to the foot of the mountains, and wrote to New York, "The boy can not now escape me." But marching all night by a back road through the woods, and leaving his baggage and tents and heavy guns behind him, Lafayette appeared to the astonished eyes of the British commander in a strong position, from which he could not be driven. Just at this point Lafayette got some more men from Washington's camp and from Virginia, and then commenced one of the most remarkable campaigns ever known. Lafayette, still much weaker than Cornwallis, was so active, and appeared so confident, that the English slowly withdrew toward the coast. Always seeming

anxious to fight, yet never risking a general battle, Lafayette followed Cornwallis until he got him into the village of Yorktown, between the York River and the James River. There the British felt safe, thinking that they could at any time get to New York by water, or with a few more men could sally out and drive Lafayette from Virginia.

But Lafayette expected a French fleet off the coast, and contented himself with carefully watching his enemy, and writing to Washington to hasten south with his army and make the capture of the British certain. At last the French fleet came, and poor Cornwallis, with all his skill and courage, was surrounded. He could hardly believe his eyes, and tried in one way and another to break through; but it was of no use. The French landed in large force, and their commanders urged Lafayette to take Yorktown by storm. They appealed to his love of fame. He had foiled Cornwallis, and shut him up in Yorktown: he ought to have the glory of his capture. But the humane young hero put aside this temptation, and refused to waste his men's lives in a venture which might not succeed. He knew that Cornwallis could not escape, and that when Washington arrived with his army the British would have to surrender, with little or no bloodshed—so admirably combined in his character were courage, prudence, and kindness. At last Washington came, with Count de Rochambeau and a large army, and Cornwallis on the 19th of October was compelled to lay down his arms. And this practically ended the war, although it was not until two years after that peace was declared, and the United States were acknowledged to be free and independent.

Lafayette sailed for France on the 23d December, 1781. He had the proud satisfaction of knowing that the greatest victory of the war which had made a nation free had been due to the aid he had got from his own country, and to the patience, fortitude, and genius with which he had himself commanded in the last campaign.

From on board the ship on the eve of sailing he wrote to his beloved Washington: "Adieu, my dear General. I know your heart so well that I am sure that no distance can change your attachment for me. With the same sincerity I assure you that my tenderness, my respect, my gratitude for you are beyond all expression; that at the moment of quitting you I feel more than ever the force of those bonds of friendship which bind me forever to you; and that the dearest wish of my heart is to show you by my zeal and my services how great are my respect and my affection."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW CHINESE CHILDREN LOVE THEIR PARENTS.

In the Chow Dynasty (about three thousand years ago) there was a man named Laou Lai-tsze. When he was seventy years of age he used to put on bright and many-colored clothes, and then he would play about like a child. Sometimes he would carry water into the hall, and pretend to stumble, and fall flat on the ground; and then he would cry, and run up to his parents' side to please the old people, and all to make them forget, for a time at least, their own great age.

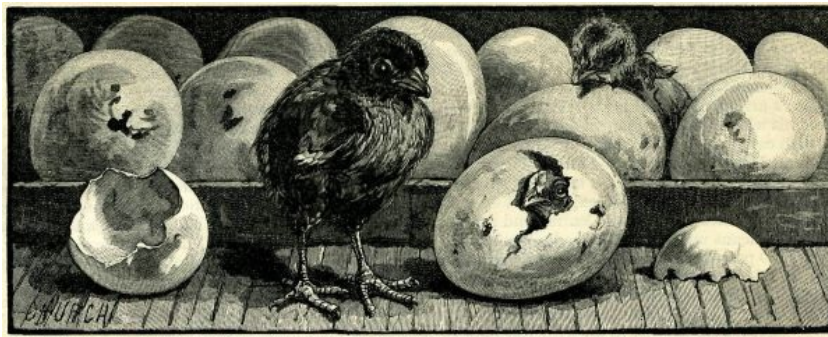
There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said, "I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?"

"Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to *hurt* me when you flogged me; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

"It makes one weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read this story." Who does not long to have the dear vanished hand back again, and the still voice speaking again, if even to punish and reprove?

About eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Ong, who, when a child, lost his father, and lived alone with his mother. Civil war broke out, and he carried his mother off on his back to escape the confusion. Many a time, when he was out searching for some food for his mother, he met the banditti, who seized him and threatened to drag him off. But he wept, and told them of his old mother at home depending on him; and even these rough robbers had not the heart to kill him.

About eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Mao, who entertained a friend, one Koh, and kept him to spend the night. Early on the following morning Mao killed a fowl for breakfast, and Mr. Koh flattered himself that it was for *him*. But no! it was for Mao's old mother; and Mao and Koh sat down to nothing but greens and rice. When Koh saw this he rose up from the table, bowed low to Mao, and said, "Well done, illustrious man!"



"HAPPY ORPHANS."

BY CORA A. D. WYCKOFF.

A hundred little chicks or more,
Downy, soft, and yellow,
Were peeping out their discontent
In voices far from mellow.
I looked around in wonderment—
No mothers were at hand
To gather 'neath their outstretched wings
The doleful little band;

And as I gazed, a small wee voice
From one chick seemed to say:
"Perhaps you think we like it,
This fine new-fangled way;
But it's very disagreeable,
For, strange as it may seem,
We never had a mother—
They hatched us out by steam;

"And they call us 'Happy Orphans,'
When we're ready all to weep,
For no answering cluck comes back to us,
Though we peep, and peep, and peep.
They say it's scientific,
And I've no doubt it is true,
But I would rather have a mother—
Now really wouldn't you!"



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

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRIAL.

"What do you think was the counterfeiter's excuse for running away?" asked Sam Wardwell of Canning Forbes, on meeting him at the Post-office, to which both boys had been sent by their parents.

"I give it up," said Canning, who had not the slightest taste for guessing.

"He said he would have come back and given himself up after court had met and adjourned, but he didn't want to be tried now."

"He wanted to wait for some new evidence in his defense, perhaps," suggested Canning.

"New grandfather!" ejaculated Sam, very contemptuously. "He wanted to stay in jail here, doing nothing,

for the next six months, rather than go to the Penitentiary and work hard. That's what my father says."

"Perhaps your father is right," said Canning; "but what does he think of Paul?"

"What does he think?" answered Sam: "why, just what everybody else thinks; he thinks Paul is the greatest boy that ever was, and he says he wishes I would be just like him."

"Well, why don't you?" asked Canning.

"How can I?" said Sam, in an aggrieved tone. "I can't do just as I please, as Paul can, and I haven't got any great mystery to keep me up, as everybody knows Paul has."

"Didn't you ever have a great mystery?" asked Canning.

"Never but once," said Sam; "that was when I hooked a big package of loaf-sugar out of father's store, and had to keep finding new places to hide it in until it was eaten up."

"I suppose that mystery helped keep you up?" suggested Canning.

"Well, you see— Oh, look! there comes father; I suppose he's wondering why I don't bring his letters. Good-by;" and Sam got away from that very provoking question as fast as possible.

As for the other boys, they simply sat on the sidewalk opposite old Mrs. Battle's, and worshipped the house, from which their hero had not been successfully coaxed to come out. In spite of Paul's caution to Benny, and the promises that he received in return, the deputy had talked so enthusiastically about Paul to all the men he met, that the story sped about town that Paul had done as much toward recapturing the prisoner as the officer had. This story might have been spoiled had Benny acted according to the spirit of his promise, but the little fellow had been so elated by the looks that people gave him, as he marched with Paul and the counterfeiter through the street, that he could not bear to deliberately rob himself of his fame, as of course he would do as soon as Paul's story had been told. So Benny refused to be seen; he went to bed very early, and before breakfast he had hidden himself in the unused attic of his mother's cottage, where he nursed his glory until he felt that he was simply starving for something to eat.

And all this while his fictitious valor was nowhere in the eyes of the populace, for Mr. Morton himself had gone out immediately after breakfast, and had himself given Paul's version of the affair to every one, besides giving Benny a fair share of the credit for the tender-heartedness displayed by the two boys toward the captive, so that when Benny finally entered the world again he found he had lost some hours of praise to which he was honestly entitled. As for Paul, the teacher begged every one to say nothing at all to him about it. The boy was somewhat peculiar, he said; the affair had made a very painful impression upon him, and any one who really admired him could best prove it by treating him just as before, and not reminding him in any way of Laketon's most famous day.

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Mr. Morton had not yet decided whether to open his school again, and the boys, although they would have been sorry to have him go away from Laketon, hoped he would not decide before court opened, for now that the counterfeiter had been mixed up in some way with two of their own number, the boys with one accord determined that they would have to attend the trial; indeed, it seemed to some of them that the trial could not go on without them, for did they not know the two boys who had helped bring the prisoner back from the woods? They thought they did.

