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DUTCH SLEIGH-RIDING.

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WHO GOT THE MITTEN?

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"DEER ANT ROXY,—Ive hed consider'ble many calls for mittins along back this Winter: mostly they're wove goods, thet dont last no time. Its come into my head that mabbe you'd jest as lives make a leetle suthin to buy snuff an' handkerchers with, odd times, and reklektin you used to be a master hand to knit this is for to say that ef you'd fall to and knit a lot of them two-threaded mittins we boys set by so, why I could sell 'em for ye—on commission. Ef you're agreeble why drop me a line to 117 Blank St St Josephs, you see its mostly drovers and sech wants 'em.

"Yours to command,

"JOHN JACKSON."

"The lands sakes!" ejaculated Miss Roxy Blair, as she laid down her spectacles after reading this letter. "John was allers the beaterree for gumption. I allers said he'd make a spoon or spile a horn, an' I do b'lieve it's the spoon. Well said! I've got full twenty run o' blue yarn I spun last year, an' some red: guess there won't be no white wanted in them parts. I'll set to an' get a lot more red over to Miss Billins's. Wonder ef she'd git wind on't, and go to makin' mittins herself?—she beats all to question folks up. I'll tell her I'm a-goin' to teach Nance to knit; and so I be: 'ta'n't no lie. I will teach her to knit an' help on the mittins. It'll be suthin for her to do nights, 'stead of readin' all the newspaper scraps she can pick up."

Nancy Peck was Miss Roxy's bound girl; the old lady lived alone in a small brown house on a hill-side far above Bassett; a grass-grown track ran by the house, through the woods that clothed the hill-top, over and away into the heart of the Green Mountains.

Little Nancy had been bound out to Miss Roxana only about a year when John Jackson's letter reached Bassett. Miss Roxy was getting old; rheumatism had laid hold of her, and she could not hobble up and down hill to the village any longer: so she resolved to take a young girl into her house to wait on her.

"Twon't cost a great deal," she said to herself. "There's the gardin a'n't half planted; she can drop potatoes as well as a man, and hill 'em up too; and I can set more beans outside the fence; when Isr'el comes up to spade the gardin, he can fix up a place for more beans, and Ingin meal's cheap. Fact is, anyway, I durstn't be up here alone no longer, and hirin' some feller or 'nother to do arrands would cost more'n it come to. There's ma's old gownds can be cut over for her, sech as is too ragged for me."

Having made up her mind, the old lady persuaded a neighbor who sometimes drove by her house to mill to take her in, and leave her at the poor-house, which was on his way, until he came back with his grist. When he returned he found two passengers, for Miss Roxy had fixed on Nancy for an experiment.

"'Twas Hobson's choice," she explained to Mr. Tucker, as they drove along; "there wa'n't no other gal there. She's real small, but Miss Simons says she's spry an' handy, and she ha'n't got nobody belongin' to her, so's't I sha'n't be pestered with folks a-comin' round."

In six months little Nancy had become so useful that she was formally bound out to the old lady, and now she went to school in summer half a day, and had learned to read and write tolerably. She was very lonesome in that solitary house. There were children at the poor-house whom she played with, tended, and loved, but Miss Roxy had not even a cat; and when Nancy, in the longing of her loving little heart, took a crook-necked squash out of the shed, tied a calico rag about its neck, and made a dolly of it to be company

for her in the little garret where she slept, Miss Roxy hunted it up—for she kept count of everything she had—boxed Nancy's ears soundly, and cut up poor little yellow Mary Ann, and boiled her in a pot for pies.

Until the mitten business began, Miss Roxy found it hard to find enough work for the child's active fingers to do; but after that she had no trouble in keeping the little girl busy, as poor Nancy found out to her sorrow. The evenings of spring, when she used to love to sit on the door-step with her apron over her head, and listen to the frogs peeping in a swamp far below, were now spent in winding hanks of yarn, or struggling, with stiff little fingers, to slip the loops off one needle and on to another, her eyes tired with the dull light of a tallow candle, and her head aching with the effort to learn and the slaps her dullness earned from Miss Roxy's hard hands. It was worse as summer came on, and she had to knit, knit, all the time, with not a minute to get new posies for her garden. Only by early dawn did she get her chance to watch the blue liverwort open its sunny cup; the white eggs of bloodroot buds come suddenly out of the black ground; the tiny rows of small flowers that children call "Dutchman's breeches" hang and flutter on their red stems; the azure sand-violet, dancing columbine, purple crane's-bill, lilac orchis, and queer moccasin flower make that hidden corner gay and sweet.

Even when school began, she had to work still. Miss Roxy was determined to send a big box of double-knit mittens to John Jackson before winter set in; and as fast as they were finished they were dampened, pressed, and laid away in the old hair trunk in the garret where Nancy slept.

Poor little girl! she hated the sight of mittens, and this summer a wild wish came into her head, that grew and grew, as she sat alone at her knitting, until it quite filled head and heart too.

A child from the city, spending the summer near Bassett, came now and then to school as a sort of pastime, and brought with her a doll that really went to sleep when you laid it down: shut its bright blue eyes, and never opened them until it was taken up!

It seemed to lonely little Nancy that such a doll would be all anybody could want in the world. If only Nancy had such a dear lovely creature to sleep in her bed at night, and sit up in the door beside her while she knit, she knew she would be perfectly happy; but that could never be. However, after much dreaming, wishing, and planning, one day a bright and desperate idea came across her. That night she asked a great many questions of Miss Roxy, who at last gave her a sharp answer, and told her to hold her tongue; but the child had found out all she wanted to know and did not mind the crossness.

Next morning she got up very early, and stealing across the garret, took an old book from a dusty pile on a shelf, then with a pair of scissors she had brought up overnight she cut out a blank leaf, and pinned it, carefully folded, into the pocket of her dress.

She did not go out-of-doors at the school recess, but took the pen with which she had been writing her copy, and smoothing the paper out, wrote this queer little letter:

"DEER GENTILMAN,—I am a poor little gurl who nits mittins for Miss Roxy. I am bound out and I havent got no folks of my own, not so much as a verry smal baby. I wish I had a dol. I am real lonesum. wil you send mee a dol. My naim is Nansy Peck, and I live to Mis Roxy Blair's house in Baset Vermonte. I nit this mittin. when I am big I wil pay for the dol.

"NANSY PECK."

The letter once written, and waved up and down under the desk to dry, the paper was pinned into her pocket again, and when the next pair of mittens she knit were done, pressed, caught together with a bit of yarn, and sent up, by her, to the trunk, the daring and odd little note was slipped safely inside one of them, and lay there several months undiscovered.

One bitter cold day, at the end of the next November, a young man came hastily into John Jackson's shop in St. Joseph.

"Hullo!" he said. "I want a pair of those knit mittens of yours. I'm ordered off to the Denver station, and they do say it's colder 'n blazes there. Handling express packages ain't real warm work anyhow!"

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And so, while little Nancy, washing potatoes for dinner, wondered who had got her mitten with the letter in it, Joe Harris, Adams Express Agent for Denver, was cramming the pair into his pocket. The next week a snow-squall with a gale and a half of wind swooped down on Denver with all fury, and the new agent's teeth chattered and his hands smarted as he stood waiting for the train that had just whistled; he pulled the heavy mittens out of his overcoat pocket, twitched them apart, and sticking his left hand into one of them, found the note. He had no time to look at it then, for there was work on hand; but that evening, in the bare little room at the hotel, he took the letter out of his pocket, and, big strong man that he was, two great tears hopped out of his eyes on to the eager, anxious little letter.

"By jinks! she shall have her dolly!" he exclaimed, fetching his fist down on the rickety table, where his lamp stood, with a thump that almost sent lamp and all to the floor. But how to get it? Denver was no place then, whatever it is now, to buy dolls, and Joe was much disturbed at it; but it happened that the very next week he was recalled to St. Louis on some business which must be seen to in person; so, just as soon as his errand was done, he went about to all the toy-shops until he was satisfied at last with a doll. And well he might be! the dolly was of bisque, with movable eyes and real golden hair, joints in her arms and legs, and a face almost as lovely as a real baby; for a baby doll it was, in long clothes, with little corals to tie up its sleeves, and tiny socks on its feet. Joe had it boxed up carefully, directed to Miss Nancy Peck, at Bassett, Vermont, and then stepped into the express office, told the story, and read the letter. The Superintendent had little girls of his own.

"It shall go free all the way there," he said, and wrote on the outside: "Pass along the dolly, boys! get it there by Christmas, sure. Free. X.Y.Z."

So the doll-baby began its journey; and the story Joe Harris told at St. Louis was told and retold from one messenger to another, and many a smile did it rouse on the tired faces; and here one man tied on a gold dollar wrapped in paper and tucked in under the box lid, and there another added a box of candy, and another a bundle of gay calico for a child's dress, and one a picture-book, each labelled "Merry Christmas for Nancy," till the agent at the last large town had to put all the things into a big box, and pack the corners with oranges.

Can any words tell what Nancy thought when that box climbed up to her from Bassett on Mr. Tucker's wagon—the very same wagon that brought her from the poor-house? Luckily for her, Miss Roxy could not leave her bed, where she had lain a month now with acute rheumatism; for when she heard Nancy's story she was angry enough to box her ears well, and did scold furiously, and call the poor child many a bad name for her "brazen impudence," as she called it. But what did Nancy care when at last, with an old hatchet, she had pried off the box lid, and discovered its hidden treasures! Miss Roxy was glad enough of a sweet ripe orange, and stopped scolding to eat it at once; but Nancy could not look at another thing when the doll box was opened at last, and the lovely sleeping baby discovered. The child could not speak. She threw her apron over her head, and ran into the garret. Miss Roxy smiled grimly under her orange.

"Little fool!" said she; "what upon airth does she want to cry for?"

