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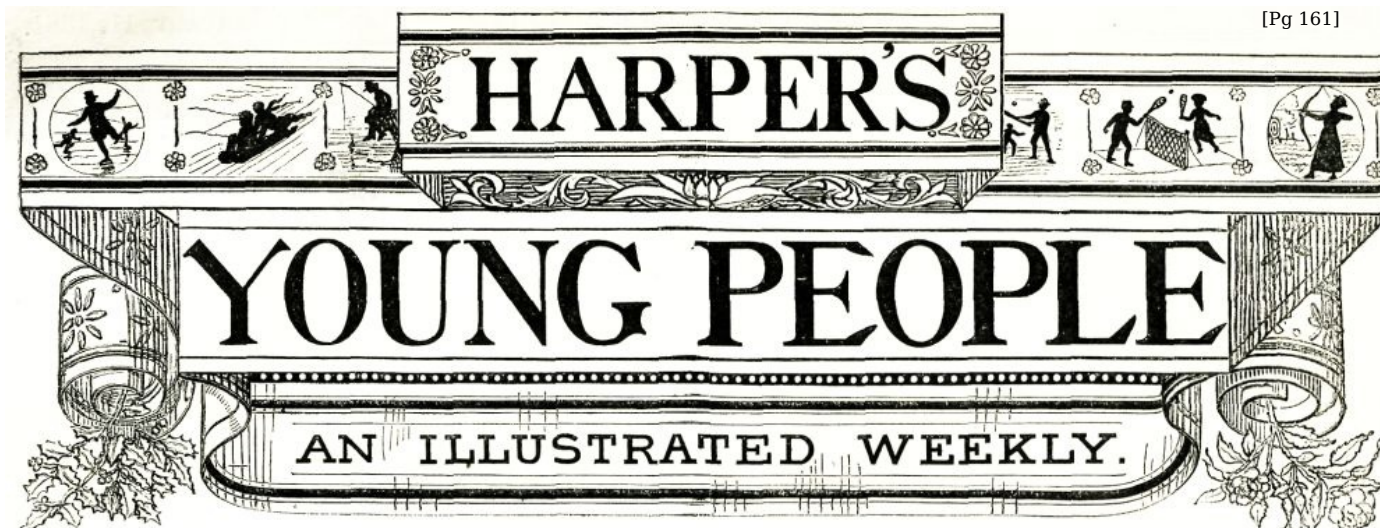
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 11, 1881 ***

[MILTON.](#)
[THE MESSENGER BOYS AT THE CAPITOL.](#)
[A HERO OF CHIVALRY.](#)
[TOBY TYLER.](#)
[THE YOUNG TIN-TYPERS.](#)
[WILD BIRDS IN THE COUNTRY.](#)
[MILDRED'S BARGAIN.](#)
[THE TWO BEARS.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)

[Pg 161]



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JOHN MILTON AT THE AGE OF TEN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

MILTON.

[Pg 162]

John Milton was a blue-eyed, yellow-haired Saxon boy, the type of the English race. He was somewhat short, stout, and healthy; his eyes were bright and sparkling in his youth, before he became blind. But he inherited weakness of sight from his mother. He was born 1609, in a pleasant house in Bread Street, London, almost under the shadow of Bow Bells. It was back in a court. His father, who had made a fortune as a scrivener, was fond of music, books, and literature, and his son was carefully educated at St. Paul's School. Milton relates that he frequently studied in the house in Bread Street until after midnight, and his head ached and his sight grew dim with these late vigils. He was then about twelve years old.

When he was six years old he may have seen Shakespeare and Ben Jonson pass on their way to the Mermaid Tavern, which was in Bread Street, not far from his father's house. He was one of the best scholars at St. Paul's School, and loved study as most boys like play. He was eager to know how men lived and acted in Greece and Rome, what they thought of, and what they had discovered. He studied the rise and fall of empires and republics, and became a republican in the midst of kings and princes. He was always fond of poetry, and soon began to write fine verses. One of his earliest pieces is his "Ode on the Nativity."

His father leased a place in the country, at Horton, near Windsor, and here Milton wandered when a young man over the smooth-shaven lawns and beside the pleasant streams, filling his mind with knowledge and pictures of fine scenery. It is not likely that as a boy he was fond of fishing or hunting, as we may well fancy Shakespeare was. He never tilled the soil like Burns and Virgil. He knew nothing of farming. He went to Cambridge University, the most learned of its scholars. It was the custom then to whip the students, and Milton's enemies spread the report that he was flogged for some breach of the rules. He was always independent. He travelled, came back to defend republicanism in the civil war, married, kept a school, was Cromwell's Latin secretary after he became blind, and published some poetry. But when the republic fell with Cromwell, Milton was proscribed, and in danger of his life. His enemies would, gladly have put him to death, and "Paradise Lost" might never have been written.

Milton hid in obscurity, blind, forgotten, but constantly engaged on his great poem. He wrote "Paradise Lost" in his old age. He repeated the verses aloud to his daughters or some friends who came to visit him, and they wrote them down. It was finished in 1667, and Milton received twenty-five dollars for the copyright. It was long neglected, until Addison gave it great fame. Milton died November 8, 1674.

THE MESSENGER BOYS AT THE CAPITOL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A lad who visits the city of Washington for the first time, and looks down from the galleries of the House of Representatives or of the Senate on the busy scene below, will be sure to find his eye attracted by groups of bright-looking and neatly dressed boys moving hither and thither about the floor, speaking familiarly with this and that great man, or amusing themselves on the steps of the Vice-President's or of the Speaker's platform, and he will perhaps regard these boys with something like envy—all the more when told that they receive about two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, during the sessions of Congress, to pay them for having such a good time.

Possibly our lad would not regard the picture as so pleasant if he knew how burdensome are the duties of these boys, and how exceedingly well they earn the money paid them. There are nearly thirty of them attached to the House, and half as many to the Senate. Their ages run from nine years upward, some numbering twice as many summers; and it is not by any means the oldest who are the brightest and the most favored. They are of respectable families; some of them are nephews of Members of Congress—a

Member once, indeed, had such questionable taste as to procure the appointment of his own son; and some of them have been known in after-years to become Members themselves. The recently chosen Senator from Maryland is doubtless proud to remember that he himself was once a page. Although in two or three instances these boys have been elected to their places, instead of appointed, they are usually appointed by the Sergeant-at-Arms—of course on the recommendation and through the influence of the Congressmen—and they are under his control. The old custom of appointing only orphan boys is no longer adhered to. The boy who fell over the balustrade, and was made a page by special resolution of the Senate, is a very exceptional case—probably his favorite song thereafter was, "Such a getting up stairs I ne'er did see."

The pages wear no uniform, or regulation clothes, or badges of any sort. They are required to present themselves for work at nine o'clock in the morning, although Congress does not meet till twelve, and they are not dismissed until adjournment for the day takes place. They put the desks of the Members in order, file for each the bills and papers which are strewn about in confusion, then go to the Document-rooms and work there, helping to put affairs in shape; and they present themselves at twelve in the great chambers of legislation to answer the clapping of the Members' and Senators' hands, and attend to their countless wants. Now they are sent hunting for some book that is needed, for some man, now for a glass of water, now they take messages from one Member to another at a distance, from one House to the other, and sometimes to ladies in the gallery; they fetch a cup of tea into the Cloak-room; fetch the hat and stick out of it; they distribute mail by the armful; they struggle into sight, behind piles of palm-leaf fans big as they are themselves, which are soon cooling the hot air, if it be a late session; and during the nights preceding the close of the session they do not know what sleep is, but are worn out with running and waiting. Thus it will be seen that they are on their feet with but very little intermission, running and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to please; but they seem happy and good-natured through it all, and when they do sit down it is on the steps of the presiding officer's desk, where they are usually tickling or punching or teasing each other as if they had nothing else to do, and were passing away the time.