When the day for the trial came, and the Sheriff opened the court-room, the doors of which had been kept locked because of the immense crowd that threatened to fill the house in advance of the hour for the session, he was surprised to find seventeen boys in the front seats of the gallery. On questioning them, he learned that most of them had entered through a window before sunrise, and that two had slept in the gallery all night. He was about to remove the entire party, but the boys begged so hard to be allowed to remain, and they reminded him so earnestly that they all were particular friends of Paul, that the Sheriff, who once had been a boy himself, relented and let them remain.

It was about six in the afternoon, according to the boys, but only a quarter before ten by the court-house clock, when the front doors were opened and the crowd poured in. Within the next five minutes any boy in that front gallery row could have sold his seat for a dollar, but not a boy flinched from what he considered a public duty, although every one knew just what to do with a dollar if he could get it. Soon the lawyers flocked in by the Judge's door, and grouped themselves about the table inside the rail, and at five minutes before ten his honor the Judge entered and took his seat. Then the Sheriff allowed Mr. Morton and Paul to enter by the Judge's door, because they were unable to get through the crowd in front. At sight of Paul the whole front row of the gallery burst into a storm of hand-clapping.

The Judge rapped vigorously with his little mallet, and exclaimed, "Mr. Sheriff, preserve order. The court is now open."

The Sheriff, first giving chairs in the lawyers' circle to Paul and the teacher, because there were no other seats vacant, went down in front of the gallery, and shouted to the boys that if they made any more disturbance he would throw them all out of the window and break their heads on the pavement below.

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No lighter threat would have been of any avail, for a more restless set of boys than they were during the next half-hour never was seen. It seemed to them that the trial never would begin; lawyers talked to the Judge about all sorts of things, and the Judge looked over papers as leisurely as if time were eternity; but finally his honor said,

"Mr. Sheriff, bring in John Doe."

Every one in the front row of the gallery stood up, two or three minutes later, as Ned Johnston, who sat where he could look through the open door by which the Judge had entered, signaled that the prisoner was coming. Many other people stood up when the Sheriff and the prisoner entered, for all were curious to have a good look at the man whom but few of them had seen. The Sheriff placed John Doe in the prisoners' box, where, to the great disgust of the boys, only the back of a head and two shoulders could be seen from the gallery. His honor nodded at the clerk, and the clerk arose, cleared his throat, and said,

"John Doe, stand up."

The prisoner obeyed; and as his head was slightly turned, so as to face the clerk, the boys had a fair view of it. It did not seem a bad face; indeed, it was rather handsome and pleasing, although there was a steady twitching of the lips that prevented its looking exactly the same from first to last.

"John Doe," said



THE SHERIFF ENFORCES ORDER.

the clerk, turning over some of the sheets of a very bulky document he held in his hand, "a Grand Jury appointed by this Court has found a true bill of indictment against you for passing counterfeit money, to wit, a five-dollar note purporting to have been issued by the Founders' National Bank of Mechanics' Valley, State of Pennsylvania, the same note having been offered in payment for goods purchased from Samuel Wardwell, a merchant doing business in this town of Laketon, and for passing similar bills upon other persons herein resident. Are you guilty or not guilty?"



"FATHER!"

"Guilty," answered the prisoner.

A sensation ran through the house, and at least half a dozen of the fifty or more citizens who had hoped to be drawn on the jury whispered to their neighbors that it was a shameful trick to appeal to the Judge's sympathy, and get off with a light sentence; but they hoped that his honor would not be taken in by any such hypocritical nonsense.

"John Doe," said his honor, solemnly, "I have been informed by an old acquaintance of yours of your entire history. You are well born and well bred; you had promising prospects in life, and a family that you should have been proud of. But you gambled; you fell from bad to worse; and a bullet aimed at you by an officer of the law, in the discharge of his duty, struck and killed your loving, suffering wife. Such of your family as remains to you would honor any one, even the highest man in the land, and I am assured that you are sincerely desirous of forsaking evil courses and devoting your life to this—family. Old friends, classmates of yours, who are held in high respect wherever they are known, are ready and willing to assist you to regain your lost manhood; so in consideration of your plea, your professions of penitence, and the responsibilities which your misdeeds have increased instead of lessened, I sentence you to confinement in the county jail for the shortest period allowed by the law covering your offense, to wit, six months. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

The prisoner bowed to the Judge, and then looked toward Mr. Morton and Paul. He tried hard to preserve his composure as the Sheriff led him through the lawyers' circle and toward the Judge's door, but somehow his eyes filled with tears. Perhaps this was the reason that Paul, in spite of Mr. Morton's hand on his arm, sprang from his chair, threw his arms around the prisoner's neck, and exclaimed,

"Father!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S VISION.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

There's the bell for "recess over," time for stupid books again;
But how *can* a fellow study with Thanksgiving on his brain?
When I read of Turks and Turkey, little heed to them I pay,
While my mind is full of visions of the near Thanksgiving-day.

I can only hear the "gobble" of a turkey, fat and nice,
Which, my grandpa writes, is waiting to be *gobbled* in a trice,
Just as soon as Sis and I and all the family are able
To be off and spend Thanksgiving round the dear old farm-house table.

That's a study, now, of Turkey that a fellow likes, I'm sure,
But put it in geography, and that I can't endure;
It has a different flavor somehow on the dear old farm,
And "cramming" then or "stuffing" never does one any harm.

Now there's a class in spelling: Bobby White has tripped on "skates,"
And that's something *I* don't do. I remember how my mates
And I went off together, with our skates upon our feet,
For a race across the mill-pond, and 'twas only *I* who beat.

Oh, Thanksgiving-day is jolly on the dear old farm, and so
It knocks study in the head for a week before we go;
And I pity any fellow, be he black, or white, or brown,
Whose grandpapa and grandma are not living—*out of town.*

Well, I s'pose I *ought* to study while my book before me lies,
But it's hard upon a fellow now to have to shut his eyes
Upon such charming visions. Did you speak, sir? can I tell
Where Turkey is? Oh yes, sir, I have learned *that* lesson well.



**THIS IS NOT INTENDED TO SHOW HOW
OUR PRECIOUS BOY LOOKED AFTER HIS
THANKSGIVING DINNER, BUT HOW HE
SAID HE FELT.**

AN ANCIENT WEDDING.

A Frankish noble named Sigismer, who lived A.D. 600, was to marry a Visigothic princess. A Roman soldier saw their wedding, and gave the following description of it in a letter to a friend:

"As you are so fond of beholding war and armor, it would have been a great pleasure for you if you had seen the royal youth Sigismer dressed as a bridegroom, according to the custom of his people, walking to his father-in-law's house. His horse was decorated with brilliant housings, and other horses went before and behind him all glittering with precious stones. The bridegroom, however, did not ride, for it was considered more becoming that he should go on foot among his comrades, dressed in bright purple, with ornaments of red gold and white silk, while his hair, complexion, and skin were in keeping with these ornaments. But the appearance of his comrades was formidable even in peace: their feet up to the ankles were incased in rough boots, above which their shins, knees, and thighs were bare. Besides these, they wore a short tight-fitting tunic of many colors, which did not reach down to the knees. The sleeves reached only to the elbows, the bright green tunic contrasting sharply with the ruddy limbs. Their swords were suspended by straps from their shoulders, and stuck close to their fur-clad hips. The same dress which serves them for ornament serves also for defense. In the right hand they carried barbed lances and battle-axes, which can also be used as missiles; and in the left a shield, with a snow-white rim and yellow boss. This shield is evidence of the wealth of its owner, as well as of the skill of its maker. Altogether everything was so arranged that the whole seemed to be not merely a bridal procession, but a military one also."

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HOW TO BUILD AN ICE-BOAT.

It is now time, boys, to house your canvas canoe, and put your miniature sloop and steam-yacht out of commission. No doubt you have become quite nautical in your habits the past season, and it seems a pity that you should be obliged to give up being a jolly tar, with your blue shirt and tarpaulin, just because the weather is a little cooler, and the wind inclined to be rather fresh.

But there is no necessity for becoming a thorough landlubber. Why not have a boat for the winter—an ice-boat; not one in miniature, but one that you can sail in yourself? The construction is simple enough. With a few tools, the aid of your friends the carpenter and blacksmith, and last, but not least, a little ingenuity, you may continue to scud over the "briny," and not forget all your nauticalities.