But all the expressmen smiled when each one read a quaint little letter dropped soon after into the Bassett Post-office, and directed "To all the adams express Gentlemen betwene Basset and st louis Miss." It was duly forwarded along the line, and ran thus:

"DERE GENTLEMEN,—I know by the Laybels how good everyboddy was, and the doly is goodest of All, but everything is good. I Thank you ten thowsand times. I am so glad, the Things was splendidd!

"NANSY PECK."

THE YOUNG TIN-TYPERS.

PART II.

"Now," said Jim, "to-day is Thursday, and if you can mix the sensitive bath, I will go down town and buy the other things that we need. Then to-morrow we can prepare everything, and Saturday—oh, just think!—we can take a picture."

After Jim started off, Fred went to the dark chamber, which was a large closet in their work-room, and at once set about preparing the mystic solution to sensitize the plate.

He first took some rain-water, and let it drip through a filter paper placed in a glass funnel, to remove all the impurities that might be suspended in it. Then he added the crystals of nitrate of silver; then a few grains of iodide of potassium were added, when, to his surprise, a yellow powder began to form. However, he put the mixture aside to saturate, as the Professor had directed him, having first stirred it with a small glass rod, and went to study his lessons for the next day.

He had not been studying long before Jim entered, and with a very grand air placed several small parcels on the table. He was about to explain their contents, when he suddenly broke out in a wild fit of laughter. "Why, Fred, what have you done to yourself?" said he.

Fred looked up from his book, and found, to his great disgust, a number of heavy black spots on his hands and coat. "Well, I don't see what that is," he said.

"I do," said Jim: "you have been and spattered yourself with silver, and the sunlight has turned it black. You are in a nice fix, for nothing will take it off."

"The coat was only a work jacket," said Fred, "and I don't care a bit about my hands. But let us see what you have bought."

"In the first place," said Jim, opening his packages, "here are some tin plates—great big fellows, too, and all for fifty cents. And here is some collodion. These green crystals are sulphate of iron, and the man says we must keep them in a very tight bottle, because if the air gets at them they will spoil. He told me they were made of old nails and sulphuric acid. Do you believe it? These green crystals we must dissolve in water before using. This stuff in the bottle is acetic acid. Doesn't it smell queer? And here is some hyposulphite of soda; and that's all. Now let's get to work."

The two hours were now over, and Fred returned to his silver bath, and let it run through a filter, when, by rule, the bath was ready. It was placed in a flask, and tightly corked.

"Now, Jim," said Fred. "I guess we would better leave everything until Saturday, because to-morrow we have an examination in algebra, and ought to cram for that to-night; and to-morrow afternoon is the ball match, and in the evening we shall be tired."

At last Saturday morning came, bright and sunny, and the two boys began in earnest the task of taking a picture.

Fred had procured a tall narrow glass vessel to hold the silver bath, and a glass dipper with which to suspend the plate, and having mixed the developing and fixing solutions, the boys were at last ready.

"Now you pour on the collodion," said Jim, "and put the plate in the bath, while I get the camera in position and adjust the focus."

"What are you going to take?" asked Fred.

"I guess I'll try old Spriggins's back yard," answered the other. "He's got a big grape-vine arbor there that will take immense." [Pg 180]

Fred, left to himself, poured the collodion over the plate, and gently tilted it from side to side. The liquid did not flow evenly, but lay in rings and streaks all over the surface.

"Why didn't we try the Professor's gum-arabic, and save collodion!" he exclaimed. But not discouraged by failure, he tried again, and by sheer luck succeeded in making a smooth surface. In about five seconds he put the plate in the bath, and awaited the result. When he removed it, instead of being finely coated with silver, the plate appeared cracked, greasy, and spotted.

"Oh, misery!" he cried, "the bath is all full of yellow stuff. What shall I do?"

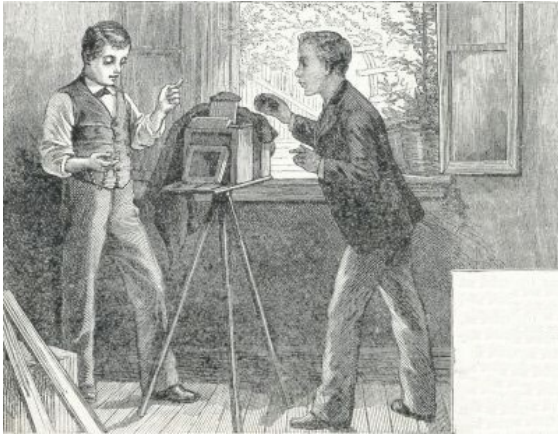
Hearing this, Jim returned to the laboratory, and with his usual calmness simply said, "Filter."

Fred did so, and in a few moments a clear bath was again obtained.

"How did that happen, I wonder?" said Fred.

"I don't believe you allowed the collodion time enough to set," was the answer. "Let me try this time."

After a good deal of trouble with the collodion, Jim finally prepared a smooth plate, which he allowed to wait thirty seconds, and then carefully lowered it into the silver bath. After a few seconds he raised it, and found it covered with streaks.



OLD SPRIGGINS'S GRAPE ARBOR.

"Put it back," said Fred; and in it went. In about thirty-five seconds more, it was of that fine opal tint mentioned by the Professor. It was then placed in the slide and carried to the camera. Jim pulled out his watch, and with a forced smile to hide his nervousness said, "Go," and Fred drew up the sliding door. When the plate had been exposed long enough, as he thought, Jim cried, "Time," the door was closed, the slide taken from the camera, and the boys returned with it to the dark chamber.

The plate was then taken from the slide, and Fred, seizing a bottle, poured its contents over the opaline surface.

"As if by magic—" Jim began.

"Nothing appears," continued Fred, as he saw in astonishment every trace of silver disappear from the plate, and the bare tin surface left exposed. "I can't see through that," he added, in dismay.

"I can," answered Jim: "you were in such a hurry that you poured on the fixing solution instead of the developer, and of course that has dissolved everything."

Jim then prepared another plate with great care, placed it in the camera, exposed it for such time as he thought fit, and returned with it to the dark chamber. Removing it from the slide, he carefully poured on the developer. By degrees the cloud on the surface dissolved, and a picture slowly appeared, very imperfect, but still a picture.

"Isn't that splendid?" said Fred, enthusiastically; "it's just as natural as life."

Jim, cool and quiet as usual, washed the plate well with water, and cautiously poured on the fixing solution, when the yellow coating of the picture vanished, and old Spriggins's grape arbor came out in clear, sharp lines.

"Now, Fred," said he, "you calm down a little, and varnish this."

"All right," answered Fred; and having lighted the spirit-lamp, he poured on the varnish, and held the plate over the flame; but, alas! there was a fizz, a vile smell, a great deal of smoke, and the pretty picture was a mass of paste.

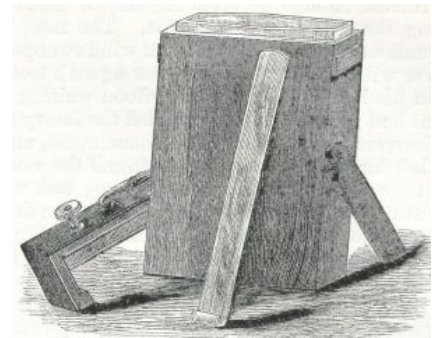
"I won't have anything more to do with this part of the work," said Fred, impatiently, throwing the spoiled plate on the floor. "I can play doctor's shop, and mix up solutions as well as anybody, but this endless dipping, washing, and drying takes more patience than I possess. I shall leave that to you, Jim."

"One more trial, and a perfect picture," answered Jim, quietly.

The next attempt proceeded smoothly up to the varnishing-point, when Jim said he would do it without the aid of heat. The picture was accordingly varnished and stood away to dry, when after a few minutes it was found to be covered with a white film which entirely obscured it. Fred declared he would never try again, but Jim, more persevering, decided to heat the plate a little, and see what happened. He passed it gently over the spirit-lamp flame, when, to his great relief, the cloud vanished, and the picture re-appeared, increased in brightness, and covered with a coating thick enough to protect it from scratches.

These boys had many other mishaps and disappointments before they became skillful enough to be sure of obtaining a good picture. They learned, too, that rules in books sound very easy, but that much practice and experience are required to carry them out successfully. But having by care and perseverance once conquered all obstacles, they had no end of fun copying pictures for friends and school-mates.

Having become very fair tin-typers, they are now ambitious to take negatives on glass, and print from them. If they succeed in doing this well, some day they may tell you all about it, if you are interested enough to listen.



GLASS BATH AND DIPPER.

"Now, then, lazy-bones," was Mr. Lord's warning cry as Toby came out of the tent, "if you've fooled away enough of your time, you can come here an' 'tend shop for me while I go to supper. You crammed yourself this noon, an' it'll teach you a good lesson to make you go without anything to eat to-night; it'll make you move round more lively in the future."

Instead of becoming accustomed to such treatment as he was receiving from his employers, Toby's heart grew more tender with each brutal word, and this last punishment—that of losing his supper—caused the poor boy more sorrow than blows would. Mr. Lord started for the hotel as he concluded his cruel speech, and poor little Toby, going behind the counter, leaned his head upon the rough boards, and cried as if his heart would break.

All the fancied brightness and pleasure of a circus life had vanished, and in its place was the bitterness of remorse that he had repaid Uncle Daniel's kindness by the ingratitude of running away. Toby thought then that if he could only nestle his little red head on the pillows of his little bed in that rough room at Uncle Daniel's, he would be the happiest and best boy, in the future, in all the great wide world.

While he was still sobbing away at a most furious rate he heard a voice close at his elbow, and looking up, he saw the thinnest man he had ever seen in all his life. The man had flesh-colored tights on, and a spangled red velvet garment—that was neither pants, because there were no legs to it, nor a coat, because it did not come above his waist—made up the remainder of his costume. Because he was so wonderfully thin, because of the costume which he wore, and because of a highly colored painting which was hanging in front of one of the small tents, Toby knew that the Living Skeleton was before him, and his big brown eyes opened all the wider as he gazed at him.

