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Title: Harper's Young People, December 7, 1880

Author: Various

Release date: November 24, 2013 [EBook #44279]

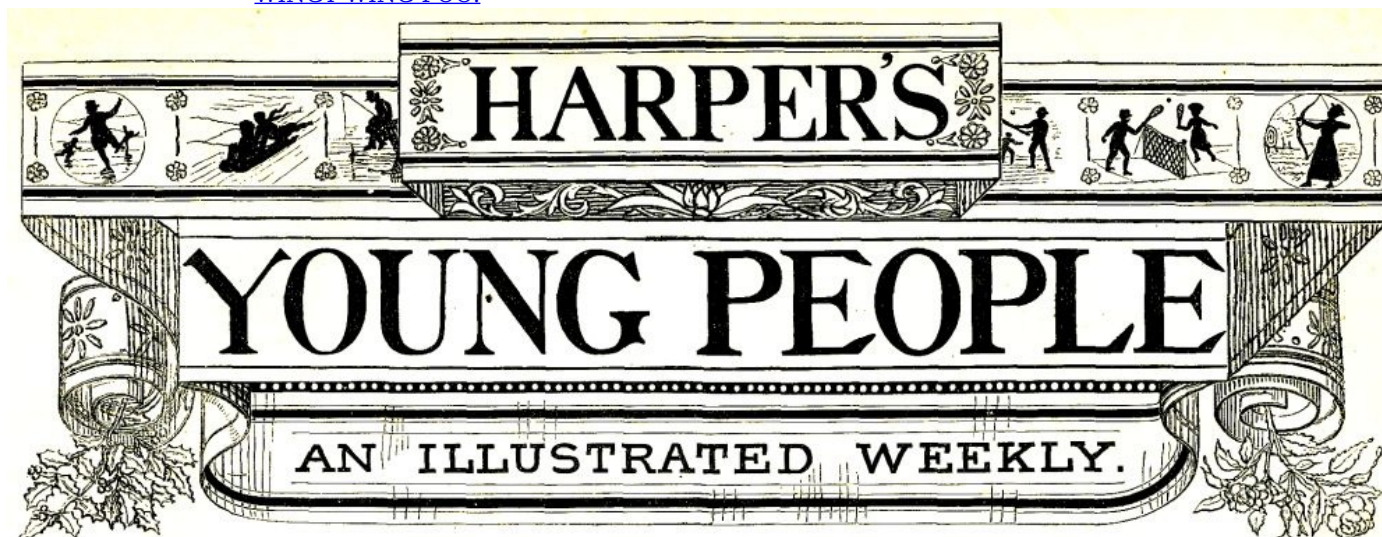
Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

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VOL. II.—No. 58.

Tuesday, December 1, 1880.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

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PRICE FOUR CENTS.

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



TOBY STRIKES A BARGAIN—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

TOBY TYLER; OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER I.

TOBY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CIRCUS.

"Couldn't you give more'n six pea-nuts for a cent?" was a question asked by a very small boy with big, staring eyes, of a candy vender at a circus booth. And as he spoke he looked wistfully at the quantity of nuts piled high up on the basket, and then at the six, each of which now looked so small as he held them in his hand.

"Couldn't do it," was the reply of the proprietor of the booth, as he put the boy's penny carefully away in the drawer.

The little fellow looked for another moment at his purchase, and then carefully cracked the largest one.

A shade, and a very deep shade it was, of disappointment that passed over his face, and then looking up anxiously, he asked, "Don't you swap 'em when they're bad?"

The man's face looked as if a smile had been a stranger to it for a long time; but one did pay it a visit just then, and he tossed the boy two nuts, and asked him a question at the same time. "What is your name?" [Pg 82]

The big brown eyes looked up for an instant, as if to learn whether the question was asked in good faith, and then their owner said, as he carefully picked apart another nut, "Toby Tyler."

"Well, that's a queer name."

"Yes, I s'pose so, myself; but, you see, I don't expect that's the name that belongs to me. But the fellers call me so, an' so does Uncle Dan'l."

"Who is Uncle Daniel?" was the next question. In the absence of any more profitable customer the man seemed disposed to get as much amusement out of the boy as possible.

"He hain't my uncle at all; I only call him so because all the boys do, an' I live with him."

"Where's your father and mother?"

"I don't know," said Toby, rather carelessly. "I don't know much about 'em, an' Uncle Dan'l says they don't know much about me. Here's another bad nut; goin' to give me two more?"

The two nuts were given him, and he said, as he put them in his pocket, and turned over and over again those which he held in his hand, "I shouldn't wonder if all of these was bad. Sposen you give me two for each one of 'em before I crack 'em, an' then they won't be spoiled so you can't sell 'em again."

As this offer of barter was made, the man looked amused, and he asked, as he counted out the number which Toby desired, "If I give you these, I suppose you'll want me to give you two more for each one, and you'll keep that kind of a trade going until you get my whole stock?"

"I won't open my head if every one of 'em's bad."

"All right; you can keep what you've got, and I'll give you these besides; but I don't want you to buy any more, for I don't want to do that kind of business."

Toby took the nuts offered, not in the least abashed, and seated himself on a convenient stone to eat them, and at the same time to see all that was going on around him. The coming of a circus to the little town of Guilford was an event, and Toby had hardly thought of anything else since the highly colored posters had first been put up. It was yet quite early in the morning, and the tents were just being erected by the men.

Toby had followed, with eager eyes, everything that looked as if it belonged to the circus, from the time the first wagon had entered the town, until the street parade had been made, and everything was being prepared for the afternoon's performance.

The man who had made the losing trade in pea-nuts seemed disposed to question the boy still further, probably owing to the fact that trade was dull, and he had nothing better to do.

"Who is this Uncle Daniel you say you live with—is he a farmer?"

"No; he's a Deacon, an' he raps me over the head with the hymn-book whenever I go to sleep in meetin', an' he says I eat four times as much as I earn. I blame him for hittin' so hard when I go to sleep, but I s'pose he's right about my eatin'. You see," and here his tone grew both confidential and mournful, "I am an awful eater, an' I can't seem to help it. Somehow I'm hungry all the time. I don't seem ever to get enough till carrot-time comes, an' then I can get all I want without troubling anybody."

"Didn't you ever have enough to eat?"

"I s'pose I did, but you see Uncle Dan'l he found me one mornin' on his hay, an' he says I was cryin' for something to eat then, an' I've kept it up ever since. I tried to get him to give me money enough to go into the circus with; but he said a cent was all he could spare these hard times, an' I'd better take that an' buy something to eat with it, for the show wasn't very good anyway. I wish pea-nuts wasn't but a cent a bushel."

"Then you would make yourself sick eating them."

"Yes, I s'pose I should; Uncle Dan'l says I'd eat till I was sick, if I got the chance; but I'd like to try it once."

He was a very small boy, with a round head covered with short red hair, a face as speckled as any turkey's egg, but thoroughly good-natured-looking, and as he sat there on the rather sharp point of the rock, swaying his body to and fro as he hugged his knees with his hands, and kept his eyes fastened on the tempting display of good things before him, it would have been a very hard-hearted man who would not have given him something. But Mr. Job Lord, the proprietor of the booth, was a hard-hearted man, and he did not make the slightest advance toward offering the little fellow anything.

Toby rocked himself silently for a moment, and then he said, hesitatingly, "I don't suppose you'd like to sell me some things, an' let me pay you when I get older, would you?"

Mr. Lord shook his head decidedly at this proposition.

"I didn't s'pose you would," said Toby, quickly; "but you didn't seem to be selling anything, an' I thought I'd just see what you'd say about it." And then he appeared suddenly to see something wonderfully interesting behind him, which served as an excuse to turn his reddening face away.

"I suppose your uncle Daniel makes you work for your living, don't he?" asked Mr. Lord, after he had rearranged his stock of candy, and had added a couple of slices of lemon peel to what was popularly supposed to be lemonade.

"That's what I think; but he says that all the work I do wouldn't pay for the meal that one chicken would eat, an' I s'pose it's so, for I don't like to work as well as a feller without any father and mother ought to. I don't know why it is, but I guess it's because I take up so much time eatin' that it kinder tires me out. I s'pose you go into the circus whenever you want to, don't you?"

"Oh yes; I'm there at every performance, for I keep the stand under the big canvas as well as this one out here."

