

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Young People, January 4, 1881, by Various**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Harper's Young People, January 4, 1881

Author: Various

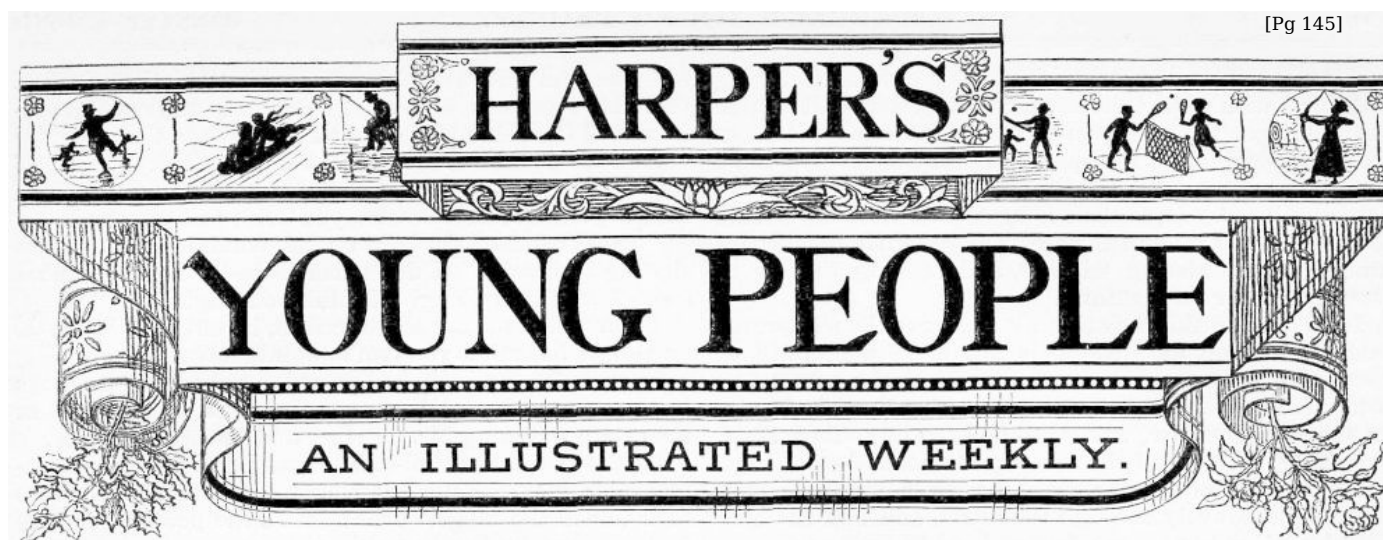
Release date: January 12, 2014 [EBook #44650]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 4, 1881 \*\*\*

[MR. CHALKER'S RUSE.](#)  
[JOHN'S "CAMEL-BIRD."](#)  
[THE LOST STANDARD.](#)  
[NOBLESSE OBLIGE.](#)  
[BITS OF ADVICE.](#)  
[TOBY TYLER.](#)  
[THE YOUNG ESQUIMAUX.](#)  
[CAPTAIN WEATHERBY'S FUR CAP.](#)  
[THE DORMOUSE.](#)  
[MILDRED'S BARGAIN.](#)  
[THAT SMALL PIECEE BOY FROM CHINA.](#)  
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)  
[FUNNY FLIRTATION CARDS.](#)



---

VOL. II.—No. 62.  
Tuesday, January 4, 1881.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.  
Copyright, 1880, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.  
\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

---



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.—DRAWN BY W. R. YEAGER, FROM  
A SKETCH BY F. H. TAYLOR.

## MR. CHALKER'S RUSE.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

Every country boy in New England knows that the village school-house is generally located upon the top of the bleakest hill in the neighborhood, and is the sport of every eddying gust of wind that drives down from the great pine wilderness of Maine, heaping the great drifts across the road and about the door for the children to break through, and then shake themselves free of the clinging snow like so many young Newfoundlands.

And where, by any chance, was there ever a school-house containing a stove that didn't roast the scholars seated near it, and leave the others to freeze?

All wide-awake boys who know the pleasures of skating will agree with me that however cold and stormy it is upon the hill-tops, the mill-pond (and what does a village amount to without a mill-pond, indeed?) is always down in the coziest nook between the hills, where the winds can't come with more force than is needed to blow the falling flakes across its smooth surface, piling them in great heaps among the bordering willows, and leaving the ice in tempting order for "shinny."

[Pg 146]

In fact, upon this the coldest morning of the winter, the school-house on the hill-top is not to be mentioned or thought of in comparison with mill-ponds for comfort or attractiveness, and it is hardly surprising that Mr. Chalker, the school-master, walked to and fro in solitary state, surveying with vexed air an array of vacant desks.

He was not altogether alone, however, for three boys had fought bravely through the drifts, and now sat huddled by the red-hot stove, trying hard to look as though they, at least, didn't think the weather a good excuse for staying at home to hunt hens' nests in the depths of the haymow.

Now School-master Chalker was a shrewd observer, and loved a good joke as well as any one. He had adopted many original plans of instruction. He could see one end of the mill-pond, half a mile away from his window, and as he gazed out upon the bleak waste of snow-clad fields he saw a couple of small black figures gliding over its surface, and a trace of a smile shone among his wrinkles as an idea seemed to strike him.

Perhaps he had recalled the time, ever so many years ago, when he too was a lad and the "wildest cub in the town," as his father often declared. Turning to one of the boys, he said, "Ben, it seems to me that the pond's a much nicer place for us than the school-house to-day. Let's go fishing. I can't skate, but perhaps I can show you how we used to catch pickerel down there fifty years ago."

Ben and his two companions looked at Mr. Chalker with eyes widely opened, but they soon found that he was in earnest, and they agreed to the proposition joyfully.

"Now," said Mr. Chalker, "two of you get out the bob-sled, and heap on plenty of sticks from the wood-pile. Be sure and get some big ones; and you, Berton, go down to Mr. Sampson, the miller, with this note. He will let you have some lines, and a few minnows for bait."

When the school-house had been properly locked up, and they had started, dragging the sled after them, it occurred to Ben to suggest a slide. So all three got upon the wood, and slid away merrily toward the pond. The road was steep but straight, though near the bottom there was a sharp curve, where the wind had blown away the snow, leaving a crust of smooth ice. Over this they sped at a lively pace, Ben steering. Poor Ben couldn't turn the corner, and in another second the sled, school-master, and all plunged into the depths of a big drift. Nothing was to be seen of Mr. Chalker for a moment but his heels; but he shortly emerged, puffing and laughing heartily, much to the boys' relief, who had begun to think the fun was all over. But Mr. Chalker shook himself, and declared he enjoyed it, and was ready to try it over; in fact, he didn't act a bit like a school-master, but just like a boy let loose—a very old boy, to be sure, but a very hearty one, for all that.

It only required a few minutes to cut a couple of round holes in the ice, and to build a roaring fire upon a

platform of heavy sticks and flat stones—a fire that flung its forked tongues into the keen air in merry defiance of the Frost King and all his servants.

The half-dozen boys already on the pond viewed these preparations with considerable wonder; but gathering courage, finally skated up and warmed their fingers at the fire.

Then somewhat more than a dozen other boys looked out from the windows of the houses scattered along the hill-side, and said something like this: "Mother, I guess there ain't any school to-day; I don't see any smoke comin' out of the chimney. Can't I go down to the pond?"

And an equal number of mothers replied: "Why, of course not. It's much too cold for you to go out. You said so yourself, and, besides, you don't feel very well."

"There's lots of the boys on the pond, mother, an' the skating's splendid. I don't feel so badly now. Can't I go? I won't stay long. I think you might let—"

Upon which all the mothers said, in effect, "Well, do go along; but mind you don't get into any air-holes."

Thus, before an hour had passed, nearly all of the boys in the school were gliding over the pond, or gathered in the group watching Mr. Chalker and his fishing party.

Meanwhile the school-master and Ben had enjoyed remarkable luck. Four fine pickerel lay on the ice, and a fifth (much the biggest ever seen in the pond, of course) had been lost by Ben in pulling him up.

Now it occurred to Mr. Chalker that it would be much nicer if everybody had seats, so he suggested to the boys that they should bring some fence rails, and sit down in a circle about the fire; all of which was done with a merry good-will, and Mr. Chalker surveyed them with infinite satisfaction through his glasses as he hauled in another struggling victim of his hook.

"Now," said he, "I see plainly that it is all a mistake to hold school up there in that uncomfortable building on the hill in such weather as this, and so I'm going to propose that on all cold days this winter we shall meet here on the pond and hold our classes; in fact, I think we may as well begin now." Without further ado the teacher pulled a supply of spellers from his several capacious pockets, and said, "The first class in spelling will take seats on this side."

Then it dawned upon the minds of the boys that they had been fairly trapped, and they nearly choked with inward laughter as they went through with spelling, arithmetic, and reading, taking turns at keeping their toes warm by the fire; and though a big pickerel was doing his best to carry off one of the lines, none of them dared to pull him up, for Mr. Chalker looked like a very severe and dignified pedagogue indeed, and Ben could scarcely realize that he had seen him tumbled head over heels into a snow-drift but a couple of hours before.

When he thought that the real lesson of the day had been well impressed upon the scholars, Mr. Chalker dismissed his school, and as he landed the last fish, and strung him through the gills with the others upon a willow twig, he chuckled to himself, "I don't know who's had the most fun to-day, the boys or the master, but I'll venture to say they'll be on hand, cold or no cold, after this."

---

## JOHN'S "CAMEL-BIRD."

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

"Now," said John, "if you are really good, I'll give you something you like."

The ostrich looked at John out of his small bright eyes, and he gave his dingy-looking plumes a little shake, but he did not stir from the spot where he was standing; so John took out of his pocket a handful of nails, and gave one to the ostrich, who immediately swallowed it, and then bobbed his head down for another, and got it.

"But you must not be in such a hurry," said John; "it is not good for your health to eat so fast."

But really, if any creature can eat nails and screws and bits of glass, as John's ostrich could, it makes little difference whether it eats fast or slow. These things, however, never made the ostrich sick. He ate them just as the canary-bird eats gravel, and they agreed with him.