"What is the matter, little fellow?" asked the man, in a kindly tone. "What makes you cry so? Has Job been up to his old tricks again?"

"I don't know what his old tricks are"—and Toby sobbed, his tears coming again because of the sympathy which this man's voice expressed for him—"but I know that he's a mean, ugly thing, that's what I know; an' if I could only get back to Uncle Dan'l, there hain't elephants enough in all the circuses in the world to pull me away again."

"Oh, you run away from home, did you?"

"Yes, I did," sobbed Toby, "an' there hain't any boy in any Sunday-school book that ever I read that was half so sorry he'd been bad as I am. It's awful; an' now I can't have any supper, 'cause I stopped to talk with Mr. Stubbs."

"Is Mr. Stubbs one of your friends?" asked the skeleton, as he seated himself on Mr. Lord's own private seat.

"Yes, he is, an' he's the only one in this whole circus who 'pears to be sorry for me. You'd better not let Mr. Lord see you sittin' in that chair, or he'll raise a row."

"Job won't raise any row with me," said the skeleton. "But who is this Mr. Stubbs? I don't seem to know anybody by that name."

"I don't think that is his name. I only call him so, 'cause he looks so much like a feller I know who is named Stubbs."

This satisfied the skeleton that this Mr. Stubbs must be some one attached to the show, and he asked,

"Has Job been whipping you?"

"No; Ben, the driver on the cart where I ride, told him not to do that again; but he hain't going to let me have any supper, 'cause I was so slow about my work, though I wasn't slow; I only talked to Mr. Stubbs when there wasn't anybody round his cage."

"Sam! Sam! Sam-u-el!"

This name, which was shouted twice in a quick, loud voice, and the third time in a slow manner, ending almost in a screech, did not come from either Toby or the skeleton, but from an enormously large woman, dressed in a gaudy red and black dress, cut very short, and with low neck and an apology for sleeves, who had just come out from the tent whereon the picture of the Living Skeleton hung.

"Samuel," she screamed again, "come inside this minute, or you'll catch your death o' cold, an' I shall have you wheezin' around with the phthisic all night. Come in, Sam-u-el."

"That's her," said the skeleton to Toby, as he pointed his thumb in the direction of the fat woman, but paid no attention to the outcry she was making—"that's my wife Lilly, an' she's the fat woman of the show. She's always yellin' after me that way the minute I get out for a little fresh air, an' she's always sayin' just the same thing. Bless you, I never have the phthisic, but she does awful; an' I s'pose 'cause she's so large she can't feel all over her, an' thinks it's me that has it."

"Is—is all that—is that your wife?" stammered Toby, in astonishment, as he looked at the enormously fat woman who stood in the tent door, and then at the wonderfully thin man who sat beside him.

"Yes, that's her," said the skeleton. "She weighs pretty nigh four hundred, though of course the show cards says it's over six hundred, an' she earns almost as much money as I do. Of course she can't get so much, for skeletons is much scarcer than fat folks; but we make a pretty good thing travellin' together."

"Sam-u-el," again came a cry from the fat woman, "are you never coming in?"

"Not yet, my angel," said the skeleton, placidly, as he crossed one thin leg over the other, and looked calmly at her. "Come here an' see Job's new boy."

"Your imprudence is wearin' me away so that I sha'n't be worth five dollars a week to any circus," she said, impatiently; but at the same time she came toward the candy stand quite as rapidly as her very great size would admit.

"This is my wife Lilly—Mrs. Treat," said the skeleton, with a proud wave of the hand, as he rose from his seat and gazed admiringly at her. "This is my flower, my queen, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Tyler," said Toby, supplying the name which the skeleton—or Mr. Treat, as Toby now learned his name was—"Tyler is my name, Toby Tyler."

"Why, what a little chap you are!" said Mrs. Treat, paying no attention to the awkward little bend of the

head which Toby had intended for a bow. "How small he is, Samuel!"

"Yes," said the skeleton, reflectively, as he looked Toby over from head to foot, as if he were mentally trying to calculate exactly how many inches high he was, "he is small; but he's got all the world before him to grow in, an' if he only eats enough— There, that reminds me. Job isn't going to give him any supper, because he didn't work hard enough."

"He won't, won't he?" exclaimed the large lady, savagely. "Oh, he's a precious one, he is, an' some day I shall just give him a good shakin' up, that's what I'll do. I get all out of patience with that man's ugliness."

"An' she'll do just what she says," said the skeleton to Toby, with an admiring shake of the head. "That woman hain't afraid of anybody, an' I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she did give Job a pretty rough time."

Toby thought, as he looked at her, that she was large enough to give 'most any one a pretty rough time, but he did not venture to say so. While he was looking first at her, and then at her very thin husband, the skeleton told his wife the little which he had learned regarding the boy's history, and when he had concluded she waddled away toward her tent.

"Great woman that," said the skeleton, as he saw her disappear within the tent.

"Yes," said Toby, "she's the greatest I ever saw."

"I mean that she's got a great head. Now you'll see about how much she cares for what Job says."

"If I was as big as her," said Toby, with just a shade of envy in his voice, "I wouldn't be afraid of anybody."

"It hain't so much the size," said the skeleton, sagely—"it hain't so much the size, my boy; for I can scare that woman almost to death when I feel like it."

Toby looked for a moment at Mr. Treat's thin legs and arms, and then he said, warningly, "I wouldn't feel like it very often if I was you, Mr. Treat, 'cause she might break some of your bones if you didn't happen to scare her enough."

"Don't fear for me, my boy—don't fear for me; you'll see how I manage her if you stay with the circus long enough. Now I often—"

If Mr. Treat was going to confide a family secret to Toby, it was fated that he should not hear it then, for Mrs. Treat had just come out of her tent, carrying in her hands a large tin plate piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of pie, cake, bread, and meat.



TOBY GETS HIS SUPPER.

She placed this in front of Toby, and as she did so she handed him two pictures.

"There, little Toby Tyler," she said—"there's something for you to eat, if Mr. Job Lord and his precious partner Jacobs did say you shouldn't have any supper; an' I've brought you a picture of Samuel an' me. We sell 'em for ten cents apiece, but I'm going to give them to you, because I like the looks of you."

Toby was quite overcome with the presents, and seemed at a loss how to thank her for them. He attempted to speak, couldn't get the words out at first, and then he said, as he put the two photographs in the same pocket with his money: "You're awful good to me, an' when I get to be a man I'll give you lots of things. I wasn't so very hungry, if I am such a big eater, but I did want something."

"Bless your dear little heart, and you shall have something to eat," said the fat woman, as she seized Toby, squeezed him close up to her, and kissed his freckled face as kindly as if it had been as fair and white as possible. "You shall eat all you want to, an' if you get the stomach-ache, as Samuel does sometimes when he's been eatin' too much, I'll give you some catnip tea out of the same dipper that I give him his. He's a great eater, Samuel is," she added, in a burst of confidence, "an' it's a wonder to me what he does with it all sometimes."

"Is he?" exclaimed Toby, quickly. "How funny that is! for I'm an awful eater. Why, Uncle Dan'l used to say that I ate twice as much as I ought to, an' it never made me any bigger. I wonder what's the reason?"

"I declare I don't know," said the fat woman, thoughtfully, "an' I've wondered at it time an' time again. Some folks is made that way, an' some folks is made different. Now I don't eat enough to keep a chicken alive, an' yet I grow fatter an' fatter every day—don't I, Samuel?"

"Indeed you do, my love," said the skeleton, with a world of pride in his voice; "but you mustn't feel bad about it, for every pound you gain makes you worth just so much more to the show."

"Oh, I wasn't worryin'; I was only wonderin'; but we must go, Samuel, for the poor child won't eat a bit while we are here. After you've eaten what there is there, bring the plate in to me," she said to Toby, as she took her lean husband by the arm and walked him off toward their own tent.

Toby gazed after them a moment, and then he commenced a vigorous attack upon the eatables which had been so kindly given him. Of the food which he had taken from the dinner table he had eaten some while he was in the tent, and after that he had entirely forgotten that he had any in his pocket; therefore at the time that Mrs. Treat had brought him such a liberal supply he was really very hungry.

He succeeded in eating nearly all the food which had been brought to him, and the very small quantity which remained he readily found room for in his pockets. Then he washed the plate nicely, and seeing no one in sight, he thought he could leave the booth long enough to return the plate.

He ran with it quickly into the tent occupied by the thin man and fat woman, and handed it to her with a profusion of thanks for her kindness.

"Did you eat it all?" she asked.

"Well," hesitated Toby, "there was two doughnuts an' a piece of pie left over, an' I put them in my pocket. If you don't care, I'll eat them some time to-night."

"You shall eat it whenever you want to, an' any time that you get hungry again, you come right to me."

"Thank you, marm. I must go now, for I left the store all alone."

"Run, then; an' if Job Lord abuses you, just let me know it, an' I'll keep him from cuttin' up any monkey shins."

Toby hardly heard the end of her sentence, so great was his haste to get back to the booth; and just as he emerged from the tent, on a quick run, he received a blow on the ear which sent him sprawling in the dust, and he heard Mr. Job Lord's angry voice as it said, "So, just the moment my back is turned, you leave the stand to take care of itself, do you, an' run around tryin' to plot some mischief against me, eh?" and the brute kicked the prostrate boy twice with his heavy boot.

"Please don't kick me again," pleaded Toby. "I wasn't gone but a minute, an' I wasn't doing anything bad."

"You're lying now, an' you know it, you young cub!" exclaimed the angry man as he advanced to kick the boy again. "I'll let you know who you've got to deal with when you get hold of me."