There was a great big sigh from out Toby's little round stomach, as he thought what bliss it must be to own all those good things, and to see the circus wherever it went. "It must be nice," he said, as he faced the booth and its hard-visaged proprietor once more.

"How would you like it?" asked Mr. Lord, patronizingly, as he looked Toby over in a business way, very much as if he contemplated purchasing him.

"Like it!" echoed Toby; "why, I'd grow fat on it."

"I don't know as that would be any advantage," continued Mr. Lord, reflectively, "for it strikes me that you're about as fat now as a boy of your age ought to be. But I've a great mind to give you a chance."

"What!" cried Toby, in amazement, and his eyes opened to their widest extent, as this possible opportunity of leading a delightful life presented itself.

"Yes, I've a great mind to give you the chance. You see," and now it was Mr. Lord's turn to grow confidential, "I've had a boy with me this season, but he cleared out at the last town, and I'm running the business alone now."

Toby's face expressed all the contempt he felt for the boy who would run away from such a glorious life as Mr. Lord's assistant must lead; but he said not a word, waiting in breathless expectation for the offer which he now felt certain would be made him.

"Now I ain't hard on a boy," continued Mr. Lord, still confidentially, "and yet that one seemed to think that he was treated worse and made to work harder than any boy in the world."

"He ought to live with Uncle Dan'l a week," said Toby, eagerly.

"Here I was just like a father to him," said Mr. Lord, paying no attention to the interruption, "and I gave him his board and lodging, and a dollar a week besides."

"Could he do what he wanted to with the dollar?"

"Of course he could. I never checked him, no matter how extravagant he was, an' yet I've seen him spend his whole week's wages at this very stand in one afternoon. And even after his money had all gone that way, I've paid for peppermint and ginger out of my own pocket just to cure his stomach-ache."

Toby shook his head mournfully, as if deploring that depravity which could cause a boy to run away from such a tender-hearted employer, and from such a desirable position. But even as he shook his head so sadly, he looked wistfully at the pea-nuts, and Mr. Lord observed the look.

It may have been that Mr. Job Lord was the tender-hearted man he prided himself upon being, or it may have been that he wished to purchase Toby's sympathy; but, at all events, he gave him a large handful of nuts, and Toby never bothered his little round head as to what motive prompted the gift. Now he could

listen to the story of the boy's treachery and eat at the same time, therefore he was an attentive listener.

"All in the world that boy had to do," continued Mr. Lord, in the same injured tone he had previously used, "was to help me set things to rights when we struck a town in the morning, and then tend to the counter till we left the town at night, and all the rest of the time he had to himself. Yet that boy was ungrateful enough to run away."

Mr. Lord paused as if expecting some expression of sympathy from his listener; but Toby was so busily engaged with his unexpected feast, and his mouth was so full, that it did not seem even possible for him to shake his head.

"Now what should you say if I told you that you looked to me like a boy that was made especially to help run a candy counter at a circus, and if I offered the place to you?"

Toby made one frantic effort to swallow the very large mouthful, and in a choking voice he answered, quickly, "I should say I'd go with you, an' be mighty glad of the chance."

"Then it's a bargain, my boy, and you shall leave town with me to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

A recent report from the Cape of Good Hope states that a diamond weighing 225 carats has been found at the Du Toits Pan mine, and a very fine white stone of 115 carats in Jagersfontein mine, in the Free State.

The lucky finders of these stones are vastly richer than they were a few weeks ago, for if these diamonds are of the best quality, they will be worth thousands upon thousands of dollars.

It is only ten years ago that all the world was taken by surprise at hearing that some of these precious stones had been found in the African colony; and this is how it came about. A little boy, the son of a Dutch farmer living near Hope Town, of the name of Jacobs, had been amusing himself in collecting pebbles. One of these was sufficiently bright to attract the keen eye of his mother; but she regarded it simply as a curious stone, and it was thrown down outside the house. Some time afterward she mentioned it to a neighbor, who, on seeing it, offered to buy it. The good woman laughed at the idea of selling a common bright pebble, and at once gave it to him, and he intrusted it to a friend, to find out its value; and Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town, was the first to pronounce it a *diamond*. It was then sent to Cape Town, forwarded to the Paris Exhibition, and it was afterward purchased by the Governor of the colony, Sir Philip Wodehouse, for £500.

This discovery of the *first* Cape diamond was soon followed by others, and led to the development of the great diamond fields of South Africa.

THE HEART OF BRUCE.^[1]

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Beside Dunbarton's castled steep the Bruce lay down to die;
Great Highland chiefs and belted earls stood sad and silent nigh.
The warm June breezes filled the room, all sweet with flowers and hay,
The warm June sunshine flecked the couch on which the monarch lay.

The mailed men like statues stood; under their bated breath
The prostrate priests prayed solemnly within the room of death;
While through the open casements came the evening song of birds,
The distant cries of kye and sheep, the lowing of the herds.

And so they kept their long, last watch till shades of evening fell;
Then strong and clear King Robert spoke: "Dear brother knights, farewell!
Come to me, Douglas—take my hand. Wilt thou, for my poor sake,
Redeem my vow, and fight my fight, lest I my promise break?"

"I ne'er shall see Christ's sepulchre, nor tread the Holy Land;
I ne'er shall lift my good broadsword against the Paynim band;
Yet I was vowed to Palestine: therefore take thou my heart,
And with far purer hands than mine play thou the Bruce's part."

Then Douglas, weeping, kissed the King, and said: "While I have breath
The vow thou made I will fulfill—yea, even unto death:
Where'er I go thy heart shall go; it shall be first in fight.
Ten thousand thanks for such a trust! Douglas is Bruce's knight."

They laid the King in Dunfermline—not yet his heart could rest;
For it hung within a priceless case upon the Douglas' breast.
And many a chief with Douglas stood: it was a noble line
Set sail to fight the Infidel in holy Palestine.

Their vessel touched at fair Seville. They heard upon that day
How Christian Leon and Castile before the Moslem lay,
Then Douglas said, "O heart of Bruce! thy fortune still is great,

For, ere half done thy pilgrimage, the foe for thee doth wait."

Dark Osmyn came; the Christians heard his long yell, "Allah hu!"
The brave Earl Douglas led the van as they to battle flew;
Sir William Sinclair on his left, the Logans on his right,
St. Andrew's blood-red cross above upon its field of white.

Then Douglas took the Bruce's heart, and flung it far before.
"Pass onward first, O noble heart, as in the days of yore!
For Holy Rood and Christian Faith make thou a path, and we
With loyal hearts and flashing swords will gladly follow thee."

All day the fiercest battle raged just where that heart did fall,
For round it stood the Scottish lords, a fierce and living wall.
Douglas was slain, with many a knight; yet died they not in vain,
For past that wall of hearts and steel the Moslem never came.

The Bruce's heart and Douglas' corse went back to Scotland's land,
Borne by the wounded remnant of that brave and pious band.
Fair Melrose Abbey the great heart in quiet rest doth keep,
And Douglas in the Douglas' church hath sweet and honored sleep.

In pillared marble Scotland tells her love, and grief, and pride.
Vain is the stone: all Scottish hearts the Bruce and Douglas hide.
The "gentle Sir James Douglas" and "the Bruce of Bannockburn"
Are names forever sweet and fresh for years untold to learn.



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AMATEUR THEATRICALS—THE CALL BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

THE KANGAROO.

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In the large island of Australia—an island so vast as to be ranked as a continent—nature has produced a singular menagerie.

The first discoverers of this country must have stared in amazement at the strange sights which met their eyes. There were wildernesses of luxuriant and curious vegetable growths, inhabited by large quadrupeds which appeared as bipeds; queer little beasts with bills like a duck, ostriches covered with hair instead of feathers, and legions of odd birds, while the whole woods were noisy with the screeching and prating of thousands of paroquets and cockatoos.



THE HOME OF THE KANGAROO.

The largest and oddest Australian quadruped is the kangaroo, a member of that strange family, the Marsupialia, which are provided with a pouch, or bag, in which they carry their little ones until they are strong enough to scamper about and take care of themselves.

The delicately formed head of this strange creature, and its short fore-legs, are out of all proportion to the lower part of its body, which is furnished with a very long tail, and its hind-legs, which are large and very strong. It stands erect as tall as a man, and moves by a succession of rapid jumps, propelled by its hind-feet, its fore-paws meanwhile being folded across its breast. A large kangaroo will weigh fully two hundred pounds, and will cover as much as sixteen feet at one jump.

