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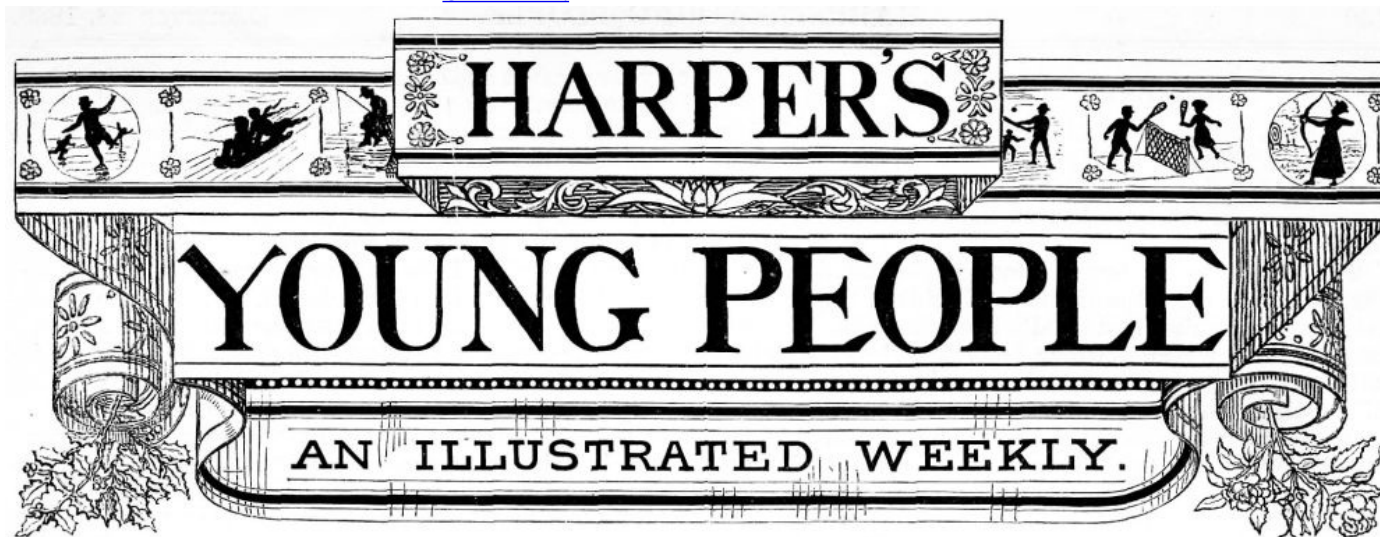
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THE FIRST NEW-YEAR'S CALL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

On the first page of this New-Year's number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a picture of the first New-Year's call of the season, which is one made at the door of every house in the land just as the clock strikes twelve on New-Year's Eve.

The little fur-clad figure knocking for admittance is that of New Year himself, Master Eighteen Eighty-One, laden with promises and good wishes that will, we hope, insure him a warm welcome from the sleepy watchers within the cozy room to which he seeks to enter. Even Miss Dolly, whom the children have left on the cricket in the corner to watch the old year out and the new one in, and who does not look at all sleepy, will welcome the little stranger in her own way, and he will quickly be made to feel at home.

Now watch for him, dear children; he will surely come to every door, and when he arrives, welcome him warmly, and make up your minds to do everything in your power to make him the very happiest New Year that ever was.

"PRINCE CHARLIE."

BY KATHERINE KAMERON.

Christmas was over. The twins, Allan and Jessie, had romped and played away the whole delightful day, in doors and out.

Wonderful to tell, they had wearied of all the pretty new toys, and found an end to play. After tea they sat quietly in the fire-glow, talking with mamma about the beautiful new picture that was her gift to them. It was a charming group of gayly dressed children—little Princes and a Princess, the children of the unhappy King Charles I. of England. The tallest was a handsome boy, in a suit of scarlet velvet, with a broad collar of rich old lace. He held by the hand a tiny tot, in a frilled cap and a dress of blue silk, who timidly clung to the protecting arm of his big brother. The third was a quaint little damsel in a robe of creamy satin, standing with her dainty hands demurely folded before her. Her long stately dress touched the floor with its border of Vandyck points, and her small head was curiously dressed in a by-gone courtly fashion. About her pretty throat was a necklace of costly pearls, and she looked the perfect model of a tiny old-time lady of high degree. A pair of graceful spaniels crouched at the feet of the children, and behind them was a curtain of some rich foreign stuff. The fire-light flashed on the sweet young faces and shining auburn hair, touching the waves and curls, while the shadows danced and nickered until it seemed to Allan that the bright eyes smiled back to him as he looked up. It was like a pleasant dream, and Allan's blue eyes grew slowly dim and dimmer. Jessie's eyelids had been drooping from the time mamma began to tell about the royal children, and directly the twins were fast asleep. Papa came in, and mamma laughed with him at the effect of her story, and then the little sleepers were playfully shaken until they were wide awake enough to walk up stairs.

There was a sleepy good-night kiss all around, a double "Now I lay me," and two heads nestled down on two soft pillows, and the long delightful Christmas-day was quite gone.

In almost no time Allan felt a hand on his shoulder, and a voice said, softly, "Allan, Allan, wake up, my man, and come and show me about the things."

Allan turned over, rubbed his dazed eyes, and then jumped straight up in bed, winking and blinking in wonder at what he saw. Standing beside his bed was a handsome lad, about his own size, in a scarlet velvet suit. The stranger was laughing merrily at his surprise, as he spoke again: "My good fellow, don't sit staring at me, but put on your doublet and the rest, and come on. We have not long to stay." At this, Allan glanced through the open door of Jessie's room, and there by her bed he saw in the moonlight the dainty little dame in the trailing satin. She was whispering to Jessie. In an instant the visitors vanished hand in hand through the doorway, and the children heard their soft footfalls on the stairway. "Prince Charlie! Princess Mary!" was all they said, but they fairly danced into their clothes, and then ran quickly down to the library; and when the door opened, what a strange sight met their astonished eyes! There was a famous fire in the grate, and by the bright blaze they saw Prince Charlie mounted, on the new velocipede, tugging at the bridle, and cracking his whip until it snapped again, but the queer steed moved not a pace. The little Princess sat holding Nannette—Jessie's French doll—speechless with delight. She turned the pretty head from side to side, she moved the arms and feet, she examined the tiny kid boots with their high heels. Then she admired the long gloves with no end of buttons, and the scrap of a bonnet, made of shreds of flower and feather in a wonderful way, and perched on a high tower of fluffy flossy hair.

"Do you like it, Princess Mary?" asked Jessie, most respectfully.

"Oh, it is bonny," was the answer; "so much prettier than any I ever saw. Is your father a great King, and does he have such wonderful dolls made for you?" she asked.

"Oh, dear me, no, Princess," said Jessie, hastily, and wanting very much to laugh. "My father is a great doctor, though. We have no Kings in our country."

"No Kings!" echoed the little lady, incredulously. "Who reigns, then? But do not say Princess every time; call me Mary. We must go back so soon, and I have a hundred questions to ask about so many strange things. We are very tired of looking at them from up there," glancing at the picture.

"Indeed, we have longed to get down close by you ever since we came," exclaimed the Prince. "I am sure you saw us smile at you last evening," he added.

"So I was right," cried Allan, joyfully. "I thought so;" and looking up to the picture, he saw the pretty spaniels quite alone against the rich drapery. They were huddled together in a lonely way, a silky heap of noses and paws. At Prince Charlie's voice one of them threw up his head for a dismal howl, but at a sign from his young master he patiently curled down to wait.

The Princess missed Jamie, and turned to look for him. There, in a corner on the floor, sat the baby Duke, in his sky-blue silk, dancing Jessie's droll Japanese "Ning-Ping" until the limp arms and legs fairly flew. He stopped a moment to look into the narrow sleepy eyes, and to touch the long braid that hung down behind, and the stiff little fringe, like a brush, on top of the queer head, and then again the legs and arms rattled a tune, while Jamie's round, solemn eyes seemed not even to wink, so intent and wondering was his look. In the mean time his stately sister held Nannette close in her arms, as she moved about, looking, listening, and questioning.

Just then Jamie called, softly, "Charlie! Charlie! Mary! come and see."

The little fellow had found a box of jointed wooden animals and people. He was twisting the legs and arms and paws and wings into all manner of shapes, and then standing up the funny wry shapes, and laughing in high glee.

Allan noticed how quietly they all spoke and moved. Even when they laughed heartily, or called out, they did not make any loud noise. He wondered if it was being pictures so long had made them so still.