"And I'll let you know who you've got to deal with when you get hold of me," said a woman's voice; and just as Mr. Lord had raised his foot to kick the boy again, the fat woman had seized him by the collar, jerked him back over one of the tent ropes, and left him quite as prostrate as he had left Toby. "Now, Job Lord," said the angry woman, as she towered above the thoroughly enraged but thoroughly frightened man, "I want you to understand that you can't knock and beat this boy while I'm around. I've seen enough of your capers, an' I'm going to put a stop to them. That boy wasn't in this tent more than two minutes, an' he attends to his work better than any one you have ever had; so see that you treat him decent. Get up," she said to Toby, who had not dared to rise from the ground, "and if he offers to strike you again, come to me."

Toby scrambled to his feet, and ran to the booth in time to attend to one or two customers who had just come up. He could see from out the corner of his eye that Mr. Lord had arisen to his feet also, and was engaged in an angry conversation with Mrs. Treat, the result of which he very much feared would be another and a worse whipping for him.

But in this he was mistaken, for Mr. Lord, after the conversation was ended, came toward the booth, and began to attend to his business without speaking one word to Toby. When Mr. Jacobs returned from his supper Mr. Lord took him by the arm, walked him out toward the rear of the tents, and Toby was very positive that he was to be the subject of their conversation, and it made him not a little uneasy.

It was not until nearly time for the performance to begin that Mr. Lord returned, and he had nothing to say to Toby save to tell him to go into the tent and begin his work there. The boy was only too glad to escape so easily, and he went to his work with as much alacrity as if he were about entering upon some pleasure.

When he met Mr. Jacobs, that gentleman spoke to him very sharply about being late, and seemed to think it no excuse at all that he had just been relieved from the outside work by Mr. Lord.



JOB LORD LEARNS A LESSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

ABOUT TO BE ERECTED IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

BY REV. J. S. HOLME.

Cleopatra's Needle is not such a needle as we use to sew with: it is a great stone—sometimes called an obelisk—nearly seventy feet long, and about seven feet square at the base on which it stands. Its sides gradually taper from the bottom until at the top it ends in a small pointed four-sided pyramid. It is of red granite, and the sides are covered all over with pictures of birds, animals, and other things, cut into the stone. It is called a needle because it is so long and slender. But why it should be called Cleopatra's Needle is not quite so clear. Cleopatra was a famous Queen who lived in Egypt a little while before the birth of Christ. She was a very beautiful woman, and well educated; but she did many foolish things, and some very wicked things; and, as such people often are, she, though a great Queen, was at last so very unhappy that she wickedly put an end to her own life.

This obelisk was at first erected by Thothmes III., one of the old Kings of Egypt, at Heliopolis, about 3600 years ago. It was taken from that place to Alexandria, where Cleopatra lived, not long after her death, by the Roman Emperor Augustus Cæsar, as a trophy of his victory over the Kings of Egypt, and it was called "Cleopatra's Needle," we suppose, merely in compliment to the late Queen.

Egypt is supposed to be the oldest nation in the world. The Kings used to be called Pharaohs, and many of them were very great and powerful. Some were great warriors, others were great builders—builders of pyramids, cities, temples, and obelisks. They were very vain of their glory, and they were great boasters, fond of inscribing their names and deeds on stone. Cleopatra's Needle is one of two great obelisks which one of these Pharaohs erected, and placed one on each side of the entrance to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. The Egyptians worshipped the sun as their god under the name of Ra, and the name of Pharaoh, by which the Egyptian Kings were known, means "a son of the sun."

The Pharaohs did great honor to their sun-god, as they thought they were his children. The Temple of the

Sun at Heliopolis was the greatest in all Egypt, and its ruins now cover nearly a mile in extent. Thothes erected these obelisks at the entrance to this Temple of the Sun, partly in honor to the sun-god, and partly to honor himself, as he wrote his own history up and down the sides of the obelisk, not in letters such as we use, but in pictures of birds, animals, and other things, which kind of writing these old Egyptians used, and we call them hieroglyphics. This obelisk stood a great many years near the door of this temple at Heliopolis—or, as it is called in the Bible, "the city of On"—where it was at first erected.

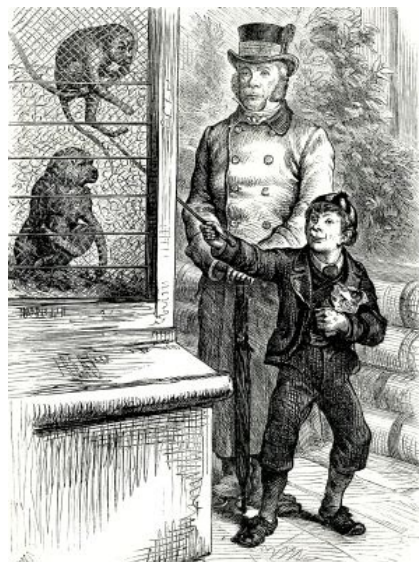
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Some of the children may remember that a few weeks ago, in the regular Sunday-school lesson, it is said that "Pharaoh gave to Joseph in marriage Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On." This Poti-pherah was the high-priest—a very great man in Egypt, and lived in the Temple of the Sun at On. And it is quite likely that this very obelisk stood before his door on the day that Joseph married his daughter Asenath. And if this is so, is it not wonderful that this great stone that weighs 213 tons, on which Joseph may have looked on his wedding day 3600 years ago, should now be in a country 5000 miles away, of which the old Egyptians never heard? And is it not still more wonderful that, while the children in the Sunday-schools of America should be studying their regular Bible lesson about Joseph's marriage, this great obelisk, that stood at the door of his father-in-law's house, should be lying in the street, at the door of one of our schools, on its way to the Central Park in New York?

But now we must tell you how this great obelisk came to be brought to this country. Obelisks are great curiosities. There are only a few large ones in the world. These all used to be in Egypt, and the Egyptians thought a great deal of them. But four or five of these were taken at different times, without leave of the people of Egypt, to different countries in Europe. Two stand in Rome, one in Constantinople, one in Paris, and one in London. Now Mehemet Ali, the late Khedive of Egypt, had a great liking for America. He thought that the United States had treated him better than the European nations; and it seemed to him that we ought to have an obelisk as well as the nations of Europe. And when the American Consul asked for one, he said, "I will think of it." It was supposed he might give us a little one. But no one ever thought of asking for "Cleopatra's Needle" at Alexandria: this was one of the largest and most beautiful in all Egypt. But it so happened that this obelisk stood very near the sea. The waves of the Mediterranean rolled right up to its base. There was great danger of its being undermined. It was thought already to begin to lean a little. Many feared it would soon fall. This gave the Khedive great anxiety; and so he proposed to remove it to another part of the city of Alexandria. But this would cost a great deal of money, and the Khedive was not at this time rich; so he proposed that the wealthy men of the city should raise by subscription one-half of the money needed to remove it, and he would provide the other half. But the people of Alexandria thought the government ought to do it all, and did not subscribe a dollar. At this Mehemet Ali was greatly displeased; and he thereupon made up his mind to make this beautiful obelisk a present from Egypt, the oldest nation of the world, to the United States of America, the youngest nation. And glad, indeed, we were to get it; and sorry enough were the Egyptians at last to lose it.

One of our wealthy citizens, on learning the intention of the Khedive of Egypt, said he would pay \$75,000, the estimated cost of its removal, when the obelisk should be erected in the Central Park.

Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, U.S.N., undertook the task of bringing it over—and a very great one it has been; but he has done it with great skill and success, and thus far at his own expense and risk. And it will cost much more to complete the work than the \$75,000 promised; but New York, without doubt, will see Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe repaid for his outlay, for it will be a great thing to have a genuine Egyptian obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, in the Central Park in this city.



THE MONKEYS.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.



THE UNFORTUNATE PRINCES.

One of the wickedest acts of the wicked King Richard III. of England was the murder of his two young nephews in the Tower. He had seized upon the crown that belonged of right to them, and had shut them up in a gloomy cell of that huge castle that still stands on the banks of the Thames, below London. They were separated from their mother, the widow of the late King Edward IV., and kept like prisoners and criminals in the part of the vast fortress now known as "the Bloody Tower." The elder, Edward, Prince of Wales (now Edward V., King of England), was thirteen, his fair and gentle brother, the Duke of York, only eleven. Their cruel uncle sent orders to the Governor of the Tower, Brackenbury, to put them to death secretly, but the honest man refused to do so wicked an act. Richard then placed Sir James Tyrrel, his evil instrument, in command of the fortress for a single day; the keys of the gates and cells were given up to him by Brackenbury, and the plans for the murder were carefully prepared by the King. Tyrrel hired two hardened criminals—John Dighton, his own groom, and Miles Forest, a murderer by trade—to commit the act, and remove from their uncle's path the two innocent princes who might yet dispute his title to the throne.

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It was a dark and gloomy night when Tyrrel, followed by his two assassins, crept up the narrow stone staircase that led to the room where the young children were confined. He found them clasped in each other's arms asleep, having just repeated their prayers, and lying on a bed. It is easy to imagine the terrors of the poor children in that stony and gloomy chamber, shut out from their mother and all their friends, and seeing only the cold, strange faces of their jailers. But now they had forgotten all their sorrows in a sleep that was to be their last. What dreams they may have had at that fearful moment no one can ever tell. By the light of a flickering torch Tyrrel probably looked into the chamber to see that his victims were safe. But he did not go in, and stood watching and listening at the door while Dighton and Forest performed their dreadful deed. They took the pillows and bolsters from the bed, pressed them over the faces of the children, and thus smothered them to death. When they were dead they carried their bodies down the long staircase, and buried them under a heap of stones at its foot. It was reported that Richard III., touched by an unusual feeling of superstition, had removed them to consecrated ground, and that the place of their final burial was unknown. But long afterward, in the reign of Charles II., when it was found necessary to take away the stones, and dig in the spot where it was supposed the assassins had laid them, the bones of two persons were found that corresponded to the ages of the young princes. They were buried by the King beneath a marble monument.