The body of this beast is covered with thick, soft, woolly fur of a grayish-brown color. It is very harmless and inoffensive, and it is a very pretty sight to see a little group of kangaroos feeding quietly in a forest clearing. Their diet is entirely vegetable. They nibble grass or leaves, or eat certain kinds of roots, the stout, long claws of their hind-feet serving them as a convenient pickaxe to dig with.

The kangaroo is a very tender and affectionate mother. When the baby is born it is the most helpless creature imaginable, blind, and not much bigger than a new-born kitten. But the mother lifts it carefully with her lips, and gently deposits it in her pocket, where it cuddles down and begins to grow. This pocket is its home for six or seven months, until it becomes strong and wise enough to fight its own battles in the woodland world. While living in its mother's pocket it is very lively. It is very funny to see a little head emerging all of a sudden from the soft fur of the mother's breast, with bright eyes peeping about to see what is going on in the outside world; or perhaps nothing is visible but a little tail wagging contentedly, while its baby owner is hidden from sight.

The largest kangaroos are called menuahs or boomers by the Australian natives, and their flesh is considered a great delicacy, in flavor something like young venison. For this reason these harmless creatures are hunted and killed in large numbers. They are very shy, and not very easy to catch; but the cunning bushmen hide themselves in the thicket, and when their unsuspecting prey approaches, they hurl a lance into its body. The wounded kangaroo springs off with tremendous leaps, but soon becomes exhausted, and falls on the turf.

If brought to bay, this gentle beast will defend itself vigorously. With its back planted firmly against a tree, it has been known to keep off an army of dogs for hours, by dealing them terrible blows with its strong hind-feet, until the arrival of the hunter with his gun put an end to the contest. At other times the kangaroo, being an expert swimmer, will rush into the water, and if a venturesome dog dares to follow, it will seize him, and hold his head under water till he is drowned.

Kangaroos are often brought to zoological gardens, and are contented in captivity, so long as they have plenty of corn, roots, and fresh hay to eat.

DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

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BY A. W. ROBERTS.

A great variety of material abounds in our woods that can be utilized for Christmas decorations.

All trees, shrubs, mosses, and lichens that are evergreen during the winter months, such as holly, ink-berry, laurels, hemlocks, cedars, spruces, arbor vitæ, are used at Christmas-time for in-door ornamentation. Then come the club-mosses (*Lycopodiums*), particularly the one known as "bouquet-green," and ground-pine, which are useful for the more delicate and smaller designs. Again, we have the wood mosses and wood lichens, pressed native ferns and autumn leaves; and, if the woods are not accessible, from our own gardens many cultivated evergreens can be obtained, such as box, arbor vitæ, rhododendron, ivy, juniper, etc.



Fig. 1.

Where it is desirable to use bright colors to lighten up the sombreness of some of the greens, our native berries can be used to great advantage. In the woods are to be found the partridge-berries, bitter-sweet, rose-berries, black alder, holly-berries, cedar-berries, cranberries, and sumac. Dried grasses and everlasting-flowers can be pressed into service. For very brilliant effects gold-leaf, gold paper, and frosting (obtainable at paint stores) are used.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 1 represents a simple wreath of holly leaves and berries, sewn on to a circular piece of pasteboard, which was first coated with calcimine of a delicate light blue, on which, before the glue contained in the calcimine dried, a coating of white frosting was dusted. The monogram XMS is drawn on drawing-paper highly illuminated with gold-leaf and brilliant colors, after which it is cut out, and fastened in position.

Fig. 2 consists of a foundation of pasteboard, shaped as shown in the illustration. The four outside curves are perforated with a darning-needle. These perforations are desirable when the bouquet-green is to be fastened on in raised compact masses. The four crescent-shaped pieces of board are colored white, and coated with white frosting. On the crescents are sewn sprays of ivy and bunches of bright red berries. From the outer edge of the crescents radiate branches of hemlock or fronds of dried ferns. For the legend in the centre the monogram

I.H.S.,^[2] or "A merry Christmas to all," cut out in gold paper, looks well.

Fig. 3 consists of a combination of branches of apple wood, or other wood of rich colors and texture, neatly joined together so as to form the letters M and X. (In selecting the wood always choose that which has the heaviest growth of lichens and mosses.)

For the ornamentation of the rustic monogram I use wood and rock lichens, fungi, Spanish moss, and pressed climbing fern. Holes are bored into the rustic letters, into which are inserted small branches of holly in full berry. By trimming the monogram on both sides it looks very effective when hung between the folding-doors of a parlor, where the climbing fern may be trained out (on fine wires or green threads) in all directions, so as to form a triumphal archway. By using large fungi for the feet of the letters M and X (as shown in the illustration), the monogram can be used as a mantel-piece ornament, training fern and ivy from it and over picture-frames. The letter S in the monogram is composed of immortelles.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

Fig. 4 consists of a narrow strip of white muslin, on which is first drawn with a pencil in outline the design to be worked in evergreens. For this purpose only the finer and lighter evergreens can be used, as the intention of this design is to form a bordering for the angle formed by the wall and ceiling. This wall drapery is heavily trimmed with berries, to cause it to hang close to the wall, and at the same time to obtain richer effects of color. The evergreens and berries are fastened to the muslin with thread and needle.

Fig. 5 is composed of a strip of card-board covered with gold paper on which the evergreens are sewed. This style of ornamentation is used for covering the frames of pictures.

Natural flowers formed into groups can be made to produce very beautiful effects for the mantel-piece and corner brackets of a room. The pots should be hidden by covering them with evergreens, or the wood moss that grows on the trunks of trees. For mounting berries fine wire will be found very useful. I have always used, and with good effect, the rich brown cones of evergreens and birches for Christmas decorations.



Fig. 5.

Very rich and heavy effects of color can be produced by using dry colors for backgrounds in the following manner. On the face of the pasteboard on which you intend to work the evergreen design lay a thin coating of hot glue; before the glue dries or chills dust on dry ultramarine blue, or any of the lakes, or chrome greens. As soon as the glue has set, blow off the remaining loose color, and the result will be a field of rich "dead" color. To make the effect still more brilliant, touch up the blues and lakes with slashings of gold-leaf ("Dutch metal" will answer every purpose), fastening the gold-leaf with glue. Don't plaster it down, but put it on loose, so that it stands out from the field of color.

W. HOLMAN HUNT'S "FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

The double-page picture which appears in this week's YOUNG PEOPLE is well worthy of study, alike for the school to which it belongs, the subject which it seeks to portray, and the manner in which that subject is treated by the artist. The original painting, of which the reproduction (save, of course, in the matter of coloring) is an admirable representation, is the production of William Holman Hunt. Few sermons have been so impressive as some of this artist's pictures. Everybody knows the beautiful one which he has called "The Light of the World," and no person of any intelligence can look upon that without having recalled to his mind these words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." But it may not be so generally known that this impression is thus strongly produced upon the spectator because it was first very deeply made on the artist himself. A friend of ours told us this beautiful story. The original painting of "The Light of the World" is in the possession of an English gentleman, at whose house one known to both of us had been a guest. While he was there the frame had been taken off the picture for purposes of cleaning, and the stranger had thus an opportunity of examining it very closely. He found on the canvas, where it had been covered by the frame, these words, in the writing of the artist: "*Nec me prætermittas, Domine!*"—"Nor pass me by, O

Lord!" Thus, like the Fra Angelico, Mr. Hunt seems to have painted that work upon his knees; and it is a sermon to those who look upon it, because it was first a prayer in him who produced it.

Much the same, we are confident, may be said of the picture which is now before us. All our readers must know the story. When the "divine boy" was about twelve years of age he was taken by Joseph and Mary to the Passover feast at Jerusalem. They went up with a company from their own neighborhood, and after the feast was over they had started to return in the same way. But Jesus was not to be found. Still supposing that he was somewhere in their company, they went a day's journey, and "sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance." Their search, however, was fruitless, and so, "sorrowing" and anxious, they returned to Jerusalem, where they ultimately found him in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions." They were amazed at the sight; and his mother, relieved, and perhaps also a little troubled, said, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." To which he made reply, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" These words are remarkable as the first recorded utterance of conscious Messiahship that came from the lips of our Lord. They indicate that now his human intelligence has come to the perception of his divine dignity and mission; and when he went down to Nazareth, and was subject to Joseph and Mary, it was with the distinct assurance within him that Joseph was not his father, and that there was ultimately a higher business before him than the work of the carpenter. Still, he knew that only through the lower could he reach the higher, and therefore he went down, contented to wait until the day of his manifestation came.