Presently Jessie took her lacquered box, full of small treasures, from the table to the sofa, where the two girls cozily seated themselves. All of the simple, pretty things seemed equally new and curious to the little stranger. Jessie tried to have the Princess Mary keep a few trifles which she seemed most to admire, but in vain; she only drew up her small quaint figure, and said, quietly, "A Princess may not accept gifts." Somehow, although she smiled graciously, this little speech troubled Jessie, who feared she had been rude, although she did not in the least know how.

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Duke Jamie had in the mean time wearied of his wooden people, and went wandering about in his baby fashion, but never for a moment dropping Ning-Ping. Just then he spied his brother careering around on the velocipede, having learned from Allan how to manage it. Of course Jamie cried for a ride, and fortunately got it. While the Prince was whirling round, Allan had wound up his engine with the long train of passenger coaches, and sent it spinning across the floor in front of the fire. In a twinkling Prince Charlie jumped down to see the new wonder. The Princess at once lifted Jamie astride of the strange steed, and with one arm about him, walked in a motherly way by his side, pushing the curious vehicle.

"What is this long carriage?" asked young Royalty.

"Only a steam-engine and train of cars," was the reply.

"But where is the steam?" said the Prince.

"Oh, there is none here; this goes by wheels, like a clock; but the real cars that we travel on run by steam."

The long train began to creep slowly, and the wheels whirred and buzzed a little in running down. Allan handed the key to his guest, and Prince Charlie wound it up with a zest, and watched it awhile; then he turned to Allan with, "I say, how do they run by steam?"

"Why, the steam is made by the fire under the engine boiler, like a big tea-kettle," explained Allan, carefully, and feeling like a professor; "this turns the engine wheels somehow, and the cars being all fast to it, they go like lightning almost."

He soon bethought himself of his little engine, and in a few minutes it was steaming up, with the piston-rod pumping and the wheels whizzing, and the Prince quite lost in wonder. It was a very novel and pleasant sensation to know so much more than a royal Prince, and Allan enjoyed it hugely. Looking about him for new marvels, he chanced on his printing-press. The fire-light was dying out, and it was too dark for type-setting, so he quickly struck a match and lighted the gas jet. When he turned, his guests stood stupefied and open-mouthed with most unroyal amazement.

The Prince gasped out, "Sister, did you see him set fire to a hole? Surely he did it, and with a dry splinter."

The Princess turned quite pale. "Are the walls full of fire?" she asked, anxiously, hugging baby Jamie

closely.

This was, indeed, like magic to the royal pair, and, truth to tell, the young magician was nearly as much at a loss to explain the phenomenon.

"It is gas, only gas," said Allan.

"And what in the name of all the saints is this gas?" returned the Prince.

"Oh, something that is made from coal, and runs in tubes in the wall, and burns in the air like oil," said Allan. "It is not loose; it can not get out of the tubes. It is quite safe," he assured the frightened Princess, "and the dry splinter has something on the tip—phosphorus, I think—that fires when it is scraped." Thus reassured, the royal pair amused themselves for some time drawing matches, quite like common children. After this Allan introduced his treadle press, and soon the boys were deep in the mysteries of type-setting, inking, and taking impressions. The Prince wondered greatly at a printing-press for a boy's pastime, and still more to see it revolve so rapidly.

"I once went," he said, "to see them print our London weekly. They had no treadle, for the press was worked by hand; but then they had famous printers there, and plenty of them, you see, and could send out a thousand papers in a day," and he looked to Allan for admiration.

"That was doing very well," was the calm response; "but with a treadle I could work off about twice as many myself. In our country we use steam to drive every sort of machine, and to-day our Yankee presses just buzz round, and throw about eight thousand or ten thousand newspapers an hour, all cut and folded."

"Don't! don't!" cried Prince Charlie; "that is a little faster than I can think. I am sure there can't be people enough to read so many. I should lose my breath in your fast country. What, pray, is the use of driving things like lightning? Let us try those cards; and now go slow, my man, and let me see how you do it."

Very soon they had printed, in old English type, "Charles Stuart, 1640," and in a neat script, "Allan Wallace, 1880." The Prince decided he would rather have the treadle press than anything he had yet seen.

Meanwhile Jessie was doing her best to entertain the Princess Mary, who had watched all of these wonders in her quiet way, holding Jamie by the hand lest he should get into mischief. After the gas-lighting she was more careful of him than ever, fearing some harm might befall the baby brother in this new world of strange ways.

But shortly after this a sharp cry made them all start; Jamie had caught his busy, plump little hand in a wheel; he could not release it, and was screaming with fright. Princess Mary ran to his relief.

"What may this be?" she asked, when Jamie was soothed again. "Is it a spinning-wheel?"

"Indeed no," said Jessie; "I should be very glad to see one; but this is a sewing-machine."

"A what?" exclaimed her guest.

But Jessie, for answer, had opened the cover, and taking two strips of cloth from a drawer, began to stitch a seam at a flying speed. She was very proud of this accomplishment, having but just learned. "I can play better on this than on the piano," she remarked. The swift wheel whirled while she talked, and the long seam flew from under the needle, and in an instant was done. The trio stood in amazement, little Jamie being spell-bound by the flying wheel.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" cried Prince Charlie; "this is magic."

The Princess asked, eagerly, "May I try it?"

Jessie rose at once. The little lady daintily drew aside her satin robe, and put her small shoes on the treadle. With the help of Jessie the wheel was soon spinning briskly. The low hum and whir grew rapidly louder. "What!" cried the Prince, "a tune?" and, wondering, Allan heard the swift humming change to a lively measure. Louder and clearer it rose, till the leal old Scotch ballad, "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" rang out right gayly. The Prince seemed overjoyed, and directly began a merry whistle to the loud swift music of the wheel.

"What a stunning whistle!" commented Allan, admiringly. Higher and clearer it rose, nearer and shriller it came, until it sounded close into his very ear, piercing its sharp way like a steel point. He started, and sprang aside to escape it; then it suddenly stopped.

"Well, sir, is it possible you are awake at last?" said a cheery voice. "You go down to your work like one of the Seven Sleepers. Here I've been whistling 'Wha'll be King but Charlie?' right in your very ear, long enough to wake the Sleeping Beauty herself." It was his father who spoke. There he stood by Allan's bedside, laughing and tossing the covers off from the bewildered boy. "Listen, sleepy-head; your mother has been playing the same tune for ten minutes at least on the library piano. She says the new picture brought back the old tune. Come, sir, breakfast is waiting. Dress on the double-quick, you sluggard."



A DOLLS' RECEPTION.

A few days before Christmas there was given in New York a dolls' reception in aid of the Sea-side Sanitarium—the charity that takes poor children of the great city to the sea-side for a few days each summer.

This reception was given in a hall on Thirty-third Street, and consisted of a series of tableaux, in which all the characters were represented by the most lovely and exquisitely dressed French dolls. These tableaux were shown in dainty booths tastefully draped and decorated, so that the effect was extremely pretty, and the reception furnished a novel and delightful entertainment to the children who attended it in throngs during the three days that it lasted.

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At the "Birthday Party" the name of each doll-guest appeared on a dainty little dinner card laid beside each plate.

Mother Goose and her children were dressed in the costumes with which innumerable picture-books have made every child familiar.

The dolls had their Christmas tree as well as children; and, mounted on a ladder, Santa Claus (a doll's Santa Claus, you know) made believe distribute beautiful Christmas gifts.

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

THE NIGHT RIDE.

The wagon on which Mr. Lord was to send his new-found employé was, by the most singular chance, the one containing the monkeys, and Toby accepted this as a good omen. He would be near his venerable friend all night, and there was some consolation in that. The driver instructed the boy to watch his movements, and when he saw him leading his horses around, "to look lively, and be on hand, for he never waited for any one."

Toby not only promised to do as ordered, but he followed the driver around so closely that, had he desired, he could not have rid himself of his little companion.

The scene which presented itself to Toby's view was strange and weird in the extreme. Shortly after he had attached himself to the man with whom he was to ride, the performance was over, and the work of putting the show and its belongings into such a shape as could be conveyed from one town to another was soon in active operation. Toby forgot his grief, forgot that he was running away from the only home he had ever known—in fact, forgot everything concerning himself—so interested was he in that which was going on about him.

As soon as the audience had got out of the tent—and almost before—the work of taking down the canvas was begun.

Torches were stuck in the earth at regular intervals, the lights that had shone so brilliantly in and around the ring had been extinguished, the canvas sides had been taken off, and the boards that had formed the seats were being packed into one of the carts with a rattling sound that seemed as if a regular fusillade of musketry was being indulged in. Men were shouting; horses were being driven hither and thither, harnessed to the wagons, or drawing the huge carts away as soon as they had been loaded; and everything seemed in the greatest state of confusion, while really the work was being done in the most systematic manner possible.