Perhaps you remember that model ice-boat at the Centennial, the *Whiff*. Yours need not be as large nor as elaborate, but it will serve your purpose. The principal parts of the hull consist of eight pieces in all, and straight at that, viz., keel, runner plank, mast bench, two side boards, and three runners. That certainly don't look like a great undertaking. Now look at the drawings on the plate, and see what is to be done, and then how to do it. As in all boats, the keel (K) comes first, made of white pine, twelve feet long, one and three-quarter inches thick, and four inches deep; runner plank (RP), of pine, seven feet in length, six inches wide, and one and a half inches thick; mast bench (MB), three feet long, six inches wide, and one inch thick; side boards (SB), seven feet long, three inches deep, and one inch thick. Runners and rudder to be made of ash, the former two feet long, five inches deep, and one inch thick; the latter twenty-one inches long, four and a half inches deep, and one inch thick. Let your carpenter get the timber for you, and see that it is all well-seasoned, free from knots and checks, and straight-grained.

When you have all your pieces nicely planed, be careful to follow your dimensions, lengths, etc., and don't saw off an inch too much. Now for the keel and bowsprit. Measure off from the right-hand end of the keel four feet six inches on the under edge; then

cut to the right hand with draw-knife down to two inches; finish with plane. There's your bowsprit. On the upper edge of the keel, five feet from the end of the bowsprit, cut a place for the mast bench one inch deep and six inches wide. Go to work on your runners and chocks (for inside of runners) with draw-knife and key-hole saw. All your pieces being cut out, the next thing is putting them together. Place the keel on the centre of the runner plank, and mark with a pencil; then turn it over, and nail the RP to the keel. This is simply to hold it in place until you get your mast bench and side boards bolted to the runner plank. Use quarter-inch bolts six inches long for this. Fig. 1 shows detail, cross section of side board, and longitudinal section of RP and MB. The plan gives the position of the bolt holes. Screw bolts up firmly, the nuts on the under side of the RP. Put a couple of two-inch screws through the MB to the keel.

Now for the stern. Bend a piece of inch stuff from the ends of the SB, and nail it firmly to keel and SB. You will notice the end of the keel projects a little. If you find this hard to do when the wood is dry, steam it; or if not that, just saw off a bit of your keel, and make the stern straight across. It does look a little more ship-shape, though, to have a curve in the stern. Turn the boat over, and nail the flooring (F), of half-inch stuff, firmly to SB and K. Your boat is now good and stiff; but, remember, don't attempt to turn your hull over before you've got the side boards fastened to the stern piece, and that again to the keel; the other ends of the side boards are supposed to be bolted to the rudder plank. You have the main part of the hull done. Make full-size drawings of runners and rudder iron-work, and show these drawings to your blacksmith, and let him attend to that part of the business. Be careful in drawing the details of the runner irons, rudder-post, etc., to use the right scale—that marked B.

Now for your spars. Mast, white pine, eight feet nine inches from end to end, four inches at base, one inch at head. Put the stick in your bench vise, and shape it with a spokeshave. Boom, eight feet six inches long, one and a half inches thick at the middle, and one inch at either end; fasten it to the mast with a staple and screw-eye; Fig. 4 shows it. Put a brass ferrule on the end of the boom to prevent it from being split by the staple. Gaff, four feet long, and an inch and a quarter thick. Make the throat as in Fig. 4. Jib-boom, four feet eleven inches long, an inch and a quarter thick; fasten it to the bowsprit by a staple and eye, the former to be driven in the bowsprit. Topmast, two feet three inches long, one inch at foot, narrow it half an inch, and screw it to the mast. That completes the sparring.

The standing rigging is next in order. For shrouds and back and jib stays use hemp line; heavy cod line will do. Fasten to eyes in the mast bench and side board, as shown in Fig. 2. Brass eyelets suitable may be got at the sail-maker's.

In shaping the mast you must leave a shoulder for the shrouds and stays to rest on. The jib stay runs through the bowsprit, and is fastened to the runner plank in the same way as the shrouds. The bowsprit stays extend to the runner plank, under the ends of the side boards. The front elevation gives the position.

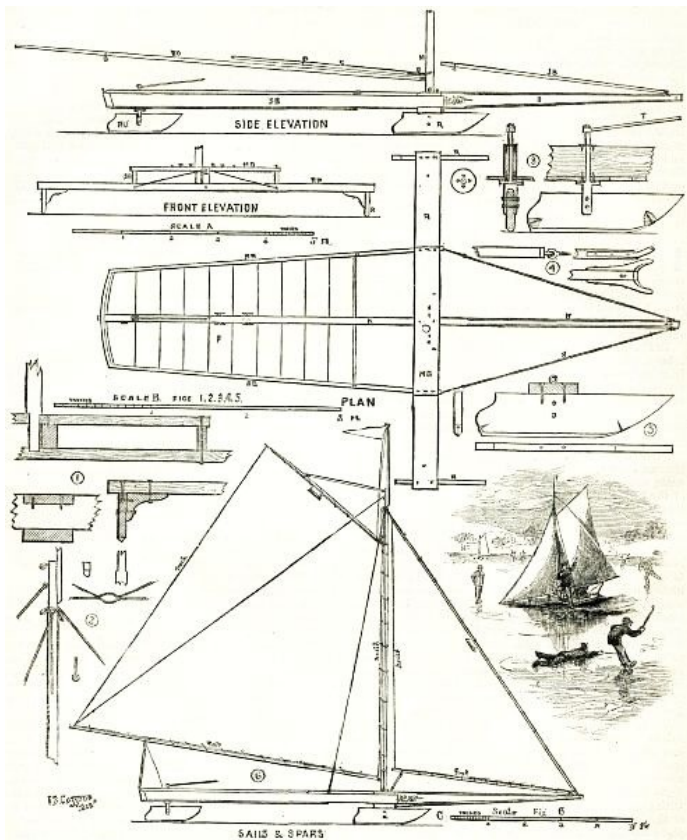
Make sails out of heavy unbleached muslin; when hemmed to be of the following dimensions: mainsail hoist, six feet six inches; head, four feet two inches; leech, nine feet four inches; foot, eight feet six inches. Jib hoist, six feet nine inches; leech, eight feet eleven inches; foot, five feet.

The running rigging hardly needs a description. Small single blocks, either of wood or metal, may be used, with the exception of the blocks for the main and jib sheets, which should be double. The peak and throat halyards run from blocks through screw-eyes in the mast bench, thence to cleats on the side of the keel; jib halyards through eyes, and then to the cleat; jib sheets fastened to eyes, then through double pulley, and back to the cleat—one on either side, of course. For the topping lift use blue-fish line; and for the running rigging, the same.

Before you put your sails on, or, in fact, any of the spars, standing or running rigging, you must remember that you have not put the runners on yet, nor got the rudder in place. See that the blacksmith has made the iron-work according to the drawings. Bolt the rudder to the rudder-post, screw the irons to the runners, the chocks to the under side of the runner plank, and then to the runners. Look at the detail drawings, and see that everything is all right; then you may begin to put on the finishing touches.

Sand-paper every part so as to get the finger-marks off, and then give your wood-work, spars and all, a coat of shellac. Step your mast; draw taut as you possibly can the standing rigging; but don't forget to put brass rings on your mast and jib stay, or you'll have to unrig. Then bend your sails, reeve your running rigging, and, with a little oil on the working parts of the rudder, you are ready to run a race with a locomotive if one is at hand and you've got a clear sheet of ice under you.

Don't forget that this craft of yours is inclined to speed at times, and requires a steady hand, a quick eye, and ready nerve to manage it, or you'll be running into Bill A. or Charlie B., perhaps shooting yourself out as from a catapult, or driving high and dry up the side of a hill. Nobody knows what may happen if you don't keep your wits about you. Above all, don't smash your boat, because it can be put to good use when the boating season opens again. We will tell you how by-and-by.



WORKING PLANS FOR AN ICE-BOAT.



A LITTLE ANTIQUITY.—DRAWN BY MISS
C. A. NORTHAM.

JIM'S THANKSGIVING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Is that your dog?"

Jim looked around. A bright-looking boy of eight years was sitting in a carriage which stood before a six-story dry-goods store. He was gazing admiringly at the pretty terrier Jim held in his arms. He moved toward him, drawn by the quickly established chord of sympathy between two boys on the subject of dogs.

"Ain't he a beauty! Well, yes, I s'pose he's mine. He fell off the box of a big style carriage, somethin' like that o' yourn, one day. I picked him up and run after it, but I couldn't ketch it. I *didn't* steal him," added Jim, earnestly.

"Course you didn't."