The artist has seized the moment when Jesus made this striking reply to his mother, and everything in the picture is made to turn on that. The scene is the interior of the Temple. The time is high day, for workmen are busily engaged at a stone on the outside, and a beggar is lolling at the gate in the act of asking alms. The Jewish doctors are seated. First in the line is an aged rabbi with flowing beard, and clasping a roll with his right hand. Over his eyes a film is spread, which indicates that he is blind; and so his neighbor, almost as aged as himself, is explaining to him why the boy has ceased to ask his questions, by telling him that his mother has come to claim him. Beside him, and the third in the group, is a younger man, whose face is full of eager thoughtfulness, and whose hands hold an unfolded roll, to which it appears as if he had been referring because of something which had just been said.

The other faces are less marked with seriousness, and seem to be indicative rather of curiosity; but we make little account of them because of the fascination which draws our eyes to the principal group. The face of Joseph, as Alford says, is "well-nigh faultless." It is full of thankful joy over the discovery of the boy; and though to our thinking Joseph was an older man than he is here depicted, yet everything about him is natural and manly. The Mary is hardly so successful. The narrative does not represent her as speaking softly into the ear of her son, but rather as breaking in abruptly on the assembly with her irrepressible outcry, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" and there might well have been less of the soft persuasiveness and more of the surprised look of what one might call wounded affection in her face. But the portrayal of the boy Christ is admirable. We have never, indeed, seen any representation of the face of Christ that has thoroughly satisfied us, and we do not expect ever to see one. But this one is most excellent. The "far-away" look in the eyes, and the expression of absorption on the countenance, betoken that his thoughts are intent upon that divine "business" which he came to earth to transact. Exquisite, too, as so thoroughly human, is the playing of the right hand with the strap of his girdle in his moment of abstraction. In the far future the great business of his life is beckoning him on; but close at hand his duty to his mother is asserting its immediate claim. In his eager response to the first, he cries, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and his thoughts are after that meanwhile; but ere long the demand of the present will prevail, and he will go down with his parents, and be subject to them. This "righteousness" also he has to "fulfill," even as a part of that "business."

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Take the picture, boys; frame it, and hang it where you can often see it. You will be reminded by it wholesomely of one who was once as really a boy as you; and when the future seems to be calling you on, and begging you to leap at once into its work, a look at the Christ-face will help you to seek the glory of the future in submission to the claims of the duties of the present, and will say to you, "He that believeth shall not make haste." Through the performance of the duties of a son to his mother Jesus passed to the business of saving men; and in the same way, through faithful diligence where you are, the door will open for you into the future which seems to you so attractive. It is right to have a business before you. It is right, also, for you to feel that the work you want to do in the world is "your Father's business." We would not have you fix your heart on anything which you could not so describe. But whatever that may be, rely upon it you will never reach it by neglecting present duty. On the contrary, the more diligent and faithful you are now as boys in the home and in the school, the more surely will the door into eminence open for you as men. Let the picture, therefore, stimulate you to holy ambition, and yet encourage you to wait patiently in the discharge of present duty until the time comes for your elevation. The way to come at your true business in life is to do well the present business of your boyhood.

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"THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."—FROM A PAINTING BY W. HOLMAN HUNT.—SEE PAGE 87.

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THE CAPTAIN'S BOY ON THE PENNY BOAT.

BY H. F. REDDALL.

Imagine a side-wheel steamboat a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, her hull painted black, red, or red and white, with only one deck, entirely open from stem to stern; a hot, stuffy cabin below the water-line, her engines, of the cylinder pattern, entirely below the deck, and you have some idea of a London "penny boat"—a very different affair from our jaunty American river craft.

As most of my young readers are aware, the river Thames divides the great city of London into nearly equal parts. For nearly twelve miles the metropolis stretches along either bank, and, as might be expected, the river forms a convenient-highway for traffic—a sort of marine Broadway, in fact. There are a number of bridges, each possessing from six to ten arches, and through these the swift tide pours with tremendous energy. From early dawn to dark the river's bosom is crowded with every description of vessel. Below London Bridge, the first we meet in going up stream, may be seen the murky collier moored close to the neat and trim East Indiaman, the heavy Dutch galiot scraping sides with the swift mail-packet, or the fishing-boat nodding responsive to the Custom-house revenue-cutter.

Above and between the bridges the scene changes, but is none the less animated. Here comes a heavy, lumbering barge, its brown sail loosely furled, depending for its momentum upon the tide, and guided by a long sweep. Barges, lighters, tugs, fishing-smacks, passenger steamboats, and a variety of smaller craft so crowd the river that were we to stand on Blackfriars Bridge a boat of some description would pass under the arches every thirty or forty seconds.

But by far the most important feature is the passenger-boats. These are apparently countless. They make landings every few blocks, now on one side the river, now on the other, darting here and there, up and down, and adding largely to the bustle. For a penny, the equivalent of two cents American currency, one may enjoy a water ride of five or six miles—say from London Bridge to Lambeth Palace. When we reflect that all this immense traffic is crowded between the banks of a stream at no point as wide as the East River opposite Fulton Ferry, New York, and impeded by bridges at that, the difficulties of navigation will be in some measure understood; and I have purposely dwelt on this that my readers may fully appreciate what follows.

Every one knows how, in America, the steamboat is controlled by a pilot perched high above the passengers in the "pilot-house"; how he steers the boat, and at the same time communicates with the engineer far below him by means of bells—the gong, the big jingle, the little jingle, and so on. But the penny boats of the Thames are managed far differently. The wheelsman is at the stern in the old-fashioned way; but on a bridge stretched amidships between the two paddle-boxes, and right over a skylight opening into the engine-room, stands the captain. Beneath him, sitting or standing by this skylight, is a boy of not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, who, I observed, from time to time called out some utterly unintelligible words, in accordance with which the engine was slowed, stopped, backed, or started ahead as occasion required. It took me a long time to discover *what* the boy said, from the peculiar sing-song way in which he called out, but it took me much longer to find out *why* he said it.

So far as I could see he had not as much interest in the boat as I had; apparently he observed the constantly changing panorama of river scenery—not an interesting sight on board escaped him, and yet as we neared or departed from each landing-stage the same mysterious sounds, only varied slightly, issued

from his lips, and the boat stopped or went ahead as the case might be. I asked myself if this wonderful boy might not be the captain, but a glance at the weather-beaten figure on the bridge showed me the absurdity of the idea. So I watched the latter individual, from whom I was now sure the boy received his orders. But how? That was the question. The captain and his boy were too far apart to speak intelligibly to one another without all the passengers hearing them: how, then, did the one on the bridge communicate his wishes to the other at the skylight if not by speech?

By dint of long watching I became aware that though apparently the eyes of the lad saw everything there was to be seen, in reality he was most watchful of the captain, hardly ever lifting his gaze from the figure above him, and at last I discovered that by a scarcely perceptible motion of his hand, merely opening and closing it, or with a simple backward or forward motion from the wrist down, the captain conveyed his orders to the boy, who responded by shouting in his shrill treble through the skylight what, after much conjecture, I discovered to be "Ease 'er!" "Stop 'er!" "Turn 'er astarn!" "Let 'er go ahead!"

The gesture by the captain's hand was oftentimes so faint that I failed to see it, though I was on the lookout; much less could I interpret its meaning, yet the lad never once failed to give the correct order.

Only think of it! The safety of these boats, their crews, and thousands of passengers absolutely depends upon these youngsters, who in wind and rain, sunshine or storm, are compelled to be at their posts for many hours daily. If through inattention or inadvertence the wrong command should be given to the engineer, a terrible calamity might occur. That such is never or rarely the case speaks volumes for the fidelity and attention to duty of these boys, who have very little opportunity for training or education of any sort.

PACKAGE NO. 107.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

The express agent in San Francisco smiled very pleasantly when the package was brought to him with a directed express tag properly tied on it. But it was not so strange for him to smile, since he knew all about that package, and had foretold the exact time required for a package to reach New York. But the clerk who pasted a green label on the tag, and marked on one end in blue ink "No. 107, Paid" so and so much, why should he be amused? And why should the two express-wagon drivers who were in the office at the time declare that that package would be something like a surprise?