Sometimes during a recess of Congress you may come upon them in a lower room, assembled in a body, a mimic Senate, one of them in the chair, and another making a speech, and Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling and Mr. Bayard and the rest are being imitated to the life. It is in some contrast to these gay rogues that one sees a crippled and dwarfed little hunchback outside the Hall of Representatives, opening and shutting a door for the passer in hopes of the coppers or the nickel that may be tossed him, although he does not beg. At night a little goat carriage comes for him, and he drives off.

The pages whom we have described do not leave the Capitol during the hours of their service, and carry no messages beyond the doors. For outside work there are three riding pages, who are furnished with horses, and who go to the various Departments, the Executive Mansion, or on other of the outside errands of the legislators. And theirs is not exactly the pleasant horseback riding that looks so attractive, but, on the contrary, it is hard and weary work, cold in the winter, and burning under a fierce sun in the summer, leaving them meanwhile as badly off as John Gilpin.

[Pg 163]

Many of these youths are appointed because there is some great need in their families, or have been some pitiable circumstances in their history. This curly-headed little fellow is the only support of a mother and younger brothers and sisters; there is one who takes care of a paralyzed father, the only relative he has in the world, going home, after his hard work, to make life as pleasant as he can for him who can never do any more work; here is another whose little house is kept for him by a child-sister, who looks for his step at night with solicitude. Most of them have somebody besides themselves to take a share of their earnings.

Beyond their regular pay, there are various perquisites and fees which swell their income considerably. Thus they may often be seen slipping an open book, with a bit of blotting-paper, under the nose of some Member who is sitting at his desk: it is an album for somebody who wants the signatures of all these statesmen, which the statesmen kindly give, but which nevertheless are not always easy to obtain, owing to the difficulty of finding individuals in their seats, as all of the Congressmen are by no means in constant attendance, many of them being busy in committee-rooms, or lounging in cloak-rooms, or lurching, or following the bent of their inclinations in other ways, and seldom coming in after roll-call, save to hear a heralded speech, or to vote on measures with which they are already familiar either from the reading of the daily journal of proceedings, or in the committee-room, or by the word of mouth of others. For every album that they thus fill with signatures the boys receive ten dollars from the eager visitor of the Capitol, and they fill a good many during the year.

In another way they also sometimes earn an additional penny. For after any gentleman on the floor has made a particularly strong speech, the Members on his side of the question are wont to subscribe for the printing of thousands of copies of the speech, to be sent broadcast into their districts; the pages therefore go about with subscription papers, and they are allowed two dollars for every thousand of the speeches that are taken.

If the boys of whom we are speaking are very bright, they are apt to be spoiled, as in such case the Members and Senators take pleasure in indulging them to some degree. But there are not many, it may be imagined, who are thus injured. Some of them, indeed, are as careless as the blowing wind; these have no awe or reverence in their compositions: the great men with whom they are brought into contact are not great men to them, but simply folks who send them on errands, and the directions given them go in one ear and out the other—as we all know never happens with boys anywhere else. One little chap, dispatched to the Document-room for the "Fortification Bill," asks for the "Mortification Bill"; another, sent for the "Census," asks for the "Ascension Bill"; still another, insisting on the "Compulsive Capacity Bill," and returning without it, is told that he was sent for nothing of the kind, but for that on "compulsory pilotage," whereupon he presently comes back to say that there isn't any bill on "pulsive politics." The same youngster asked the Document Clerks for the "Bill for the Suppression of Supreme Literature." A little "compulsive capacity" would have been good for this urchin, were it to be obtained as easily as was thought by that gentleman whose daughter lacked capacity, as her teacher said. "Get it, madam," said he—"get it; she shall want for nothing that money can buy her." To the same class with these scatter-brained urchins belonged the little fellow who once brought into the Congressional Library a note signed by one of the most powerful "Sons of Thunder" in the Senate, and which we begged the librarian's pardon for reading as it lay a moment on the desk beside us: "William H. Turner wants *The Headless Horseman; or, The Scalp-Hunter*. I ask that he may have it under the rules of the Library."

But to offset such idle fellows as the reader of *The Headless Horseman*—who certainly could do no better than hunt for a "scalp," and a head with it, too—there are other pages who make it their business to understand their duties thoroughly, and two or three who even go so far as to read for themselves every bill

that is introduced, to follow its fortunes, to be able to tell the person that asks just where it is in its progress to passage or defeat, and who can always be relied on by any Member who has been absent or out of the way to let him know exactly what has been done and said in the mean time, and how the vote stands on this question or the other. It would be no wonder if boys of this sort should be indulged; and there is little danger of spoiling such good material. These boys are learning the business of legislating, and if they wish, will, in their turn, come back some day to make the laws.

But careless or faithful, their bright faces and light ways are a pleasant sight to see in all the throng of bustling, noisy men; and as one looks at them slipping about on their countless errands, one feels as if the boys themselves bore some small part in the work of governing the country.

A HERO OF CHIVALRY.

Bertrand du Guesclin was born in 1314 at the castle of Motte Broen, near Rennes, in Brittany. His heroic character showed itself early. As he was not troubled with lessons (he never learned to read or write), he formed a company of boys of his own age, and, acting as their general, practiced them in battle and combat. His mother often clasped her forehead in alarm when he came home with bruised face and bleeding head. Even in his seventeenth year he excelled many older knights in strength and dexterity in the use of arms. But he was ridiculed by the ladies because he looked so ugly, and rode such a wretched horse. They jeered at him, saying that he looked more like a donkey-driver than a knight and nobleman, and that he must have borrowed his steed from a miller.

Bertrand was indignant, and, as there was another tournament about to come off, he begged a cousin of his to lend him a steed and armor. Both were granted, and with a joyful heart he entered the lists, where, in his strange armor, and with his visor down, no one, not even his own father, recognized him. A well-known valiant knight opposed him. The signal was given, they ran at each other with lightning speed, and with a loud crash their lances broke into splinters in their hands. Bertrand, however, had struck with such force on his adversary's helmet, that the latter was thrown from the saddle to a distance of several paces, where he lay insensible on the sand, and had to be carried out of the lists.

The young victor returned to his post with a fresh lance, and waited for fresh opponents. Now his own father ranged himself against him. Bertrand did not wish to fight against him, but was equally unwilling to make himself known. So he resolved to lower his lance in his tilt, and to receive his father's blow on his shield without making a counter-thrust. He did this so adroitly that he kept firm in his saddle, and, without tottering, galloped by, and then declared positively that he would not fight again with that knight. People were surprised, but made no derisive remarks, for the knight's courage had been sufficiently proved in the former combat. His father rode out of the lists, and gave place to other knights. Guesclin laid them in the dust, and was unanimously declared the winner.

Every one was eager to know who the champion was, and his father especially longed for the unravelling of the mystery. [Pg 164]

At length, when the tournament was over, and Bertrand had received his prize, he rode up to his father, raised his visor, and cried, "Do you know me now, father?" The old man embraced him with tears of joy, and at once provided him with a steed and armor. The fame of the young hero now spread all over France.