"I've done some mean things, but I promised mother I'd never steal. He was lame for a while, poor little creetur, but I nussed him very careful, and he's well now."

"How'll you trade? I'd like to have him."

But Jim hugged the dog closer to him, as the small boy drew various treasures from his pockets.

"There's a top'll spin for fifteen minutes; and look at that knife—four blades and a nut-pick; then there's these carnelians—look—nine; they're worth a quarter apiece. I'll give 'em all for him."

Jim shook his head. "He's all I've got, you see, and I'm fond of him. I've fed him when I went hungry myself."

"I'll give you some money, then. See, you could buy—some clothes."

Jim looked down at his pitiful rags, but stood firm.

"Take this anyhow," said the boy, with a look of sympathy, holding out a half-dollar. "Get something good for you and the dog."

Jim eyed the coin wistfully. "Won't your father care?" he asked.

"No, no," laughed the boy; "he isn't here, though. Been gone away for six months, and he's coming home to-night, and we're going to have the *jolliest* Thanksgiving. Where's *your* home?"

"I ain't got no home. There's no Thanksgivin' for me anywheres."

"Dear me!" the bright face lengthened into an expression of surprise and dismay. "But my mamma says everybody has something to be thankful for"; but he looked at Jim as if he thought there *might* be cases in which this was to be doubted. "I'll tell you what," he went on, after a pause. "You come to our house to-morrow afternoon, and I'll give you such a dinner! Say, now, will you?"

"I don't know," said Jim, slowly. "I'd like to. Where is it?"

"No. — — Avenue. You come there and ask for Johnny Welford. Now do; promise, won't you?—and bring your dog. Say, what's his name?"

"Well," said Jim, in a half-apologetic tone, "his whole name's George Washington, but I call him George for short. You see, I ain't got no folks, and I make b'lieve *he's* folks, and I talks to him, and he 'most knows all I say, and it seems 'most like he was my brother. I had a little brother once, and my mother was a real good woman, and—"

"There's *my* mamma," said the boy in the carriage. "Just show her that dog."

But Jim drew back as a lady approached, and nodding to Johnny, "I'll come," mingled in the crowd. He soon

sought a poorer street.

"Ho, ho, George my boy, what do you think of that?" he said, showing him the money. "What'd you like for supper to-night? B'lony-sassage and crackers, eh? Yes, I knowed you'd say that," as George, wagging his tail vigorously, licked his master's face. "Or what'd you say to a reg'lar baker's roll and a bit o' hot steak?" George's attention was just here riveted on a cur of low degree passing by, and the short hair on his back stood up as he answered his growl. "No," went on Jim, "I thought you'd say that was too extravagant for the likes o' we; so we'll have the b'lony, George.

"And where shall we put up to-night, little feller, eh? Shall we go to the United States, or to the Jefferson Club House? Or shall we go out to the junction, where we slep' las' night? It's gettin' a leetle cold for country lodgin's, but they might be expectin' us, and we wouldn't like to disappoint 'em, eh, George? The warm side o' that straw-stack wa'n't bad, you know. We might take our supper out there and eat, eh?"

George wagged his hearty approval of the plan, and Jim took his way to a suburban dépôt. Here he awaited the making up of a freight train, and in the gathering twilight took his place on a platform unperceived. Night closed down as the train wound its slow length out of the city, and in the course of an hour Jim alighted amid a perfect wilderness of cross tracks, side tracks, coal heaps, and a wonderful quantity of freight-cars. He sought out his straw pile, and the two enjoyed a hearty meal. Then his quick eye was attracted by the half-open door of a box-car near.

"Let's see, now," he said, going up to it. "P'r'aps they've been a-keepin' one of their style rooms for us, George."

He lit a match and peered inside. It contained a few articles of shabby furniture, and an old carpet rolled up in one corner.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "I knowed they'd be a-lookin' for us, George, but I'm blamed if I thought they'd fix up for us like this. Quit now; don't you be a-waggin' yourself all over the keer, and a-rappin' your tail agin the fine furnitur'. Be genteel now."

Jim rolled himself and his pet in the carpet, and both were comfortably settled for the night, when voices were heard.

"What's here?" A man looked in, and then climbed up, followed by another.

"It's only me and my dog," said Jim.

"Ah, room for more, I guess."

Jim had thought he was going to have a fine night's rest; but he lay awake long, his thoughts going back to the little boy who had liked his dog, who had given him more money than ever he had had at one time before, and who had promised him a Thanksgiving dinner. He liked the idea of going very much, not only for the good dinner, which was quite an attraction to the poor hungry little tramp, but he wanted to see the nice little fellow again, and see where he lived, and perhaps talk more about dogs. The thought of giving him his dog crossed his mind for a moment, but was cast aside as a thing impossible, the very idea producing an almost unconscious hug so fervent as to extort a patient howl from George.

He wished, though, that he could "slick up" a little to go to Johnny Welford's house. He wondered if he could get a pair of second-hand shoes for what was left of his half-dollar, and made up his mind to search among office sweepings early in the morning for the cleanest paper collar he could find. He had an indefinite hope that some good might come to him from this visit. Perhaps Johnny's father might help him to something to do. He did odd jobs now, ran errands, swept steps and crossings, but it was his great ambition to get "somethin' reg'lar" to do.

As he lay thinking, the men who shared his shelter were talking, but he paid little heed to them till he heard the words "John Welford"—"coming on that train," and then he listened with every nerve on a tension, till his heart was filled with fright and horror at what he heard.

He heard the whole plan. A large boulder lay close to the track a short distance from the junction, and crow-bars were hidden near. The men were to wait till the watchman had made his last patrol out that way before the time for the passing of the train, when they would quickly hoist destruction into its path.

"He sent me up for four years, but I'll send *him* up for longer than that," said the man, with a laugh and an oath which made Jim shudder.

When the two at last left the car he waited till they were beyond hearing, and crept cautiously out. He knew that if they suspected his intention they would think no more of crushing out his life than of treading on a worm, but he was resolved on saving that train if he died in doing it. It was bright starlight, but dark enough to admit of his watching the men without much danger of being discovered. He saw them finish their work, and hide in the bushes near. Then, with trembling hands, but full of firm purpose, he set about carrying out *his* plan.

Running back to the straw pile, he quickly made up a bundle of it, and slipping off his old shoes, sped noiselessly along the track, past the wreckers. Just beyond the boulder the road made rather a sharp curve, bringing a high bank between the two men and Jim's selected place of action, and this, he hoped, would conceal from them what he was doing, at least long enough to insure success.

He divided his bundle of straw, and laid a heap on the track. Then he waited and listened, with his heart beating too loudly for him to hear any other sound. He looked up at the stars over his head. "My mother is up there somewheres, p'r'aps," whispered the little fellow; "maybe she'll ask some 'un to help me."

As the head-light at last appeared in the distance he set a match to his heap, and saw it blaze up brightly. Lighting by it the portion still in his hand, he ran wildly forward, waving it to and fro. But the engine came steadily forward: would it never, *never* stop? He reached a short bridge over a culvert, and sprang on the abutment at its side, still brandishing his beacon, and, scarcely knowing it, shrieking at the top of his voice. His hands were burning, the smoke blackened his face and took away his breath; but, yes—it surely *was* slowing. The engine passed him; he listened, and could hear the brakes worked by the desperate strength of frightened men. Passengers crowded out on the platform, and saw the little figure still waving the last sparks of his safety-light. And then a dark form stole up to him, a cruel blow sent him crashing against the last car, and he fell. Its wheels had not stopped moving.

Men sprang down, raised him, and carried him into the car, where he was laid upon a seat.

"It's the one who stopped the train—a boy. Why did he do it?—what's the matter?" The conductor had sent men forward on the track, and soon knew the terrible reason. It spread through the cars like wild-fire. Women cried and fainted, and strong men turned pale. Every one knew that it might have been his or her life which had gone out ere now but for the boy who lay there. A woman wiped the blood and smoke from his face with shaking hands and quick-dropping tears.

Presently a boy's clear voice cried out, "Johnny Welford's father?—Johnny Welford's father?"

A tall man turned in surprise, and bent over him. "Did you call my name, my boy?"

"Be you Johnny Welford's father?"

"Yes, I am John Welford."

"Be you a-goin' home to Thanksgivin'?"

"I—hope so"—his voice broke—"thanks to you."

Jim smiled. "I guess mother sent some 'un to help me. Where's George?" The dog had crept close to his master, and no one had driven him away. "Hello, old feller.—Give Johnny Welford my dog—he'll know. Tell Johnny Welford I can't—come to his house—for—Thanksgivin'." The voice died away.