But wherever they slept, the murder of his nephews must have forever haunted the brain of the wicked Richard III. His people hated and feared him. He grew every day more cruel and tyrannical; he murdered friend and foe. At last Henry, Earl of Richmond, of the house of Lancaster, landed in England with a small force, which was soon increased by the general hatred of the King. The nobility and the people flocked to his camp. His army was soon very strong. Richard, at the head of a powerful force, marched to meet his rival, and on Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485, the decisive battle was fought. Richard was betrayed, as he deserved, by his own officers. He rode raging on horseback around the field, and when he saw Henry before him, rushed upon him to cut him down. He killed one of his knights, but was stricken from his horse, and fell dead in the crowd. Then the soldiers cried, "Long live King Henry!" and that night Richard's body, flung across the back of a horse, was carried into Leicester to be buried. His wicked reign had lasted only two years.

MISS SOPHONISBA SYLVIA PLANTAGENET TUDOR.

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BY LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

Far away, across, the blue Atlantic, lies an island—not a very big island, but a wonderful one, for all that. Its name is England. Who knows what is the capital? London? quite right; I see the Young People are well up in their geography. Well, in this London there is a great square called Portland Place, and before one of its big tall houses there was standing a carriage one bright afternoon.

Presently the house door was flung wide open by a most gentlemanly butler in black, and down the steps there came an imposing procession.

First, Lady Ponsonby, in silks and laces, very stately and very beautiful; then little Ethel; and last, but not least—oh no, indeed! by no means least—Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor, closely clasped in the arms of her doting mother, Miss Ethel.

"What, only a doll?"

My dear Young People, can it be possible that I hear you say "only"? Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor was by far the most important member of the present party—at all events, Ethel would have told you so, for so she firmly believed. Never was there so lovely a doll. Eyes like violets; real golden hair, cut with a Gainsborough fringe (what you American little girls called "banged," although why, I don't know, I am sure); complexion as beautiful as wax and paint could make it; and a costume which was the admiration and envy of every one of Ethel's particular friends. Muriel Brabazon, who lived in Park Lane, had actually shed tears when she saw Miss S. S. P. Tudor's new black satin jacket with its jet fringe; but then poor Muriel had no mamma, and was not as well brought up as might be desired.

All the same, Miss Sophonisba was a pride and joy to any possessor, and Ethel felt a thrill of calm happiness at every fresh glance that was cast at their carriage as they drove quickly through the busy streets toward the Park. Hyde Park, you must know, is to London what the Central Park is to New York; and in it there is a long drive called Rotten Row, where London people go in crowds, and on this afternoon it was a perfect crush of carriages of every description.

The Ponsonby carriage had to go at a slow and stately pace, and all the throngs of people who walked by the side of the Row, or sat on the green chairs under the trees, had a fine opportunity of gazing their fill at Miss Plantagenet Tudor's glories.

All at once there was a little stir and flutter among the crowd, and murmurs ran about from one to another of "The Princess! the Princess!" Ethel clapped her hands, and nearly danced upon her seat, for this was almost *too* delightful; and in another minute there came in sight a very plain, neat carriage, with dark horses, and servants in sober liveries, and there, smiling and bowing, sat the sweet and gracious lady who will probably one day be Queen of England. She is so good and so charming that the English people love her dearly; and all the gentlemen's hats came off in a minute, and all the ladies bowed, and everybody looked as pleased as possible. As for Ethel, she bowed so hard that she looked like a little Chinese Mandarin, and even jumped up to get another glimpse as they passed, for their own carriage was just turning out of the great Park gates to go home to Portland Place. Actually, for five minutes, she had forgotten her beloved doll; but what may not happen in five minutes?

"Sophonisba Sylvia, my precious," she murmured, turning to take her in her motherly arms, "did you see the Princess? Isn't she *lovely*?—almost as beautiful as you?" But here she stopped quite short.

Alas! it is almost too dreadful to go on writing about. How can I tell you? There was no Miss Sophonisba S. P. Tudor! She had totally vanished.

Oh, poor, poor Ethel! Nine years old, and beginning to learn German verbs, and yet her tears rained down like an April shower.

"Oh, my Sophonisba! The best, the dearest, of my twenty-three dolls! Oh, mamma! mamma! *can* I go on living without her?"

"Ethel, my own," cried her distracted mother, clasping her in her arms, "don't cry, my pet, don't cry. We'll advertise for her; we'll offer rewards; we'll go to Creamer's this moment, and buy you another; we'll send to Paris, Vienna, anywhere."

But oh! you among my readers who are mothers of dolls yourselves, you can fancy how Ethel rejected this last consolation. Another doll! Could there be another Sophonisba? Never! oh, never! And should her place be taken by another, even if there were?

"Please, mamma," she murmured, burying her tear-stained face in Lady Ponsonby's best silk mantle, "I would so much rather not. I don't want another. I couldn't love any one else like her. Oh, Sophy Sylvia!"

No use to look for the dear lost one. They drove back the whole way they had come, and asked five policemen, but not a trace was to be found.

But where, all this time, was Miss Plantagenet Tudor? Scarcely had she recovered her senses from the shock of her violent fall upon the wood pavement at Hyde Park Corner, when she was seized by the waist, and a rich Irish brogue greeted her ears.

"Arrah, thin, what an illigant doll! Sure and it's wild wid joy Norah'll be to get it. Come along, me darlint."

Then perhaps she fainted with horror, for the next thing she was aware of was being clasped in the arms of a little girl, nearly the same age as her beloved little mistress, but ah! how different in all but age!—a little red-haired girl, clean and tidy, to be sure, but with what patched and faded clothes, what little red rough hands, what a loud voice, and what an accent! Neither Miss Tudor's nerves nor her temper could stand it. She made her back far stiffer than nature and Mr. Creamer had ever intended it to be, and refused all comfort. In fact, did what in a less distinguished and high-bred doll would have been called sulking; and little Norah at last left her in despair, with a sorrowful sigh.

It really was not for three days after this that she came out of her—well, yes, sulks; and that was because she was disturbed by a terrible noise of sobbing and crying.

"Och, thin, don't ye now, Norah—don't ye. It's no mortal use, I tell ye; we'll have to go to prison, and that's the blessed truth. My lady's grand lace handkerchief, and it's worth three guineas or more; and the housekeeper says as it's never come home, and I'll swear I sint it; and how iver are we to pay at all, at all?"

Now Miss Plantagenet Tudor had by no means a bad heart; she felt really sorry to see such distress. However, it was no business of hers, and she was just going off into her dignified gloom again, when her blue eyes spied something thin, white, and lace-like under the edge of the big chest in the corner.

There was the missing handkerchief, the cause of all this woe. Should she show it to them, and make the poor things happy? Yes, she would; she knew Ethel would, if she were there. And so, with the lofty grace which was all her own, Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor fell flat, face downward, upon the floor, with one stiff arm stuck out straight before her.

Norah rushed to pick her up, and as she stooped she too saw the handkerchief, and clutched at it.

"Oh, Susan, I don't think I can bear to hear about dolls to-night. Who's Mrs. O'Flannigan?"

"The washer-woman, miss; and she lost your ma's best pocket-handkerchief, and very likely would have had to gone to prison, and been hung" (oh, Susan! Susan! that was a dreadful stretch of imagination on your part), "only her little girl Norah's doll fell down, and when they picked it up it was a-pointing in the corner, and there was the pocket-handkerchief; and Norah she says she's sure she done it a purpose."

"Why, of course she must have. What a dear delightful doll! I think, Susan, really, that I should like to see her. May I?"

"La, miss, of course you may. I'll tell Mrs. O'Flannigan to bring her."

Ah, little did Sophonisba Sylvia guess where she was going that evening when Norah wrapped her carefully in a corner of her shawl, and trotted off by Mrs. O'Flannigan's side through the gas-lit streets! They went in by the kitchen steps—a way Miss Tudor had never been before; but somehow the great tiled hall looked strangely familiar; and who was that coming a little timidly out of a door held open by a tall and powdered footman?

Ah, dear Young People, it is as hard to write of joy as of sorrow. Ethel's shriek rang through the house, and brought her papa, Sir Edward, from his billiards, and Lady Ponsonby from her drawing-room, in a tremendous hurry.

Norah went home happy in the possession of five dolls out of Ethel's twenty-three, and her good fortune did not stop there. Indeed, she had the greatest reason to bless the day when Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor had her eventful fall from the Ponsonby carriage at Hyde Park Corner.

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

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER VI.

"Miss Lee," said Mr. Tom, as Milly entered the store Wednesday morning, "will you please to take my place for two hours at the desk? I have something to do for father."

Milly had once or twice filled the same office, and so she quietly sat down upon Tom's stool, receiving his directions about the money wearily.

"I've been counting the money over," he said, rather insolently, "and I know *just* what is there."

Mildred glanced up with a slight surprise. She had not fully understood "Mr. Tom" of late. He and his sister, who served in the cloak-room, were both, as she knew, jealous of her indifference to them. Their conduct hitherto she had perfectly understood, but not their extreme suavity of the last week. Mary Hardman had determined to make an "intimate friend" of Mildred when it was known she had visited Miss Jenner, but the vulgar ostentation of her employer's daughter completely shocked Milly's better taste; and so, while she openly snubbed the brother, she took care to withdraw, though civilly, from the sister's advances. This had produced the effect of irritating Miss Hardman, wounding her self-love, and bringing out all the latent vulgarity in her nature, so that poor Milly was constantly subjected to annoyance and rudeness, which she bore only through fear of losing her place; but the new part toward her was more annoying than the old. Miss Hardman received her with smiles, while Tom was sarcastically polite to her on all occasions.