Toby had not long to wait before the driver informed him that the time for starting had arrived, and assisted him to climb up to the narrow seat whereon he was to ride that night.

The scene was so exciting, and his efforts to stick to the narrow seat so great, that he really had no time to attend to the homesick feeling that had crept over him during the first part of the evening.

The long procession of carts and wagons drove slowly out of the town, and when the last familiar house had been passed the driver spoke to Toby for the first time since they started.

"Pretty hard work to keep on—eh, sonny?"

"Yes," replied the boy, as the team ran over a rock, bounced him high in the air, and he, by strenuous efforts, barely succeeded in alighting on the seat again, "it is pretty hard work; an' my name's Toby Tyler."



TOBY'S FIRST NIGHT RIDE.
—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

Toby heard a queer sound that seemed to come from the man's throat, and for a few moments he feared that his companion was choking. But he soon understood that this was simply an attempt to laugh, and he at once decided that it was a very poor style of laughing.

"So you object to being called sonny, do you?"

"Well, I'd rather be called Toby, for, you see, that's my name."

"All right, my boy; we'll call you Toby. I suppose you thought it was a mighty fine thing to run away an' jine a circus, didn't you?"

Toby started in affright, looked around cautiously, and then tried to peer down through the small square aperture, guarded by iron rods, that opened into the cage just back of the seat they were sitting on. Then he turned slowly around to the driver, and asked, in a voice sunk to a whisper: "How did you know that I was runnin' away? Did he tell you?" and Toby motioned with his thumb as if he were pointing out some one behind him.

It was the driver's turn now to look around in search of the "he" referred to by Toby.

"Who do you mean?" asked the man, impatiently.

"Why, the old feller; the one in the cart there. I think he knew I was runnin' away, though he didn't say anything about it; but he looked just as if he did."

The driver looked at Toby in perfect amazement for a moment, and then, as if suddenly understanding the boy, he relapsed into one of those convulsive efforts that caused the blood to rush up into his face, and gave him every appearance of having a fit.

"You must mean one of the monkeys," said the driver, after he had recovered his breath, which had been almost shaken out of his body by the silent laughter. "So you thought a monkey had told me what any fool could have seen if he had watched you for five minutes?"

"Well," said Toby, slowly, as if he feared he might provoke one of those terrible laughing spells again, "I saw him to-night, an' he looked as if he knew what I was doin'; so I up an' told him, an' I didn't know but he'd told you, though he didn't look to me like a feller that would be mean."

There was another internal shaking on the part of the driver, which Toby did not fear as much, since he was getting accustomed to it, and then the man said, "Well, you are the queerest little cove I ever saw."

"I s'pose I am," was the reply, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh. "I don't seem to amount to so much as the other fellers do, an' I guess it's because I'm always hungry: you see, I eat awful, Uncle Dan'l says."

The only reply which the driver made to this plaintive confession was to put his hand down into the deepest recesses of one of his deep pockets, and to draw therefrom a huge doughnut, which he handed to his companion.

Toby was so much at his ease by this time that the appetite which had failed him at supper had now returned in full force, and he devoured the doughnut in a most ravenous manner.

"You're too small to eat so fast," said the man, in a warning tone, as the last morsel of the greasy sweetness disappeared, and he fished up another for the boy. "Some time you'll get hold of one of the India rubber doughnuts that they feed to circus people, an' choke yourself to death."

Toby shook his head, and devoured this second cake as quickly as he had the first, craning his neck, and uttering a funny little squeak as the last bit went down, just as a chicken does when he gets too large a mouthful of dough.

"I'll never choke," he said, confidently; "I'm used to it; and Uncle Dan'l says I could eat a pair of boots an' never wink at 'em; but I don't just believe that."

As the driver made no reply to this remark, Toby curled himself up on one corner of the seat, and watched with no little interest all that was passing on around him. Each one of the wagons had a lantern fastened to the hind axle, and these lights could be seen far ahead on the road, as if a party of fire-flies had started in single file on an excursion. The trees by the side of the road stood out weird and ghostly-looking in the darkness, and the rumble of the carts ahead and behind formed a musical accompaniment to the picture that sounded strangely doleful.

Mile after mile was passed over in perfect silence, save now and then when the driver would whistle a few bars of some very dismal tune that would fairly make Toby shiver with its mournfulness. Eighteen miles was the distance from Guilford to the town where the next performance of the circus was to be given, and as Toby thought of the ride before them, it seemed as if the time would be almost interminable. He curled himself up on one corner of the seat, and tried very hard to go to sleep; but just as his eyes began to grow heavy, the wagon would jolt over some rock or sink deep in some rut, till Toby, the breath very nearly shaken out of his body, and his neck almost dislocated, would sit bolt-upright, clinging to the seat with both hands, as if he expected each moment to be pitched out into the mud.

The driver watched him closely, and each time that he saw him shaken up and awakened so thoroughly he would indulge in one of his silent laughing spells, until Toby would wonder whether he would ever recover from it. Several times had Toby been awakened, and each time he had seen the amusement his sufferings caused, until he finally resolved to put an end to the sport by keeping awake.

"What is your name?" he asked of the driver, thinking a conversation would be the best way to rouse himself into wakefulness.

"Wa'al," said the driver, as he gathered the reins carefully in one hand, and seemed to be debating in his mind how he should answer the question, "I don't know as I know myself, it's been so long since I've heard it."

Toby was wide enough awake now, as this rather singular problem was forced upon his mind. He revolved the matter silently for some moments, and at last he asked, "What do folks call you when they want to speak to you?"

"They always call me old Ben, an' I've got so used to the name that I don't need any other."

Toby wanted very much to ask more questions, but he wisely concluded that it would not be agreeable to his companion.

"I'll ask the old man about it," said Toby to himself, referring to the aged monkey, whom he seemed to feel acquainted with; "he most likely knows, if he'll say anything." After this the conversation ceased, until Toby again ventured to suggest, "It's a pretty long drive, hain't it?"

"You want to wait till you've been in this business a year or two," said Ben, sagely, "an' then you won't think much of it. Why, I've known the show towns to be thirty miles apart, an' them was the times when we had lively work of it: riding all night and working all day kind of wears on a fellow."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Toby, with a sigh, as he wondered whether he had got to work as hard as that; "but I suppose you get all you want to eat, don't you?"

"Now you've struck it," said Ben, with the air of one about to impart a world of wisdom, as he crossed one leg over the other, that his position might be as comfortable as possible while he was initiating his young companion into the mysteries of the life. "I've had all the boys ride with me since I've been with this show, an' I've tried to start them right; but they didn't seem to profit by it, an' always got sick of the show, an' run away, just because they didn't look out for themselves as they ought to. Now listen to me, Toby, an' remember what I say. You see, they put us all in a hotel together, an' some of these places where we go don't have any too much stuff on the table. Whenever we strike a new town, you find out at the hotel what time they have the grub ready, an' you be on hand so's to get in with the first. Eat all you can, an' fill your pockets."

"If that's all a feller has to do to travel with a circus," said Toby, "I'm just the one, 'cause I always used to do just that when I hadn't any idea of bein' a circus man."

"Then you'll get along all right," said Ben, as he checked the speed of his horses, and, looking carefully ahead, said, as he guided his team to one side of the road, "This is as far as we're going to-night."

Toby learned that they were within a couple of miles of the town, and that the entire procession would remain by the road-side until time to make the grand entrée into the village, when every wagon, horse, and man would be decked out in the most gorgeous array, as they had been when they entered Guilford.

Under Ben's direction he wrapped himself in an old horse-blanket, lay down on the top of the wagon, and he was so tired from the excitement of the day and night that he had hardly stretched out at full length before he was fast asleep.

THE NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Ring, bells, ring! for the King is here;
Ring, bells, ring! for the glad New Year.
He mounts his throne with a smiling face,
His sceptre lifts with majestic grace.
Ring for the joy his advent brings;
Ring for the happy songs he sings;
Ring for the promises sweet and true
With which we gladden our hearts anew.

The new-born Year is a happy fellow,
His voice is sweet, and low, and mellow;
With the Christmas holly his head is crowned,
With the Christmas blessings we'll wrap him round.
Then ring, bells, ring! for the joyous day—
The Past lies silent, the Present is gay;
Ring out your merriest, cheer after cheer,
To welcome the birth of the Happy New Year!

BEE-HUNTING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

The more I see of this world the hollower I find everybody. I don't mean that people haven't got their insides in them, but they are so dreadfully ungrateful. No matter how kind and thoughtful any one may be, they never give him any credit for it. They will pretend to love you and call you "dear Jimmy what a fine manly boy come here and kiss me" and then half an hour afterward they'll say "where's that little wretch let me just get hold of him O! I'll let him know." Deceit and ingratitude are the monster vices of the age and they are rolling over our beloved land like the flood. (I got part of that elegant language from the temperance lecturer last week, but I improved it a good deal.)