Jim had his Thanksgiving dinner at Johnny Welford's house, but it was a few spoonfuls of wine, given by the white hands of Johnny Welford's mother. And he was the only guest, for there was no merry-making in the beautiful house where the poor little street Arab lay in the balance between life and death. And from many other hearts in the city went up, with fervent thanksgiving, the earnest prayer that the little life which had been so freely offered for others might be spared.

"And you lost your poor foot, my boy," some one said, months after. "You'll have to go without it all your life."

"Why, yes," said Jim, with a laugh; "but, bless me! I'm enough sight better off with one foot 'n ever I was with two. Why, it's been Thanksgivin' for me and George all the time ever since. Eh, old feller?"

MRS. NOVEMBER'S DINNER PARTY.

BY AGNES CARR.

The widow November was very busy indeed this year. What with elections and harvest-homes, her hands were full to overflowing; for she takes great interest in politics, besides being a social body, without whom no apple bee or corn-husking is complete.

Still, worn out as she was, when her thirty sons and daughters clustered round, and begged that they might have their usual family dinner on Thanksgiving-day, she could not find it in her hospitable heart to refuse, and immediately invitations were sent to her eleven brothers and sisters, old Father Time and Mother Year, to come with all their families and celebrate the great American holiday.

Then what a busy time ensued! What a slaughter of unhappy barn-yard families—turkeys, ducks, and chickens! What a chopping of apples and boiling of doughnuts! what a picking of raisins and rolling of pie-crust! until every nook and corner of the immense store-room was stocked with "savory mince and toothsome pumpkin pies," while so great was the confusion that even the stolid red-hued servant, Indian Summer, lost his head, and smoked so continually he always appeared surrounded by a blue mist, as he piled logs upon the great bonfires in the yard, until they lighted up the whole country for miles around.

But at length all was ready; the happy day had come, and all the little Novembers, in their best "bib and tucker," were seated in a row, awaiting the arrival of their uncles, aunts, and cousins, while their mother, in russet-brown silk, trimmed with misty lace, looked them over, straightening Guy Fawkes's collar, tying Thanksgiving's neck ribbon, and settling a dispute between two little presidential candidates as to which should sit at the head of the table.

Soon a merry clashing of bells, blowing of horns, and mingling of voices were heard outside, sleighs and carriages dashed up to the door, and in came, "just in season," Grandpa Time, with Grandma Year leaning on his arm, followed by all their children and grandchildren, and were warmly welcomed by the hostess and her family.

"Oh, how glad I am we could all come to-day!" said Mr. January, in his crisp, clear tones, throwing off his great fur coat, and rushing to the blazing fire. "There is nothing like the happy returns of these days."

"Nothing, indeed," simpered Mrs. February, the poetess. "If I had had time I should have composed some verses for the occasion; but my son Valentine has brought a sugar heart, with a sweet sentiment on it, to his cousin Thanksgiving. I, too, have taken the liberty of bringing a sort of adopted child of mine, young Leap Year, who makes us a visit every four years."

"He is very welcome, I am sure," said Mrs. November, patting Leap Year kindly on the head. "And, Sister March, how have you been since we last met?"

"Oh! we have had the North, South, East, and West Winds all at our house, and they have kept things breezy, I assure you. But I really feared we should not get here to-day; for when we came to dress I found nearly everything we had was lent; so that must account for our shabby appearance."

"He! he! he!" tittered little April Fool. "What a sell!" And he shook until the bells on his cap rang; at which his father ceased for a moment showering kisses on his nieces and nephews, and boxed his ears for his rudeness.

"Oh, Aunt May! do tell us a story," clamored the younger children, and dragging her into a corner, she was soon deep in such a moving tale that they were all melted to tears, especially the little Aprils, who cry very easily.

Meanwhile, Mrs. June, assisted by her youngest daughter, a "sweet girl graduate," just from school, was engaged in decking the apartment with roses and lilies and other fragrant flowers that she had brought from her extensive gardens and conservatories, until the room was a perfect bower of sweetness and beauty; while Mr. July draped the walls with flags and banners, lighted the candles, and showed off the tricks of his pet eagle, Yankee Doodle, to the great delight of the little ones.

Madam August, who suffers a great deal with the heat, found a seat on a comfortable sofa, as far from the fire as possible, and waved a huge feather fan back and forth, while her thirty-one boys and girls, led by the two oldest, Holiday and Vacation, ran riot through the long rooms, picking at their aunt June's flowers, and playing all sorts of pranks, regardless of tumbled hair and torn clothes, while they shouted, "Hurrah for fun!" and behaved like a pack of wild colts let loose in a green pasture, until their uncle September called them, together with his own children, into the library, and persuaded them to read some of the books with which the shelves were filled, or play quietly with the game of Authors and the Dissected Maps.

"For," said Mr. September to Mrs. October, "I think Sister August lets her children romp too much. I always like improving games for mine, although I have great trouble to make Equinox toe the line as he should."

"That is because you are a school-master," laughed Mrs. October, shaking her head, adorned with a wreath of gayly tinted leaves; "but where is my baby?"

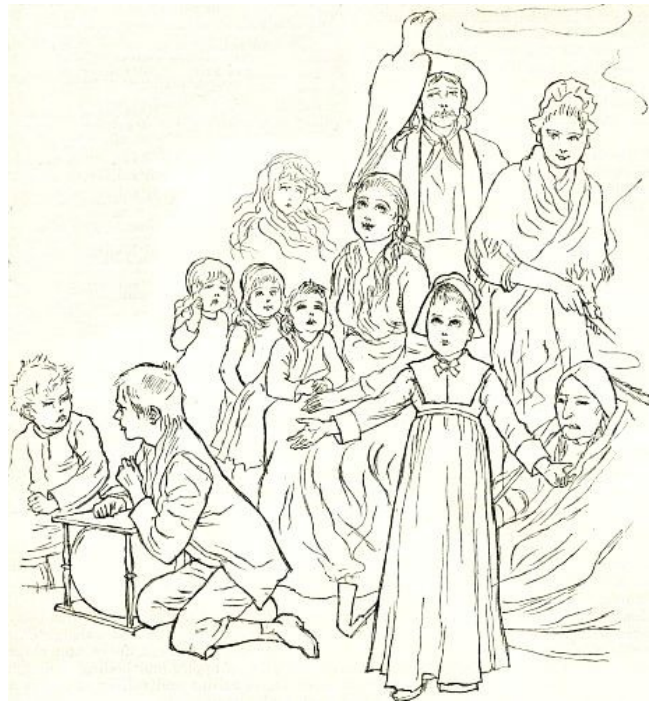
At that moment a cry was heard without, and Indian Summer came running in to say that little All Hallows had fallen into a tub of water while trying to catch an apple that was floating on top, and Mrs. October, rushing off to the kitchen, returned with her youngest in a very wet and dripping condition, and screaming at the top of his lusty little lungs, and could only be consoled by a handful of chestnuts, which his nurse, Miss Frost, cracked open for him.

The little Novembers meanwhile were having a charming time with their favorite cousins, the Decembers, who were always so gay and jolly, and had such a delightful papa. He came with his pockets stuffed full of toys and sugar-plums, which he drew out from time to time, and gave to his best-loved child, Merry Christmas, to distribute amongst the children, who gathered eagerly around their little cousin, saying,

"Christmas comes but once a year,
But when she comes she brings good cheer."

At which Merry laughed gayly, and tossed her golden curls, in which were twined sprays of holly and clusters of brilliant scarlet berries.

At last the great folding-doors were thrown open. Indian Summer announced that dinner was served, and a long procession of old and young being quickly formed, led by Mrs. November and her daughter Thanksgiving, whose birthday it was, they filed into the spacious dining-room, where stood the long table, groaning beneath its weight of good things, while four servants ran continually in and out, bringing more substantial and delicacies to grace the board and please the appetite. Winter staggered beneath great trenchers of meat and poultry, pies and puddings; Spring brought the earliest and freshest vegetables; Summer, the richest creams and ices; while Autumn served the guests with fruit, and poured the sparkling wine.



MRS. NOVEMBER'S GUESTS.



AT THE DINNER TABLE.

All were gay and jolly, and many a joke was cracked as the contents of each plate and dish melted away like snow before the sun; and the great fires roared in the wide chimneys as though singing a glad Thanksgiving song.

[Pg 61]

New Year drank everybody's health, and wished them "many happy returns of the day," while Twelfth Night ate so much cake he made himself quite ill, and had to be put to bed.

Valentine sent mottoes to all the little girls, and praised their bright eyes and glossy curls. "For," said his mother, "he is a sad flatterer, and not nearly so truthful, I am sorry to say, as his brother George Washington, who never told a lie."