Mildred made no answer to his remark about the money. In fact, after an unusually fatiguing night with her mother, she was too weary to speak, and sat leaning her head on her hand, only moving to respond to the call of "Cash!" at the desk window. How good the money looked, Mildred thought, as she slipped the notes between her fingers! Over and again she had the sum she needed in her hands—if conscience was not in the way. "Yes," thought Milly, "that is how temptation steps in."

Deborah was standing in the kitchen window the next evening when Mildred came down from her mother's room, asking her to relieve her for ten minutes.

"My 'business' woman is coming in the gate, Debby," she said, with a nervous laugh; "but it will be her last visit, and after she goes away I will tell you all about her."

Deborah went up stairs a little mollified, and Mildred prepared to confront her "Shylock."

"Here I am," said Mrs. Robbins, shaking out her skirts, and sitting down as soon as she entered the bare little parlor, "and here I'm likely to remain, for I know what I mean to *have* instead of money if you don't pay me; and I know," added the woman, with her insolent laugh—"I know you haven't it, for old Mr. Hardman refused to lend it to you yesterday."

Mildred flushed, but she returned the woman's bold stare with a look of quiet dignity.

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Robbins," she said, producing a roll of bills. "Here is your money. Will you be kind enough to give me a receipt as quickly as possible?"

The peddler stared, but she could offer no further remonstrance. There were the bills, fresh enough, and genuine. She took the money in her hands, counted it over and again, and then, with angry reluctance, and a glance at the ornaments in the room, which showed what she had "meant to have," she wrote her receipt and departed....

"And that's the whole story, Deborah," whispered Milly, an hour later, as she and the good old woman sat over the fire in Mrs. Lee's room. "It's nearly killed me this winter—but I *can't possibly tell you* where or how I got the money. I scarcely like to think of it myself," and Mildred rose with the air Debby knew very well, and which plainly said, "You'll hear no more."

"Well," said Deborah, "I won't ask if I'm bid not. I only hope no trouble'll come of it."

"Trouble!" said Milly, rather sharply. Deborah did not know how tired and ill she felt, and, indeed, poor Milly was very near a hearty burst of crying. She was relieved of one anxiety, she thought, as she lay down to sleep in her mother's room; but had she not burdened herself with another?

On entering the store two days later, Milly observed a certain air of reserve among the girls nearest her, yet they all looked at her critically. One or two whispered as she went by them with her usual friendly "Good-morning," and others gave a little significant toss to head or shoulders as she spoke. Mary Hardman was busy in the cloak-room, and as Mildred entered she said, with a short laugh,

"I don't believe you will be wanted here to-day, Miss Lee. However, father's coming in directly, and he'll tell you for himself."

Before Mildred could answer, the burly figure of Mr. Hardman senior came toward them.

"Morning, Miss Lee," he said, nodding his head. "Will you be kind enough to step into my room?"

It was a sort of office, close at hand, where the girls went to receive special orders, their weekly salary, or any necessary reprimands. The day before Milly had penetrated this sanctum to beg a loan of twenty-two dollars from her employer; now she followed him with doubting steps. What could it mean? Mr. Tom was seated in a big leather chair by the table, with the air of judge and jury, witness and lawyer.

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"Sit down, Miss Lee," said the elder man, motioning her to a seat. "Now, Thomas, I think you can tell the story."

While Mildred mechanically dropped into a chair, the old man paced the floor, and Mr. Tom, veiling a sneer, began:

"Miss Lee, I'll go right to the main question. We've missed some money from the drawer. It disappeared day before yesterday morning. *The sum was twenty-two dollars.* Now as you were at the desk between twelve and two o'clock on that day, *can you account for it?*"

Mr. Tom drew up his little ferret eyes with a most malicious expression.

"Twenty-two dollars!" gasped Milly; her face was crimson. "No, I can not account for it. Twenty-two dollars?" she repeated the question with a look of blank dismay.

"Go on, Thomas," said Mr. Hardman senior.

"Well, then," said Tom, "we happen to know you *needed* just that sum. You tried to borrow it of my father, and *you paid it out* in the evening."

Evidently Mr. Tom thought this sentence his crowning success, for he rose up, trying to look very fine, as he finished it.

To Mildred the next moment seemed an hour of pain. She sat still, gazing ahead of her, trying to realize the situation. Then they accused her of stealing the money!

"And you think *I* took it?" she said, faintly.

"I'm afraid we don't *think* much about it," said Mr. Tom. "Circumstances are dead against you."

Mildred stood up, putting out one trembling hand as though she would implore some consideration. She thought of her mother lying ill at home; of all the miseries of the past few weeks. It made her head dizzy, and she sank back into her chair, while Tom continued:

"Now I know all about it, Miss Lee, as you'll see. You bought a gray silk dress of a peddler; the girls all saw it; and you didn't know how you were to pay for it. You got awfully hard up Wednesday for money—twenty-two dollars—and you tried to borrow it of father. He couldn't lend it to you, and, in plain words, you *stole* it from him. Pity I wasn't a lawyer," added the young man, with a chuckle.

"Mr. Hardman, how *dare* you say such a thing?" cried Milly, starting from her chair.

"Then prove you did not," said the young man. "Where did you get your twenty-two dollars for Widow Robbins?"

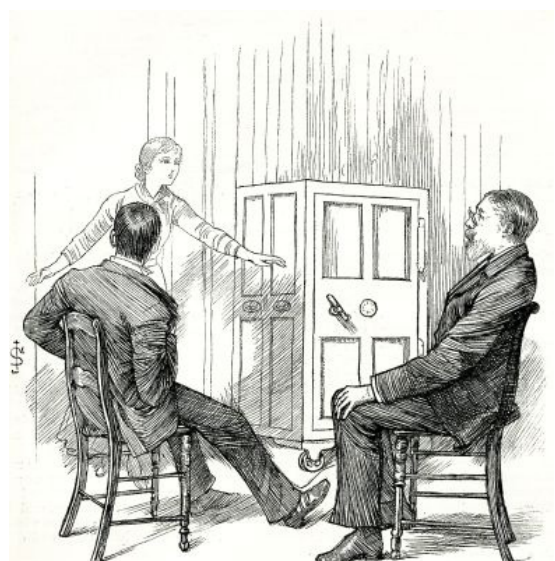
Mildred drew a long breath. "I can not tell you," she said, quietly.

Father and son laughed. "Now do you know, young lady," said the old man, "if you're put into court, you'll have to tell. There'll be no questions asked until that one is answered."

Milly could not speak. Terror, weariness, and shame filled her mind.

"You may go now," said Mr. Hardman. "I don't say we've finished with this business, but we no longer need your services. There is your weekly salary." And the old man tossed a five-dollar bill before her.

Mildred never could remember how she left that room. Her tongue seemed paralyzed. She could not speak; she only thought of getting home, to cry out her misery on Deborah's shoulder. When she went out into the street a heavy snow was falling. The girl's brain seemed to be on fire. She scarcely knew where she was going, and as she walked along she remembered that to-day for the first time her mother was to sit up, and she had agreed with Debby to bring in a bird to roast for her supper. They had meant to make a little celebration of the mother's convalescence, to which Milly thought she could bring a cheerful spirit, since her terrible load of



"HOW DARE YOU SAY SUCH A THING?"

private debt was removed. But now, how was all changed! Mildred stood still in the wild storm, putting her hand to her head, and even trying to remember where she was going. Suddenly a thought occurred to her. She would go to Miss Jenner's, and tell her the whole story. "But not where I got the money," the poor child thought, with a moan. Half driven along by the heavy snow-storm, Milly turned her steps toward Lane Street. There was the beautiful brick house, its trees veiled in white; but, oh! to her delight, Milly saw the curtains of Miss Jenner's room drawn back. She must be better, if not well again.

It was a very miserable little figure that appeared at the door when the old servant opened it. Drenched through by the storm, and with lines of pain and fatigue in her face, Milly stood there. She scarcely heard what the servant said as he conducted her down the hall and into the library, where a big wood fire was blazing cheerily, and where Miss Jenner, wrapped in soft shawls, sat, with Alice at her knee.

Mildred took one glance at the sweet, home-like picture, then she recalled her own position; she remembered the scene at Mr. Hardman's. As the servant closed the door, she moved forward with tears in her eyes, saying:

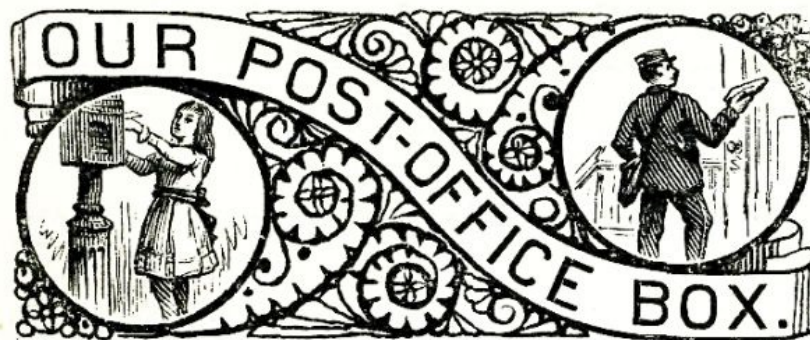
"Miss Jenner, I am in great trouble at the store. They say—they say—I am a thief."

Mildred remembered Miss Jenner's standing up, and Alice's exclamation of horror; then the room, the fire-light, the books and pictures, and the two figures, seemed to whirl before her, and she knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SOMETHING IN THE WAY.—DRAWN BY JESSIE McDERMOTT.



BROOKLYN, E. D., LONG ISLAND.

The Young Chemists' Club is in a very prosperous condition. The meetings are held at the residences of the members every Saturday evening at half past seven. The order of exercises commences with the calling of the roll, then the collection of weekly dues, and the consideration of whatever business is necessary. Compositions by the members treating of scientific subjects are then read.

Communications from scientific gentlemen are read by the secretary, and at some meetings they are present and give a short lecture.