There is Aunt Sarah. The uncle that belonged to her died two years ago and she's awfully rich. She comes to see us sometimes with Tommy—that's her boy, a little fellow ten years old—and you ought to see how mother and Sue wait on her and how pleasant father is when she's in the room. Now she always said that she loved me like her own son. She'd say to father "How I envy you that noble boy what a comfort he must be to you," and father would say "Yes he has some charming qualities" and look as if he hadn't laid onto me with his cane that very morning and told me that my conduct was such. You'll hardly believe that just because I did the very best I could and saved her precious Tommy from an apple grave, Aunt Sarah says I'm a young Cain and knows I'll come to the gallows.

She came to see us last Friday, and on Saturday I was going bee-hunting. I read all about it in a book. You take an axe and go out-doors and follow a bee, and after a while the bee takes you to a hollow tree full of honey and you cut the tree down and carry the honey home in thirty pails and sell it for ever so much. I and Sam McGinnis were going and Aunt Sarah says "O take Tommy with you the dear child would enjoy it so much." Of course no fellow that's twelve years old wants a little chap like that tagging after him but mother spoke up and said that I'd be delighted to take Tommy and so I couldn't help myself.

We stopped in the wood-shed and borrowed father's axe and then we found a bee. The bee wouldn't fly on before us in a straight line but kept lighting on everything, and once he lit on Sam's hand and stung him good. However we chased the bee lively and by-and-by he started for his tree and we ran after him. We had just got to the old dead apple-tree in the pasture when we lost the bee and we all agreed that his nest must be in the tree. It's an awfully big old tree, and it's all rotted away on one side so that it stands as if it was ready to fall over any minute.

Nothing would satisfy Tommy but to climb that tree. We told him he'd better let a bigger fellow do it but he wouldn't listen to reason. So we gave him a boost and he climbed up to where the tree forked and then he stood up and began to say something when he disappeared. We thought he had fallen out of the tree and we ran round to the other side to pick him up but he wasn't there. Sam said it was witches but I knew he must be somewhere so I climbed up the tree and looked.

He had slipped down into the hollow of the tree and was wedged in tight. I could just reach his hair but it was so short that I couldn't get a good hold so as to pull him out. Wasn't he scared though! He howled and said "O take me out I shall die," and Sam wanted to run for the doctor.

I told Tommy to be patient and I'd get him out. So I slid down the tree and told Sam that the only thing to do was to cut the tree down and then open it and take Tommy out. It was such a rotten tree I knew it would come down easy. So we took turns chopping, and the fellow who wasn't chopping kept encouraging Tommy by telling him that the tree was 'most ready to fall. After working an hour the tree began to stagger and presently down she came with an awful crash and burst into a million pieces.

Sam and I said Hurray! and then we poked round in the dust till we found Tommy. He was all over red dust and was almost choked, but he was awfully mad. Just because some of his ribs were broke—so the doctor said—he forgot all Sam and I had done for him. I shouldn't have minded that much, because you don't expect much from little boys, but I did think his mother would have been grateful when we brought him home and told her what we had done. Then I found what all her professions were worth. She called father

and told him that I and the other miscurrent had murdered her boy. Sam was so frightened at the awful name she called him that he ran home, and father told me I could come right up stairs with him.

They couldn't have treated me worse if I'd let Tommy stay in the tree and starve to death. I almost wish I had done it. It does seem as if the more good a boy does the more the grown folks pitch into him. The moment Sue is married to Mr. Travers I mean to go and live with him. He never scolds, and always says that Susan's brother is as dear to him as his own, though he hasn't got any.

SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE.

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DRAWN BY R. CALDECOTT.



Sing a Song o' Sixpence,



A Pocketful of Rye;



Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds
Baked in a Pie.



When the Pie was opened,
The Birds began to sing;



Was not that a dainty Dish
To set before the King?



The King was in his Counting-house
Counting out his Money.



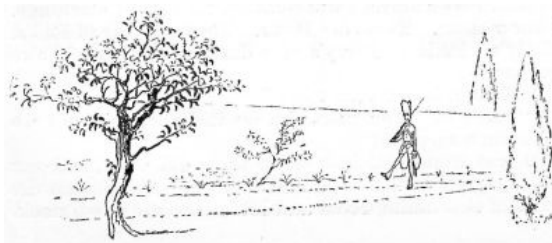
The Queen was in the Parlor,
Eating Bread and Honey.



The Maid was in the Garden,
Hanging out the Clothes;



There came a little Blackbird,



And nipped off her Nose.
But there came a Jenny Wren
And popped it on again.

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HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Now, Don," said Rad Burnell, dolefully, "do you believe any kind of a snow-storm could stop Santa Claus?"
"From coming?"

"Well, yes, that's it. I heard father tell mother 'he' couldn't get here in time, and I know he meant something about Christmas, by the way he looked at Petish and Molly."

"Was Berry there?"

"She was sound asleep in the cradle, and mother said, 'Berry won't care, but it'll be a dispoint for the rest of 'em.'"

"It's an awful snow-storm, Rad, but I guess Santa Claus'll come, for all of that."

Just a little later, Mr. Burnell said to his wife, "I'm sorry we didn't get our things in the village, Maria; but it's too late now. Don't say anything to the children. It'll be bad enough when it comes."

Nobody else heard him, but Mrs. Burnell looked as if she wanted to cry.

That was one of the whitest nights anybody in the world ever saw, for the snow had thrown the thickest kind of a white blanket over everything. Some of the roads were drifted level from fence to fence, and the railroads were having a tremendous time of it. Anything so black as a locomotive could hardly feel at home, pushing its way along through so white a country or into so white a village as Middleville was that Christmas-eve.

It was a dreadfully long night, and Petish woke up three times, and tried to make herself believe it was morning. The last time she heard the great clock in the Academy steeple, on the village green, pounding away at its task of telling what time it was.

"I'll count," said Petish. "Nine—twelve—seven—fourteen—fiveteen—six—I guess it's 'most time to get up. Must be it's Christmas now."

Just then she heard a noise in the next room, and she listened with all her ears. First it was a rustle, and then the loudest kind of a whisper—loud enough to have been heard in daytime.

"Rad! Rad! it's just struck five. Let's take a scoot down stairs and see about it. We can hurry right back again."

"They're pulling on their stockings," said Petish. "I'll get up and pull on mine, but I won't let them see me."

She tried very hard to get up without waking Molly; but it was of no use, for Molly's sleep had been begun at the right time, and was fairly over now, considering that it was Christmas morning.

"Oh, Petish, what are you going to do?"

"Sh! 'sh! Molly. The boys are going down stairs to look, and I'm going too. Lie still."

But Molly was two years older than Petish, and she wouldn't lie still. She was out on the floor in a twinkling, and she made Petish wrap herself all up in a blanket, and she pretty nearly buried her own chubby shape in a comfortable.

That was about what Rad and Don had done already, and they were now carefully creeping down stairs in the dark.

The door of the front parlor was nearest the foot of the stairs, and the boys left it open after them when they went in, but Molly and Petish closed it very softly and carefully the moment they were safe in the dim, gloomy parlor. The boys were just beyond the folding-doors at that moment, and did not see that they were followed.

Berry was sound asleep in her crib, within reach of her mother, or she would have heard her say, just then,

"Oh, John, it's a dreadful disappointment! What will those poor children do?"

"Poor Petish!" said Mr. Burnell. "We can explain it to the boys, and they can wait, and to Molly, but it'll be bad enough for any of 'em."

"But Petish'll break her little heart if she finds that Santa Claus hasn't come."

"It'll be almost as much of a disappointment to Aunt Sally and Frank. I hope they'll bring Mid with them when they come."

"Of course they will."

Now that had been a very long, white, beautiful, dark night, and a great many queer things had happened in it. They are sure to, in any "night before Christmas"; but there had been a wonderfully deep snow-storm.

Away on toward morning, just when the Academy clock was trying to make sound-asleep people hear that it was really four, a tired-out and frosty-looking railway train came smoking and coughing up to the platform at the village railway station.

It did not stop long, but some people got out of one of the sleeping-cars, and some baggage was tumbled out of the baggage-car, and a sleepy man with a lantern said: "Yes, sir. Carriage yer in a minute, sir. All right."

"We don't want any carriage, my man. Take our checks, and have our trunks brought over to Mr. Burnett's before seven o'clock. We'll walk right there now. Come, Sally. Come along, Mid."

"Frank! husband! you'll drop some of those things!"

"No, I won't, Sally."