At which Grandfather Time gave George a quarter, and said he should always remember what a good boy he was.

After dinner the fun increased, all trying to do something for the general amusement. Mrs. March persuaded her son St. Patrick to dance an Irish jig, which he did to the tune of the "Wearing of the Green," which his brothers Windy and Gusty blew and whistled on their fingers.

Easter sang a beautiful song, the little Mays "tripped the light fantastic toe" in a pretty fancy dance, while the Junes sat by so smiling and sweet it was a pleasure to look at them.

Independence, the fourth child of Mr. July, who is a bold little fellow, and a fine speaker, gave them an oration he had learned at school; and the Augusts suggested games of tag and blindman's-buff, which they all enjoyed heartily.

Mr. September tried to read an instructive story aloud, but was interrupted by Equinox, April Fool, and little All Hallows, who pinned streamers to his coat tails, covered him with flour, and would not let him get through a line; at which Mrs. October hugged her tricky baby, and laughed until she cried, and Mr. September retired in disgust.

"That is almost too bad," said Mrs. November, as she shook the popper vigorously in which the corn was popping and snapping merrily; "but, Thanksgiving, you must not forget to thank your cousins for all they have done to honor your birthday."

At which the demure little maiden went round to each one, and returned her thanks in such a charming way it was quite captivating.

Grandmother Year at last began to nod over her tea-cup in the chimney-corner.

"It is growing late," said Grandpa Time.

"But we must have a Virginia Reel before we go," said Mr. December.

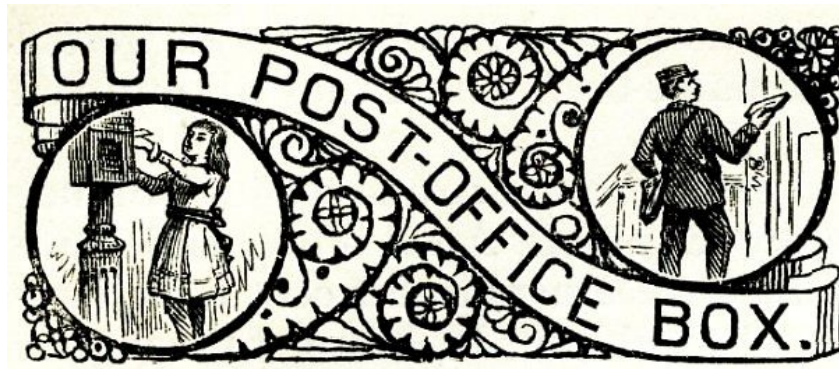
"Oh yes, yes!" cried all the children.

Merry Christmas played a lively air on the piano, and old and young took their positions on the polished floor, with grandpa and grandma at the head.

Midsummer danced with Happy New Year, June's Commencement with August's Holiday, Leap Year with May Day, and all "went merry as a marriage bell."

The fun was at its height, when suddenly the clock in the corner struck twelve. Grandma Year motioned all to stop; and Grandfather Time, bowing his head, said, softly, "Hark! my children, Thanksgiving-day is ended."

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ROUND LAKE, HALIBURTON.

My sister and brother wrote a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I want to write one too. I am ten years old, and my sister Nettie is seven. She can read better than I can, but I write the best.

This is a very wild country, and very cold. We have nearly a foot of snow here, although it is only the 20th of October. We hear the wolves howl, and we get lots of deer. My brother has quite a number of horns, which are very pretty to hang on the wall.

We are sixteen miles from the Post-office, and we get our papers only every two or three weeks. We like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Mamma makes out all the puzzles and enigmas, and we love to read the stories. We are very grateful to the kind gentleman in New York who sends it to my sister. He comes here every fall with some other gentlemen to hunt, and that is the only time in the whole year when we see many people. We have no little girls to play with, for our nearest neighbor, who lives six miles away, is an old man seventy years old, who lives all alone. Twelve miles away there is one more family, but we have to cross three lakes to get there. They have two little girls. They had three, but the oldest one went out in a boat about three weeks ago, and was drowned. We were very sorry to hear of it.

I have a loon's egg, and I can get a gull's eggs, and if Harry F. Haines, who asked for those eggs, will send me a doll in return, I will send him the eggs, together with some pretty moss which grows on the rocks in Muskoka, near where we live.

P. O.,
Ontario, Canada.

AGNES R. LOCKMAN, Dorset
Muskoka District,

WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have two little sisters. The youngest is not named yet. I go to school, and am in the Second Reader. I know the table, two and three, and up to twelve. I enjoy reading YOUNG PEOPLE. Please excuse this letter, because it is the first time I ever did try to write with a pen and ink.

MABEL.

PUEBLO, COLORADO.

We had a parrot, and I could take him and hug him, and touch his black tongue, and do anything I wanted to him. He knew when it was time for our meals, and would eat with us at the table. He was very fond of butter. He would walk all around the fence, and would go to the kitchen door to get in if the sitting-room door was shut. When Polly Parrot was walking along the floor, pussy would run after him, and pat his tail, which made Polly angry.

ELEANOR MCG.

WARSAW, INDIANA.

My brother has taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it started, and now we could hardly do without it. I like "Who was Paul Grayson?" best of all the stories.

We have a juvenile band here, and we can play some very fine music. We have a drum-major and all, and when we parade we look something like the picture "Sons of the Brave." The band consists of fourteen boys, all about the same size and age.

LOGAN H. W.

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA.

I am seven years old. I have a very pretty rooster. I wish some little girl would name him for me. I think the story about Coachy was very pretty. My sister Allie has a hen like Coachy.

JOHNNY B.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

I am a little boy not quite nine years old. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like it a great deal better than any paper I have ever seen. I have a pair of pigeons, which are very tame. I expect soon to get a guinea-pig from Charlottetown. I get my paper from Halifax.

F. R. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am six and a half years old. I live in Cranberry, New Jersey, but I am on a visit to my papa now. He has sent me *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it was published. I have wanted to write to the Post-office Box for a long time, and I have at last coaxed papa to do so for me, as I can not write very well yet, although I am fast learning.

I have two dogs at home, one black and tan named Gyp, which papa says is older than I am, and a hound named Juno. I also have a cat named Pinkie, who does not love my dogs as well as I do *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I save all my papers to send to a hospital, where they will amuse some poor sick boy or girl.

"PICKIE" VAN H.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I read in the Post-office Box a request from Roscoe E. E. for information about the cotton plant.

I live five miles from Beaufort. Cotton is planted here every year. If they are in good soil the plants are usually four or five feet high. Marsh grass, which grows between the salt creeks, is sometimes used as a fertilizer for "Sea Island" cotton, which is the only kind raised here. This fertilizer makes it grow broad and tall. My father had some cotton once that was from six to eight feet high, and the branches bore from twelve to sixteen pods. It grew on what we call salt ground.

Cotton is planted in March and April. It begins to blossom about the 1st of June. The flowers are pale yellow when they first open, but become reddish after the first day. The picking of cotton is begun in August, and is continued until the first frost, which comes about the middle of November.

A. L. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* since it was first published. The first thing I do on Tuesday morning when I get out of bed is to look for the letter-carrier, who brings my paper. Then mamma reads it to me until school-time. And at night when I go to bed she reads me to sleep with it. I like the stories very much, but the one I like best is "The Moral Pirates." My papa and mamma like the paper very much too, and often at night they try to work out the puzzles. Sometimes they find them out, and sometimes they don't. I can not read or write yet, but I hope I shall take *YOUNG PEOPLE* until I am old enough to read it myself.

H. E. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I wish Jimmy Brown would have a story in every number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Mamma reads to us about that queer Mr. Martin, and laughs till the tears roll down her cheeks. If the Post-office Box knows Jimmy, I would like to tell him that I am very sorry for him.

ARTHUR W.

The following verses are from a young correspondent:

MY FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY.

I've grown to be a great, great girl,
I'm eight years old to-day.
Ted says I'm only a baby,
And have too much to say.
Brother Ted don't know everything,
If he *is* twelve years old;

He thinks he's nearly a man now,
'Cause his watch is real gold.

I'm going to have a party,
We'll have ice-cream and cake;
There is no end to the nice things
My dear mamma did bake.
Then we shall have nice music,
Uncle John is going to play;
He sent me a wreath of flowers,
Just like the Queen of May.

And we shall play all kind of games,
And maybe I'll catch some beaux,
For sister Kate always says that
When to parties *she* goes.
There goes the bell, some one has come;
No—a large box for me;
Why, it's just the sweetest wax doll
That ever I did see.