After John had finished feeding his ostrich he turned and went into the house, and the ostrich, knowing he was to get nothing more, put up his funny little wings, and off he went on his long legs like the wind. No one tried to stop him, although two or three men stood by, for in the first place, no one could do it, and in the second, Perry—that was his name—used to go off this way every day.

[Pg 147]

Of course John did not live in this country, but in the southern part of Africa, where his father was an English officer. Perry was a tame ostrich, and had been given to John when the boy was quite a little fellow, and many a good time they had had together. Sometimes they would go out walking; but Perry was not fond of this, because John went so slowly, even when he ran. The best arrangement was for John to ride. Perry would stand perfectly still, and Captain Richards would put John on his back. John would catch tight hold of Perry's neck, and away they would go. Go! Why, a race-horse was slow to him. His legs just twinkled as he ran, and you could no more have seen them than you can count the spokes in a carriage wheel when it is rapidly turning. Perry was strong enough to carry Captain Richards, but the Captain could not bear his speed as John did, for it almost took his breath away; and once, he said, he began to be afraid he would die before Perry stopped. But John did not mind it. He liked it, and when he came to England on a visit, and rode his cousin's pony, he thought it was like going to a funeral.

When Perry was standing still he was not very handsome. He was dull in color, and his splendid feathers often looked dingy and ragged. His head was small, but his legs were so long that when John was seven years old he did not come to the top of them. When he ran, however, Perry looked splendid. He held his head firmly, he opened his queer little wings, his fine plume-like tail was erect, and every feather seemed to make him swifter and lighter, and he would go round and round like a gust of wind, and then, swooping closer, would fly back to John for a bit of iron, or perhaps a handful of grass.

Captain Richards told John why the ostrich was called the "camel-bird." The Arabs have a story that a King

once said to the ostrich, "Fly," and it answered, "I can not, for I am a camel." So then he said, "Carry," and it replied, "I can not, for I am a bird." So, while it has the endurance of a camel and the swiftness of a bird, it will neither bear a burden nor fly through the air; and so, as John said, is neither, and yet both.

But one thing he could do. He could see very far. Some of the natives said he could see six miles, but John did not believe that. He thought no creature could see from his father's house to General Howard's, and that was only five miles away.

The one person who did not like Perry was Mrs. Richards. She used to be afraid to see John mounted on him, and, as she said, if Perry chose to run off into the wilds with John, who could stop him?

"But he won't," said her husband. "A tame ostrich is sure to come home to be fed."

"Well, he may throw the child off," she would reply.

"That depends on John himself, and I don't believe he will let go."

"Very well," she would say, "I am glad you are so content; but if you had the feelings of a mother you wouldn't be."

To this Captain Richards could make no reply. He had the feelings of a father; but then he was a soldier, and was used to taking risks.

And once Perry, roaming around, looked in a window, and on a table close by lay Mrs. Richards's coral breast-pin. It was pretty, and it looked good; so in went Perry's head, and in a flash the pin was down his throat.

Then, also, he would eat the little chickens. No one cared how many rats and grasshoppers he ate, but it was very provoking to have a pretty little brood of chickens gobbled up by this long-legged camel-bird. Even John did not like this, and he was glad when his father had a slatted coop made for the hens and their little ones. For a time all went well, but suddenly the chicks began to disappear, and then Mrs. Richards set a man to watch.

After a while up walked Perry, and stood watching the chickens. Presently a little one came near the slats. Quick as a flash in went Perry's head, and *that* little chicken was gone.

But they spoiled Perry's fun very quickly, for the men went to work at once and fixed the coops so Perry could not reach one of the chickens.

Every year Perry used to lose some of his feathers, and after Mrs. Richards had saved quite a number of them she sent them to her sister in London, and told her what to do with the money for which they were to be sold.

John knew nothing of it, and you may know he was surprised when one hot Christmas-day he received a box of books and a fine microscope from London. He showed them to Perry, but as the ostrich did not seem to care for them, John gave him all the nails and clamps from the box, and these Perry really did enjoy.

---

## THE LOST STANDARD.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

On the glorious field of Austerlitz  
Napoleon stood when the day was o'er;  
"Legions of France!" he cried, "pass by,  
Bearing your eagles, stained with gore,  
And torn with shot; but show to France  
*That none are lost.* Advance! advance!"

Then with a shout the legions rose—  
Napoleon watched them marching by;  
Each flung its banner to the breeze,  
And proudly sought their Emperor's eye.  
Above the surging thousands toss'd  
The precious eagles—not one lost.

*Not one?* Without its fife and drum  
A silent legion sadly tread;  
The weary men were dull and dumb—  
There was no flag above their head:  
The eagle that Napoleon gave  
Floated no longer o'er the brave.

Then, white with anger, "Halt!" he cried,  
And sternly called the legion's name.  
"Your eagle, men!—the flag I gave?  
Why die you not for very shame?  
Life hath been bought at shameful cost,  
If honor and your flag are lost."

With martial tread two veterans step  
From out the sad and silent band:  
"Sire, we have fought where'er you led,  
In Italy, or Egypt's land.  
Amid the thickest of the fray,  
Our eagle touched the earth to-day.

"And we, unable to retake,

Pressed where the Russian foe came on—  
Behold, our Emperor! for thy sake  
    *Two Russian standards* we have won;  
Yet if our honor thou still doubt,  
Then let our lives the stain wipe out."

The Emperor bared his head; then said,  
    With misty eyes and eager breath:  
"Heroes! you've *won* your eagle now—  
    Won it from out the jaws of death.  
Pass on! these flags shall bear your name  
Among the standards kept by Fame."

Beneath the Invalides' grand dome  
    These Russian standards still find room;  
'Mong royal flags of many lands  
    They droop above Napoleon's tomb.  
Such praise and glory have the brave,  
    Who knew when honor's sign was lost,  
At any price, at any cost,  
    Honor itself to save.



[Pg 148]

## **NOBLESSE OBLIGE.**

**BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.**

Brownie, old fellow, the grain in the manger  
    Is yours, and you've earned it. No wonder you stare,  
Amazed and displeased, when a pert little ranger  
    Comes hopping in boldly your dinner to share.

You beautiful creature! so rugged and steady,  
    So swift and sure-footed, so willing and wise;  
Whoever may need you, so gentle and ready,  
    I know what you're thinking; it beams from your eyes.

He ruffles his feathers, this petty intruder,  
    And arches his crest, and is gallant and gay.  
No conduct could possibly seem to you ruder  
    Than his, as he leisurely stands in your way.

But you? Why, you'd scorn to be put in a passion;  
    The cause is too slight. You will patiently wait  
Till the satisfied rooster, in vain rooster fashion,  
    Flies off, without thanks, to some meek little mate.

The thorough-bred follows the law of his being,  
    'Tis only with equals he cares to contend;  
He bears with annoyance quite patiently, seeing  
    That sooner or later annoyance must end.

---

## **BITS OF ADVICE.**

**BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.**

## SPENDING MONEY.

"I wish I had some to spend!" exclaims Florence, as she reads this title; "but as I have none, I may as well skip this column of YOUNG PEOPLE."

Please read it, Florence. To know how to use money, how to save it, and how to spend it are very important parts of education. Every penny is an opportunity, and pennies make dollars. There are very few young ladies and gentlemen who do not spend a generous sum in the course of the year, and so often it goes for trifles of no real value that when the year is over they have nothing to show for it. Take the small sum of ten cents. It may be expended in chocolate cream drops, and eaten up in a few minutes. It may be spent in buying a dainty little easel for your mother's photograph, or a pretty illuminated card, or a gay fan, which, hung on the wall, will make a vivid bit of color, quite brightening the room. Down the street there is a crippled boy, who watches you with a sad, wistful face as you go bounding past his window on your way to school. Poor Jimmy! the hours move very slowly indeed to him. He is fond of reading, but he has read all the books he possesses till he knows them almost by heart. For ten cents you can buy a beautiful story, or a charming illustrated paper, which will give Jimmy two or three days of delight. The money which we deny ourselves, that we may bestow some pleasure on others, always is the best investment, for it returns us the most true happiness.

Perhaps you can persuade your parents to give you a small amount weekly or monthly for your particular expenses. Julia and Arthur, a brother and sister of my acquaintance, have such a sum, and they are careful to keep an exact account of all that they buy and all that they give away. Their pens and pencils, luxuries of every sort, and car fare, as well as their charity fund, come from this allowance, and they are learning the right use of money as they never could in any other way. A boy who has a scroll-saw may earn a little income for himself, if he is industrious, in his play-time. So may one who has a printing-press. A girl who has learned to embroider nicely, or to paint cups and saucers, can often have her own money; and let me tell you, money that is earned by one's own diligence is much more enjoyed than any other.

A few years ago little Ailee, a friend of mine, was moulding in clay and drawing with crayons just for her childish amusement. Last year, though not eighteen, she was able to buy her entire wardrobe from the proceeds of her pencil. *Economy* is a noble word. It does not mean stinginess, but rather good management of whatever one has, and care in the use of one's means.



BRINGING WOOD FOR GRANDPA'S  
FIRE.



OLD BEN COMES TO THE RESCUE.

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

## TOBY TYLER;

### OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE FIRST DAY WITH THE CIRCUS.

When Toby awakened and looked around he could hardly realize where he was, or how he came there. As far ahead and behind on the road as he could see, the carts were drawn up on one side; men were hurrying to and fro, orders were being shouted, and everything showed that the entrance to the town was about to be made. Directly opposite the wagon on which he had been sleeping were the four elephants and two camels, and close behind, contentedly munching their breakfasts, were a number of tiny ponies. Troops of horses were being groomed and attended to; the road was littered with saddles, flags, and general decorations, until it seemed to Toby that there must have been a smash-up, and he now beheld ruins rather than systematic disorder.