Then an errand-boy came into the office to express a valise, having left seven other boys standing on the nearest street corner before a hand-organ that was playing the newest airs, which those seven boys were learning to whistle. But why should that errand-boy, who was usually a very quiet boy, immediately run to the office street door, and call, and beckon, and wave his hat furiously for those seven boys to come and look at package No. 107? Then those seven boys, in spite of the attraction of the hand-organ, came on a run, and stood eagerly around the express office door. And why wouldn't those boys go away until that package was taken with other packages to the railroad station in one of the express wagons? And what, also, greatly interested five other passing boys, a Chinese laundry-man, two apple-women, and a policeman?

Well, it was the same cause, which will soon appear, that made curious and smiling the express people of Omaha, Chicago, and other places where the package was seen on its way East to New York.

About a month previous to this, Mr. Benson had written to his wife from California that owing to the slow settlement of the business that had taken him there, he was beginning to fear he and Guy would not be able to reach home even by the holidays. "But Guy says," wrote Mr. Benson, "that if we only had mother here we would get along splendidly."

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A week later the unwelcome news came to Mrs. Benson in New York explaining that Mr. Benson's business would further detain him in California until the middle of March—three months to come. You may be certain that Mrs. Benson was very sorry to think of passing Christmas and New-Year's with three thousand miles separating her from her husband and boy. But she was forced to smile as she read Guy's letter—mailed with his father's—explaining how they might dine together on Christmas-day, notwithstanding the three thousand miles.

"I have found out," wrote Guy in his best handwriting, "that the difference in time between New York and San Francisco is about three hours and a quarter. So if you sit down to your dinner at a quarter past four o'clock, your time, and we sit down to our dinner at one o'clock, our time, we can in that way be dining together. We are going to have for dinner exactly what we had at home on last Christmas. But you will have the best time, for grandfather and grandmother will be with you, and Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary, and Ben, Tom, Bertha, Sadie, Uncle Seth, and all the rest of them."

A few days after this letter was sent Mr. Benson mailed another one, in which he told his wife that Guy had made a discovery on the previous day, and they were going to send her a pleasant surprise—in fact, a Christmas present. "The package will be sent by express, directed to your address in New York," wrote Mr. Benson, "and we have so timed its journey East that it will reach you some time on the day before Christmas."

This was package No. 107.

But didn't Mrs. Benson wonder and wonder what was coming to her for a surprise present? And didn't she imagine that it might be a nest of Chinese tables, or a package of fine Russian tea, or an ivory castle, or a bunch of California grapes weighing fifteen or twenty pounds, or five-and-twenty other possible things? Then Guy's New York cousins, when they heard of that expected package, didn't they all fall to guessing? And they guessed and guessed until, as we say in "Hot Butter and Blue Beans, please come to Supper," they were "cold," "very cold," and "freezing."

Cousin Ben finally decided, after changing his mind a dozen times a day, that the package would prove to

contain either the skin of the grizzly bear that Guy, before leaving home, had thought he might find, or a big piece of gold that Guy had been kindly allowed to dig out of some gold mine.

"Heigho! this is the day the package is to come," said Cousin Bertha, the moment she awoke on that morning. But at noon-time Bertha, Ben, Jim, Sadie, and even little Tom, knew that as yet the package had not arrived. It had not arrived as late as four o'clock in the afternoon, when the first three just mentioned, together with some of their elders, went to Guy's mother's to supper. There Bertha, Ben, and Jim took turns vainly watching at the windows for the express wagon, until they were called to supper.

Jingle! jingle! jingle! went the door-bell during the course of the supper. And so much had that package been talked about and guessed about that all paused in their eating and drinking, and listened in expectation.

"Please, ma'am," said Katie, coming from answering the ring, "the expressman is at the door. He says he's got a most valuable package for you, and would you please come and receipt for it?"

Mrs. Benson found the expressman standing by the little table in the hallway where Katie had left him, though in the mean time he had gone back to his wagon and brought the package into the house. "Please sign there," he said, pointing to his receipt-book.

"It must be a very small package," thought Mrs. Benson, not seeing any package, but imagining it might still be in the expressman's overcoat pocket.

"I was to say, Mrs. Benson," said the man, "that you must be prepared for a very great, pleasant surprise."

"Oh! I'm prepared to be surprised," answered Mrs. Benson.

"Then please turn and look at the package standing there by the parlor door."

"Mother!"

"Oh, Guy! my dear boy!" joyfully called Mrs. Benson, as Guy, with an express tag tied around his arm, rushed into her arms, and clasped her around the neck.

"It's Guy himself," said Bertha, gleefully.

"Hurrah! it's Guy!" called Ben and Jim; and they all instantly left the supper table and hurried to greet him.

But the adventures of package No. 107 could not be quickly told. Of how it was discovered that it might be sent, how it had been directed like a bundle of goods, how it had been receipted for over and over again, how it had travelled all the way in the Pullman cars, how it was given as much care and attention as if it had been a huge nugget of gold, and very, very many more hows and whys.

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Six o'clock! Thank fortune!" exclaimed one of a group of girls in Mr. Hardman's store.

Mildred Lee glanced up with a sigh of relief, moving with quicker fingers at the thought of being so near the end of her day's work. She was a pale pretty girl about sixteen, with soft brown hair, dark eyes, and a something more refined in her air and manner than her associates. Perhaps it was that in her dress there were none of the flimsy attempts at finery which the other girls affected so strongly, or perhaps it was only her quiet, lady-like self-possession which had in it nothing of vulgar reticence or pride; but, in any case, there was a touch of something superior to all lowering influences, and the most flippant sales-woman in "Hardman's" lowered her tone of coarse good-humor, stopped short in any gay recital, when Mildred's pretty face and quiet little figure came in view.

"Six o'clock," said Jenny Martin, a tall, "striking-looking" young person, who was helping Milly to put away some ribbons. "Oh dear, now we'll be kept! There comes that lady from Lane Street. She'll stay half an hour."

"Young ladies, what are you about?" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Hardman's son and heir, a short, stout young man, very much overdressed, and who bustled up to the counter, dispersing the little group with various half-audible exclamations. Then he turned, bowing and smiling, to the late customer.

She was a plain, elderly woman, dressed in a quaint fashion, but bearing unmistakable signs of good-breeding; evidently what even Mr. Tom Hardman would recognize as a *real* lady. Miss Jenner, of Milltown, was regarded by the store-keepers in her vicinity as a valuable customer. She was known to be very rich, although eccentric, and her great red brick house, a little back from the street, with its box-walked garden and tall old trees, was one of the finest and most respectable in the county. Miss Jenner had been two years abroad, and this was one of her first visits to any Milltown store. She received Mr. Tom's servile courtesies with rather an indifferent manner, glancing around the big, showy store, scanning the faces of the tired young attendants, as she said, "Is not Mildred Lee one of your sales-women?"

"Miss Lee!" called out Mr. Tom.

Mildred moved forward quickly, looking at the new customer with an air of polite attention, but none of her employer's obsequiousness.

Miss Jenner met the young girl's glance with a swift critical stare.

"Here," she said, rather shortly, "I want some gloves, and I'd prefer your serving me."

Miss Jenner's wishes could not be slighted, and so Mr. Hardman hovered about deferentially, rather altering his tone of insolent command when he spoke to the young sales-women, and finally dispersing them while he walked up and down the cloak and mantle

department, out of Miss Jenner's hearing, yet sufficiently within sight to be recalled by a look from his wealthy patroness.

As soon as she found herself alone with the shop-girl, Miss Jenner said, with a searching glance at the young face bending over the glove-box:

"So you are Mildred! Child, it seems strange enough to see your father's daughter here. How did it happen?"

"Oh!" Mildred exclaimed. She drew a quick breath, while the color flashed into her cheeks. "Did you know papa?"

"Yes." Miss Jenner spoke rather shortly.

"Well," said Mildred, "you see, after his death—we had almost nothing. Mamma is giving music lessons, and I came here, just because it was all I could get to do. Bertie is at school," the girl added, a little proudly.

"But your mother does not *live* in Milltown?" the lady inquired, with a frown of perplexity.

"Not quite *in* the town," said Mildred. "We have a little cottage on the Dorsettown road. Papa seemed to think, before he died, that he would like us to come to live here."

Miss Jenner answered nothing for a few moments. She tapped the counter with her fingers, pushed the point of her parasol into the ground, and coughed significantly one or twice before she spoke.

"Well, Mildred," she said, finally, "I suppose you know the way to my house? I should like you to come to tea with me next Tuesday. I am expecting some young friends."