"Mid, my dear boy, look out for that box; it's only pasteboard."

"I'll be careful, mother. I ain't awake yet. But it takes all three of us to Santa Claus this pile. Hope it isn't far."

The cold, frosty air was fast getting Mid wide awake, and they did look, all three of them, as if they would have done better with a sleigh and a good team of reindeer.

The distance was short, but Aunt Sally talked pretty nearly all the way.

"We must do it, Frank," she said, as they drew near the gate. "I'm sure they've given us up. We can get in. There never was any bolt on the kitchen window, over the pump. Middleton can climb right in, and come and open the side door for us."

"Oh, but won't that be fun!" exclaimed Mid, as he hurried silently forward.

"Sh! there, Sally," whispered Uncle Frank, as he and his portly, merry-faced wife lugged their bundles after Mid.

It was less than half a minute before they were in the kitchen. They promptly shut the door between the dining-room—that was the sitting-room too—and the back parlor, and then how they did work!

Plenty of wood and shavings and kindlings were lying in front of the great Franklin stove in the dining-room, and there was quickly a blazing fire there, and in the kitchen too, and Mid insisted on lighting every lamp and candle he could lay his hands on.

Then the bundles came open, and their contents began to shine all around the chimney and over the mantel, and even on some of the chairs.

"It's too bad we haven't any of their stockings," began Aunt Sally; but she exclaimed, the next instant: "Oh, Frank! here's Maria's work-basket, all full of stockings. I know them. Those are Don's. There's a pair of Rad's. Molly's. Petish. Berry's—the dear little kitten! We've got 'em."

"Mother, let's set the table."

"That's it. You help him do it, father. Won't we give 'em a surprise!"

It was wonderful how those three did work, and not make any noise about it, and how they did change the looks of that dining-room and kitchen before five o'clock. Aunt Sally even put on the tea-kettle, and made some coffee, and it was evident that for once Santa Claus was disposed to be very much "at home."

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If they had not been drinking their coffee, perhaps they might have heard a voice, not many minutes after five o'clock, whispering anxiously to somebody in the back parlor, "I say, there's a light coming through the key-hole!"

"There's a rattle, too, in there."

"Burglars?"

"Pooh! No; it's Christmas."

"Oh, boys, is Santa Claus really in there? Has he got here?"

"Is that you, Petish? And Molly too? Keep still. I'm just going to open the door a little mite of a crack, but you can all peek in."

Aunt Sally's ears must have been good ones, for, carefully as Don opened that door, and faint as was the squeak it made, she sprang suddenly toward it.

"Is that you, Maria? Hush! Don't make a sound. Not a loud noise for anything!"

"We won't, Aunt Sally. Hush-sh-sh!"

Even Petish did just as she was told for once, for she was a little scared when the great blaze of light came shining through the door as Aunt Sally pushed it wide open.

It was shut again the moment they were all in the room, and then it was all Aunt Sally and Uncle Frank could do to keep up any kind of silence in that merry assembly. They could not have done it at all if Aunt Sally had not told them all: "It's a great secret. You must help us give papa and mamma a big surprise. Now let's get breakfast for them."

"Biddy went away yesterday morning," said Molly, "but I know where the eggs are."

Whatever she and Petish could not find, Don and Rad could, and Aunt Sally was the best kind of a cook.

It was nearly six o'clock when Mrs. Burnell said to her husband: "I'm glad Berry waked up. She's all dressed now, and I can wrap her up warm."

"So am I, my dear. I'll go right down with you."

"Those poor children! I haven't the heart to look at them. Let's hurry down."

So they did, and Berry went down in her mother's arms, but they little dreamed what was coming.

A great shout welcomed them as they opened the door of the dining-room.

"Wish you Merry Christmas."

"Oh, Sally! Frank! I am so glad! But how did you get in?"

"Breakfast's ready."

"Christmas has come."

Nobody could have described that next half-hour to have saved his life, and Aunt Sally said she had never been so happy in all hers.

"Molly," said Petish, "won't you go up stairs and bring down all our clothes?"

"Yes, children," said their mother, "you must get dressed."

"Yes; and, mother," said Petish, "there was only two pairs of my stockings in the basket, and they're both full. If Molly'll bring the pair I had on, there's more'n enough to fill 'em."

So there was, for Aunt Sally had not only bought and brought everything Mr. and Mrs. Burnell had written to her about, but she had heaped on a huge assortment of presents on her own account, and Petish had at least her share, while Uncle Frank had looked out for Molly, and nobody had forgotten Berry or any of the boys.

It was quite the usual time when they got ready to eat at last, but there was nothing of what Rad and Petish called a "dispoint" in any face at that breakfast table.

Santa Claus had come.

[Begun in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 58, December 7.]

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER III.

Milly's heart gave a bound, and then seemed to stand still.

"Here I am," said the woman, smiling. "I've called to make you even a better offer. You pay me fifty cents a week for that dress, and any week you *can't pay*, why, you can return the silk, provided it's decently clean, and I'll allow you a couple o' dollars, when I take it back, for the making. Come, now, I don't mind throwing in the linings, and I won't bother you for the first fortnight."

Now, as you have seen, Milly had gone through just the process of reasoning to make the peddler's words sound most alluring. The woman read in the young girl's face an instant's doubt followed by decision, and as quickly as possible she produced from her bag the roll of gray silk. Mildred never quite remembered how she made that purchase, or rather that *bargain*, for honorable purchase it certainly was not. The shining silk and the linings were put into her hands, and before she knew it she had signed a paper, a copy of which the peddler gave her. The transaction only occupied a few moments. Milly tucked the silk away in the room devoted to the bonnets and cloaks and luncheons of the sales-women, and was in her place before she fully realized that her longing of the day previous was granted. The morning passed heavily, and she was well pleased when it came her turn to take thirty minutes for lunch. But on entering the cloak-room her dismay was unbounded. Three or four of the shop-girls were clustered about Mildred's precious parcel, and a chorus of voices greeted her entrance.

"Look here, Miss Lee. Whose do you suppose this is?"

"Well, isn't this lovely?"

"*Could* any one have stolen it?"

"No," said Mildred, quietly, yet not without a flush on her cheeks. "It is mine. The—person I bought it of brought it here to me to-day."

"*Yours!*" exclaimed Jenny Martin, who had thrown one end of the silk over her shoulder. "Well, that *is* pretty good on five dollars a week!"

Mildred's face burned, but something in Jenny's rude words smote her conscience, and she tried to look good-humored, while Jenny admired herself a moment in the cracked glass, the other girls eying her as well as Mildred with some new respect.

Jenny tossed the silk from her shoulders with a little sniff, and Mildred felt glad enough to put it away, and eat a hasty lunch. She was doubly glad, when her working hours were over, to hurry home, carrying her new treasure, which she had resolved not to show her mother until the night of the party. But a surprise awaited her on her return to the cottage. Mrs. Lee had received an invitation from a cousin in Boston to spend a fortnight with his family, and she had already arranged with her few pupils to avail herself of this unlooked-for holiday.



**THE GIRLS DISCOVER
MILDRED'S PURCHASE.**

All was excitement and preparation. Will, the second boy, was to go with his mother, and instead of tea on the cozy little table there were odds and ends of tapes, buttons, and threads, half-worn garments, and one or two new things, while Debby, the one servant, and Mrs. Lee were both stitching as if for a wager. They looked up with flushed faces to greet Milly.

"Oh, my dear," said the mother, after explaining matters, "do sit down and help; we are to be off to-morrow morning."

Milly saw she could not hope for a moment to sew on the new dress until after her mother and Will were gone, and so she entered with an earnest good-will into assisting them, and was genuinely pleased by their prospects of enjoyment. The next few days flew by. Once the children were safely in bed Mildred would draw forth her work, and so by dint of hard labor the dress was finished Monday evening. She made her toilet rather nervously when Tuesday night came. What between her hurry after getting home, and her anxiety to conceal her dress from Debby and her little sister Margaret, Mildred found it difficult to enjoy the "first wear" of the gray silk; but certainly, she thought, as she surveyed her work in her mirror, it was a success. It fitted admirably, and she had had the good taste to make it simply as became a young girl only sixteen, though it in *no* way became a girl working hard for twenty dollars a month. She took good care to envelop herself completely in a water-proof cloak before Debby and little Kate saw her, and thus equipped she started off under her brother Joe's escort for the big house in Lane Street.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EMPTY STOCKING.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

I am very sure that most boys and girls will agree with me that there is nothing in the whole year quite so delightful as taking down the Christmas stocking. Of course it is charming to hang it up; but one never feels the least bit sleepy on Christmas-eve, and it seems so long to wait until morning shall come. The air is astir with excitement and mystery, and Santa Claus is known to be hovering about waiting for eyes to be closed, and children to go comfortably away to dream-land. By-and-by everybody does manage to fall asleep, and then by some strange magic the long, limp stockings are crammed with toys, books, bonbons, tools, dolls, and skates, or lovely ribbons, laces, watches, and gems. How beautifully they bulge out, every inch of room packed, while the overflow, which could not possibly be forced into any stocking, is piled temptingly on the tables and chairs.