Hitherto Bertrand had only won victories in tournaments, but now the more serious field of battle was to behold the first exploits of his sword. Duke Charles of Blois made war on John de Montfort for the possession of Brittany. Philip the Sixth, King of France, sided with the former; while, on the other hand, the King of England (Edward the Third) supported De Montfort. Bertrand had naturally no choice in the matter, for, like a brave Frenchman, he followed his king wherever he led him.

At that time the castle of Fougerey was in the hands of the English, and Bertrand resolved to take it from them, as it was a place of no mean importance. With this view he disguised himself and sixty companions as wood-cutters, and divided them into four bands, which approached the place from different sides. He then fixed on a time when the governor of the castle and a part of the garrison had gone out on a reconnoitring expedition, when he made a party of his men hide themselves in the neighboring wood during the night. At break of day they loaded themselves with fagots and brushwood, concealed their weapons under their clothes, and came up to the castle from different directions. Bertrand, in a white smock, with a heavy load of wood on his back, was the first to appear before the draw-bridge, which was instantly lowered for him. He at once threw down his fagot, drew his sword, and transfixed the warder; then he raised the cry of "Guesclin." At this signal the rest hastened forward to come to his assistance and take the bridge. As, however, there were two hundred Englishmen in the castle, the conflict was very unequal, and a horrid slaughter ensued. An Englishman clove the skull of one of Bertrand's companions with his battle-axe. Guesclin, in return, cut him down, and caught up the axe, with which he dealt slashing blows on every side. So he fought on, and kept the enemy off the body for a time, until a troop of cavalry of his own side accidentally arrived in the neighborhood, rescued him from his perilous situation, and helped to take the place. It was, indeed, high time for relief to arrive; for, in his combat against tenfold odds, he had dropped his battle-axe, and his head was so covered with wounds that the blood was streaming down his face. The conspicuous valor which he here displayed gained him the reputation of being the boldest and most dauntless knight of his time.



SCENE IN AN ITALIAN SCHOOL.

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

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNTERFEIT TEN-CENT PIECE.

When the doors of the big tent were opened, and the people began to crowd in, just as Toby had seen them do at Guilford, Mr. Lord announced to his young clerk that it was time for him to go into the tent to work. Then it was that Toby learned for the first time that he had two masters instead of one, and this knowledge caused him no little uneasiness. If the other one was anything like Mr. Lord, his lot would be just twice as bad, and he began to wonder whether he could even stand it one day longer.

As the boy passed through the tent on his way to the candy stand, where he was to really enter upon the duties for which he had run away from home, he wanted to stop for a moment and speak with the old monkey who he thought had taken such an interest in him. But when he reached the cage in which his friend was confined, there was such a crowd around it that it was impossible for him to get near enough to speak without being overheard.

This was such a disappointment to the little fellow that the great tears came into his eyes, and in another instant would have gone rolling down his cheeks if his aged friend had not chanced to look toward him. Toby fancied that the monkey looked at him in the most friendly way, and then he was certain that he winked one eye. Toby felt that there was no mistake about that wink, and it seemed as if it was intended to convey comfort to him in his troubles. He winked back at the monkey in the most emphatic and grave manner possible, and then went on his way, feeling wonderfully comforted.

The work inside the tent was far different and much harder than it was outside. He was obliged to carry around among the audience trays of candy, nuts, and lemonade, for sale, and he was also expected to cry aloud the description of that which he offered. The partner of Mr. Lord, who had charge of the stand inside the tent, neither showed himself to be better nor worse than Mr. Lord himself. When Toby first presented himself for work, he handed him a tray filled with glasses of lemonade, and told him to go among the audience, crying, "Here's your nice cold lemonade, only five cents a glass!"

Toby started to do as he was bidden; but when he tried to repeat the words in anything like a loud tone of voice, they stuck in his throat, and he found it next to impossible to utter a sound above a whisper. It seemed to him that every one in the audience was looking only at him, and the very sound of his own voice made him afraid.

He went entirely around the tent once without making a sale, and when he returned to the stand he was at once convinced that one of his masters was quite as bad as the other. This one—and he knew that his name was Jacobs, for he heard some one call him so—very kindly told him that he would break every bone in his body if he didn't sell something, and Toby confidently believed that he would carry out his threat.

It was with a very heavy heart that he started around again in obedience to Mr. Jacobs's angry command; but this time he did manage to cry out, in a very thin and very squeaky voice, the words which he had been told to repeat.

This time—perhaps owing to his pitiful and imploring look, certainly not because of the noise he made—he met with very good luck, and sold every glass of the mixture which Messrs. Lord and Jacobs called

lemonade, and went back to the stand for more.

He certainly thought he had earned a word of praise, and fully expected it as he put the empty glasses and money on the stand in front of Mr. Jacobs. But instead of the kind words, he was greeted with a volley of curses, and the reason for it was that he had taken in payment for two of the glasses a lead ten-cent piece. Mr. Jacobs, after scolding poor little Toby to his heart's content, vowed that the amount should be kept from his first week's wages, and then handed him back the coin, with orders to give it to the first man who gave him money to change, under the penalty of a severe flogging if he failed to do so.

Poor Toby tried to explain matters by saying, "You see, I don't know anything about money; I never had more'n a cent at a time, an' you mustn't expect me to get posted all at once."

"I'll post you with a stick if you do it again; an' it won't be well for you if you bring that ten-cent piece back here."

Now Toby was very well aware that to pass the coin, knowing it to be bad, would be a crime, and he resolved to take the consequences of which Mr. Jacobs had intimated, if he could not find the one who had given him the counterfeit, and persuade him to give him good money in its stead. He remembered very plainly where he had sold each glass of lemonade, and he retraced his steps, glancing at each face carefully as he passed. At last he was confident that he saw the man who had gotten him into such trouble, and he climbed up the board seats, saying, as he stood in front of him, and held out the coin: "Mister, this money that you gave me is bad. Won't you give me another one for it?"

The man was a rough-looking party who had taken his girl to the circus, and who did not seem at all disposed to pay any heed to Toby's request. Therefore he repeated it, and this time more loudly.

"Get out the way!" said the man, angrily. "How can you expect me to see the show if you stand right in front of me?"

"You'll like it better," said Toby, earnestly, "if you give me another ten-cent piece."

"Get out, an' don't bother me!" was the angry rejoinder; and the little fellow began to think that perhaps he would be obliged to "get out" without getting his money.

It was becoming a desperate case, for the man was growing angry very fast, and if Toby did not succeed in getting good money for the bad, he would have to take the consequences of which Mr. Jacobs had spoken.



"PLEASE, MISTER, GIVE ME THE MONEY BACK."

"Please, mister," he said, imploringly—for his heart began to grow very heavy, and he was fearing that he should not succeed—"won't you please give me the money back? You know you gave it to me, an' I'll have to pay it if you don't."

The boy's lip was quivering, and those around began to be interested in the affair, while several in their immediate vicinity gave vent to their indignation that a man should try to cheat a boy out of ten cents by giving him counterfeit money.

The man whom Toby was speaking to was about to dismiss him with an angry reply, when he saw that those about him were not only interested in the matter, but were evidently taking sides with the boy against him; and knowing well that he had given the counterfeit money, he took another coin from his pocket, and handing it to Toby, said, "I didn't give you the lead piece; but you're making such a fuss about it that here's ten cents to make you keep quiet."