How different everything looked now, compared to the time when the cavalcade marched into Guilford, dazzling every one with the gorgeous display! Then the horses pranced gayly under their gaudy decorations, the wagons were bright with glass, gilt, and flags, the lumbering elephants and awkward camels were covered with fancifully embroidered velvets, and even the drivers of the wagons were resplendent in their uniforms of scarlet and gold. Now, in the gray light of the early morning, everything was changed. The horses were tired, muddy, and had on only dirty harness; the gilded chariots were covered with mud-bespattered canvas, which caused them to look like the most ordinary of market wagons; the elephants and camels looked dingy, dirty, almost repulsive, and the drivers were only a sleepy-looking set of men, who, in their shirt sleeves, were getting ready for the change which would dazzle the eyes of the inhabitants of the town.

Toby descended from his lofty bed, rubbed his eyes to thoroughly awaken himself, and under the guidance of Ben went to a little brook near by and washed his face. He had been with the circus not quite ten hours, but now he could not realize that it had ever seemed bright and beautiful. He missed his comfortable bed, the quiet and cleanliness, and the well-spread table; even though he had felt the lack of parents' care, Uncle Daniel's home seemed the very abode of love and friendly feeling compared to this condition, where no one appeared to care even enough for him to scold at him. He was thoroughly homesick, and heartily wished that he was back in the old town where every one had some slight interest in him.

While he was washing his face in the brook he saw some of the boys who had come out from the town to catch the first glimpse of the circus, and he saw at once that he was the object of their admiring gaze. He heard one of the boys say, when they first discovered him,

[Pg 150]

"There's one of them, an' he's only a little feller; so I'm going to talk to him."

The evident admiration which the boys had for Toby pleased him, and this pleasure was the only drop of comfort he had had since he started. He hoped they would come and talk with him, and, that they might have the opportunity, he was purposely slow in making his toilet.

The boys approached him shyly, as if they had their doubts whether he was made of the same material as themselves, and when they got quite near to him, and satisfied themselves that he was only washing his face in much the same way that any well-regulated boy would do, the one who had called attention to him said, half timidly, "Hello!"

"Hello!" responded Toby, in a tone that was meant to invite confidence.

"Do you belong to the circus?"

"Yes," said Toby, a little doubtfully.

Then the boys stared at him again as if he had been one of the strange-looking animals, and the one who had been the spokesman drew a long breath of envy as he said, longingly, "My! what a nice time you must have!"

Toby remembered that only yesterday he had thought that boys must have a nice time with a circus, and he now felt what a mistake that thought was; but he concluded that he would not undeceive his new acquaintance.

"And do they give you frogs to eat, so's to make you limber?"

This was the first time that Toby had thought of breakfast, and the very mention of eating made him hungry. He was just at that moment so very hungry that he did not think he was replying to the question when he said, quickly, "Eat frogs! I could eat anything, if I only had the chance."

The boys took this as an answer to their question, and felt perfectly convinced that the agility of circus riders and tumblers depended upon the quantity of frogs eaten, and they looked upon Toby with no little degree of awe.

Toby might have undeceived them as to the kind of food he ate, but just at that moment the harsh voice of Mr. Job Lord was heard calling him, and he hurried away to commence his first day's work.

Toby's employer was not the same pleasant, kindly-spoken man that he had been during the time they were in Guilford, and before the boy was absolutely under his control. He looked cross, he acted cross, and it did not take the boy very long to find out that he was very cross.

He scolded Toby roundly, and launched more oaths at his defenseless head than Toby had ever heard in his life. He was angry that the boy had not been on hand to help him, and also that he had been obliged to hunt for him.

Toby tried to explain that he had no idea of what he was expected to do, and that he had been on the wagon to which he had been sent, only leaving it to wash his face; but the angry man grew more furious.

"Went to wash your face, did yer? Want to set yourself up for a dandy, I suppose, and think that you must souse that speckled face of yours into every brook you come to? I'll soon break you of that; and the sooner you understand that I can't afford to have you wasting your time in washing, the better it will be for you."

Toby now grew angry, and not realizing how wholly he was in this man's power, he retorted: "If you think I'm going round with a dirty face, even if it is speckled, for a dollar a week, you're mistaken, that's all. How many folks would eat your candy if they knew you handled it over before you washed your hands?"

"Oho! I've picked up a preacher, have I? Now I want you to understand, my bantam, that I do all the preaching as well as the practicing myself, and this is about as quick a way as I know of to make you understand it."

As the man spoke he grasped the boy by the coat collar with one hand, and with the other he plied a thin rubber cane with no gentle force to every portion of Toby's body that he could reach.

Every blow caused the poor boy the most intense pain, but he determined that his tormentor should not have the satisfaction of forcing an outcry from him, and he closed his teeth so tightly that not a single sound could escape from his mouth.

This very silence enraged the man so much that he redoubled the force and rapidity of his blows, and it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences had not Ben come that way just then, and changed the aspect of affairs.

"Up to your old tricks of whipping the boys, are you, Job?" he said, as he wrested the cane from the man's hand, and held him off at arm's-length to prevent him from doing Toby any more mischief.

Mr. Lord struggled to release himself, and insisted that since the boy was in his employ, he should do with him just as he saw fit.

"Now look here, Mr. Lord," said Ben, as gravely as if he was delivering some profound piece of wisdom: "I've never interfered with you before; but now I'm going to stop your games of thrashing your boy every morning before breakfast. You just tell this youngster what you want him to do, and if he don't do it, you can discharge him. If I hear of your flogging him, I shall attend to your case at once. You hear me?"

Ben shook the now terrified candy vender much as if he had been a child, and then released him, saying to Toby as he did so, "Now, my boy, you attend to your business as you ought to, and I'll settle his account if he tries the flogging game again."

"You see, I don't know what there is for me to do," sobbed Toby, for the kindly interference of Ben had made him show more feeling than Mr. Lord's blows had done.

"Tell him what he must do," said Ben, sternly.

"I want him to go to work and wash the tumblers, and fix up the things in that green box, so we can commence to sell as soon as we get into town," snarled Mr. Lord, as he motioned toward a large green chest that had been taken out of one of the carts, and which Toby saw was filled with dirty glasses, spoons, knives, and other utensils such as were necessary to carry on the business.

Toby got a pail of water from the brook, hunted around, and found towels and soap, and devoted himself to his work with such industry that Mr. Lord could not repress a grunt of satisfaction as he passed him, however angry he felt because he could not administer the whipping which would have smoothed his ruffled temper.

By the time the procession was ready to start for the town, Toby had as much of his work done as he could find that it was necessary to do, and his master, in his surly way, half acknowledged that this last boy of his was better than any he had had before.

Although Toby had done his work so well, he was far from feeling happy; he was both angry and sad as he thought of the cruel blows that had been inflicted, and he had plenty of leisure to repent of the rash step he had taken, although he could not see very clearly how he was to get away from it. He thought that he could not go back to Guilford, for Uncle Daniel would not allow him to come to his house again; and the hot scalding tears ran down his cheeks as he realized that he was homeless and friendless in this great big world.



It was while he was in this frame of mind that the procession, all gaudy with flags, streamers, and banners, entered the town. Under different circumstances this would have been a most delightful day for him, for the entrance of a circus into Guilford had always been a source of one day's solid enjoyment; but now he was the most disconsolate and unhappy boy in all that crowd.

He did not ride throughout the entire route of the procession, for Mr. Lord was anxious to begin business, and the moment the tenting ground was reached, the wagon containing Mr. Lord's goods was driven into the inclosure, and Toby's day's work began.

He was obliged to bring water, to cut up the lemons, fetch and carry fruit from the booth in the big tent to the booth on the outside, until he was ready to drop with fatigue, and having had no time for breakfast, was nearly famished.

It was quite noon before he was permitted to go to the hotel for something to eat, and then Ben's advice to be one of the first to get to the tables was not needed.

In the eating line that day he astonished the servants, the members of the company, and even himself, and by the time he arose from the table, with both pockets and his stomach full to bursting, the tables had been set and cleared away twice while he was making one meal.

"Well, I guess you didn't hurry yourself much," said Mr. Lord, when Toby returned to the circus ground.

"Oh yes, I did," was Toby's innocent reply. "I ate just as fast as I could;" and a satisfied smile stole over the boy's face as he thought of the amount of solid food he had consumed.

The answer was not one which was calculated to make Mr. Lord feel any more agreeably disposed toward his new clerk, and he showed his ill-temper very plainly as he said, "It must take a good deal to satisfy you."

"I s'pose it does," calmly replied Toby. "Sam Merrill used to say that I took after Aunt Olive and Uncle Dan'l: one ate a good while, an' the other ate awful fast."

Toby could not understand what it was that Mr. Lord said in reply, but he could understand that his employer was angry at somebody or something, and he tried unusually hard to please him. He talked to the boys who had gathered around, to induce them to buy, washed the glasses as fast as they were used, tried to keep off the flies, and in every way he could think of endeavored to please his master.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

## THE YOUNG ESQUIMAUX.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"It's no use, Fred."

"Why not, Rory? We could do it. I just know we could."

"You and I wouldn't be enough. Besides, we haven't the things, and we can't get 'em."

"No white bears, do you mean?"

"Yes, and no canoes, and spears, and bows and arrows. And look at the way they're dressed. It's no use playing Esquimaux, and not have anything to do it with."

"Now," said Fred, with another long look at the picture in the book, "you're going for too much. We can get all the boys."

"Guess we can, now they daren't start another snow-ball match."

"Think of all the snow, Rory. It's just thawed enough to pack. We can go back of the orchard and make a snow house as big as that."

Fred had spent his whole evening, the night before, over that book of *Arctic Voyages*, and he had brought it to bear on Rory the first thing after breakfast.

"I'll read it when we get home," said Rory; "but I'd better go around after some boys now."

"And I'll go and pick out a good place, and start the house."

The snow was deep enough anywhere that winter, but it was not a very cold day, and every drift and level was in prime condition for snow-balling. The difficulty was that too much of that kind of fun had been going on all the week, and so the grand "match" set for that Saturday had been forbidden by the Academy Trustees.

"They'd about half kill themselves if we'd let 'em," had been the solemn comment of old Squire Garrison, and nobody dreamed of disputing his decision, for he was President of the Board, and the wisest man in the village.

Rory was not gone long, and when he returned, and went through the yard and garden into the orchard, half a dozen boys were following him.

Fred had been at work. He had carried out the big wooden snow-shovel and the grain-scoop shovel and the spade, but the first question Bob Sanders asked was:

"Boards? What are they for? You don't want any boards in a snow house."