J. V.

NEW YORK CITY.

If Georgie G. S., of Dubuque, Iowa, will put a handful of clean white pebbles and five or six clean sea-shells in her globe, the gold-fish are more likely to keep healthy. The water should be changed every day.

VANDERBILT O.

CHAMPION, NEW YORK.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the stories of "The Moral Pirates," and "Who was Paul Grayson?" I have no pets except a little dog I call Watch. We have had a snow-storm here (October 24). I am thirteen years old.

WARREN B.

I am eleven years old, and I have fourteen dolls. I have a little kitten for a pet. I call it Bob Short because it is a rabbit kitten, and hasn't any tail.

My cousin sent YOUNG PEOPLE to my brother Warren and myself as a present for two years, and we think she is very kind.

EVA E. B.

PLATTE CITY, MISSOURI.

I wish to notify my little friends that I can not send them any more samples of crochet trimming. I have no time now to make it, as I am going to school and taking music lessons. I have received a great many requests, and I can not possibly get time to crochet enough to answer them all.

GRACIE MEADS.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think it is a very useful paper. I live on Big Sandy Creek near the railroad, six miles from any neighbor. There are antelopes, buffaloes, wolves, wild-cats, rabbits, owls, and eagles here. There are also some splendid specimens. I have some bullion out of a mine at Leadville, also some petrified wood, topaz, moss-agate, and other things. I sent "Wee Tot" some specimens of wild flowers and grasses, and if she will send me some ocean curiosities I will be much pleased, and will send her some of my specimens. I will also exchange some of them with any little girl or boy for ocean curiosities.

CLARA F. R. SWIFT,
Aroya Station, Colorado,

K. P. R. R.

I can never thank my grandfather too much for subscribing for this delightful little paper for me. Here is a recipe for keeping barberries and mountain ash for Christmas decorations. Fill a large jar with a strong solution of salt and water—cooking salt is best. Put the berries in the brine, and cork it. It need not be air-tight.

I have three hundred and sixty-four postage stamps, and have exchanged successfully with many of the boys and a few of the girls. I have now some white moss which came from Muskosh Mills, a little village on an island in the Muskoka River, which I would gladly exchange for curiosities from the ocean or the far South.

W. C. V. CHADWICK,
44 St. George Street,

Toronto, Canada.

The correspondents you inquire about have probably sent you sufficient address, and you would better try the experiment of answering them. If they do not receive the letters, it will not be from any fault of yours.

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

Bristol,
Street and Fifth Avenue,

ALFRED C. P. OPDYKE, Hotel
Corner Forty-second
New York City.

I would like to exchange minerals for stamps, postmarks, seeds, shells, stones, or any other thing worth putting in a museum. I wish to get a collection of flints from every State and from Canada, and I will send a stone from Virginia in exchange. I will also exchange postmarks for others. I have some from England, Canada, and nearly every State.

Richmond, Virginia.

H. H. TUCKER, Box 75,

I have a small collection of stamps, and would like to exchange. I will also exchange a stone from Pennsylvania or from Caen, France, for others from different States.

Chunk, Pennsylvania.

ALFRED W. STOCKETT,
P. O. Box 119, Mauch

I am collecting curiosities, and would be happy to exchange with any correspondent. I have about one hundred and fifty varieties of birds' eggs. I would be glad to supply any one with a list of the eggs of Canada.

Canada.

J. F. WELLS,
Ingersoll, Ontario,

I would like to exchange postmarks, minerals, fossils, birds' eggs, or coins with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE for minerals, fossils, coins, birds' eggs, or shells. I very much desire to obtain specimens from foreign countries.

New York.

FRANK H. LATTIN,
Gaines, Orleans County,

I have a large number of stamps and rare postmarks, and would like very much to exchange with readers of this paper.

Academy,
Pennsylvania.

A. W. MORSE, Cheltenham
P. O. Shoemakertown,

I want to tell you about my collection. It consists of an Indian mortar, an Indian axe and hatchet, a large number of arrow-heads, a nail from "Old Fort Massac," a French bullet weighing an ounce, and a piece of a French sword. I have also a fine collection of minerals, and I would like to exchange some specimens of purple spar for copper ore, crystallized quartz, or shells.

WILLIE B. MORRIS,
Elizabethtown, Hardin

County, Illinois.

I would like to exchange postage stamps for birds' eggs. Correspondents will please state the kind of eggs they have to exchange, and the varieties of stamps they wish in return. I have over one thousand stamps in my collection.

Stockton Street,
California.

FRANK MADISON, 206
San Francisco,

We are making a collection of postmarks and stamps, wood, minerals, pressed leaves and ferns, and the soil of different States and countries, and will exchange any of these things with other boys or girls. We will also exchange flower seeds or slips for ocean curiosities or Indian relics.

Lock Box No. 12,
Ohio.

MARY, LEWIS, MINNIE,
Care of E. M. Frazier,
Caldwell, Noble County,

I will be very glad to exchange foreign postage stamps with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Correspondents will please send a list of their stamps for exchange.

York City.

O. L. WELCH,
40 Bank Street, New

I live on the San Jacinto River. My papa has a plantation on the Trinity. He has a plum orchard, and we go up there and eat plums. Mamma is going up there to preserve some. I am collecting snail shells. I have about four hundred.

I would like to exchange birds' eggs or postage stamps with any little boy or girl. I am nine years old.

County, Texas.

PEARL A. HARE,
Lynchburg, Harris

I have stamps from Venezuela and Curaçao I wish to exchange for others.

B. De Sola,
York City.

CHARLES DE SOLA, care of
23 William Street, New

I will exchange twenty-five kinds of postmarks from Georgia for twenty-five kinds from any other State. I will also exchange foreign stamps for their equivalent value in birds' eggs, shells, minerals, curiosities of all kinds, or for other stamps.

Georgia.

LOUIS J. BRUMLY,
P. O. Box 126, Athens,

I will exchange postmarks and French stamps for any American and European stamps except English and Canadian. To any one who will send me ten stamps, all different, I will send by return mail twenty postmarks.

Canada.

WILLIE GURNETT,
Ingersoll, Ontario,

I live near Niagara Falls. I have a white pony. She is very gentle, and can do a great many tricks. She will lie down and let me get on her back.

I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and like it so much I can hardly wait from one week till the next for it. I would like to exchange specimens of rock from Niagara Falls for shells or sea-weed. I would also like to exchange coins. I am eleven years of age.

Drummondville,
Canada.

HARRY SYMMES,
The Grove,
Near Niagara Falls,

E. MCGARRAH.—It is said that Robert Burns, when a youth of nineteen, became acquainted with Douglas Grahame, an honest farmer who lived at Shanter, and who afterward figured as Tam o' Shanter in the wonderful poem of that name. A merry story told of Grahame by his friends served as the material which Burns long afterward turned to such good account. The original story was as follows: Grahame had a friend named John Davidson, the Souter Johnnie of the poem, with whom he often made merry when in town on market-day, frequently lingering so late at night as to cause severe displeasure to the good dame waiting at home. It happened once, when returning later than usual, on a very dark, stormy night, Grahame had the misfortune to lose his "bonnet," or cap, in which was all the money he had made that day at the market. Fearing the scolding which he knew awaited him, he took advantage of his wife's superstition and credulity, and invented a terrible story of a band of witches which had appeared to him at Alloway Kirk, and from which he had barely escaped with his life. The dame was satisfied with his explanation, and gave thanks for the miraculous preservation of her husband. Honest Douglas Grahame, however, quietly returned by daylight to Carrick Hill, where he was fortunate enough to find his "bonnet" and money safe in the bushes near the Bridge of Doon. Grahame and Davidson, the originals of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, are buried in the church-yard at Kirkoswald.

MANSFIELD.—In earliest times skins, cattle, corn, and other articles were used as money. According to Homer, certain numbers of oxen were paid for the armor of warriors; and even our modern word *pecuniary*, the etymology of which is traced directly to the Latin word *pecus*; signifying cattle, is a convincing proof that those beasts were used as money by the ancient Romans.

Precious metals were also given and taken in payment at a very early age. Abraham is represented in Genesis as coming up out of Egypt "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold," and payments made in so many pieces or shekels of silver are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. It is supposed that at this period the precious metal was in the form of lumps of different weights, but bore no stamp. Wrought jewels are also mentioned as serving for money.

The first coined money is supposed to have been used by the Lydians about 700 or 800 B.C. Greek coins appeared at a little later period, the earliest being those of Ægina. The first coins were very rough in appearance, a rude device being stamped from a die on a lump of metal of a certain weight by a blow of a hammer. The early Lydian coins bore a lion's head, and the Æginetan a tortoise on the obverse, the other side being marked only by an indentation caused by the blow.