"I'm sure you did give me the money," said Toby, as he took the extended coin, "an' I'm much obliged to you for takin' it back. I didn't want to tell you before, 'cause you'd thought I was beggin'; but if you hadn't given me this, I 'xpect I'd have got an awful whippin', for Mr. Jacobs said he'd fix me if I didn't get the money for it."

The man looked sheepish enough as he put the bad money in his pocket, and Toby's innocently told story caused such a feeling in

his behalf among those who sat near that he not only disposed of his entire stock then and there, but received from one gentleman twenty-five cents for himself. He was both proud and happy as he returned to Mr. Jacobs with empty glasses, and with the money to refund the amount of loss which would have been caused by the counterfeit.

But the worthy partner of Mr. Lord's candy business had no words of encouragement for the boy who was trying so hard to please.

"Let that make you keep your eyes open," he growled out, sulkily; "an' if you get caught in that trap again, you won't be let off so easy."

Poor little Toby! his heart seemed ready to break; but his few hours' previous experience had taught him that there was but one thing to do, and that was to work just as hard as possible, trusting to some good fortune to enable him to get out of the very disagreeable position in which he had voluntarily placed himself.

He took the basket of candy which Mr. Jacobs handed him, and trudged around the circle of seats, selling far more because of the pitifulness of his face than because of the excellence of his goods; and even this worked to his disadvantage. Mr. Jacobs was keen enough to see why his little clerk sold so many goods, and each time that he returned to the stand he said something to him in an angry tone, which had the effect of deepening the shadow on the boy's face, and at the same time increasing trade.

By the time the performance was over Toby had in his pocket a dollar and twenty-five cents which had been given him for himself by some of the kind-hearted in the audience, and he kept his hand almost constantly upon it, for the money seemed to him like some kind friend who would help him out of his present difficulties.

After the audience had dispersed, Mr. Jacobs set Toby at work washing the glasses, and clearing up generally, and then the boy started toward the other portion of the store—that watched over by Mr. Lord.

Not a person save the watchmen was in the tent, and as Toby went toward the door he saw his friend the monkey sitting in one corner of the cage, and apparently watching his every movement.

It was as if he had suddenly seen one of the boys from home, and Toby, uttering an exclamation of delight, ran up to the cage, and put his hand through the wires.

The monkey, in the gravest possible manner, took one of the fingers in his paw, and Toby shook hands with him very earnestly.

"I was sorry that I couldn't speak to you when I went in this noon," said Toby, as if making an apology; "but, you see, there were so many around here to see you that I couldn't get the chance. Did you see me wink at you?"

The monkey made no reply, but he twisted his face up in such a funny little grimace that Toby was quite as well satisfied as if he had spoken.

"I wonder if you hain't some relation to Steve Stubbs," Toby continued, earnestly, "for you look just like him, only he don't have quite so many whiskers. What I wanted to say was that I'm awful sorry I run away. I used to think that Uncle Dan'l was bad enough; but he was just a perfect good Samarathon to what Mr. Lord an' Mr. Jacobs are; an' when Mr. Lord looks at me with that crooked eye of his, I feel it 'way down in my boots. Do you know"—and here Toby put his mouth nearer to the monkey's head, and whispered—"I'd run away from this circus if I could get the chance; wouldn't you?"

Just at this point, as if in answer to the question, the monkey stood up on his hind-paws, and reached out his hand to the boy, who seemed to think this was his way of being more emphatic in saying "Yes."

[Pg 167]

Toby took the paw in his hand, shook it again earnestly, and said, as he released it: "I was pretty sure you felt just about the same way I did, Mr. Stubbs, when I passed you this noon. Look here"—and Toby took the money from his pocket which had been given him—"I got all that this afternoon, an' I'll try an' stick it out somehow till I get as much as ten dollars, an' then we'll run away some night, an' go 'way off as far as—as—as out West, an' we'll stay there, too."

The monkey, probably tired with remaining in one position so long, started toward the top of the cage, chattering and screaming, joining the other monkeys, who had gathered in a little group in one of the swings.

"Now see here, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, in alarm, "you mustn't go to telling everybody about it, or Mr. Lord will know, an' then we'll be dished, sure."

The monkey squatted down in one of the swings, as if he was reproved by what the boy had said, and Toby, considerably relieved by his silence, said, as he started toward the door, "That's right—mum's the word; you keep quiet, an' so will I, an' pretty soon we'll get away from the whole crowd."

All the monkeys chattered, and Toby, believing that everything which he had said had been understood by the animals, went out of the door to meet his other task-master.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG TIN-TYPERS.

PART I.

The recitation in Natural Philosophy was just over, and as the class was leaving the room, Fred Ward whispered to his most particular chum, Jim Davis: "I say, Jim, I've hit on an immense idea. Suppose that we set up a photographic gallery. It will be splendid fun."

"That's so," answered Jim. "Let's talk it over."

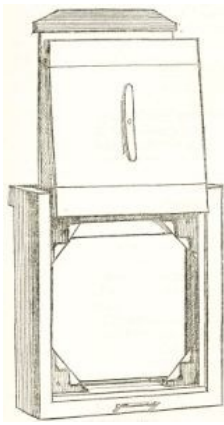
By this time the French class room was reached, and conversation was for the time suspended; but two o'clock found the boys leaving the school-grounds, engaged in a grand confab about their new plan.

"Now those old fellows that invented all this," said Fred, "had to work hard, because they had nothing to begin with; but as all that we want to know is down in the books, I don't see why we can't take as good a picture as the next one, as soon as we can get a camera and some chemicals. Why, Jim, you can buy the whole rig for five dollars—yes, you can—camera and all, with a stand to set it on."

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Jim; "I wouldn't give a cent to work in that way. Why can't we make the box and mix the baths ourselves? Anybody could buy the machine and take a picture, but it isn't every fellow can make his own apparatus. Now in my Philosophy there are some pictures that show how to put the box together, and we can save money to buy the lenses, and it will be twice as much fun to do everything ourselves."

Jim was very handy with tools, and in a few days he constructed as neat a camera as could be desired for a beginner. It consisted of two boxes, one of which fitted into the other. The interior of the boxes was painted black, so that the light through the lenses would be all the plate could receive. In the front of the larger box, and directly in the centre, a round hole was cut to receive the tube containing the lenses, and at the back of the small box were grooves to receive the plate slide. The making of that slide was the first serious stumbling-block in the path of these young photographers.

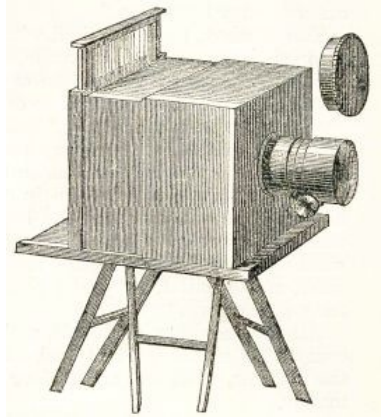
They searched through their books, and at last found a good diagram which gave Jim the hints he needed for his work. He first built a frame which fitted to the slide in the back of his camera box. This frame was provided with a hinged door at the back, and a sliding door in front. In order to receive plates of different sizes, Jim also made several plate frames with larger or smaller openings. The plate frame fitted tightly inside the slide frame, and was held firm by a spring fastened in the centre of the hinged door, which pressed against the plate when the door was shut. Another frame, exactly the same size as the plate frame, had to be made to hold the ground glass upon which to obtain the focus for the pictures. When the focus was regulated, the ground glass was to be carefully withdrawn, and the sensitive plate placed in exactly the same position.