Now look at this poor little girl who hung up her stocking on Christmas-eve, hoping that the good Santa Claus would come down the chimney and put something nice in it. She was afraid he would forget her, and still she hoped that maybe he might bring just one dolly, and slip it away down into the toe, where she would find it, and be, oh! so glad. Little Jennie is used to being cold and hungry, and does not mind a great many privations which more fortunate children never have to endure. She can sweep crossings in old shoes, and wear a ragged shawl, without envying girls who are wrapped in soft furs. These merry holidays have not made her envious; and yet when Florence and Susie and Mabel have flitted by on the street, their arms full of parcels, and their fathers and mothers buying them every beautiful thing that the shop windows show, she has wished and wished that *she* might have just one dolly—only one. So, thinking that maybe if she hung up her stocking her desire would be granted, she did so on Christmas-eve, and went to bed that night without minding the cold. The stocking hung where she placed it. Nobody came down the chimney, or up the stairs, or in at the door. Her mother was so tired and discouraged that she took no notice of Jennie's stocking, and if she had, it is doubtful whether she could have found a gift to gladden the child.



Sometimes little girls like Jennie have parents who are not kind and good like yours, because they love liquor and spend their earnings to procure that. There are plenty of empty stockings on Christmas in homes where fathers and mothers are drunkards.

Little Jennie looks very forlorn holding her empty stocking in her hand. The picture is a shadow on the gayety of this festive time, but it is inserted in the New-Year's number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, that some of the readers may be prompted to think what they can do to send pleasures to little ones whose lives are seldom gay.

A very large part of your Christmas happiness came from the gifts you bestowed as well as from those you received. It was not a selfish festival in homes where brothers and sisters exchanged love-tokens; and the weeks you spent in making pretty presents with your own hands, in saving your pocket-money, and in

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planning to surprise your dear ones, were very happy weeks indeed. Now I have something to propose, which you need not wait a whole year to carry out. You know there are Flower Missions and Fruit Missions, which send flowers and fruit to the homes of the sick poor. Why should there not be a Toy Mission too? Most of you have a dolly, or two, or three, perhaps, which you could spare, and some of you have books you have read, and playthings which you have outgrown, which would make poor children wild with joy. Some of the Sunday-schools have tried this way of keeping Christmas, and have brought their gifts to be distributed among the poor. And some of the benevolent enterprises of the city send out holiday bags, to be filled and returned with all sorts of necessary things. A Toy Mission would be a little different from these, and with a little help from and organization by older brothers and sisters, it could be easily put into operation. The city missionaries and Bible-readers can tell just where there are children like Jennie in the picture, and some of the express companies willingly carry packages and parcels of the kind I mean, free of charge.

The House of the Good Shepherd, Tompkin's Cove, New York, has for several years sent cute-looking cloth bags to its friends, with the request that they be filled with gifts for its inmates. One Christmas season the children of the Wilson Industrial School of this city undertook to fill one of these, and their teacher told me it was very touching to see the eagerness and generosity with which they, so poor themselves, brought their carefully kept and mended treasures to send to the "poor children who had no friends to love them."



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Once more we wish a very Happy New Year to all our young friends. We have done our best to make the past year brighter to them, and they have made it very pleasant for us by their constant and hearty expressions of pleasure and approval.

Christmas is past. How many of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* remembered to make some poor child happy on Christmas-day? If some of them were too much occupied with their own sparkling Christmas trees to think of the friendless and homeless little ones all around them, we beg them to stop now and remember that they can not begin the new year better than by bringing a smile to some sad, wan little face. There are poor children everywhere, in the streets, in hospitals, in wretched and desolate homes, over whose young life poverty and misfortune have thrown a heavy cloud. It must always be remembered that their suffering arises from no fault of their own, and those to whom fortune has been more generous should never forget to help from their abundance the little ones toward whom the world has turned a cold and unkind face. Now if every reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would give some little thing, if it be only a bunch of flowers or evergreen, how many poor little faces might be made brighter on New-Year's morning! A few oranges, or a picture-book, will make a sick, friendless child happy. Those of you who live near together, and have your "YOUNG PEOPLE Clubs," which you write so prettily about, can have a meeting, and fill baskets with playthings you do not need. Mamma will help you buy some oranges, and perhaps a warm scarf or pair of stockings, and she will advise you, too, of the best way to dispose of them. Every one of you can do something, and in that way you will bring to yourself, as well as to others, a real Happy New Year.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA.

I read all of the letters in the Post-office Box, and I like them, and I like all of the stories. Sometimes I miss my paper, and I feel very sorry, and sometimes I bring it home and lay it on the table, and my younger brother takes it and leaves it on the floor; then the baby gets it and tears it. That does not please me. My papa is an editor. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am ten years old.

There are two rivers here, the Assiniboine and the Red. They are very muddy rivers, and it is hard to learn to swim in them. Every spring somebody has been drowned. The banks of the Assiniboine are undermined. It is awfully cold up here in the winter.

HARRY L.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I am nine years old. I do love to read *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and can hardly wait for papa to bring it home.

I went to Texas to see my relations, and we brought home a horned frog. It never ate anything. We staked a pen for it in the back yard, but it died.

My papa and my uncles went hunting on the big prairie, and camped out. Uncle Tom killed a striped catamount, and gave me the skin to make a soft rug. Uncle Will killed two deer, and papa shot one, but it got away. It is very warm in Texas, and at Galveston there are lots of oysters.

Mamma has promised to have my *YOUNG PEOPLE* bound for my birthday gift.

MINNIE L. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. We have it in school to read instead of a reader.
I live within one hundred yards of the rock where the Pilgrims landed.

C. F. S.

Harlem, New York.

Dear "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—I have been one of your subscribers ever since you were born, and I enjoy your company very much. I have a large family to look after, but when I get all my children to sleep, I take the time left me to read. My family consists of Dolly Varden, Betsy, Daisy, and Pearl, who are all little girls, and Sambo, who is the porter, and does all the work. I have my little dog Tip to watch the house when I go out, and see that no strangers disturb anything during my absence. Another important member of my family is my pussy cat Sam. He is just as old as I am (eleven years), and begins to be rather cross. He and Tip sometimes have little spats, but I soon settle them, and make them be good friends again.

After school closed this summer I went to the country, where I had splendid times. I fed the chickens several times during the day, and I got some of them so tame they would eat out of my hands. Then I had a little bit of a pig, which I picked from a whole litter, and made a pet of him.

We had a large dog that did the churning, but he did not like it one bit. When the churn was being prepared for him to work, he would whine and cry like a baby.

When my papa came he made us a kite, which we raised real high. Some of the birds were frightened at it, and others would fly right up and peck at it to see what it was. It made us laugh to see how the birds acted.

For my birthday my papa sent me a set of archery, which we placed on the lawn at the side of the house, and we enjoyed shooting at the target ever so much. I can shoot real good now.

I have a great deal to do, so will close my letter by telling you that I am home again, and going to school. I also attend Sunday-school, and have my music lessons to practice, so I am very busy.

IRENE M. N.

We are two dolls. Our mamma is a dear little black-eyed girl almost ten years old, named Jennie. She is a good deal like Bessie Maynard, and loves us as much as Bessie loves her doll Clytie. We used to live in Nevada, but last summer we came to live in Central City, Colorado. We all like YOUNG PEOPLE, and the Post-office Box in particular.

MINNIE and JOE MCG.

We have had this dear little paper ever since it was published. Mamma is very glad to have it, for she is very particular about our reading. I always spend the evening after it comes reading it to my little brother Regie, who is eight years old. I am fourteen. My father died when I was seven.

Santa Cruz is a pretty town, and has good schools, both public and private. We have roses all the year, as our winter is only a succession of pleasant rains with warm sunny days between, like spring in the Eastern States.

The town is near the mouth of the broad, beautiful bay of Monterey, so that we can see out into the Pacific Ocean. We have grand times on the beach when the tide is low, searching for shells and the beautiful sea-weeds. The lady principal of a school here teaches us all about shells and algæ, or sea-plants, and we learn to name and classify them. I wish all the young people who write about aquaria could see mine. I have hundreds of them in the rocks by the sea in holes worn by the waves, from the size of a wooden bucket to that of a large deep barrel. They are round, and the walls are covered with limpets of all sizes, star-fish of different colors, bright purple sea-urchins, and lovely pale green and pink sea-anemones, which wave their petals in search of food. Bright-hued crabs, fish, and creatures of which I have not yet learned the name, move in the water. Every part is covered with some form of life capable of motion, and with all kinds of sea-plants.