"And the Esquimaux don't have any," said Rory.

Fred had put down four of them flat on the snow, and was now shovelling a heap of snow upon them from the spot he had chosen for the house.

"Boards?" he said. "Why, boys, that's our brick-yard."

"Brick-yard? Snow bricks? What's the saw for? You can't cut snow with a saw."

"I'll show you. Just you fellows pile on snow, and bang it down hard with a spade. We're going to do just

what the Esquimaux do."

"I've brought my own shovel," said Bill Evans, "and so has Barney Herriman."

"We want this foundation trodden hard and level first. It's pretty near ready. Now I'll mark it out."

There were other boys in that crowd who could beat Fred at some things, even at base-ball and swimming, and he had not taken a single prize at the end of the school term; but when it came to "making" anything, he could step right ahead, and they all knew it.

It was just as Barney Herriman said: "Come on, boys. Fred Park is boss of this job."

He was bossing it, as a matter of course, and it looked as if he knew pretty well what he was about.

He stuck a peg in the snow for a centre, and around that, with a string five feet long and another peg, he marked a circle that was just ten feet across.

"Now, boys, there's eight of us, and we can build the biggest snow house you ever saw. The snow packs splendidly. We'll make our bricks a foot wide and a foot high and a foot and a half long."

How they did pile the soft snow upon those boards, now they understood what they were meant for!

Bang! stamp! bang! down went the sticky heap, until Fred said he guessed it would cut.

"Keep on, boys; pile it up."

They couldn't help stopping to watch him, though, while he cut out his first bricks with that saw. It went through the snow so nice and easy, and Bill Evans remarked, "Can't he handle a saw!"

He worked away, till a dozen bricks were ready, and he made them a little shorter on one side than on the other.

"What's that for?" asked Bob Sanders. But then Bob never opened his mouth without asking something; and all Fred told him was,

"So they'll fit around in a circle. The short side goes in."

"It's the way the Esquimaux do," said Rory. "He read all about it in a book last night."

"Go ahead, boys," said Fred. "It'll take just thirty of those bricks to go around. It won't take so many after that."

They pounded and shovelled, while he cut and set the bricks, and then he went all around that circle with the back of the saw, shaving it off so it sloped inward a little.

"Won't it let 'em slip off?" asked Bob.

"Guess not. Don't you see how that one sticks? It only leans in a little. You'll see. Let's pitch in. The snow's grand." [Pg 152]

So it was—just as if it had been made for bricks; and before long Barney Herriman found he could saw them out while Fred was putting them on, so that the house went up faster.

The round wall curved in and in, but each successive tier of snow bricks held itself up, just as Fred had seen in the picture of the Esquimaux at work.

It was not long before he had to send Rory into the house for a chair to stand on.

"I've got to stay inside."

"Well," said Bob Sanders, "don't you mean to have any door? How'll you get out after your roof's on?"

"Give me the saw, and I'll fix that while Rory's gone for the chair."

It was easy enough to cut a hole two feet square down at the floor, and Fred said, "We can make a long crawl-hole entry, such as the Esquimaux use, when we've finished the house."

"The roof's the toughest part of the job," said Bill Evans.

He was mistaken in that, however, for the last rounds of bricks were fitted in just as easily as any others, only Fred made them shorter and shorter, till there was only a hole a foot square left at the middle of the roof.

"Going to plug that up, are you?" asked Bob.

"Plug it up? Don't you suppose we want a chimney?"

"Well, but what'll you do for windows?"

"Tell you what, boys, if we had some slabs of ice that weren't too thick, we just could have some windows."

"Guess we can fix that," said Bill Evans. "Squire Garrison's men sawed a couple of loads of ice out of the pond yesterday, and it didn't freeze more'n an inch last night."

He and Joe Herriman and Wash McGee set off almost on a run after some of that ice, and they were back in less than twenty minutes with enough of it to glaze one of the big windows at the Academy. [Pg 153]

Fred shouted when he saw it: "That beats the Esquimaux! Why, it's as clear as glass. The light'll come right through."

So it did, when the ice windows were finished, and you could see to read inside the house, but you could not enjoy the scenery much through those windows.

"Won't need any blinds," said Barney Herriman, "to keep folks from looking in."

"Hullo! see what Rory's got."

"Buffalo-skins!"

"Two of 'em."

"Boys, we must put in some furniture. Snow benches—"

"And a snow stove."

"No, I guess the Esquimaux get along without a stove. But then they have piles and piles of bear-skins, and seal-skins, and reindeer-skins, and all sorts, and they eat whale blubber to keep 'em warm." [Pg 154]

"Won't roast pork do just as well?" asked Bob Sanders.

"Well, it might, if it's the fattest kind of pork."

"'Cause that's what we're going to have for dinner at our house. I'll eat enough to keep me warm, if I stay in there all the afternoon."

"Come in, boys," said Fred. "And bring in the buffalo-skins. Let's try it."

They all crept in, one after the other, and sat down on the soft furs like so many Turks.

"They'll want these in the sleigh by-and-by," said Rory.

"Isn't this jolly, though?"

"It's warm enough without any kind of fire."

"I don't want any blubber."

"Nor any pork, either."

"Tell you what, boys, if it freezes good and hard to-night, this house'll be wonderfully strong. We'll make an entryway just such as I saw in the picture, and we'll get some old carpet, and some stools—"

"Hullo, boys! Fred! Rory! What have you done with my buffalo-ropes?"

It was the voice of Dr. Park himself, outside; and then they heard the great, deep, gruff tones of Squire Garrison himself.

"I declare, Doctor, they've done it! Bricks! All of a size."

"Cost them a good deal of hard work, I should say."

"Don't tell 'em, Doctor. Don't let 'em know it was work. They'd never build another. Couldn't hire 'em to."

Fred and Rory were crawling out with the buffalo-skins, and their father said to them:

"It won't do, boys; the Esquimaux never kill any buffaloes."

"Bears, father—white bears—"

"And seals, and whales, and walruses, and—"

"Doctor," exclaimed Squire Garrison, "I'm for a look inside."

The other boys had been keeping as still as so many mice, except that they had very promptly kicked the buffalo-skins out from under them, and half of them had their hands before their mouths now to keep from laughing, as Squire Garrison knocked his tall hat off against the snow bricks, and his big gray head came poking in.

Chuckle, chuckle, from the boys, and the Squire looked up.

"I declare, Doctor! Such a lot of young bears!"

"Bears? Oh no, Squire, they're Esquimaux Indians. I heard them talking it over this morning. Can you see inside?"

"See? Why, I can stand up! It's capital. Windows, too. Is that glass?"

"No, sir, it's ice."

"Tell you what, boys, this is nice."

"We're going to stick icicles all around, and make it real pretty, by-and-by," said Fred.

"Then you come over and get my big square barn lantern, and see how that'll make it look after dark."

The Squire was a good friend of boys and fun, after all, and both he and the Doctor came out that evening to see the white walls of the Esquimaux hut, and the liberal allowance of icicles the boys had stuck up, glitter and shine and wink in the light of the great lantern.

---



THE NEW YEAR.

---

## CAPTAIN WEATHERBY'S FUR CAP.

BY DAVID KER.

"If you're going out again to-night, my friend, I'd advise you to leave this new fur cap of yours at home, and take your sea cap instead."

So spoke a hospitable Russian merchant to his guest, Captain Cyrus Weatherby, skipper and part owner of the good ship *Seabird*, of Boston. The Captain had reached St. Petersburg late enough in the fall for it to be already pretty cold at night, and his first exploit on landing was to buy a magnificent fur cap, which, as he said, would "astonish his folks at the Hub some" when he got back.

"What should I leave it at home for?" asked the skipper. "I s'pose I ain't going to be arrested as a Nihilist 'cause I've got a new cap on?"

"No; but if you go out with it, you'll most likely come back without it."

"Somebody going to steal it, eh?"

"Just so, and I'll tell you how. There's a fellow going around here just now who makes a regular trade of snapping up all the good caps he can lay his hands on. He hires a hack carriage, and drives about the streets after dark at a rattling pace, the driver being, of course, a confederate of his own. Then, whenever he passes a man with a high-priced cap on—like yours, for instance—he leans forward and snatches it off,<sup>[1]</sup> while the driver puts his horse to speed, and is out of sight before there's time to cry, 'Help!'"

"Pretty smart that," growled the Massachusetts man. "I guess I must give that land-shark a wide berth. Whereabouts does he cruise, so as I may keep clear of him?"

"Well, you might meet him in any of the streets near the Isaac Cathedral, but his general place is the Bolshaya Morskaya [Great Marine] Street."

"All right."

Up to his room went Captain Weatherby, and taking out the precious cap, began to stitch on to it, with sailor-like dexterity, two huge ear-laps, each furnished with a stout ribbon. Then he tied it on, and tested the strength of the fastenings by a vigorous tug.

"Won't do," he muttered; "they mightn't break, but again they might, and then it would be all up. Guess a strap won't do any harm."

The strap being drawn round his head, and buckled firmly under his chin, the worthy sailor seemed more at his ease, and grunted, defiantly, "Now, then, let's see if a Boston boy ain't a match for any Russian that ever ate tallow!"

Out went the Captain; but his friend's warning seemed to have made very little impression upon him, for instead of avoiding the neighborhood of the Isaac Cathedral, he went straight toward it. The vast golden dome, towering over its massive pillars of polished granite, made a gallant show in the brilliant Northern moonlight; but just then the Captain had something else to think about. At the very corner of the great square he suddenly caught sight of a bare-headed man shouting lustily for the police, while a drosky (hack carriage) was just vanishing in the distance.

"Well, if that pirate hain't scuttled one craft already!" muttered our hero; "but he don't catch Cy Weatherby so easy, all the same."

Away tramped the valiant Captain along the sidewalk of the Morskaya, turning up the cuffs of his pilot-coat with a business-like air as he went. He had scarcely gone a hundred yards when his quick ear caught the roll of wheels coming toward him from the other end of the short street, which, for a wonder, was almost deserted.

"Stand to your guns, boys," chuckled the Captain; "here comes the enemy."