SLIDE CASE.

Perseverance and school-boy grit having conquered the slide difficulty, the perplexing question of the lenses came up. Fred's father, who was watching the boys' undertaking with considerable interest, now came to the rescue, and presented the young photographers with a fine set of mounted Dallmeier lenses with diaphragms, which he bought of a dealer in photographic apparatus.

The camera being in readiness, Fred and Jim now went to work to mix their baths. They began with the sensitive bath, but to their astonishment, when they placed nitrate of silver in ordinary water, a white cloud instantly formed. The text-book was at once consulted, and Fred discovered that distilled water must be used. As the boys had no long-necked retort with which to distill the water, they agreed to suspend all operations until they could see their teacher on the following day, and ask his advice.



THE CAMERA.

The next afternoon, when school was over, the boys marched up to the door of Professor Drood's class-room, and timidly knocked. "Come in," said a hearty, kindly voice. Fred, who was the most courageous, went in first, and clearly stated the case, while Jim stood hesitating in the doorway. "If you take rain-water, and filter it to remove the dust," said the Professor, "it will answer your purpose as well as distilled water."

The boys thanked him, and were going away, when he called them back. "I like to see you taking interest in things of this kind," said he, "and if you will stop, I will give you the whole story as clearly as I can." Fred and Jim were delighted to listen, and when the Professor told them to take a pencil and note-book, and write down the proportions in which the different baths were to be mixed, they were eagerly attentive at once.

"The sensitive bath," said the Professor, "is prepared in this manner: dissolve in two ounces of rain-water one ounce of nitrate of silver in crystals. Then add two to five grains of iodide of potassium. You must now add eight ounces of rain-water, and let the mixture stand two hours to saturate. It must be kept in a dark chamber, where no rays of sunlight can penetrate. You must always work by the light of a candle, and it is a good plan to have a screen of yellow paper around the flame, so that no direct light may fall on your sensitized plate.

"Before beginning to work, be sure that your plate is clean. Tin plates, with which you would better work until you become skillful in handling the baths, are sold in sheets by any dealer in photographic goods, and when you buy them are often covered with fine dust. Polish them well with a pad of soft chamois-skin before you proceed farther. Next pour the collodion on the centre, and cause it to flow evenly by gently tipping the plate from side to side. Allow the surplus to drip off into a flask; and as collodion is an expensive article, you would better mix some gum-arabic and water to about the required thickness, and practice with that first, that you may not waste the more costly fluid by failures to spread it evenly on the plate—a very difficult matter for beginners to accomplish. This collodion is made of alcohol, ether, and gun-cotton, and sensitized with certain iodides and bromides. It evaporates if exposed to the air, and must be well corked, and kept in a cool, dark place, as both lights and heat are injurious to it. A positive collodion is often sold for ferrotypes, but the negative fluid gives better results.

[Pg 168]

"When the film of collodion has become set, the plate is ready for the sensitive bath. Place it on a strip of glass bent at the lower end, which you will buy with your bath dish, and lower it into the bath quickly; otherwise a line may be noticed on the finished picture, due to the uneven deposit of silver. The deposit may be hastened by gently moving the plate in the liquid. After a few seconds lift it out and examine it. If it is streaked and greasy, it must be put back; but when it is of a fine opaline tint, free from streaks and flaws, it is ready to be placed in the camera, which should be already properly focussed and in position.

"Now, boys, comes the great trouble—to correctly time the exposure. It varies from five to forty-five or sixty seconds, according to the light, the arrangement of your screens, and the condition of the silver bath.



THE FIRST ATTEMPT—SOMETHING WRONG.

"When you think, from the nature of the case, that your plate has been exposed long enough, close your slide, and return to the dark room, where you now proceed to develop your picture. You must have already mixed this developing solution: one fluid part of sulphate of iron, one and a half fluid parts of acetic acid, and sixteen parts of rain-water. Do not make too much of this at once, as it quickly becomes spoiled. When you take the plate from the slide, you will see no alteration in it, but when you pour on some of your developer, 'as if by magic a picture appears.' See that the developer flows all over the plate, and do not allow it to settle on any one place, as this would make a stain which can not be removed.

"As soon as the development is complete, wash the plate well with pure water, using for the purpose a wash bottle, which is simply a large glass flask having a cork perforated by two tubes, one of which reaches into the body of the liquid, while the other only passes through the cork. The short tube is bent over at an angle so that

the mouth may be conveniently placed against it, while the long tube is bent, and drawn out to a fine jet. On blowing through the short tube, the air in the bottle becomes compressed, and in expanding drives the liquid through the jet in a fine steady stream. When the plate has been well washed, it must be treated with another solution, as this picture is one that would soon fade, just as you no doubt have seen proofs of photographs do. To remove the unaltered silver a solution of hyposulphite of soda in water is used. Cyanide

of potassium is also used, because it is much cleaner.

"But there is no rose without its thorns, and the cyanide makes up for its cleanliness by being one of the most deadly poisons, and I would advise boys who are not posted on the fine points of chemical manipulation to have nothing to do with it. This fixing solution is made of eight ounces of the hyposulphite and forty of water. Now if this is made too strong, it will spoil the picture, so it is well to be careful to have the exact proportions.

"By-the-way," added the Professor, "if you do use cyanide of potassium, be very careful not to get any of it into what cuts or bruises you may have on your hands. Boys always have such ornaments, and if the cyanide touches a place where the skin is broken, it is liable to mix with the blood, and make trouble.

"After your picture is fixed, wash it well and varnish it. Ten parts of gum-arabic to one hundred parts of water will make a very fair varnish; but as this has to be dried over a spirit-lamp, it is better to buy the self-drying varnish which is sold for this purpose.

"All this sounds very easy and pleasant, but there are more disappointments in store for you than can be imagined, for in this, as in many other things, practice is as essential as rules and regulations. I can only say to you, what should be the motto of every scientific student, 'Make haste slowly.'"

The boys thanked the good-natured Professor, who told them, in any serious difficulty, to come to him again. Then with eager steps they hastened homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MIDWINTER.

[Pg 169]

WILD BIRDS IN THE COUNTRY.

When Aunt Bertha was younger than she is now she was a little English girl, and her American nephews and nieces are never tired of hearing about her English pets. Of her bird pets she tells the young listeners as follows:

"When I was alone at home with my parents, I used to amuse myself during my play-time, which I always spent out-of-doors, by trying to tame the wild birds. I nailed a little wooden tray against an oak that had twigs growing out of its trunk for the birds to perch on. It stood just inside a wood on one side of the drive, but not too much exposed to the view of the passers-by. Every morning regularly I filled the tray with bread-crumbs and bird-seed, with a little piece of raw meat now and then for a great treat. I watched anxiously to see what birds would come first, and in a few days had the pleasure of finding three tomtits hopping about my tree, and carrying off the crumbs and seeds. It was delightful to have these pretty, sprightly little fellows, with their bright yellow and black breasts and white cheeks, for my visitors, instead of the rather vulgar-looking sparrows, that are generally only too eager to secure any food that may be awaiting hungry mouths. The next birds that came were a pair of chaffinches: the cock never became very tame, but his little mate was soon a great pet with every one. After a time I had twelve birds that fed regularly at my box; they were a pair of tomtits, the chaffinches, a pair of nut-hatches, a pair of coal-tits, a pair of marsh-titmice, a robin, and a hedge-sparrow. In the cold weather my birds used to meet me as I came out of the house, and fly after me to the wood. They were not at all afraid of Carlo, my large dog, who generally accompanied me, and sat by the tree quite quietly, expecting his little share of the feast. In the spring the chaffinches built their nest in an oak-tree within sight of the box, and when their young ones were hatched, they carried off nice large crumbs to them.