Mildred Lee could scarcely answer for a few moments. How often she had passed and repassed the fine old house in Lane Street, wondering what grandeur and comfort must repose between its walls, but never had she dreamed of receiving an invitation from its owner.

"Well," exclaimed Miss Jenner, drawing out her well-filled purse, "don't you mean to come?"

Mildred smiled, and drew a quick breath.

"Oh yes, thank you, Miss Jenner, very much," she contrived to say; and almost before she could revolve the question further in her mind Miss Jenner was gone, and she found herself face to face with Mr. Tom. Now this young man was Mildred's special aversion. Not that he was as overbearing with her as with the other girls, but that he seemed to have singled her out for attentions that Mildred found odious.

"It's rather late, Miss Lee," he said, with his insolent smile; "so I may as well walk home with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hardman," answered Milly—she never called him "Mr. Tom," as did the other girls—"I can manage very nicely by myself. I always walk fast, and I have always a great deal to think about."

"Then walk fast, and let me think with you," he said, with a laugh.

Mildred dared not offend him, and so she forced herself to accept his escort, although it was evident even to the self-confident young man she disliked it. They threaded the busy streets of Milltown, "Mr. Tom" raising his hat jauntily to passing acquaintances, Mildred keeping her eyes fastened on the ground, only anxious to reach the little white cottage where her mother and brothers and sisters were waiting tea for her return.

"There, Mr. Hardman," she said, trying to look good-humored, as he held open the gate; "I won't ask you to come in, because—"

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Tom, with an easy laugh. "Because you think the gov'nor would not like me to be visiting any of the girls. Never you mind; he won't know."

"That has nothing to do with it, sir," answered Mildred, speaking with forced composure, though her face flushed scarlet. "It was because I knew my mother prefers I shall not receive visits from people whom she does not know; but if it *be* true that your father objects to your visiting any of his employees, that is an additional reason for your never forcing attentions upon me again."

And with a very stately bow Mildred moved past him, entering the little house, while "Mr. Tom," indulging in a prolonged low whistle, turned on his heel, with something not very agreeable in his expression.



THE LATE CUSTOMER—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WINGY WING FOO.

BY C. A. D. W.

Poor Wingy Wing Foo is a bright little fellow,
 With complexion, indeed, most decidedly yellow,
 And long almond eyes that take everything in;
 But the way he is treated is really a sin.
 For naughty Miss Polly *will* turn up her nose
 At his quaint shaven head and his queer little clothes,
 And bestow all her love and affectionate care
 On rosy-cheeked Mabel, with bright golden hair.

In vain do I argue, in vain do I cry,
 "Be kinder, my darling, I beg of you, try."
 But Polly shakes harder her wise little head,
 And kisses her golden-haired dolly instead.
 "Remember he's far from his kindred and home;
 'Mid strange little children he's destined to roam,
 And how sad is his fate, as no kind little mother
 Will take him right in, and make him a brother

"To the fair baby dollies that sit on her knee!
 Just think, my own Polly, how hard it must be.
 So give him a hug and a motherly kiss,
 'Tis one your own babies, I'm sure, never'll miss."
 She stooped quickly down, and raised from the floor
 The poor little stranger, discarded before,
 And said, with a tear in her bright little eye,
 "I'm sure I shall love him, mamma, by-and-by."



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I received a subscription to *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a present, and I like the paper better than any I ever had before. I like the Post-office Box and the puzzles especially, and the story of Paul Grayson I like very much.

I am collecting games and amusements, and I would be thankful to any readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* who send me any nice charades or games. In return I will send some of my own collection, with

full directions for playing each one.

JAMES O'CONNOR,
287 Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Now that the season of long evenings has come again, pretty household games are a necessary recreation for our young friends. There have been directions in the columns of *YOUNG PEOPLE* for some entertaining winter evening amusements, and more are in preparation. Descriptions of games are generally too long for the Post-office Box, but if we receive any that are short enough, we will print them, unless they are of games already well known, or involve the pitching of knives or other dangerous actions.

There is a great deal of play-time by daylight, too, and it would be interesting if boys in Canada, on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in the West and in the South, would now and then describe their out-of-door sports during the winter. There will be skating, and coasting, and sleigh-riding for some; orange-picking, rowing, and picnicking for others. There is one amusement our boys and girls will all enjoy together, and that is reading *YOUNG PEOPLE*; and if in the Post-office Box they learn what are the pastimes of children in all sections of the country, even those little people who live in solitary places where they have no playmates, and see nothing all winter but ice-bound rivers and snow-covered plains, will feel less lonely, and have imaginary companionship during play-time.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Seeing a letter from Violet S. in the Post-office Box about a society, I thought I would write about a club we boys have here.

The club, which is called the G. G., is strictly a military organization, consisting of nine members, each having a gun. We drill every Saturday. Any member who speaks during the drill is confined to the "guard-house" for five minutes for each offense.

We have also a library of nearly a hundred books, which is a source of great pleasure to us. Every month we have an election for librarian and secretary.

Whenever an event of importance occurs concerning the club we have a meeting to settle the matter. We are now preparing a play for the Christmas holidays.

BERT C.

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Reba H. wished to know if any correspondent had seen peach-trees blooming in September. I never saw peach-trees in blossom at that season, but we once had two pear-trees that blossomed in October.

I take great pleasure in reading *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I am eleven years old.

JOSIE B. G.

DARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.

I was very much interested in the account of sumac gathering in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 51, and I thought you would like to know how it is done here in Prince Edward County.

The work of gathering begins in June, and lasts until some time in August. It is gathered here before it turns red, and the berries are not gathered at all. If the berries are mixed with the leaves and twigs, it is worthless, and it is worth very little anyway, as the price is only fifty or seventy-five cents a hundred pounds. There are two kinds of sumac, the male and female; the former is what the merchants want, but the negroes often try to cheat, for it is very hard to tell the difference between the two kinds when the sumac is dry. They do not dry it in a house, but lay it on the ground in the sun for about two days, and then leave it in the shade of the trees for about a week longer.

HARRY J.

BELLE VERNON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live among the hills of Pennsylvania, where they get out great quantities of coal and sand. We have glass factories in our town, and it is so nice to see them make glass! We have a boat-yard here, too, and when the boats are launched we can get on them. It is a big slide when the boat goes into the river.

I am nine years old, and send greeting to *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I tuck it under my pillow every night.

MABEL M.

Have any of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever seen the dove-plant, sometimes called the *Espiritu Santo*, or Holy Ghost flower? I saw one in a conservatory here. It is bell-shaped and pure white, and the petals form a perfect dove.

PAUL DE M.

You will find a description and a picture of this wonderful flower, which is a native of the Isthmus of Panama, in *HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE* for November, 1879, page 863.

SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

Here is our recipe for johnny-cake, which may be useful to Mary G., or to some other little girl: One tea-cupful of sweet milk; one tea-cupful of buttermilk; one table-spoonful of melted butter; one tea-spoonful of salt; one tea-spoonful of soda; enough Indian meal to make it stiff enough to roll out into a sheet half an inch thick. Spread it on a buttered tin, and bake forty minutes. As soon as it begins to brown, baste it with melted butter, repeating the operation four or five times, until it is brown and crisp. Do not cut the sheet, but break it, and eat it for luncheon or tea.

FLORENCE S.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Here is my mother's recipe for johnny-cake for Mary G. One cup of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of butter. Beat these together until they are light and creamy. Then add one cup of wheat flour, three cups of Indian meal (yellow is best), three tea-spoonfuls of Royal baking powder, one tea-spoonful of salt, sweet milk enough to make a cake batter. Beat until very light, and bake in a quick oven about thirty minutes. We like it best baked in little patty-pans, but you can bake it in a large sheet just as well.

ETHEL W.

Recipes similar to the above have been sent by Louise H. A., Irma C. Terry, Lena Fox, Jane L. Wilson, Ada Philips, Alexina N., and other little housewives; and all unite in the wish that Mary G. may win the prize offered by her papa.

DERBY, CONNECTICUT.

I would like to tell you how I get *YOUNG PEOPLE*. We have a very nice teacher at the school where I attend, and every week each scholar who is perfect in deportment gets a copy of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. All the scholars like the paper very much, and they all try to be good. I have had a copy every week since the teacher began to give them, and so have several other scholars.

RUTH M. G.

OTSEGO LAKE, MICHIGAN.

I am eight years old. I live in Northern Michigan, between the two large lakes.