The oldest extant Jewish coins, specimens of which may be seen in the British Museum, are the shekel and half-shekel of Simon Maccabæus, "the priest and prince of the Jews," to whom Antiochus VII., the son of Demetrius I., granted the right of coining money about 139 B.C. The silver shekel and half-shekel had for their devices on one side the almond rod with buds (Numbers, xvii. 8, 10), with the legend, "Jerusalem the Holy"; and on the other the pot of manna (Exodus, xvi. 33), and the legend, "Shekel of Israel," or "Half-Shekel." This early coinage never bore a head, as that would have violated the law forbidding idolatry. The value of the Maccabæus silver shekel may be estimated at 2*s.* 6*d.* sterling, or 60 cents.

LYMAN C.—You can buy the cover for *YOUNG PEOPLE* of Harper & Brothers for thirty-five cents, or forty-eight cents if sent by mail, but they can not bind your copies for you.

NEWMAN G.—In *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 36, in the story entitled "The Mohawk Bowmen," you will find directions for making bows and arrows, and in the Post-office Box of No. 51 the process of feathering arrows is described. In the Post-office Box of No. 19 are instructions for making a kite.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BOTANICAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. Plant a youthful Virginian before it can walk, and what comes up?
2. Plant a piece of bunting, and what comes up?
3. Plant a wise man, and what comes up?
4. Plant a large, inclosed basin, and what comes up?
5. Plant a ruminant's lips, and what comes up?
6. Plant an egg, and what comes up?
7. Plant a color, and what comes up?

8. Plant a sea-shore, and what comes up?
9. Plant yourself, and what comes up?
10. Plant a muff, and what comes up?

A. and T. J.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARE.

First, a dead body. Second, a bay-window. Third, stiff. Fourth, a net. Fifth, a shrub.

BOLUS.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in corn, not in grain.
 My second in hail, not in rain.
 My third is in lamp, not in light.
 My fourth in darkness, not in night.
 My fifth is in well, not in sick.
 My sixth is in cane, not in stick.
 My seventh in maple, not in pine.
 My eighth is in back, not in spine.
 My ninth is in green, not in red.
 My tenth is in needle, not in thread.
 My eleventh in archer, not in bow.
 My whole was an emperor long ago.

MAY E. T.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 53.

No. 1.

S M
 A T E D I M
 S T O R M I N E R
 E R R I M E W
 M I S E R
 Y A M E N O W
 M A N O R O B I N
 M O B W I T
 R N

No. 2.

Marseille.

No. 3.

1. Winnipiseogee. 2. Niagara Falls.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

The early history of America is always a subject of great interest to boys and girls; and although they may get ahead very slowly in the school history, which is invariably dull, as its statements are of necessity as condensed as possible, put a volume in their hand in which the story of their country is told in picturesque and easy style, and made more interesting than many works of fiction, and the rapidity with which it is absorbed by young readers is wonderful. A new and very interesting book of this description is *Old Times in the Colonies*,^[1] by Charles C. Coffin, whose earlier works, *The Boys of '76* and *The Story of Liberty*, are favorite volumes with boys and girls. From this new book children will learn about the hardships and sufferings of the pioneer settlers of the United States—how they fought with frost and snow, and desolate, rocky lands, living in constant fear of attacks by Indians, to whose tomahawks many a brave man and many women and little children fell victims; and how, in spite of all obstacles, they struggled ahead with the courage of true men, never faltering and never stopping until the liberty and prosperity of this great country were firmly established.

The few passages from this volume which have appeared in the columns of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have found universal favor with young readers throughout the country, and we are sure all those children who find this handsome book in their bundle from Santa Claus will count it among their best gifts. The volume is printed in type so large and clear that no little eyes will ever ache over it, the illustrations are very numerous and exceedingly attractive, and the binding is handsome and substantial.

One of the most delightful stories ever written for boys is *The Moral Pirates*,^[2] which is now published in a small, neat volume, with fifteen full-page illustrations. This has been one of the most popular serials published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and many of the little friends of Harry Wilson, Tom Schuyler, and Joe and Jim Sharpe, will be happy to renew their acquaintance with them in this pretty little book, while those who have not read the story have some delightful hours in store. The cruise of Harry and his three friends in the *Whitewing*—a neat little boat, well stocked with provisions and camping-out comforts by Harry's uncle John—is accompanied by many innocent and amusing adventures. It takes the boys some time to learn how to manage themselves and their boat, as new difficulties are constantly arising; and when at last they reach Brandt Lake, and have become experienced "moral pirates," their adventures come to a sudden end in a very unexpected manner. This charming story has a new incident and new interest on every page, and will induce many boys to attempt next summer a cruise in the style of these young mariners of the *Whitewing*.

All children are by nature fond of small living pets. There is scarcely a child who, if it has a home, does not spend hours in petting its old Maltese cat or aged dog, and the smallest tricks performed by these common domestic animals are matters of intense interest to the youthful master or mistress. Books containing stories of animals are always welcome, and one of the best writers of books of this description is Olive Thorne Miller, whose last publication, entitled *Queer Pets at Marcy's*,^[3] is destined to be very popular with young readers. There are stories of all kinds of animal pets from lions to mice: parrots climb about, making all sorts of funny speeches, mischievous crows make havoc in peaceful households, and dogs and cats do most wonderful and intelligent things. There are stories of funny baby-owls, prairie-dogs, opossums, bears, deer, and many kinds of birds and reptiles. Indeed, Marcy and her neighbors appear to have transformed a whole menagerie into household pets. Delightful and wonderful as these stories are, they are given as facts, and in reading them children will gain not only amusement, but learn many things about the habits of birds and beasts when domesticated. The book is beautifully bound, and contains many fine illustrations.

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GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

MACHINE SONNETS.

Although this species of poetry has been considered hard to write, and oftener harder to read when written, a simple recipe is here given by which sonnets by any one, with very little effort, can be produced. One person selects a sonnet from the works of any author—the less known the better—and covers the printed lines with a sheet of paper, leaving the last word of each line only visible. He then reads aloud the word which concludes the first line, and waits until every player has composed a line ending in this word in any metre, and on any subject. When all are ready he reads the next word, and so on until every person present has composed a poem, all of which differ in every way excepting that the last words are alike. This game will be found interesting alike to children and their parents, and is well worthy the attention of the most experienced players.

STILL THERE.

Place a small card upon the tip of one of the fingers of the left hand, and on the card, immediately above the finger, put a coin. Now give a smart blow to the card with the second finger of the right hand, and it will be whirled from under the coin so swiftly that the latter will be left on the tip of the finger. A similar feat can be performed with two wine-glasses. Place a sheet of card-board over both, and then, with a smart fillip, send it spinning from under the coins you have placed upon it, and they will drop into the glasses.

LIGHT FROM OYSTER SHELLS.

It has long been known that certain compounds of lime and sulphur had the property of absorbing light, and giving it out again when placed in the dark. A simple way to do this is to expose clean oyster shells to a red heat for half an hour. When cold, the best pieces are picked out and packed with alternate layers of sulphur in a crucible, and exposed to a red heat for an hour. When cold, the mass is broken up, and the whitest pieces are placed in a clean glass bottle. On exposing the bottle to bright sunshine during the day, it is found that at night its contents will give out a pale light in the dark. Such a bottle, filled more than a hundred years ago, still gives out light when exposed to the sun, proving the persistency of the property of reproducing light. The chemicals, ground to a flour, may now be mixed with oils or water for paints, may be powdered on hot glass, and glass covered with a film of clear glass, or mixed with celluloid, papier-maché, or other plastic materials. As a paint it may be applied to a diver's dress, to cards, clock dials, sign-boards, and other surfaces exposed to sunlight during the day; the paint gives out a pale violet light at night sufficient to enable the objects to be readily seen in the dark. If the object covered with the prepared paint is not exposed to the sun, or if the light fades in the dark, a short piece of magnesium wire burned before it serves to restore the light-giving property. The preparation, under various fanciful names, is being manufactured on a large scale.



LITTLE TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING NIGHTMARE AFTER A BUSY DAY PULLING "WISH-BONES."

RETRIBUTIVE CHORUS. "Now, then, all together!"

FOOTNOTES:

[1] *Old Times in the Colonies*. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 460. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] *The Moral Pirates*. By W. L. ALDEN. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 148. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[3] *Queer Pets at Marcy's*. By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Illustrated by J. C. BEARD. 8vo, pp. 326. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, NOVEMBER 23, 1880 ***

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