"A robin that fed at the box used also to keep us company when we were out, and hop about on our feet as we sat on the lawn. The dear little thing came in-doors whenever he found a window open. He was particularly fond of flying into my mother's bedroom, in which he thought he had discovered a rival

[Pg 170]

favorite. Day after day he attacked it most fiercely, but as the rival was his own reflection in the mirror, the poor bird only got a great many hard knocks against the glass in his efforts to revenge himself on his fancied enemy. The mirror was sometimes smeared with his blood."

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

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER V.

"Milly," said little Kate, greeting her elder sister one evening about a week after Miss Jenner's party, "there's a woman waiting to see you in the parlor."

Mildred instinctively kept the child back as she made her way into the room, shutting the door after her with a firm hand. There sat the peddler, or "Widow Robbins," as she called herself; and, oh! how she seemed to Milly to take the warmth and life out of the pretty little room with her air of vulgar obtrusiveness! Milly stood still in the middle of the room a moment, while Mrs. Robbins spoke. "Called for the first payment, my dear," she said, jocularly.

"Certainly," answered Milly, drawing her purse from her pocket; "and," she continued, "I thought I might as well pay you four weeks in advance. I have that much to spare."

She came forward, holding out two crisp bills; but, to her surprise, "Widow Robbins" motioned her back. "Ah, no, my dear," she said, gravely; "that wasn't in our agreement. I can't take more'n the fifty cents. Now give me just that, and I'll sign my name to your paper."

Milly remonstrated, all in vain, and then, completely disgusted by the coarse vulgarity of the woman, her loud tone and half-sarcastic laugh, she produced her "agreement," allowing Mrs. Robbins to sign a receipt for fifty cents, and take her leave. Poor Milly, though vexed and puzzled, did not see into the deeper motive of the peddler in this transaction. By only receiving the half-dollar weekly, Mrs. Robbins prolonged her power over Milly, well knowing a day *might* come when even that sum would not be in Milly's possession to give her. If such a remote chance ever occurred to Mildred, she dismissed it as too absurd to contemplate for an instant. The next week passed by quickly enough, for in her mother's absence Mildred had many home cares added to her usual ones and the work at the store. One fact relieved her greatly. "Mr. Tom's" attentions had nearly ceased, and she was allowed to come and go to her daily work without subjecting herself to any special insolence from him. Widow Robbins appeared again on the following Monday, and was promptly paid and dismissed. The same evening Mrs. Lee returned from her visit, full of exhilaration from the change, and ready to hear Milly's account of Miss Jenner's party. It cost the girl an effort not to tell of her new dress; but Mrs. Lee did not observe the slight confusion in her daughter's manner, being fully entertained by hearing an account of the fine house.

Early the next evening Mildred paid a call at the brick house, and renewed her sociable intercourse with Alice and Roger, who welcomed her so cordially that Miss Jenner, though in a rather stiff way, asked Mildred to spend an evening with them once a week. It was a new era in Milly's life. How she looked forward to those Wednesday evenings, when, leaving the store at the earliest moment possible, she would hasten home, make a quick toilette, chatting with her mother the while, and then go out into the dusky streets, threading her way eagerly to Lane Street, where lights twinkled in the old-fashioned windows of Miss Jenner's house, and where she was sure to find a kindly welcome!

Sometimes the three young people sat in Alice's pretty sitting-room up stairs, which to Milly's eyes was like an enchanted palace. Although blind, Alice delighted in feeling soft hangings, luxurious coverings to her chairs and sofas, and the consciousness that her walls were hung with pretty pictures. Mildred had inherited from her father an exquisitely fine taste, and Alice Jenner's surroundings seemed to fill her with a sense of refinement which made her own dull life easier to bear when she went away. Gradually Miss Jenner's manner thawed to Mildred, and before Christmas came around, the young girl had been half a dozen times invited to the cozy supper table of the good lady, who on these occasions strove to make Milly feel perfectly at home, while she contrived to learn all the story of her life from the young girl's lips. Milly's one penance was Mrs. Robbins's weekly visit, and the consciousness that up in her bureau drawer, carefully locked and guarded, was the gray silk dress. By Christmas-time only six dollars had been paid on it, yet a certain security of the future made Milly feel sure no disaster could occur. Mrs. Robbins's calls were now all made at the store, and about the Christmas season "Mr. Tom" inquired, rather sneeringly, whether "Miss Lee's great-aunt" meant to give them her custom. Milly answered nothing, yet it aroused her fears, and on one Tuesday, after the peddler's customary call, she left the store determined to appoint some different place of meeting. There was something unusual, Milly thought, about the look of the cottage as she entered; first a rush, then a confusion of smothered voices. Mildred ran into the parlor, thence to the kitchen, where she found the children gathered mysteriously together.

"Willy's got the bronchitis," exclaimed Kate. "He must have caught it down at the marshes."

Mildred asked no further questions, but ran up stairs, tossing aside her hat, and going cautiously into her mother's room, where Willy lay suffering intensely. Mrs. Lee was glad to put all the responsible care into Mildred's hands, and so she devoted nearly all the night to the care of her little brother, appearing the next day haggard and heavy-eyed at Mr. Hardman's store. Days passed in hard work at the store, and nights of broken rest; and then came an evening when, on Mildred's return home, she was met with the news of her mother's illness. Poor Mrs. Lee, at no time strong, had succumbed to her anxiety and hard work, and Milly found her utterly prostrated, the doctor standing beside her, not able to pronounce on her disease, but looking so anxious that Milly had difficulty in hiding her tears. Willy was better, but the new trouble was terrible to contemplate. That night she wrote hurriedly to her mother's pupils, and the next morning she arose after a wakeful night with the consciousness that she had six people to support on five dollars a

week.

Mildred felt too proud to tell Miss Jenner of her troubles. She dreaded a rebuff besides. Roger was not well, and she knew the brick house was in some confusion over his illness. It had been a trying season at Milltown, and few families had escaped; but Mildred thought her visitation hardest to bear.

[Pg 171]

The second day of her mother's illness Mildred came home very early, and after getting the children to bed, counted over her slender store of money while she sat in her mother's room, letting faithful Deborah have a rest. Just three dollars remained of her weekly earnings, and of this sum fifty cents must be saved for the terrible Widow Robbins. "I know what I'll do," thought Milly, almost aloud; "I'll see if she won't take her silk back. I *can't* spare a penny of my salary." This hope kept poor Mildred up until the peddler's next visit. It was in the little cottage parlor, and Mildred falteringly told her of her mother's illness, and their great need of money.

"That's neither here nor there," said the woman, shortly. "I can't lose *my* bread and butter. You say your dress is stained; that ends my taking it back; so any week—" The peddler stopped short rather ominously and glanced around the cottage parlor. It was a very pretty room. From the wreck of their fortunes Mrs. Lee and Milly had saved several—to them—priceless household treasures. On the mantel were the heavy old-fashioned silver candlesticks which Milly remembered all her life; some fine china was in the cabinet between the windows; the modest book-shelves were full of valuable volumes; one or two exquisite engravings hung upon the walls; here and there were a few excellent pieces of old family furniture. Altogether it was a room which not only charmed the eye, but showed such signs of "better days" that the few neighbors who had called upon the Lees held them in high esteem. Mrs. Robbins's glance was evidently highly satisfactory to herself.