I have a pet fawn. I call it Beauty. It followed me to church last Sunday night; and although it behaved with perfect decorum, it attracted so much attention that papa had to put it out. I have every number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

LOUIS S. G.

I belong to the Boys' Exploring Association, and last summer we discovered the finest cave in the Rocky Mountains. It was filled with beautiful stalactites and stalagmites. I have some of the stalactites in my collection. The only living things we saw in the cave were a bat and two old mountain rats, one of which had young ones.

A few days ago I visited a coal mine about six miles from Colorado Springs. The coal there is soft, and lies in a narrow vein. Above and below the coal are veins or strata of sandstone, which is well covered with impressions of leaves, large and small. As I entered the mine I looked up, and right over my head there was a perfect impression of a palm-leaf, just like a palm-leaf fan. I tried to take it out whole, but it would break in pieces. There were also many impressions of small leaves, and I found pieces of the tree itself. I brought a great many of these impressions home with me. They must be many thousand years old, like the fossil shells, baculites, and ammonites which I have in my collection. I would like to exchange some of the leaf impressions with the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I would like for them Florida beans, sea-shells, or moss, or minerals from California or New Mexico. I have also some new specimens of different minerals which I would exchange for others.

HERBERT E. PECK,

Colorado.

The Boys' Exploring Association alluded to in the above letter is a society largely composed of the members of a Sunday-school in Colorado Springs. Any boy in the school may become a member on the payment of a trifling sum, and any other boy whose name is proposed by a member is admitted by vote. The object of the society is to study the geology and natural history of the surrounding country, and at certain seasons to make exploring expeditions, under the leadership of the clergyman of the church. The members pledge themselves to abstain from the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks, to use no vulgar or profane language, and to carry no fire-arms while on exploring trips.

During the past summer some important discoveries have been made, and the boys, while deriving much pleasure from these camping-out excursions, have also gained physically, mentally, and morally.

We would be glad to receive reports of the future actions of this society, which will undoubtedly be of interest to our young readers, and will perhaps incite other boys to follow the example of these young naturalists by forming societies to study the botanical, geological, and other natural characteristics of the region in which they live. All places may not contain so much that is new and wonderful as Colorado, but everywhere nature has a great deal to teach, if boys and girls will only open their eyes and hearts to learn.

I have a few patterns of lace, and would be very glad to exchange with Alice C. Little, or any other correspondent of YOUNG PEOPLE.

ANNA E. BRUCE,
Rimersburg, Clarion County,
Pennsylvania.

I am a little boy ten years old. I live in Attleborough, where so much jewelry is made. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the best of all the papers for boys and girls.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any correspondent.

JAMES ARTHUR HARRIS,
Attleborough, Massachusetts.

I live in the Paper City, where they make seventy-five tons of paper in a day. I think some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to go through the mills with me.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any one. I am eleven years old.

WILLIE H. P. SEYMOUR,
P. O. Box 210, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

I am seven years old. I am a subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I love to have my mamma read the letters from the dear little children in the Post-office Box. I go to school, but have to stay home on rainy days. I have neither brothers nor sisters. I am a New Mexican boy by birth, and travelled over three thousand miles with my dear papa and mamma, mostly in stage-coaches, when I was less than a year old.

I have a large number of Mexican garnets, gathered by Indians upon the plains and in the mountains and cañons, that I will gladly exchange for choice sea-shells.

CLAUDE D. MILLAR,
Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have begun to collect stamps, and I wish to procure as many rare ones as I can. I have two tiny shells which were picked up on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea by a lady missionary, and sent to America. I read letters from many shell collectors in the Post-office Box. I will send one of these shells to any boy or girl who will send me a reasonable number of foreign stamps in return.

EFFIE K. PRICE, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

I would like to exchange rare specimens, coins and stamps, with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I would also exchange an arrow made by a great Indian chief near here for something of equal value.

ROBERT C. MANLY, P. O. Box 66,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have taken it ever since it was published, and have learned a great deal from it.

In exchange for sea-shells, sea-weed, or curiosities or relics of any kind, I will send a piece of the marble of which they are now building the Washington Monument, or a piece of the granite of which the new State, War, and Navy departments are being built, or both if desired. I would like to exchange with some one on the Florida and California coast. I am eight years old.

T. BERTON RIDENOUS,
1428 T Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

I will exchange stamps from Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Western Australia, Tasmania, Cuba, Barbadoes, Mexico, and other foreign countries, for others from New Brunswick, St. Lucia, Ecuador, Lagos, and Dominica. I will also exchange birds' eggs.

WILLIE FORD, Austin, Texas.

Exchanges are also offered by the following correspondents:

Postmarks for specimens of red shale rock.

SAM RISIEN, JUN.,
Grosbeck, Limestone County, Texas.

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Stamps and postmarks for curiosities, coins, Indian relics, or shells.

York.

A. H. SPEAR,
167 Madison Street, Brooklyn, New

Shells for other curiosities.

Streets,

J. BATZER,
Avenue O, between 18th and 19th
Galveston, Texas.

Fossil shells for Indian relics.

SARAH H. WILSON,
Clermont, Columbia County, New York.

Foreign postage stamps with correspondents residing in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, or Prince Edward Island.

B. HOENIG,
703 Fifth Street, New York City.

Postage stamps.

City.

WARREN S. BANKS,
207 East Eighty-third Street, New York

Soil of Texas for that of any other State.

JOS. L. PAXTON,
Taylor, Williamson County, Texas.

Twenty varieties of postmarks for five varieties of stamps from New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, or Prince Edward Island.

Jersey.

A. GRAHAM,
161 Somerset Street, Newark, New

Postage stamps.

Missouri.

C. M. HEMSTREET,
108 South Fourteenth Street, St. Louis,

Birds' eggs, foreign postage stamps, and postmarks for eggs.

HARRY H. SMITH,
833 Logan Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Foreign postage stamps for postmarks.

JAMES LEONARD,
35 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Pressed autumn leaves for foreign postage stamps.

DANIEL H. ROGERS,
Mooretown, Butte County, California.

Rare stamps of all kinds.

City.

MORRIS STERNBACH,
129 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York

Michigan postmarks and curiosities for postage stamps and minerals.

TEDDY SMITH,
641 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Postage stamps.

Territory.

BESSIE C. SMITH,
Mapleton, Cass County, Dakota

Postage stamps from Japan, Egypt, Hungary, and other countries for stamps from China and South America.

CLARENCE ROWE BARTON,
1996 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Postage stamps for postmarks, stamps, Indian relics, and other curiosities.

H. BEYER,
576 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey.

Postmarks.

ANNE H. WILSON,
Care of Harold Wilson, Esq., Clermont,
Columbia County, New York.

Postmarks for minerals or postmarks.

WILLIAM H. MASON,
392 Sixth Avenue (near Tenth Street),
Brooklyn, New York.

Postage stamps.

Indiana.

BEN S. DARROW,
545 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis,

Soil of Maryland and Virginia for soil of the Northern and Western States.

D. FLETCHER,
Philopolis, Baltimore County, Maryland.

Five varieties of sharks' teeth for Indian arrowheads.

F. H. WATERS,
Philopolis, Baltimore County, Maryland.

Stamps, postmarks, and birds' eggs.

HOWARD B. MOSES,
Cheltenham Academy,
Shoemakertown, Pennsylvania.

Postmarks and curiosities.

Georgia.

G. N. WILSON,
Bairdstown, Oglethorpe County,

Stamps, minerals, and eggs of the crow, flicker, spotted tattler, and kingfisher, for eggs of a loon, eagle, gull, or snipe.

York.

W. A. WEBSTER,
394 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New

Foreign postage stamps, birds' nests, shells, and minerals for birds' eggs, shells, and foreign coins.

LAURA BINGHAM,
Lansing, Michigan.

Chinese curiosities, agates, and postmarks for rare birds' eggs and postage stamps.

C. H. GURNETT,
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

Postage stamps and postmarks for stamps.

MARY H. KIMBALL,
P. O. Box 493, Stamford, Connecticut.

Postage stamps.

T. N. CATREVAS,
13 West Twentieth Street, New York

City.

Postage stamps and coin.

SAMMIE P. CRANAGE, Bay City, Michigan.

Postage stamps, especially specimens from Japan and Hong-Kong, for others.

F. L. MACONDRAY,
1916 Jackson Street, San Francisco,

California.

Birds' eggs, stamps, and postmarks for the same, or for minerals, coins, or Indian relics.