A drosky came dashing by, and its occupant, just as he passed, bent forward and made a snatch at the new cap. But the strap held firm; and instantly the sailor's iron hand grasped the fellow's wrist, and jerked him from his seat. The next moment he lay writhing on the sidewalk, under a shower of battering blows dealt with all the power of a fist that might have done duty for a sledge-hammer; while his worthy confederate, so far from helping him, drove off as fast as he could go.

"What's all this?" asked a gruff voice in Russian, as a tall frieze-coated figure, with the cap and badge of a city policeman, appeared at Weatherby's elbow.

The Captain was not much of a Russian scholar, but his expressive signs, and a glance at the robber's face, soon enlightened the policeman, who rubbed his big hands gleefully.

"You've done us a good turn, father, whoever you are. This is the very fellow we've been looking for, and there's a good big reward offered for him. Here comes one of my mates, and we'll just bundle the scamp off to the *tchast* [police office] at once."

This was soon done, and Captain Weatherby got his fair share of the reward, as well as the satisfaction of having been "too smart for a thieving Russian," which, as he assured his Boston friends on his return home, was well worth double the money.

---

## THE DORMOUSE.

Sometimes when people are asked whether they ever kept tame dormice, they answer, with a shudder, "Oh dear no!" It then turns out that they have never seen one, but think, because they dislike common mice and rats, that these must also be disagreeable animals, and are quite surprised to hear that they are not really mice, but belong to the squirrel tribe. They were always great favorites with us, and we have had a long succession of them as pets ever since we were babies. What can be prettier than the fat, round little things, with their soft red-brown hair, long furry tails, white chests, and great black eyes?

Bertha tells me that the first thing she can remember doing in her whole life is running about the room, tossing her pinafore up and down, to the great delight, as she supposed, of a dormouse that was in it, and then suddenly seeing him clambering up the table-cloth at the other side of the room.

The first dormouse that I can remember was one called Mouffette. He also belonged to Bertha. He was so tame that she used to put him in a doll's cart, with a tiny whip in one hand and the reins in the other, and draw it round the garden; and she often walked about out-of-doors with the little thing on her shoulder. Another was very fond of cream, though it was said to be bad for his health, and was sometimes allowed to drink it out of a tiny ivory cup that he held in his hand.

At one time, when both my sisters had a dormouse, my father said that whichever of them learned first to work a shirt front very nicely should have a beautiful new cage for her pet. Unfortunately, Emily's "Bear" had, two days before, got loose, and ran up the bedroom chimney, and since then nothing had been seen or heard of him; so she was very unhappy, thinking that if she did get a new cage, there would be no dormouse to put in it. However, that evening, as they were going to bed, they heard a little noise in the chimney, and presently down walked Master Bear into his cage, which had been placed on the hob, and began to eat nuts.

---

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

## MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

### CHAPTER IV.

Mildred thought she had never seen anything finer than the beautiful hall and staircase at Miss Jenner's. She scarcely felt her foot fall on the rich dark carpets as she made her way up stairs into a beautiful old-fashioned room where half a dozen young people were congregated, laying aside their wraps. They were talking and laughing gayly, and Mildred recognized them as the daughters of the "leading people" in Milltown—girls about her own age or a little younger, to whom she had constantly sold ribbons or laces, or the "newest thing" in mantles. Poor Milly felt the pink coloring all her face, as she stood among them, some way feeling shut out. She was not old enough nor wise enough to realize the honorable side of her own life and its hard work; she thought only of what their feelings would be were they to recognize in her one of "Hardman's" girls. But as no one knew her, two or three whispered together, wondering who the pretty lady-like stranger could be, and as they all went down the oak stairs together, one of the girls spoke to her in a friendly, good-humored way. Milly was glad of company as she found herself at the door of the long, beautiful room in which Miss Jenner stood waiting for her young friends. The eyes of the poor little "saleswoman" were dazzled by the quiet elegance of the room—the many pictures, the statuary, and articles of *virtu* from many lands. Milly forgot even her fright and her intense consciousness of her gray silk in her

pleasure at these novel sights.

"So you found your way here, Mildred," Miss Jenner said, in her brusque though kindly voice. "Well, I'm glad to see you. Now come and let me introduce you to my niece, for this is *her* company."

Mildred found herself following Miss Jenner into a pretty half-shaded room at the end of the parlor. A young girl of about fifteen, very slight and delicate, but exceedingly pretty, was seated there, with one or two young people near her.

"Alice," said Miss Jenner, using a tone so soft that Mildred could not believe it was her new friend's voice, "this is Mildred Lee: I want you to make great friends with her."

The young girl stretched out a slim hand with something uncertain in her gesture. As Mildred took it, Miss Jenner whispered, with a deep sigh, "She is *blind*."

Mildred felt full of compassion for the poor young girl, who, surrounded by so much that was beautiful, could see and understand nothing of it; but she speedily found that Alice Jenner took the keenest delight in conversation. As they were left by themselves half an hour, Mildred found it a pleasant task to entertain her. She described for her amusement the little company, the dresses, the effect of everything, finally drifting into her own affairs, and avowing her position at Mr. Hardman's. Alice listened with delight; Milly's life was so different from hers.

"Yes, I should think so," sighed Milly, glancing around at the luxurious, warmly tinted rooms; then she remembered the young girl's infirmity.

"No, Milly," said Alice, "you would not change with me."

[Pg 156]



MILDRED AT THE PARTY.

When tea was announced, Milly found it hard to leave her new friend, but she thoroughly enjoyed the bountiful and sumptuous meal to which they all sat down. Later, games were played in which Alice could join, and finally Miss Jenner's nephew, a tall boy a little older than Milly, was called over to take her to the library. Mildred never had seen such a room as that library. Not only were there all the books she had most wanted to read, but there were photographs of every place under the sun, and engravings of all the great masters she had heard her father talk about. So keenly interested was she in it all, that young Jenner went away, bringing back his blind sister, and begging Milly to "describe it all to Alice." Nothing could have pleased her better, and so the three bent over a book of engravings, Alice listening eagerly while Mildred explained each picture in elaborate detail. Roger Jenner begged Mildred not to pause, even though ice-cream was being handed around in the parlor—he would go and bring in Alice's and her own share. He returned speedily, followed by a servant carrying a tray with the ices and delicious cups of hot chocolate upon it. Roger was divided between listening to an account of Raphael's St. Cecilia and the duty of handing Mildred her chocolate, while Milly absently stretched out her

fingers for the cup. It was an instant's awkwardness on both sides, followed by a little cry from Milly, and a stare of horror from Roger. The cup of boiling chocolate poured in a brown stream down the front of her gray silk dress.

Poor Mildred! I am afraid, in spite of Roger's anxious apologies and her own instinctive politeness, she looked very miserable. The rest of the evening hung but heavily on her hands. Alice easily dismissed the subject, not guessing of how much importance one silk dress could be to any one, little knowing the misery in her companion's mind. Mildred tried to continue her narrations, but she was glad when the room filled, and Alice's chair became a general centre; still more pleased when it came time for her to go home, and she could again wrap her water-proof over her new dress, and feel it hidden. Miss Jenner had certainly been very kind. Even one or two hours in such a beautiful house was enough to fill her with delight, and Alice and Roger were charming companions; but Milly, as she stood in the dressing-room, felt somehow the evening had not been a success, and her comfort received its last shock on overhearing two of the "leading" young ladies whisper to a third, "Why, that girl in the gray silk dress is one of Hardman's clerks. How *could* Miss Jenner have invited her? And see how she's all dressed up." Mildred felt rather than saw the sneering looks which followed her out of the room. Poor child! her heart under the much-prized dress was beating with mortification and disappointment as she went down stairs. Miss Jenner said very little about seeing her again, and when she joined Joe in the hall, she found him in a most unamiable mood.

"What is it, Joey?" said Milly, as they went out of the gate. Come what might, Mildred was always a thoughtful, gentle elder sister.

"Why, the landlord's been in," Joe said, sulkily, "and he says we *must* pay in advance after this. I *wish* the day could come, Mil," added the boy, "when *I* could get a place in at Hardman's."

Poor Milly gave a little groan. "Don't say that, dear," she said. "People talk of *my* being there as if it was a disgrace. Don't bother about Mr. Stiles, Joey; I'll see him to-morrow."

Deborah was waiting up to hear Milly's account of the party, and was wrathful at the girl's running quickly up stairs, not knowing what she had to conceal. Once in her own room, Milly looked eagerly at the stained silk. It was hopelessly ruined! Chocolate she knew never would submit to any cleansing, and so she put it away with a sigh, feeling she had paid dearly for one evening's finery. For the first time since her bargain, the thought of the thirty dollars weighed like a guilty secret on her heart. She could not sleep, but after going to bed lay thinking of the weekly visit she must receive from that bold, hard-featured woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 157]



## THAT SMALL PEECEE BOY FROM CHINA.

BY MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

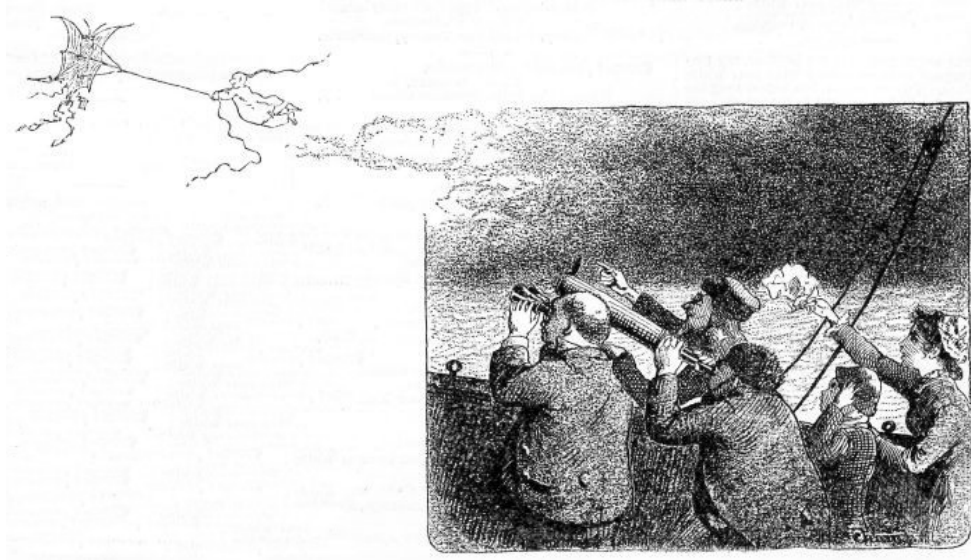
'Twas a little Asiatic  
Sitting sadly on the deck,  
Who with wailings loud, emphatic,  
Watched his home fade to a speck,  
While his saffron-hued complexion  
Altered to deep olive green,  
And the tears of retrospection  
In his almond eyes were seen.  
Still he scanned the far horizon,  
Touching neither bread nor meat;  
And we feared that he would die soon,  
For we could not make him eat.  
Sympathy, and e'en religion,  
Had for him no hope or cheer.  
"Speakee you too much fool pigeon,  
Better China home than here.  
Me no likee English junkee,  
English chowchow too no nice.  
Why no can some roasted monkey?  
What for not some peecee mice?  
Number one no washee dishee,  
Catchee chopsticks scouree bright;  
Too much workee, this boy wishee  
Top-side makee, flyee kite."