"Well," she said, pocketing her fifty cents with an air of great condescension, "I will just wait a bit and see."

It was after six o'clock, and Milly felt worried and perplexed as she sat with the children over their simple tea, and then went up to her mother's sick-room, in which she passed nearly all the night. Deborah followed her, and beckoning her to the window, said, in a grave whisper,

"Mildred, my child, who's that queer woman keeps coming here?"

Milly felt inclined to cry.

"Oh, Debby," she said, piteously, "don't bother me; it's just a woman who—has business with me."

Debby was silenced, but by no means satisfied. She determined to settle the question for herself.

Before the next week came around, every penny of Milly's money was spent, and, more than that, they were heavily in debt to the butcher and the grocer and the chemist. The best of port-wine was ordered for Mrs. Lee; the strongest beef tea; the most nourishing jellies; iron and quinine regularly. Poor Milly used to feel as if she was walking over fire on her way to and from the store, so harassed had she become, and she and Deborah bemoaned the state of affairs whenever they were alone.

"Something *must* be done, honey!" Deborah said, one wet Tuesday evening, when Milly stopped in the kitchen to dry her clothes and warm her feet before going up stairs. "I've next to nothing in the house, and your mother *must* have some more port."

Milly was disconsolately thinking the question over, when she was roused by Mrs. Robbins's well-known "rat-tat-tat" on the front door. She ran out, hastily admitting the peddler, who soon perceived the state of affairs by Milly's expression. The young girl tried to say, calmly, that she had not the money.

"Well," said Mrs. Robbins, "I'll hold off a day or two; but just you read the paper you signed, and you'll see you agree to pay the full amount if you miss a week—if the dress isn't fit to be took back."

Mildred read the paper over and again when the woman was gone, and found herself indeed bound to a very Shylock. "That dress is just like the pound of flesh," she thought, as she sat in the dim light by her mother. "Oh, why did I ever buy it; and who cared at Miss Jenner's what I wore!"

The next week Mrs. Robbins made her appearance at the store on a day when Mildred's peace of mind was so exhausted by home cares it was all she could do to serve the most civil of customers. Milly contrived to see her in the cloak-room, but the peddler refused to subdue her voice.

"I can have fifty cents stopped out of your pay, and I *will*," she said, resolutely. "I don't want anything but my rights."

Mildred had not five cents to offer her. All her most earnest pleading only induced Mrs. Robbins to defer what she called "proceedings" for three days. In the mean time she resolved to call upon Miss Jenner. It was late on the Friday evening before she got a chance to go to the Brick House, and there the unwelcome news greeted her that Miss Jenner had fallen a victim to the lung disease prevalent in Milltown. She was leaving the house full of dejection, when to her horror she beheld the tall, gaunt figure of Mrs. Robbins striding up the box-path from the gate. Milly asked her to walk on with her.

"No," said the woman, "here I am. I've followed you here, and here I mean to have my say. Before next Tuesday I demand my money—twenty-two dollars—or you shall hear from me in a way you least expect."

It was nearly dark, but Milly could see the wicked expression on the woman's face. She was faint and tired, and bitterly disappointed at not seeing Miss Jenner, but she could not let the peddler see what she felt.

"Very well," she answered, in a constrained voice, "I can try; but how I am going to get twenty-two dollars is more than I can imagine. Oh, that wretched gray silk dress!" she added. "If only it had not been spoiled that first evening!"

Mrs. Robbins walked out of the gate by her side, and down the road some little distance, threatening Milly all the time as to what she *could* do, and what she *would* do. Left alone, Milly hurried home, knowing that she must before morning devise some means of raising the money. Mrs. Robbins had said she would "look in" during the morning at the store, and already Milly felt sure she had betrayed her secret to "Mr. Tom."

"Milly," Debby said, in a mournful tone, "I've been thinking we *must* part with something. Your mother's sinking for what we've no money to pay for. I've seen you all in better days, lovey, and I'm as fond of everything in the house as you are, but I see no way out of it. In fact, I saw a man to-day—he's only waiting for your word—and he'll look over the things in the parlor to-morrow."

A lump rose and filled Milly's throat. Oh, if she were not burdened with this miserable private debt, how

easy it would seem even to ask a loan from old Mr. Hardman! But no, the home necessities were by no means all.

"Yes, yes, Debby," exclaimed Mildred, with a sudden rush of tears; "it must be done—it must be done."

When Milly returned the next evening from the store, the once cozy parlor looked desolate enough. The heavy furniture was nearly all gone, and the children clustered about her with an eager account of the man who had carried the sofa and chairs and best table away in his cart.

"Never mind," said Mildred, trying to be cheerful. "We must sit in the dining-room. Besides, dears, think how ill mamma is."

"Only forty dollars," whispered Deborah, "and I've paid out thirty of it."

So she could not even borrow part of that sum for her debt. Milly turned away, and went into her mother's room, feeling faint, heart and body, and there tried to find some consolation in reading aloud their usual evening chapter; but all the time a sense of her own folly oppressed her. Suffering from necessity she could have borne, but not that which her own sin had brought upon her.

Poor Mildred! she knelt at her mother's side, humbly praying, almost aloud. On the next day she knew she must "settle" with the dreaded Widow Robbins.



**MILDRED AND THE WIDOW
ROBBINS.**

[Pg 172]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO BEARS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

The snow was on the ground—the lovely white snow, the peaceful snow, which covered the country landscape with billows of alabaster. In the distance the feathery woods made a purple fringe between the earth and sky, while in the foreground a crinkled rail fence ran irregularly along the side of the country road, and near it stood a splotch of red and black, the only marked color in the whole landscape. The red and black was crying bitterly, for the red and black represented a little girl with a scarlet hood, and crimson stockings, and a bundle of books. She was on her way to school, and in great grief.

While she still stood by the fence, sobbing, a black object appeared over the brow of the hill, and slowly moved toward the foreground, until, pausing in front of the weeping child, it stood, as jolly, as genial, as comfortable an old gentleman as ever wore broadcloth.

"Why, what is the matter, little one?" he asked, in a kindly voice.

The child looked up into the pleasant face and answered:

"They are always worrying me at home; they are always taking my things, and when I ask for them they get mad, and if I take any of their things, they come and take them away, and then if I don't like it, they tell mother; and oh! I declare it's too mean for anything. It wasn't her doll, anyway, for Cousin May left it behind, and she didn't give it to anybody, and she'd had it all day; and then she took my sun-shade, and broke the hook off, and because I asked her for it she got mad and wanted the doll, and it wasn't her doll, and then mother made me give it up, and I think it's real mean—that's just what I think it is."

"Well, well, well, that was too bad. I think it *was* real mean myself," said the old gentleman. "But I tell you what you should do—you should keep two bears, as I do, and then you would be happy all the time."

"Two bears?" ejaculated the little girl, opening her large round blue eyes.

"Yes, two bears. We have two bears up at my house, and they make us so happy!"

"Don't they bite?"

"Oh no, they don't bite a mite."

"But they growl, don't they?"

"Oh, no, no; they don't growl either. But if you like to come home with me, I will show them to you."

In an instant the little girl's hand was in that of the old gentleman, and they were trotting along the road side by side. There was something so kind and gentle and yet so jovial in his manner that it never entered her head to be afraid of him. After turning down one road and up another, and walking about a mile altogether, they at last came to a long low house, with large windows, which were filled with bright flowers, and draped with red curtains, and in every window hung a bird-cage with some strange or beautiful bird.