When this part of the exercises is disposed of, experiments are then tried. The ink with which this letter is written was made by the club. Is it not a good sample of our skill?

We are happy to say that we consider HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as our official organ, and we thank it cordially for supporting us.

If desired, we will occasionally send some experiments and scientific notes from our meetings. We now send the following simple and pretty experiment:

Cut three leaves of red cabbage into small pieces, place them in a basin, and pour a pint of

boiling water over them. After allowing them to stand an hour, pour off the liquid into a decanter. This liquid will be of a bright reddish-purple color. Now take three wine-glasses; into one put about six drops of strong vinegar; into another, six drops of a solution of soda; and into the third, the same quantity of a strong solution of alum. Then pour into each glass a small quantity of the liquid from the decanter. The contents of the glass containing vinegar will quickly assume a beautiful brilliant red color; that containing soda will be a fine green; and that containing alum a very dark, rich purple.

CHARLES H. W., President of Y. C. C.
SENECA W. H., Secretary.

We congratulate the members of the Young Chemists' Club upon their perseverance and success. We shall always be glad to receive reports of anything interesting which may occur at their meetings, and also occasionally to print simple and safe experiments, which we doubt not will be of interest to many of our young readers. The ink with which the above communication was written is of a bright, clear purple color, and appears of an excellent quality.

ST. JOSEPH, TENSAS PARISH, LOUISIANA.

I have only been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for a few months, but I like it so much I hope never to be without it. I want to write a letter to the Post-office Box, but I can not write myself, for I am only five years old; so somebody has to write it for me.

I had two pretty gray kittens. You could not tell them apart. Their names were Jack and Jill. But poor little Jill died. Jack loves me so much! He goes to sleep with me every night, and the first thing in the morning, when he comes into the room, he looks all around for me, and if I am still in bed, he will jump up and cuddle down near me.

I have some pretty dolls I would like to write about, but I am afraid if my letter is too long it will be thrown away.

I have no brothers or sisters except in heaven, and I am very lonely sometimes, and always so glad to see YOUNG PEOPLE.

SADIE B. N.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think the best story was "The Fair Persian," but I like them all more than I can tell.

I have ten dolls. The last one I got Christmas. Her name is Madame Arabella.

I am going to be an artist when I am old enough.

ADDIE W.

BRATTLEBOROUGH, VERMONT.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I study Harper's School Geography. I am just learning how to skate. For Christmas I got a chamber set and a tea set, a pretty book, two bags of candy, and a bag of nuts.

I am eight and a half years old.

MARY W. W.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

I am ten years old. I have a little sister named Julia, but when she commenced to talk she called herself Jupi, and we all call her so. Mamma says we ought to spell it *joujou*, which is the French word for plaything.

We like YOUNG PEOPLE so much we can hardly wait for it to come. Papa has taken it for us ever since it was published.

Jupi and I each have a pet kitty. One of them will scratch on the door, just like a dog, until some one opens it.

Jupi has a Paris doll. It is a baby doll, and it has a little nursing bottle. You can fill the bottle with milk or water, put the tube in the doll's mouth, and by pressing a button at the back of its head, all the milk goes out of the bottle. Then press the button again, and it all goes back.

We have a toy bird which imitates a canary so you would think it was a real one.

CHARLEY R. H.

GREENVILLE, December 28, 1880.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—I'm in an awful situation that a boy by the name of Bellew got me into. He is one of the boys that writes stories and makes pictures for *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I think you ought to know what kind of a boy he is. A little while ago he had a story in the *YOUNG PEOPLE* about imitation screw-heads, and how he used to make them, and what fun he had pasting them on his aunt's bureau. I thought it was a very nice story, and I got some tinfoil and made a whole lot of screw-heads and last Saturday I thought I'd have some fun with them.



Father has a dreadfully ugly old chair in his study, that General Washington brought over with him in the *Mayflower*, and Mr. Travers says it is stiffer and uglier than any of the Pilgrim fathers. But father thinks everything of that chair and never lets anybody sit in it except the minister. I took a piece of soap, just as that Bellew used to, and if his name is Billy why don't he learn how to spell it that's what I'd like to know, and made what looked like a tremendous crack in the chair. Then I pasted the screw-heads on the chair, and it looked exactly as if somebody had broken it and tried to mend it.

I couldn't help laughing all day when I thought how astonished father would be when he saw his chair all full of screws, and how he would laugh when he found out it was all a joke. As soon as he came home I asked him to please come into the study, and showed him the chair and said "Father I can not tell a lie I did it but I won't do it any more."



Father looked as if he had seen some disgusting ghosts, and I was really frightened, so I hurried up and said "It's all right father, it's only a joke look here they all come off," and rubbed off the screw-heads and the soap with my handkerchief, and expected to see him burst out laughing, just as Bellew's aunt used to burst, but instead of laughing he said "My son this trifling with sacred things must be stopped," with which remark he took off his slipper, and then— But I haven't the heart to say what he did. Mr. Travers has made some pictures about it which I send to you, and perhaps you will understand what I have suffered.

I think that boy Bellew ought to be punished for getting people into scrapes. I'd just like to have him come out behind our barn with me for a few minutes. That is, I would, only I never expect to take any interest in anything any more. My heart is broken and a new chocolate cigar that was in my pocket during the awful scene.

I've got an elegant wasps' nest with young wasps in it that will hatch out in the spring, and I'll change it for a bull-terrier or a shot-gun or a rattlesnake in a cage that rattles good with any boy that will send me one.

Ever affectionately

Your son
JIMMY BROWN.

(That's the way they taught me to end letters when I was in boarding-school.)

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have some little toy dogs and rabbits. I had the diphtheria, and took such bitter medicine that old Santa Claus brought me a dolly. I was six years old on New-Year's Day. I guess this letter is big enough.

MABEL A.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT.

We are two sisters, and we would like to tell you about our pets. We have a bird named Dicky, and we have two gold-fishes, a pearl-fish, and a roach, which live in a large aquarium over a fernery. We each have a cat. Our cats are almost exactly alike, and are named Tabby-gray and Frolic. We took the names from *YOUNG PEOPLE*. We have two horses named Bonner and Charlie. Bonner is five years old, and Charlie is twenty-seven. Charlie is a remarkable horse. Two years ago he was very sick. We thought he was dying, and told a man to shoot him; but he said Charlie looked at him so intelligently that he could not do it. After that, Charlie got well, and we have taken many long, delightful drives with him, and he has been driven in a span with Bonner twenty-seven miles in one afternoon. We have had him sixteen years, and when papa was living, Charlie, when the gong sounded for dinner, would back out of his stall, and go to the office door to bring him home. Do you not think we ought to love such a faithful old horse? We do love him, and he has a nice home and kind treatment.

[Pg 191]

HATTIE and NETTIE D.

LEESBURG, FLORIDA.

I am a subscriber of this very interesting little paper, and get it regularly every week. I don't know how I would do without it. You can not imagine how anxious I am to go to town and get it the moment I know it is in the post-office.

I live in the land of flowers, and I like my home very much.

EVA H.

IVANPAH, CALIFORNIA.

I am the little girl whose letter was printed in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 45, that was going to the mines. I am there now. I will try to tell you all about my trip. We came two hundred and ten miles across the Desert in the stage. We were over eight days on the road. We camped out two nights, and made our beds on the ground. I gathered many beautiful stones in the Desert. I saw a rattlesnake.

I have been down in the mine eight hundred feet, and I am going down a shaft which is nine hundred feet below the level.

I have three pet cats here, and I have thirty hens, which I feed twice every day. I have no brothers or sisters, but I amuse myself by reading *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and by running over the rocks and prospecting.

FLORENCE R.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

We have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since the first number, and we all like it. I have two brothers and two sisters. Christmas my brother had the book called *Old Times in the Colonies* for a present. There are the same stories in it that were in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and a great many more. One is about King Philip and the wars with the settlers in Rhode Island. I have read many of the other stories, and they are very interesting. I am twelve years old.

LOUISE S.

TRENTON, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl six years old. I have a papa and mamma, but no little brother or sister. I have a doggie named Dick, and a kitty named Flossy, and eleven dollies with a black nurse. I take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and can hardly wait for it to come. I wish every little girl could have it. I am learning to read and write.

ABBIE MAUD B.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I go to school and Sunday-school, and have my music lessons to practice, but I always find time to read my *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I went to the country this summer, and had a splendid time. I went boat-riding on the Shenandoah River. I am eleven years old.

ELEANOR E. A.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I have a little dog. His name is Prince. He sleeps with me. He weighs four and one-half pounds. I have been in bed a week with scarlet fever, and I enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE* so much! I have a nice stamp-book, but not many stamps yet. I will have some to exchange soon. I am eight years old.

JOHNNIE E.

FARMINGTON, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old. I go to school, and read in the Fourth Reader, and study arithmetic and geography. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and hope I can have it always.

I have a cat. His name is Dick. He will follow me over to grandpa's, and stay with me until I come home.

This is the first letter I ever wrote.

SIDNEY J. C.

AROYA STATION, COLORADO.

I take much pleasure in reading all the letters and stories. I hope all the readers enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE* as much as I do.

Since my letter requesting exchange was published I have received many pretty things. I wish to inform the correspondents that I have no more specimens now, except enough to pay what I owe for favors I have received. I would request the correspondents not to send me anything more, as I could not make any return.

CLARA F. R. SWIFT.

BARRANQUILLA, UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.

A happy time it is for me when the steamer from New York for South America arrives, and brings *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I pity the little correspondent who wrote in the Post-office Box about four feet of snow, for I believe it must be very cold there, although I have never seen snow yet. Here even now we have many blooming plants in our garden at Oasis, our beautiful country-seat, near Barranquilla.

I am nine years old. I have my own horse, a deer, and a little circus.