"Make a kite, you foolish fellow,"  
Kindly then the Captain said.  
With delight his cheeks so yellow  
Flushed almost to rosy red.  
As he worked, an inspiration  
In his eager fingers burned.  
Each on board made his donation,  
Every scrap to use was turned.  
To begin, the galley scullion  
Gave a worn-out cracked guitar,  
Which would utter shrieks æolian  
As the breeze bore it afar;  
Slats there were from blinds Venetian,  
And a tattered parasol.  
Wondered we at such provision,  
Sure it could not carry all.  
Two old bonnets, an air cushion,  
With a handbox painted green,  
Rockets two, to set it rushing,  
And an ancient crinoline,  
Wings from a torn old umbrella,  
While a tail of many rags  
Showed in its red, white, and yellow  
He had stol'n the signal flags.

Vain our taunts, our sneers invidious,  
For each day the structure grew  
Stronger, vaster, and more hideous,  
Yet more awful to the view.  
Cloven tongue all barbed and hissing,  
And a snaky horned wig,

Goggle eyes revolving, whizzing  
 In a fiery whirligig;  
 Till with joy Kong's face resembled  
 A great orange sent from Seville.  
 All who saw the kite now trembled,  
 'Twas so very like a devil.  
 And Kong scanned the far horizon,  
 Till from out the western main  
 Rose a black and threatening typhoon,  
 And it blew a hurricane.  
 On the poop Kong danced ecstatic,  
 And he gave his demon string.

As it tugged with curve erratic  
 Loud and clear we heard him sing:  
 "No more chowchow mutton hashee,  
 Soon me suck fat shark tail fin,  
 Soon one pigtail full of cashee  
 Me give cumshaw Joss, Pekin;  
 Soon me sing my China sing-song,  
 Chowchow nice bird-nest pudding.  
 Ha quai, fly, go top-side Chin chong  
 Choy, old English junk. Chin chin."



Shrieked we all in accents frantic,  
 "Oh, come back, you China boy!"  
 Vain: he soared o'er the Atlantic  
 In a straight course for Amoy.  
 And the soldiers of Gibraltar  
 Saw him whizzing through the sky,  
 Like a bomb-shell to the assault, or  
 A gigantic comet high.  
 And the tempest waged still windier  
 As he crossed the great canal,  
 Till, with but a glance at India,  
 He reached safe the China wall.  
 There, in a pagoda finer  
 Far than I can tell or write,  
 That small piecee boy from China  
 Now reposes with his kite.





the design can easily be made without using those dangerous chemicals. He used to make slides in this way when he was a boy: Take a slip of glass of the proper size, and cover one side with a coat of mastic varnish, and let it dry well. Then make your sketch on a piece of white paper, and lay your slide over it, and trace the outlines on the glass with a fine camel's-hair brush and India ink. Now mix your water-colors with thin gum water, and you will find you can paint quite well on the varnished surface. If there is any difficulty, a little ox-gall, which can be bought at any paint shop, will make it right. All the details must be carefully painted with a very fine brush, as the magic lantern magnifies all defects. Only transparent colors, like gamboge, Prussian blue, lakes, and madders, can be used. The slides should be finished by covering all the glass, except the figures, with black oil-paint, and adding another coat of varnish to the slide.

HARRY J.

---

STALYBRIDGE, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

I am a little English girl nine years old; I have a kind auntie in America, who sends us HARPER'S BAZAR and YOUNG PEOPLE. My sisters and I are delighted with them. My papa has some very kind cousins in Kentucky. Cousin S— has invited us to go and see him, and have some of his nice fruit, and mamma says we may some time if we are good. We call him uncle, because we love him so. He sent some American flour to papa, who keeps a store here, and we have had one hundred barrels of American apples, and are going to have more. We have the Stars and Stripes and Union-Jack at papa's store, and the children here call it the "'Merica shop."

LOUISE MARY K.

---

MANKATO, KANSAS.

I have lived in this place ten years. I am eleven years old. A great change has taken place here since I came. Not long ago this was the Indians' country. We could see traces of them, and often felt afraid. Buffalo, antelopes, and wolves were very numerous, and frequently ran past our house. Nearly everybody lived in "dug-outs" then, but now things are beginning to look civilized. We have a railroad, and churches and school-houses. People are building fine houses, and everything is progressing rapidly. Papa and mamma have lived in Kansas for twenty-one years.

We have a large cat and a mocking-bird, which are on very friendly terms with each other, and will often eat together from the same dish.

ELEANOR W.

---

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

Here are two pretty botanical experiments, which may be new to some readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Place a sponge of any size in a saucer, which must be kept filled with water. Sprinkle some canary-seed on the top of the sponge, and in a short time it will sprout and become a beautiful bunch of long green grass.

A crocus bulb, if wrapped in cotton and placed in a saucer of water, will in course of time sprout and bloom.

CARL R. E.

---

When I was seven years old my brother, my two sisters, and myself were presented with four white Angora rabbits. Two were lost, but before long the other pair had five little ones, and in time there were nineteen.

Two summers ago we visited the White Mountains. I had a baby rabbit which I liked better than any of the others, so I took it with me. It was very tame, and would follow me everywhere. Its name was Snowball. It lived on bread, milk, clover, and other greens, and it liked candy as well as I do. I took it to the White Mountains in a basket with a little hay in it. When we reached there, Snowball was very tired, and I put it to bed. We were among the mountains eleven days, and Snowball grew very fat before we came home.

I never let it out in the rain; but one day it ran out when I did not know it; I caught it, and was carrying it up stairs to comb and dry its hair, when it fell backward from my shoulder and dislocated its back. I had to have it killed with chloroform. It was stuffed, and is now in my room.

In the winter all of my rabbits died except eight, and the day I went back to the country those were left out-of-doors in a coop. In the morning when I went to feed them they were all dead. A dog had broken into the coop in the night. That was the end of my beautiful rabbits, and I can not tell of my great sorrow.

H. F. WHITE.

---

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I am eleven years old, and I delight to read YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it better and better every week.

We have just returned from a pleasure-trip all over California. It was delightful eating oranges from the trees in Los Angeles, and catching trout in the beautiful streams in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

TOMMIE H.

---

OCCIDENTAL, CALIFORNIA.

I live in the far West, among the redwoods of Sonoma County, seventy miles from San Francisco, on the North Pacific Coast Railroad. There are a number of saw-mills here, and there are large redwood trees, some of which are over twelve feet through. Some of the pine-trees will make seventeen cords of four-foot wood.

Not far from our house there is one of the highest railroad bridges in the State. It is one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet from the creek to the roadway.

We have several kinds of wild animals around here.

S. EDWARD E.

---

TRINITY, LOUISIANA.

I live in a little town called Trinity, because it is built where three rivers meet. We have an overflow here nearly every year, and have lots of fun going about in boats, but we generally get tired before the water goes off the ground.

I am ten years old. I have five sisters and four brothers. We do not go to school, but have a governess. We had a pet deer, but it died the first cold weather. I have been taking music lessons seven months, and can play a few pieces. We all like YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

RETTA S.

---

SUNBURY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written to YOUNG PEOPLE before, and now I want to tell about my flowers. I raised over one hundred and fifty plants from slips last summer. I like the light blue heliotrope better than any other house plant, so I have propagated about twenty-five plants of that.

I had a rabbit given to me recently. I call it Dicky. It eats turnips, cabbage, and apples.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. "Out of the Woods" was a splendid story. I am thirteen years old.

MARY R.

---

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

I wish to tell all the correspondents that, as I have exchanged postage stamps with a great many, I have now no more duplicates left, and will not be able to supply any more boys.

G. C. WIGGIN.

---

I am all out of curiosities now, and can not exchange them any longer, but I would like to exchange postmarks.

TEDDY SMITH,  
641 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

---

I live on the great prairies of Dakota, not far from the pipe-stone quarries. It is said to be the only place in the world where pipe-stone is found. It is used by the Indians for making pipes, rings, beads, and other things. I would like to exchange specimens of pipe-stone for sea-shells, ocean curiosities, Egyptian postage stamps, foreign coins, or Indian relics.

GEORGE F. SMITH,  
Care of Allen Smith, P. O. Box 38,  
Aurora, Brookings County, Dakota.

---

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Relics gathered on the ancient sites of Onondaga Indian villages for Indian relics from other localities, ocean curiosities, or minerals.

LYMAN H. NORTON,  
Plainville, Onondaga County, N. Y.

---

California birds' eggs for eggs from other localities.

FANNIE W. ROGERS,  
Gilroy, Santa Clara County, California.

---

Crochet patterns and postmarks.

N. Y. TESSIE LINDSAY,  
Wappingers Falls, Dutchess County,

---

Postmarks, minerals, sea-shells, coins, and other curiosities.

GEORGE J. ANTHONY,  
235 First Street, Jersey City, N. J.

---

Postage stamps and postmarks.

LESLIE I. RAY, Ishpeming, Mich.

---

Foreign postage stamps. A stone from New York State, for one from any other State except New Jersey.

EDWIN M. COX, JUN.,  
Spuyten Duyvel, N. Y.