RALPH J. WOOD,
39 (old number) Wildwood Avenue,
Jackson, Michigan.

Five foreign postage stamps for an ounce of soil from any State, or thirty foreign stamps for an Indian arrow-head. No duplicate stamp in either exchange.

C. B. FERNALD,
1123 Girard Street, Philadelphia,

Pennsylvania.

Foreign postage stamps or United States postmarks for shells or minerals.

GEORGE E. WELLS,
40 Cottage Place, Hackensack, New

Jersey.

Five rare foreign stamps for a good mineral specimen.

C. C. SHELLEY, JUN.,
93 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, New

York.

Sea and fresh water shells and minerals for other minerals and Indian curiosities.

ROYAL FERRAUD,
141 Front Street, West, Detroit,

Michigan.

WILLIAM TELL ARCHERS, NEW ORLEANS.—Bows vary in price from three dollars to ninety and even one hundred dollars each. It would be well to write to Messrs. Peck & Snyder, Nassau Street, New York city, importers of English archery goods, for one of their catalogues. E. I. Horsman, of 80 William Street, New York city, would also send his catalogue on application, and his list comprises all archery goods manufactured in this country, which are sold at lower prices than the English importations. We never heard of a whalebone bow on an archery field.

HENRY R. C., GEORGE E. B., AND OTHERS.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers will furnish the cover for YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I., at the price stated in the advertisement on this page, but in no case can they attend to the binding.

LOUIS H.—A stamp collection consists of stamps of *different denominations* from all countries. The special locality in the country from which the specimen is sent adds to the interest of a postmark, but not to that of

a stamp. Different issues of the same denomination, when you can obtain them, should have a place in your stamp album. For example, there have been a good many issues, varying in design and color, of the United States three-cent stamp. Each one is a valuable specimen; but if you have two or more exactly alike, paste only one in your album, and reserve the duplicates for exchange.

B. B.—It is not often that we can make room in the Post-office Box for pictures, and we are constantly compelled to decline pretty and interesting drawings by our young friends. We can much more easily give space to a short description in writing of any curious phase of wild Indian life that you may notice than to a pictured representation.

W. E. L.—Your story shows imagination, but is not good enough to print.—Unless you have a natural gift for ventriloquism you will find it a difficult art to learn. Several books of instruction have been published, but they are not very satisfactory, and you would learn better by procuring a good teacher than by endeavoring to follow the directions of a hand-book.

E. A. DE L.—A badge expressing the motto of your society is not very easy to invent. A gold shield bearing the letters F. S. arranged as a monogram, in blue, white, or black enamel would be very simple, and as appropriate, perhaps, as any more marked design.

Favors are acknowledged from Charles Werner, Ida L. G., Harry C. Earle, Pearl A. H., Isabella T. Niven, Will S. Norton, Mary K. Bidwell, George K. Diller, Anna Wierum, Mark Manly, Latham T. Souther, Maggie Behlendorff, Joey W. Dodson, Aaron W. King, Charlie, Hattie Wilcox, Clara Clark, Florence M. Donalds, Eddie L. S., Sarabelle, E. T. Rice, J. Fitzsimons, Cassie C. Fraleigh, Mary H. Lougee, Coleman E. A., Fred S. C., Eddie R. T., Edgar E. Helm, Emmer Edwards, Eunice Kate, Clarence D. C.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Lena Fox, H. M. P., Stella Pratt, Mary L. Fobes, "Unle Ravalier," C. Gaylor, William A. Lewis, C. H. McB., Cal I. Forny, The Dawley Boys, Mary S. Twing.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

RHOMBOID—(*To Stella*).

Across.—A portable dwelling; a kind of food; to inclose; a poem. Down.—A consonant; a printer's measure; novel; a genus of plants; to hit gently; one of a printer's trials; a consonant.

MARK MARCY.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

My whole is a Latin quotation, composed of 24 letters, from the fifth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, which should be remembered by boys and girls.

My 8, 23, 18, 7, 13 is a city of South America.

My 3, 5, 24, 11, 22 is a city in India.

My 2, 14, 22, 20, 6, 19 is a town of Belgium.

My 1, 16, 24, 9 is a country of South America.

My 21, 16, 17, 10, 4 is one of the British West Indies.

My 15, 12, 11 is a town of Belgium, once a famous resort.

J. D. H.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE my first is hid.
In goat my second, but not in kid.

In letter my third, but the cunningest fox
Will never find it in Post-office Box.
My fourth is in apple, but not in tree.
My fifth in Newton will always be.
My sixth is in month, but never in day.
My seventh in lightning, but not in ray.
My eighth is in runic, but never in Goth.
My ninth is hidden away in moth.
My tenth is in cloth, which that insect destroys.
My eleventh is in racket, but never in boys.
My twelfth is in hearing, but is not in sight.
My thirteenth in shining, but never in bright.
The secrets I hide no man shall know
Though years may come and years may go.

DAME DURDEN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 55.

No. 1.

LOVER
NAVAL
NI CER
LEVER
SI DES

No. 2.

S E
TEA GAS
SEI NE EAGLE
ANT SLY
E E

No. 3.

A caci A
R ave N
B lu E
UniforM
T atto O
U niso N
S avag E

Arbutus, Anemone.

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SOME ANSWERS TO WIGGLE No. 15, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 16.

The following also sent in answers to Wiggle No. 15:

T. A. C., C. S. C., D. H. Freeman, Thomas William Allen, Madgie Ranch, Orin Simons, Norma Hall, L. C. Sutherland, Harry Lander, I. La Rue, J. R. Glen, Percy F. Jamieson, Cevy Freeman, Isabel Clark, Christiana Clark, Edna May Morrill, H. M. P., Long Legs, W. Bloomfield, Winthrop, M. E. Farrell, Isabel Jacob, Emma Shaffer, Charles A. Holbrook, Robert M., L. E. Torrey, Walter Doerr, Theo. F. Muller, K. E. K., C. Halliday, H. F. S., E. De C., Athalia H. Daly, Kerfoot W. Daly, C. E. S. S., H. R., Ruby R. Carsard, Alexina Neville, Edward T. Balcom, Edwin Prindle, Dollie Kopp, A. J. Carleton, Fernando Gonzala, Thomas Flaherty, John Flaherty, Alice Brown, Frank Eaton, Winthrop M. Daniels, W. G. Harpee, Pierre, Raba Thelin, Felix H. Gray, Freddie L. Temple, Winona D. Anderson, Harry V. Register, Albert L. Register, S. Croft Register, "Nelse Walton," W. H. C., John N. Howe, Dora K. Noble, Charles A. Tomlinson, Irving W. Lamb, Burton Harwood, I. R. Herrick, E. W. Little, Samuel von Behren, Harry Cowperthwait, Jack Nemo, Fanny Crampton, Mamie B. Purdy, Percy B. Purdy, J. P. H., Mary A. Hale, E. D. F., Nella Coover, F. Uhlenhaut, W. C. Siegert, P. N. Clark, Lillian Thomas, Annie E. Barry, Charlie Conklin, Mary Burns, Lottie Norton, Hattie Venable, Annie A. Siegert, E. W. Siegert, C. W. Mansur, G. W., "Bo-peep," Julius Backofen, Nellie Beers, Oliver Drew, Frank W. Taylor, Willie A. Scott, Reba Hedges, Arthur, Cora, Mark Manley, E. L. C., Thomas C. Vanderveer, Nellie Hyde, George St. Clair, L. C. H., Mary C. Green, Frank Miller, Helen S. W., P. B. A., Willie Dobbs, Charlie Dobbs, Agnes D. Cram, Carrie Rauchfuss, L. O. S., Fred. K. Houston, Howard Starrett, Bertha W. Gill, Willie B. Morris, Millie Olmsted, Nellie Cruger, F. J. Kaufman, May Longwell, "Masher" (G. H. Gillett), Hattie Wilcox, Everett C. Fay, C. H. T., Bennie Darrow, Claudius W. Tice, Lam, G. C. Meyer, Hugh Downing, Carrie Davis, M. O. Krum, Howard Rathbon, D. B. C., Jun., Newton C., J. B. D., Ida Belle, Agnes, Edith Williams, Herman Muhr, Big Brother, Tommy Roberts, Mamie Hornfager, Hattie Kerr.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] See Kerr's *History of Scotland*, Vol. II., p. 499.
- [2] Jesus Hominum Salvator.

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