We have all tropic plants, and I should like to exchange some Southern, German, and French postage stamps, or dried flowers and leaves from the tropic zone, for all kinds of minerals. Letters and packages may be sent to my uncle in New York city, whose address is at the end of my letter, and who will forward them to me. He will also be kind enough to receive and forward my answers to correspondents.

If any young readers would like to know more of my country, I will send another letter.

JUDITH WOLFF, care of Mr. D. A. De Lima,
68 William Street, New York City.

PASSAIC BRIDGE, NEW JERSEY.

I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. Papa bought me the first volume bound. I have two kitties; one is white, the other is black. We call them Romeo and Juliet, because they are so loving; they always go to sleep with their paws around each other's necks.

WINNIE V.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. When I was in the White Mountains this summer I went to a silver and lead mine, where I got a number of specimens, which I should like to exchange for foreign postage stamps. Or to any one sending me twenty-five foreign postage stamps I will send forty-five foreign and United States postmarks.

G. L. BRIGGS,
P. O. Box 560, Brookline, Mass.

The following exchanges are also desired by correspondents:

Postage stamps for curiosities, Indian relics, or anything suitable for a museum.

SAMUEL CARPENTER, JUN., Oswego, Kansas.

Postmarks and foreign postage stamps.

FRANK K. LIPPITT,
Petaluma, Sonoma County, California.

Gray moss and postmarks for minerals (especially ores), fossils, coins, or stamps.

CHARLES P. MATTHEUS, P. O. Box 13,
Fort Covington, Franklin County, N. Y.

Twenty-five postage stamps, or ten postmarks and eight stamps, for a box of ocean curiosities and a star-fish.

R. LAMP, care of William Lamp,
Madison, Dane County, Wis.

WILLIAM H.—The term "blizzard" is applied in Canada and the Northwestern Territories of the United States to an extremely sharp snow-storm, when the particles of snow are blown by the wind like fine pieces of steel. One can hardly walk the distance of a city block in such a storm without getting one's nose and ears frozen.

C. B. F.—Mrs. Elizabeth Goose, who lived in Boston before the Revolution, is generally supposed to have been the first to sing, for the amusement of her grandchildren, most of the nursery jingles that have ever since been known as "Mother Goose's Melodies." The *Tales of Mother Goose*, such as "Blue Beard," "Tom Thumb," "Cinderella," etc., were the production of a celebrated French writer of the seventeenth century, named Perrault. He composed these fairy tales to amuse a little son. They were first published in Paris in 1697, under his son's name, and have since been translated into nearly every language.

JOHN W.—It is said that a Mr. Beyer, an eminent linen-draper of London, underwent in his youth the comical adventures which Cowper has described in his ballad of "John Gilpin." It appears from Southey's life of the poet that his friend Lady Austin once repeated to him a story told to her in her childhood of an unfortunate pleasure party of this linen-draper, ending in his being carried past his point both in going and returning, and finally being brought home by his horse without having met his family at Edmonton. Cowper is said to have been extremely amused by the story, and to have composed his famous ballad while lying awake one night suffering from headache.

WILLIAM D.—*Old Times in the Colonies* is ended. You will find a notice of the book in No. 56 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

E. H.—You will find very good directions for painting magic-lantern slides in a letter from Harry J. in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 62.

HARRY W.—Directions for catching and preserving insects were given in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 27, and in the same department of No. 34 is a description of a cheap and simple case for mounting butterflies and other specimens.

A. RUSSELL.—See answer to S. H. M. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 22.

Favors are acknowledged from Abel Caldwell, Harry, Maud E. Chase, L. M. Weter, Blanche Dougan, Isabel W. Harris, Ellen and Edna B., Pert Gates, J. A. Tannahill, C. S. G., J. W., James A. Harris, Edward McNally, Florence Stidham, Mabel Going, Josie Belle B., Bessie Guyton, Helen S., C. H. Mathias, Florence F. S., W. B. Wyman.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Belle Bloom, Arthur D. Prince, M. W. and E. W., Bessie R. Howell, Walter P. Hiles, A. D. Hopper, A. Russell, Nellie V. Brainard, Annie W. Booth, Richard O. Chester, John N. Howe, Mary E. DeWitt, Fanny Squire.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

1. In play-time. A small barrel. A coin. An animal. In play-time. 2. In trouble. A minute part. Kingly. A label. In trouble. Centrals connected—An aromatic plant.

BOLUS.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, to babble. Second, to mature. Third, separately. Fourth, neat. Fifth, to register.

CAL I. FORNY.

2. First, custom. Second, a dwelling. Third, a certain variety of an important article of commerce. Fourth, mental. Fifth, water-fowls.

LONE STAR.

3. First, elevated. Second, inactive. Third, joy. Fourth, to mind.

WILLIE F. W.

4. First, one of the signs in the zodiac. Second, a dress of dignity. Third, a boy's name. Fourth, to encircle.

LAURA.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first is a cooking utensil. My second is a species of tree. My whole is used in making soap.

WILLIE L. K.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In kennel, not in dog.
In pen, not in hog.
In new, not in old.
In hot, not in cold.
In sound, not in noise.
In candy, not in toys.
In beak, not in bill.
In monkey, not in drill.
My whole is the dark "and bloody ground"
By the names of a huntsman and statesman renowned.

HALLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 61.

No. 1.

Chicago.

No. 2.

K I D D E R M I N S T E R
S W I T Z E R L A N D
M A L A D E T T A
Y E N I S E I
A L T A I
L E E
R
U R E
A D A M S
T A U N T O N
M A C K E N Z I E
B R A H M A P U T R A
S A N B E R N A R D I N O

No. 3.

Moscow.

No. 4.

B A L E M A L T
A P E S A R E A
L E A P L E A R
E S P Y T A R T
C A M P I M A G E
A R A L M O L A R
M A T E A L U T A
P L E A G A T E S
E R A S E

Charade on page 144—Sea-mew.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, \$1.50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, \$7.00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

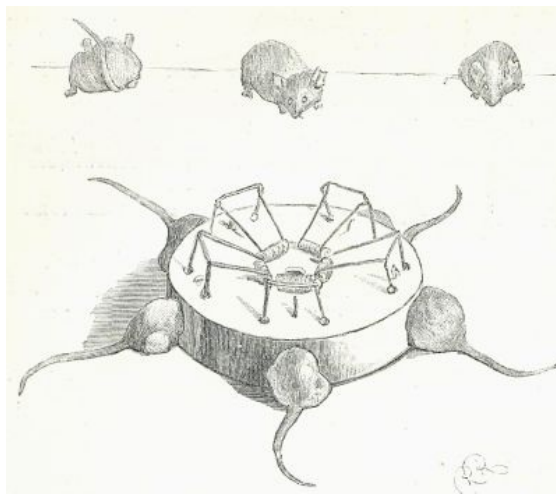
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HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.



WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

A curious story is told of the way in which Admiral By-the-sea, V.C., C.B.—a very distinguished English naval officer, who has lately retired, after many years of service, from his profession—first came by his name. It is said that when an infant he was picked up by the sailors of a man-of-war in the open sea. They found a bale of goods floating in the water, and lashed to it was the body of a lady with a child in her arms. The mother was dead, but the boy still lived. No clew was found by which the relations of this little waif of the sea could be discovered; and so, after the officers had made some vain attempts to communicate with them by means of advertisements, they determined to adopt the boy, and not knowing his real name, they christened him "By-the-sea." He was sent to a naval school, and when old enough, went to sea again, and was fortunate enough to join the same ship by the crew of which he had been rescued years before. Soon he showed himself a clever and active sailor, ready for anything, and doing whatever he did well; and when the Crimean war came, he displayed such gallantry in assisting his wounded comrades that he gained the Victoria Cross, and was made a Companion of the Bath. After this, promotion came quickly; his services were, later on, transferred to India, where for many years he filled the responsible post of Consulting Naval Officer to the government; and now he retires with the full rank of Admiral. The men who rescued the poor child from the sea, so many years ago, little knew what an honorable and useful life they were preserving by this act for the service of their country.

CHARADE.

Although in sable plumes my first
Displays himself on high,
His reputation is the worst,
His tastes are low, his race is curst—
We're glad to see him die.

My next is in the water found,
Or in the cozy inn,
Where talk and drink go freely round,
Or in the court maintains its ground,
Or keeps the thief from sin.

My whole is placed in humble hands,
And when with skill applied,
Will bring to light the golden sands.
'Tis known and used in many lands;
It seeks what others hide.

Killed by Fright.—Many an illness is caused simply by imagination, and those of us who go about our work with calmness and confidence are much more likely to escape disease than others who are filled with apprehension should infection come within a hundred miles of them. In connection with this, the Arabs tell the following story: One day a traveller met the Plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus, "For what purpose are you entering Cairo?"

"To kill three thousand people," rejoined the Plague.

Some time after, the same traveller met the Plague on its return, and said, "But you killed thirty thousand!"

"Nay," answered the Plague, "I killed but three thousand; the rest died of fright."

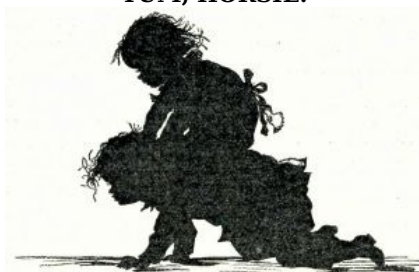
SLEIGH-BELLS.

"Sleigh-bells, sleigh-bells,

What are you saying?"
"Merriest thing in all the world
'Tis to go a-sleighing:
Laughter ringing,
Shouting, singing,
Bells a-jingling,
Noses tingling,
Horses prancing,
Hearts a-dancing,
Sky all brightness,
Earth all whiteness;
Diamonds in the icicles,
Sunbeams round them playing:
Merriest thing in all the world
'Tis to go a-sleighing!"



"TUM, HORSIE."



"DET UP, HORSIE!"



"WHOA! WHOA!"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 18, 1881 ***

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