---

Postage stamps and sea-shells.

WALTER MANDELL,  
666 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

---

Foreign postage stamps for Indian relics and other curiosities.

City. A. H. VAN BUSKIRK,  
429 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York

---

Stones, stamps, and coins.

CHARLES STEWART,  
North Evanston, Cook County, Ill.

---

Postage stamps.

ANNIE P. CARRIER,  
Shady Side, Pittsburgh, Penn.

---

Postmarks, Indian arrow-heads, or specimens of iron, copper, or nickel ores from Norway, for birds' eggs or foreign postage stamps.

GERTRUDE A. ARNOLD,  
177 North Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

---

An open boll of cotton, exactly as grown on the stalk, for foreign stamps or coin.

JOSEPH HAWKINS, Prosperity, S. C.

---

About six hundred postage stamps and an international stamp album for a scroll saw.

A. S. WETTACH,  
P. O. Box 891, New York City.

---

Postage stamps.

N. Y.

JAMES H. DEWSON,  
113 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn,

---

Postage stamps and relics.

JOHN A. SELKIRK,  
132 First Street, Albany, N. Y.

---

Postmarks.

ROBERT KREIDER,  
P. O. Box 119, Mauch Chunk, Penn.

---

Pressed leaves and ferns, or postmarks, for leaves and ferns from other localities.

AGNES and CARRIE RAUCHFUSS,  
Golconda, Pope County, Ill.

---

Birds' eggs.

O. M. FREEMAN,  
Albion, Providence County, R. I.

---

Indian arrow-heads for birds' eggs.

Va.

ISOBEL JACOB,  
Darlington Heights, Prince Edward Co.,

---

Postmarks for different kinds of buttons.

EMMA RADFORD,  
Gloversville, Fulton County, N. Y.

---

Minerals, fossils, and ferns.

RUTHE S. COLLIN,  
Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.

---

Postage stamps.

City.

FRED HARRIS,  
322 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York

---

Birds' eggs.

S. D. WRIGHT,  
Care of J. B. Wright,  
Columbus, Muscogee County, Ga.

---

Insects and postage stamps.

GRACE STURTEVANT,  
South Framingham, Mass.

---

Pieces of crystallized starch from what is said to be the largest starch factory in the world, dovetailed pieces of wood from a large box manufactory, or pebbles and stones from Lake Ontario, for specimens of workmanship from any manufacturing establishment in the United States, or minerals.

GEORGE D. GILLET,  
136 West Fourth Street, Oswego, N. Y.

---

Twenty postmarks for ten foreign postage stamps. No duplicates.

JOHN V. L. PIERSON,  
Bloomfield, Essex County, N. J.

---

Postage stamps.

Louis HUICO,  
Hoboken, N. J.

---

Minerals, fossils, birds' eggs, and foreign and United States postage stamps.

ARTHUR MILLIKEN,  
Emporia, Kan.

---

Stones from Utah and Germany, and Indian arrow-heads for birds' eggs or stamps.

HARRY EVERETT,  
2447 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago,

III.

---

Iron, lead, zinc, sulphur, and magnetic iron for curiosities, other ores, or stamps.

EDWIN HEILIG,  
Wytheville, Wythe County, Va.

---

Postmarks.

ALLAN J. HOUGHTON,  
P. O. Box 619, Washington, D. C.

---

Michigan postmarks and minerals and shells from the Atlantic Ocean for shells and curiosities from the Pacific coast.

ROBERT J. LASIER,  
124 Fort Street West, Detroit, Mich.

---

WILLIE J. F.—Club or Acme. For full information, see advertisement of Peck & Snyder, or Barney & Berry, in our columns.

---

WILLIE F. W.—1. Twenty-five-cent gold pieces have been coined by the United States, but they have never been in general circulation.—2. There is no work on practical book-binding from which the business can be learned. Your best way would be to make the acquaintance of some book-binder, and get him to show you the process. There are excellent works on ornamental book-binding, but they are expensive, and would be of no use to an amateur.—3. No. Each kind has its partisans.

---

BOATMAN.—Full directions for making a flat-bottomed boat will soon be given in YOUNG PEOPLE, with working diagrams.

---

CLIFTON J.—To make a toboggan take a thin birch board about five feet long and a foot and a half wide. Steam one end to turn up, and secure the curve by stout cord or wire. This primitive sled, which is an invention of the Canadian Indians, is used only on crusted snow, and is steered with two short sticks held firmly in the hands.

---

H. H. HENRY.—Pekin, the capital city of China, is situated in the province of Chili. Its population is estimated from 1,648,000 to 2,000,000, but it is impossible to arrive at an exact statement.

---

IDA L. G.—See answer to Miriam B. and others in Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 52.

---

N. L. JONES.—Land lizards feed on small insects. If you have house plants, and allow the lizards liberty to run among them, they will keep them free from lice and small worms, which often do great injury to the leaves.

---

C. W. M.—You can send soil or other specimens in a small box by mail.

---

LUCY WILSON, L. L. G., N. B. GREENE, AND MANY OTHERS.—Write and make your inquiries from the correspondents with whom you wish to exchange.

---

DEAR FRIENDS,—About a fortnight ago, when we boys and girls of the "Children's Hour" were busy at our drawing and painting, Miss Donlevy, our teacher, told us we had all been invited to visit Harper's Building.

You may just think we clapped our hands with delight, and made considerable noise for a minute or two, but then we promised to behave very quietly.

When the day came, we all, with our teacher, took the Third Avenue elevated car, and whizzed down in no time to Franklin Square, and soon found ourselves mounting up the winding stairs to the office of YOUNG PEOPLE.

We had all been wondering whether we should have to look dignified, and mind our p's and q's, supposing the editor was oldish and wore spectacles; he wasn't, though, for he was young, and as kind and friendly as if he was one's own grown-up brother or cousin, and let us ask questions until I guess his ears ached and his head spun.

The girls took off their cloaks and the boys their overcoats, and piled them up on a chair. The editor took us to the art department, where we were introduced to the art critic and an artist famous for drawing grasses and flowers and landscapes. As they were only talking, we went into the next room to see artists at work. One had a small block of box-wood on his desk, covered with a transparent paper, called gelatine paper; on this was traced in red pencil a picture of a house and trees. He was going over all the red lines with a pointed instrument. When the gelatine paper was lifted off, there were the lines faintly cut in the wood. Then the artist took a lead-pencil and went over the cut lines with it; next came shading the picture with a brush and India ink. When we had watched them doing this we were all marched off to the engraving department.

What busy people engravers are! There they sat, looking as if they thought there wasn't a thing in the world to be looked at but the block picture on the padded cushion before them. All the engravers had shades over their eyes, and were looking through magnifying-glasses at their work.

One of them let me look through his, and, whew! how big the things looked! I saw in a minute that all the parts of the block are cut away except the parts marked by the lead-pencil and brush; these must stand up higher than the rest of the wood, to take the ink for printing. But I tell you what seemed like magic—taking a proof. The proof-taker just laid the engraved block picture on its back in his press, and ran an inked roller over its face; then he laid a sheet of paper on it; then

he pulled the press down on it, and it only took a second's pressure; when he lifted up the press and took the paper out, there was the loveliest picture of a baby sitting in a high chair. All the class wanted one immediately, but we had no time to wait; so away we marched up some more winding stairs to the "composing-room." Now you mustn't think that's where they compose stories; it's only the place for setting up type, and such work.

Here a number of young men were filling small iron things, called "sticks," with type; as each stick was loaded, the types were taken out in a bunch and put into a tray called a "galley." This is called "composing." Stickful after stickful was arranged, until a page of type lay there. It seemed all spelled backward, to make it come out right when printed.

The "galley man" then inked this page of type, and struck off a proof for each of us, just as the picture proof was struck off down stairs. As this page was only a letter from a doll, I didn't care much for it, but all the girls just went wild over it; however, I took one for the curiosity's sake; for what fellow is there cares for dolls?

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is not printed right from these type, as I thought when the proofs were being made for us, for the type would soon wear off. A wax mould is made from each page of set-up type. I asked the editor what good a soft wax thing like that mould could be, so he took us all into a wonderful room, where they make copper plates from the wax moulds. We had only been there a minute or two when the foreman asked us if we'd like to see him strike lightning. In the middle of the room stands a large bath of glass, with a smaller one inside of it filled with a dark blue liquid. Joined to it were some broad bands of copper, reaching nearly to the ceiling. Well, the foreman touched one of these belts with some kind of a bar of metal, and right away the sparks flew, and there came flashes like lightning. Of course some of the girls ran away, and one of the boys ran too.

We boys staid, and the foreman showed us how the wax moulds were hung in the blue-vitriol water, with plates of copper hanging near them. Somehow—I can not understand exactly how—the electricity makes the copper dissolve and fall in powder on the wax, where it hardens; when it is taken out of this bath it is a beautiful copper picture, black on the front and red on the under side.

We were told the under or hollow side would next be filled in with lead, just as boys fill in a bullet mould. We were only allowed to peep into the lead-melting room, where we saw a great caldron filled with boiling lead. I would have liked to give it a good stir up with the big ladle, but of course didn't ask the favor. This built-up copper plate is very strong, and any number of pictures or letters—for they make moulds and plates of both—can be printed from them.

Then the editor said we should see the men printing from these plates, fastened into iron frames called "forms." So down ever so many winding stairs we travelled, until we came to a dark underground room, where the "Hoe" printing-presses are. Whew! what a whizzing and buzzing there was!

We all stood around a great big machine, and the editor kindly lifted us up in turn so we might all see it. On the top, on a large metal plate, the white paper is laid, the plate moves forward, and up come a lot of shining steel prongs that catch the paper and drag it under so you can't see it. Just then, below, at the other side, we caught sight of a large "form" with the metal plate of type, or text, and pictures of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in it. It seemed to know just what to do, for it moved toward the sheet of paper, which was somewhere down under the rollers, and the next thing we saw was the sheet coming out at the other end on a wooden frame, which lifted up and turned it over on a pile which had been printed before we came in. Just think, boys and girls: that press can turn out two thousand YOUNG PEOPLE in an hour!