I would like to exchange shells and pressed sea-plants for other shells, Lake Superior agates, or other small mineral specimens. I would like to have everything clearly marked, and I will in return name and classify the shells.

HARRY BOWMAN,
Santa Cruz, California.

If any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE will write to me on matters connected with stamps which can not well be published, inclosing stamp for reply, I shall be happy to answer him.

JOSEPH J. CASEY,
P. O. Box 1696, New York City.

Several of us have organized a club for the exchange of minerals. We call it the American Mineralogical Club. We shall be glad to have any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE join us if they are willing to conform to the rules, which can be had upon application to the secretary.

GEORGE DAVIES, P. O. Box 80,
Pottstown, Montgomery County, Penn.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Iron ore from Spain, Ireland, England, and different sections of the United States, for good specimens of copper or zinc.

Penn.

WILLIE S. SHAFFER,
20 North Second Street, Harrisburg,

Postmarks.

MISS AGNES McMURDY,
Care of Mrs. R. M. Beckwith,
Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.

United States Department stamps, or pieces of the Washington Monument, for coins, minerals, or foreign stamps.

HARRY LOWELL,
830 Twentieth Street, Washington, D. C.

The Bavarian doctor mentioned in "The Story of the Boy-General," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 57, who tried to rescue Lafayette from the Olmütz prison, was Justus Erick Bollman, my uncle.

If any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE will send me a Greek or a Danish postage stamp, or two kinds of stamps from South America, I will send in return an Indian arrow-head, or I will exchange Indian pottery for any foreign stamps except English.

C. H. BOLLMAN, Monongahela City,
Washington County, Penn.

I would like to exchange ocean curiosities for a genuine Indian bow five feet long—not a bow like those Indians sell here in Massachusetts, but a good one that will shoot. I should like two or three arrows with it.

In answer to Carrie V. D.'s question I would say that it is not necessary to change the water in the carrot hanging basket, but only to refill it when the water dries away.

Co., Mass.

DANIEL D. LEE,
Myrtle Street, Jamaica Plains, Suffolk

A stone from New York State for one from any other State, or Canada. Postmarks for stamps, minerals, birds' eggs, or Indian relics. Five postmarks for every bird's egg.

WILLIAM PORTER CHAPMAN, JUN.,
Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y.

Postage stamps from Europe, Asia, and other countries, for others.

LOYAL DURAND,
591 Cass Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Postmarks.

H. D. and R. B. HALL,
39 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Foreign postage stamps.

FREDDIE W. ALLREE,
26 Cedar Avenue, Allegheny, Penn.

Foreign postage stamps for Navy, Interior, and Agricultural Department stamps, and stamps from Newfoundland.

WILLIS BISHOP,
20 Gold Street, Chicago, Ill.

A white metal copy of the ancient Jewish shekel for an old coin or a handsome shell.

LIBBIE and MATTIE PENICK, St. Joseph, Mo.

Postage stamps for minerals or Indian relics.

WILLIAM H. RHEES,
1317 Eleventh Street, N.W., Washington,

D. C.

Birds' eggs and Indian relics.

ROSCOE S. NICKERSON,
Klamath Agency, Oregon.

Southern moss, specimens of sulphur, and some United States stamps for foreign stamps.

CLARENCE MARSH,
2217 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Curiosities and specimens of all kinds.

L. E. WALKER, care of H. W. Walker,
Lock Box 316, Lansing, Mich.

Sea-weed, or pieces of the stone of which the new Capitol at Albany is built, for curiosities of any kind.

WILLIE L. WIDDEMER,
99 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

United States Department stamps, or pieces of stone from the new War and Navy Department buildings, or from the Washington Monument now being finished, for shells, foreign stamps, or any curiosity.

HORACE D. GOODALL,
826 Twentieth Street, N.W., Washington,

D. C.

Postage stamps.

CHARLES SWABEY,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

Autographs of renowned men and women.

City.

C. J. OTTERBOURG,
128 East Seventieth Street, New York

Minerals from the mines of Colorado for ocean curiosities or postage stamps.

LOUIS M. GROSS,
Care of Abel Brothers, Denver, Colorado.

A Canadian postmark and a Centennial three-cent stamp for a German postage stamp.

ARTHUR FROST,
Care of D. H. Frost, Belle Plaine, Iowa.

Twenty-five postmarks for five stamps. No duplicates.

NELLIE V.,
343 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Birds' eggs for other eggs; or a rock from every State in the Union and from several foreign countries for twenty different kinds of eggs.

W. BOSTWICK, Care of John C. Remington,
Columbus, Muscogee County, Ga.

Birds' eggs.

FRANK M. RICHARDS,
Farmington, Maine.

Minerals and fossils for shells and minerals. A good specimen of copper ore especially desired.

BARTAS W. JAY, Emporia, Kansas.

Postage stamps for birds' eggs, coins, or minerals.

WENNIE HOLMES, Bay City, Mich.

J. T. M.—See answer to Ida B. D., in Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 51.

HENRY A. BLAKESLEY, HARRY F. HAINES, E. A. DE LIMA, AND MANY OTHERS.—We are sorry not to print your requests for exchange, but that department of our Post-office Box is so very crowded that we can not give space to addresses which have been already published, unless the exchange offered is of some new article. Neither can we attend to irregularities between exchanges, which arise in almost every instance from carelessness, or failure to give a proper address. We know of no remedy for those who fail to receive answers to their letters except to continue sending reminders to the delinquent correspondent. A great many boys and girls write to us that they receive so many letters, they can not answer them all promptly, as they are going to school, and very busy with studies, but that they will surely answer them in time. We hope they will not forget this promise, as a letter should always be acknowledged.

P. I. G.—The rudder of the ice-boat is not fastened. The rudder-post runs up through the keelson, which rests on an iron pin driven through the post just above the rudder. The runner irons are sharp.

ALFRED C. T.—The directions you require are in preparation, and will appear in an early number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

CECIL X.—There is no limit to the age of our contributors, but we would advise you to wait until you are a little older before you try to write a story.

HARRY OLMSTEAD, W. F., AND E. N. HIGH.—There are so many kinds of printing-presses for boys that the best thing for you to do is to notice the advertisements which are in all newspapers, and send to different manufacturers for catalogues, from which you can make your selection.

GEORGE C. D.—Dr. Kane penetrated to 81° 22' north latitude; but in 1827 the English navigator Sir Edward Parry reached 82° 45' N., and in 1861 Dr. Hayes reached the same latitude. Captain Hall has also penetrated nearly as far north. In February, 1854, in about 78° N., Dr. Kane experienced the unexampled temperature of -68°, or 100° below freezing-point, and a still lower degree has been recorded by more recent navigators.

B. G. G.—Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego are the most southern permanent abodes of man.—Read Dana's *Geology*, and you will learn all about the formation of the earth. If you find it difficult to understand, ask your teacher to explain it to you.

ELMER. A.—The Seven Wonders of the World are generally given as follows: the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pyramids, the Pharos at Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and the Olympian Zeus.

G. H. ELDER, THEODORE HENNEMAN, J. B. WHITLOCK, AND OTHERS.—We would gladly assist you to begin a collection of postage stamps, but it is against our rules to give up space to the exchanges you propose.

LEWIS D.—Prescott's *History of Ferdinand and Isabella* and Abbott's *Romance of Spanish History* are good books for you to read.

Favors are acknowledged from Alice M. H., Edna E. Harris, Paul Gray, E. H. Shuster, Joseph A. Unruh, Lorena C. Emrich, R. Poe Smith, Harry and Richard Bellam, W. K. M., L. C., Edmund H. B., Fred Dierking, Florence McClure, Margaretta Mott, Wina James, Edgar E. Hyde, Nellie A. Robson, Grace A. Hood, Etta B. Easton, Arthur McCain, Vina E. B., Fred B., Bertram and Leroy S., Alice Ward, Melvin Rosenthal, A. V. H., Johnnie E., Sarah A. W., Eva L. M., Clayton B., W. Hoey, Jun., Martha M. I., Pet Wilcox, Gertrude and Albert F., C. Arnold, Frank Durston, Grace T. Lyman, H. L. Van Norman, Marion P. Wiggin.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from J. F. W., John N. Howe, T. M. Armstrong, M. P. Randolph, Charles Gaylor, Nellie V. Brainard, Cal I. Forny, Bessie C. Morris, Walter P. Hiles, Blanche Anderson, Marie Doyle, Isobel Jacob, S. Birdie Dorman, William and Mary Tidley, Emma Radford, W. H. Wolford, The Dawley Boys, "Lone Star," Willie F. Woolard, A. C. Chapin, George Hayward, John Ogburn.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In cream, not in milk.
In chintz, not in silk.
In time, not in late.