We only took a peep at the two big "Corliss" steam-engines that were making the whole thing go. Here some of the girls were afraid again; so, as it was near twelve o'clock, we hurried up the winding stairs again to see the folding and binding and "marbleizing" done.

The folding-machine is just the cleverest thing. The sheet is laid on a moving roller which carries it over to a second and then a third roller, and it goes in and out, and the first thing you know it drops down in a trough at the side, all nicely folded, and cut, too, for binding.

Then we saw a lot all ready for the sewers. Well, I think I never saw needles fly like those that the girls were sewing the leaves in lots with. Fifty-two YOUNG PEOPLES sewed together make a pretty fat-looking book, but when it is put in a heavy press it comes out looking considerably slimmer. Next we saw the fly-leaves marbled. My! but wasn't it pretty! A man stood in front of a large square bath filled with gum and water. There were lots of cans around, filled with red, blue, yellow, green, and other colored paints. First he dipped his brush in the red and shook it over the gum water—the drops made circles of red—then he shook yellow spots with another brush; then blue, till the top of the water was beautifully spotted. Next he took what looked like a very big comb and stroked the water softly, so all the colors took curious long shapes; then he stroked it the other way with a finer comb, until it had a pretty peacock-feather pattern on it, and was ready for the paper, which he just laid flat on top of the gay water, and then hung it up to dry for fly-leaves.

After that we watched the men brush paste on the backs of the books, put the covers on, and place them in presses to make the paste stick. We couldn't wait to see them come out of the presses, so we thanked the editor, and started for home. Some of the girls said they would know how to mend books now when the covers came off. Every one of them said they were going to marbleize paper when they got home; but I know something more tip-top than that: *I'm* going to rig up a machine to strike lightning. And now, dear friends, I must say good-by.

FRANK E. F.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Charles Gaylor, Mabel Lowell, The Dawley Boys, Alice Ward, Tom Kelley, Jun., Cal I. Forny, Mark Marcy, George Willie Needham, Walter P. Hiles.

---

### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

#### No. 1.

#### HALF-SQUARE—(*To Mark Marcy*).

Last.—A bird. To pinch. White. A letter.

MABEL.

---

#### No. 2.

#### NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a plant found in pastures, composed of 8 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a little animal.  
My 6, 7, 8 is a part of the body.

GEORGIA.

2. I am an animal composed of 9 letters.  
My 4, 2, 3, 8 is a kind of grain.  
My 6, 7, 9 is something good to eat.  
My 5, 1 is aloft.

MAUD.

3. I am a city in New England composed of 8 letters.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a kind of wine.  
My 5, 6, 7, 8 is to disembark.

MABEL.

---

#### No. 3.

#### RHOMBOID—(*To Zelotes*).

Across.—To stain. A kind of three-masted vessel. Scoffs. A city of Northern Italy. A part cut to enter a mortise.

Down.—Always in mischief. An animal. A part of the body. Death. To repel. To wax. Wrong-doing. A denial. In scorn.

BOLUS.

---

#### No. 4.

#### HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE—(*To Rip Van Winkle*).

A lake in the United States. A city in South America. An African sea-port. A river in Scotland. In Hamburg. A river in Russia. A city in Italy. A country in South America. A city in South America. Centrals read downward spell the name of a country in South America.

OWLET.

---

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 59.

#### No. 1.

HEAR  
EAT



A T  
R

**No. 2.**

IBI S  
EDI T  
ALOE  
LODE

**No. 3.**

North Pole.

**No. 4.**

A oR t A  
R oUnD  
MaNi A

**No. 5.**

J ean D'ArC  
U rsul A  
L amartin E  
I socrate S  
U rani A  
S chille R

Julius Cæsar.

**No. 6.**

TOLL BEAR  
OBEY ELSE  
LEERASIA  
LYRE REAR  
SOAP RICE  
ONCE IRON  
ACTS CORD  
PEST ENDS

---

## 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.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER OR DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, \$3.00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 13 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

---

## FUNNY FLIRTATION CARDS.

[Pg 160]

**BY FRANK BELLEW.**

Charley Sparks is one of those sunshiny young fellows who occasionally come beaming upon us out of the gloom and mist of this rather foggy world. He always has a smile, and generally something new in the way of a puzzle, or a riddle, or a notion of some sort wherewith to amuse his friends. The other evening he dropped in to see us, with his usual amount of sunshine to compete with the gas-light in the parlor, but there was an extra twinkle in his eye which told me that he had something novel to communicate. There were several of the girls present, and a couple of friends, one of whom was Maggie Martin, a bright little brunette, as piquant as a French sauce, and the other a Miss Sarah Gooch, an amiable maiden lady of about forty-five. After a few words of greeting, Charley pulled from his pocket a card, of which Fig. 1 is a copy, and presenting it to Miss Gooch, asked her if she could solve the enigma. As you will see, it is a very simple rebus, which most people could readily make out.

Miss Gooch looked at it steadily for some minutes, and then slowly and deliberately said, "Eye—yes, eye."

"That's right," said Charley; "you can dot that eye."

"Eye," repeated Miss Gooch—"door—sheep. Eye—door—sheep. Well, I don't see anything in that." Then there was a pause. Charley would not help her out. "However, I'll try again: eye—oh yes, I see—a door—sheep."

"Oh no, you don't," said Charley. "You may like a mutton-chop now and then, Miss Gooch, but to adore a whole sheep—no, no."

Miss Gooch tried it again.

"Eye—a door—sheep—lamb—ram—wether—ewe. Oh, I have it: I adore you."

"Do you?" exclaimed Charley, in the most impassioned tones, as he threw himself on one knee, and seized her hand. "Then I am indeed the happiest of mortals."

A box on the ear from the laughing Miss Gooch brought him to his feet, and terminated the love scene.

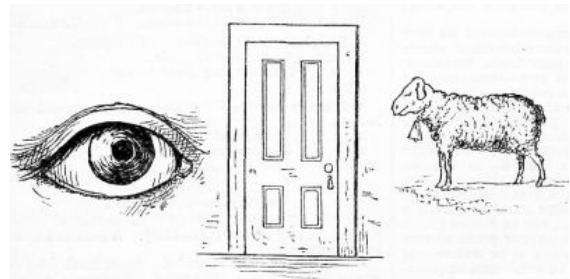


FIG. 1.

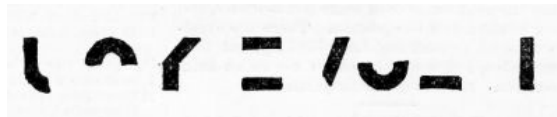


FIG. 2.

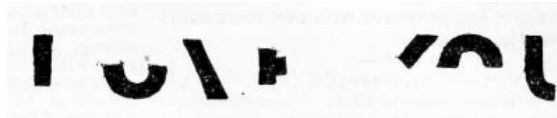


FIG. 3.

Before we had all recovered from our merriment at this performance, Charley approached Maggie Martin with great deference, and handed her another card, on one side of which was inscribed hieroglyphics like those on Fig. 2, and on the other side other figures, like those on Fig. 3.

"Why, you seem to have brought a whole pack of cards with you, Mr. Sparks," said Maggie.

"A pack of nonsense you mean," replied Charley.

"Well, let us look at your nonsense."

"Oh, this is not nonsense, but the most deadly earnest."

Maggie turned the card over and over, first looking at one side and then at the other.

"Are these inscriptions taken from the Obelisk?" she queried, archly.

"No; they are copied from an inscription carved upon my heart."

"Oh, another stone, eh?"

"I wish it were a stone"—with a sigh. "But try my puzzle. I am deeply interested in it."

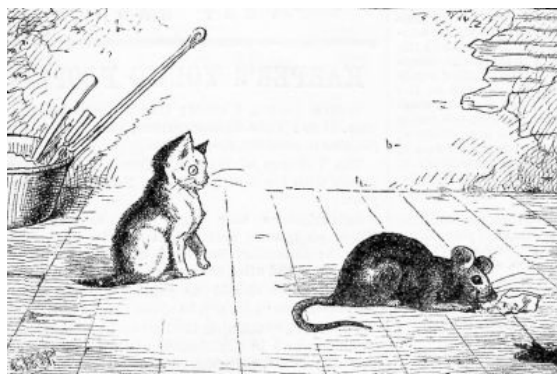
Maggie turned it over and over, held it edgewise this side and edgewise the other, but could make nothing of it.

"I am surprised you can not find it out," said Charley; "it is very transparent."

"Transparent? Oh, it is very transparent, is it? I see." And she held it up to the light, which, shining through the thin card, blended the two unmeaning inscriptions together so that they revealed distinctly a sentence, which she began to read:

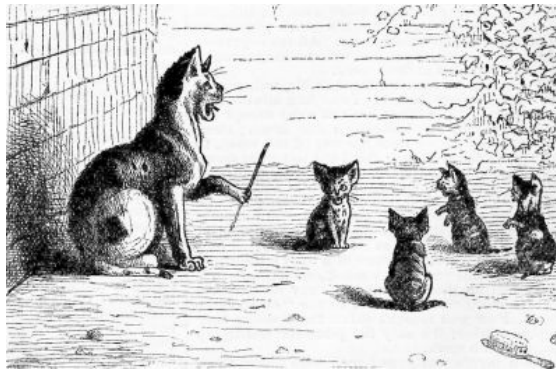
"I lo—" Then suddenly checking herself, she said, with a laugh, "No you don't, Mr. Sparks; you don't trap me into any expression of adoration, as you did Miss Gooch. But tell me, how do you make these cards?"

"The simplest thing in the world. You take a piece of thin card-board, and outline on it in pencil any sentence you wish, as I have done 'I love you'; then you blacken portions of the letters, as I have also done, and place the card with its face to a window-pane, so that the light shining through will show what you have done on the other side. Complete the letters on the opposite side to the one on which you wrote the first part of your inscription, and the thing is done."



DOUBT.

"Shall I—or—shall I not? Perhaps it would be better to let him go."



THE SINGING LESSON.

### FOOTNOTES:

[1] It should be explained that the Russian hack carriages have neither roof nor cover, being merely a seat upon wheels.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 4, 1881 \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

### START: FULL LICENSE

#### THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

### Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work.

Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium

on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

## **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit

[www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

### **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.