In pencil, not in slate.
In atlas, not in book.
In sight, not in look.
In love, not in pity.
My whole an American city.

WALTER.

No. 2.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

A city in Great Britain. A country in Europe. A group of peaks in the Pyrenees. A river in Asia. A range of mountains in Asia. A river in Ireland. A letter. A river in England. A peak in the Northwestern United States. A city in England founded by Ine, the West Saxon King. A river in British America. A river in Asia. A town and county in California. Centrals read downward spell the name of a large sea.

MARIE.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

First in mouse, not in rat.
Second in dog, not in cat.
Third in house, not in lot.
Fourth in can, not in pot.
Fifth in owl, not in hawk.
Sixth in flower, not in stalk.
A famous city am I;
You'll guess me if you try.

HERMIE.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, a package. Second, certain animals. Third, to jump. Fourth, to perceive.
2. First, something that once laid in a famous house. Second, a space. Third, a Shakspearean character. Fourth, sour.

C. I. F.

3. First, the resting-place of an army. Second, an Asiatic sea. Third, a companion. Fourth, an argument.

CHARLES.

4. First, a picture. Second, something which often causes pain, and yet no one likes to part with. Third, a river in Transylvania. Fourth, passageways. Fifth, to efface.

ANNIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 57.

No. 1.

United, untied. Cavern, craven. German, manger. Grandee, derange. Neuter, tureen. Garnets, strange. Cruel, lucre. Derange, angered. Master, stream.

No. 2.

1. Partridge. 2. Woodchuck.

No. 3.

ECHO STAR
CREW TALE

H E E L A L O E
O W L S R E E L
C R O W O U S E
R O P E U S E D
O P A L S E E D
W E L L E D D A

No. 4.

Nightingale.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 58.

No. 1.

T E N T
M E A T
W R A P
E P I C

No. 2.

Possunt quia posse videntur.

No. 3.

Atlantic Ocean.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

Drifting Round the World^[1] is a handsomely bound and illustrated volume containing the adventures of a boy by sea and land. The countries he traverses are those not often described in books of boyish travel. Starting in a Cape Ann fishing schooner for Greenland, he is shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador, contrives to reach Iceland, passes through marvellous adventures in Russia and Siberia, sails for Alaska, and at length reaches home by the overland route from San Francisco. The strange countries through which Robert, the hero of this book, travels are graphically described, and a great deal of information is conveyed in a form especially delightful to boy readers.

A large number of the new holiday books for little folks combine amusement with instruction of one kind or another. A very interesting volume, prettily bound and profusely illustrated with portraits and other engravings, is *The Story of the United States Navy*,^[2] by Mr. Lossing, who has devoted many years to the study of American history, and whose works on that subject are popular with readers of all ages. The present volume, the substance of which has appeared in the columns of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, is written especially for boys, and contains many stirring accounts of famous naval engagements, of historical war vessels, and of celebrated men whose heroic deeds add glory to the history of our country. No better reading than is contained in this book can be found for boys, as, while it is of absorbing interest, it tells the story of many noble men whose example can not fail to awaken patriotism and a desire to attain true manhood in the minds of American boys in whose hands lies the future history of the United States.

Children will always ask questions, and their natural inquisitiveness often goes beyond the knowledge of their elders. For this reason parents, as well as the youthful questioners, will extend a hearty welcome to *The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places*,^[3] which contains full information of all celebrated localities, and many biographical notices of important personages of every period. This volume, together with *The Cyclopædia of Common Things*, by the same author, published a year ago, forms a library in which inquisitive little folks will find answers to their most ingenious questions.

Boys and girls who are forming social clubs, which they wish to make instructive as well as amusing, and yet are not sure of the best course to follow, should provide themselves with *Stories of the Sea*,^[4] which they will find an excellent model. The book itself is very interesting. A party of bright young people, with an older head to guide them, meet together for Saturday afternoon talks on subjects connected with the history of the seas. Libraries are explored for accounts of famous navigators and naval heroes, and interesting readings are given from the works of Navarrete (who wrote of the voyages of Columbus), Sir Walter Raleigh, Southey, and other authors. These extracts are so fascinating that young readers are pretty sure to hunt up the books from which they are taken, in order to learn the whole of the story. Books like this do more toward cultivating a taste for good reading than volumes of advice.

A delightful little book of American natural history is *Friends Worth Knowing*,^[5] which takes its young readers in search of snails of all kinds, into the fields and woods to find wild mice and birds, over the plains after buffalo, and tells them many curious things about the habits of different animals. Interesting illustrations and an attractive cover add to the value of this book for a pretty and cheap holiday present.

Another charming book of travel, if a summer excursion may be so called, is *Aboard the Mavis*,^[6] in which a merry party of boys and girls cruise around the eastern end of Long Island Sound in a yacht, making occasional landings, and learning much about the early history of that portion of the country. This book is profusely illustrated and beautifully bound, and is an elegant holiday present for any girl or boy.

For very little children nothing is prettier or more attractive than the Christmas number of *Our Little Ones*, a monthly magazine edited by "Oliver Optic," and published by the Russell Publishing Company, of Boston.

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[Pg 144]

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING (PUSSY IN A MASK).

CHARLEY (*under bed, to Tommy ditto*). "D-d-don't b-be fr-frightened, T-T-Tommy, I-I-I-I'm h-h-here."

NEW-YEAR'S.

New-Year's presents and visits originated with the Romans, and their gifts were symbolic. They were dried figs, dates, and honey, emblematic of the sweetness of the auspices under which the year should begin its course, and a small piece of money called stips, which foreboded riches.

SPOONS.

A NEW GAME FROM THE GERMAN.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

A very funny new game has come to us from our German cousins, with the odd title of Spoons, which is played as follows: One person takes his stand in the centre of the room, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, and his hands extended before him, in each of which he holds a large table-spoon. The other players march around him in single file, clapping their hands in time to a tune which may be sung or played upon a piano in any slow measure suitable for marching. When the blinded player calls out "Spoons," all the others stop at once, and turn their faces toward him. He then finds his way to any player that he can, and must ascertain who he is by touching him with the spoons only, which he may use as he pleases. If he guesses right, the person he has caught is obliged to take his place in the centre. If he is wrong, he must try until he succeeds, which it is easy to do with a little practice, especially if the one who is caught joins in the universal laughter.

An old gentleman in Vienna, who was afraid of leaving his money in a bank, two years ago concealed his savings, in the shape of twenty 1000 florin notes, in a cupboard in his cellar. Last week it occurred to him to go and see how his treasure was going on; but on doing this he discovered, to his horror, that the mice had been making free with it, and that only a small heap of fluffy dust remained of all his wealth. The grief caused by this discovery was so great that the poor old man threw himself out of his bedroom window, and broke his neck. Another story is told of a lady who hid her property, consisting of a number of United States greenbacks, in a satchel in her cupboard. She also, after a time, found that a mouse had devoured part of the notes, and had used the rest to line its nest; but in this case the meal had evidently disagreed with the enterprising mouse, for it was lying dead in its nest, the fact being that the arsenic which had been used to give the green color to the notes had caused its death. In these days, when money can easily and safely be deposited in savings-banks, it is very foolish to hide it in holes and corners where it is liable to be lost.

CHARADE.

BY H.

Mighty and cruel and strong is my first,
Beautiful too to behold;
But oh! it is false. Of traitors the worst,
Luring the hardy and bold.
Tranquil and lovely it smiles in your face,
Then drags you to death in its wild embrace.

Feeble and weak is my second—a cry
Uttered by young, tender things;
Lovely to look at, they too may prove sly,
Darting with sudden, fierce springs;
Though never a smile plays over their face,
They *too* drag to death in a wild embrace.

Found is my whole where the wild waters roar—
Old Ocean nurtures its race—
Where beat the waves on the rocky shore,
Looking the wind in the face.
Happy, contented, my whole will play
In the gale and the storm the live-long day.



RECEIVING CALLS IN THE
NURSERY.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] *Drifting Round the World*. By Captain C. W. HALL. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 372. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.
- [2] *The Story of the United States Navy*. By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 418. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- [3] *The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places*. By JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, Jun. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 936. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- [4] *Stories of the Sea*. By E. E. HALE. 8vo, pp. 302. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- [5] *Friends Worth Knowing*. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. Sq. 16mo, pp. 258. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- [6] *Aboard the Mavis*. By RICHARD MARKHAM. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 240. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, DECEMBER 28, 1880 ***

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