A number of children came running out of the house, crying, "Oh, papa! papa! here's papa!" as they gathered round him, clinging to his arms.

"Children," he said, "I have brought a little stranger to visit you. I do not know her name, but I am sure you will be kind to her, and show her the two bears, which I have promised she should see."

They entered a large, comfortable sitting-room, hung round with pictures and bird-cages; in the centre was a long table covered with books, and on each side of the fire-place, in a big easy-chair, sat a great rough bear; one was brown, and the other was black.

The old gentleman led the little girl up to the brown bear, and said, "Brown Bear, here is a little girl who is very miserable. I have told her that you and Black Bear have made us all so happy, and that perhaps you can help her to be happy too."

[Pg 173]

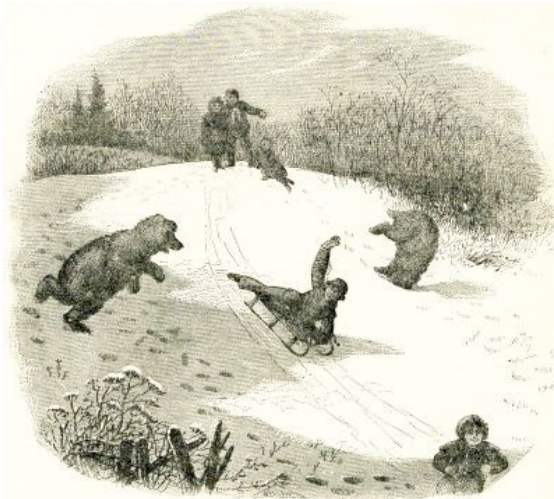
Brown Bear gave a good-humored sort of sniff, and put his big paw gently on the head of the little stranger.

"What is your name, child?" asked the gentleman: "you have not told me that yet."

"Frances Louisa Caroline Bounce, but they call me Fanny. What a nice bear! Will he be angry if I feel his fur?"

"No, indeed, not even though you rub it the wrong way."

After she was introduced to both bears, she played with the children, Carry and Sarah, George and Philip, and then they all went into another room to dinner. On their way, however, Philip, who had a long switch, with which he had been amusing himself, persisted in tickling the back of his sister Sarah's ear with it, until she grew out of patience, and, turning round, told him, rather sharply, to stop; but Philip, who was only in fun, seemed somewhat nettled at being scolded, and was just on the point of repeating the offense, when Black Bear, who was walking behind, put his paw gently on his shoulder, while at the same moment Brown Bear took Sarah by the arm and led her into the dining-room. Philip threw away his switch, both burst into a merry laugh, and sat down to the table with smiling faces. During the dinner both bears kept walking round the table, looking so kind and gentle that they seemed to put every one in good-humor. When Carry upset a tumbler of water over Sarah's frock, Brown Bear immediately picked it up, while Carry begged pardon, and Sarah laughed. When George was going to tell some little tale *out of school* about Philip, Black Bear put his big paw in front of his mouth, and George stopped at once.



THE CHILDREN AND THEIR BEARS.

After dinner they all went out into the snow to have some coasting down a hill close to the house. Both the boys had sleds, but Philip's was a bright new one, while George's was old and rather clumsy. Philip had been saving up his money for some time to buy this treasure, and was very proud of it; therefore when George seized his new sled and ran off with it, he called after him with some anger to bring it back, and not to use it; but George had reached the top of the hill, and had just planted the sled, ready to start down hill, when Brown Bear came to the side of the angry Philip, and touched him with his paw. Phil's manner and voice changed at once, as he called out, "Well, brother George, you can use my sled, and I'll use yours." But Black Bear had reached the top of the hill nearly as soon as George, and with his great big paw patted him on the back, and grunted something in his ear. George took up the sled very quietly, and carried it back to his brother, saying, "I am sorry, Phil; here is your sled."

After that all was fun, tumbles, and laughter, the two bears joining in it as actively and enjoying it just as much as the children. In fact, the bears seemed to make

the whole party happy. At last it became time for Frances Louisa Caroline Bounce to go home. She felt sad at the thought of leaving the bears, and of going to her own home, where there were no bears at all.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "how do you like our bears, Fanny?"

"Oh, I think they are just too splendid for anything. I wish we had a bear, even if it was only a little one."

"Well, you can easily have bears. All children can have them if they like. Perhaps you would be obliged to begin with young ones; but then they would be sure to grow up if you only took care of them."

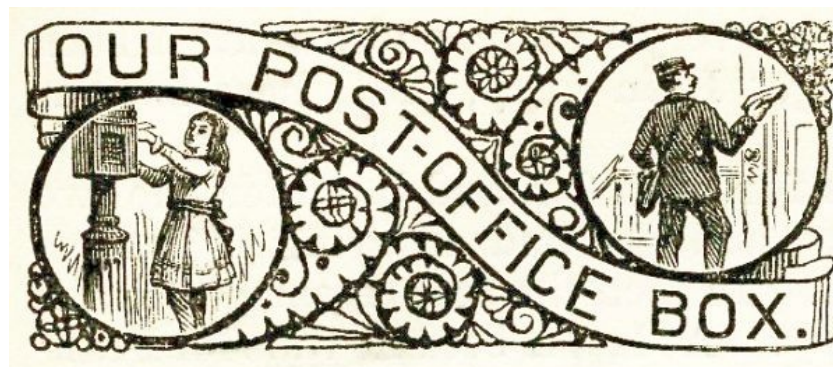
"Oh, dear, dear! is that really so?" cried Fanny, in an ecstasy.

"Yes, my child, it is really so; every one can have two bears in his or her house, like mine. But do you know what we call those bears which make us all so happy? BEAR and FORBEAR."

"BEAR and FORBEAR!" echoed Fanny. "Oh, I will try to get two of those bears in our house, and if they are ever so weak and sickly, I will feed them and nurse them till they grow big and strong like yours."

Fanny trotted home with the old gentleman, and told her brothers and sisters everything about the two good-natured bears; and they all agreed that they would try to raise a pair like them.

I am happy to add that Fanny and her family have a pair of very promising young bears, which already afford them a great deal of happiness, and bid fair in the future to be fine healthy animals.



NEW YORK CITY.

I am making a steam-engine according to the directions given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 49. I have just soldered on the lid, and have made the hole for the water to be let into the engine. I hope to finish

it soon. I am eight years old. I go to school, and I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I like to read the letters from the children, so I thought I would send one, and thank the "Professor" for writing about the steam-engine.

JOHN A. J.

CRESKO, IOWA.

I have just commenced taking YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like it very much. The story of "Paul Grayson" was splendid, but I think "Toby Tyler" is the best of all. My brother Charlie and I each have an Indian pony. Charlie's pony has been trained by the Indians to stand wherever you leave her, without being tied. And if any one is riding her and falls off, no matter how fast she is going, she will stop, and not move one step farther until her rider mounts again. My pony throws me over her head sometimes, but she will not stop until she gets to the barn.

ALLIE C.

NACOCHEE, GEORGIA.

I send an experiment for the chemistry club. To make cyanogen gas the apparatus necessary is this: one test-tube, a cork, six inches of glass tube one-quarter of an inch in diameter, an alcohol lamp, and a round file. Now hold the glass tube over the flame of the lamp until the glass is soft, when by pulling it apart you will have two tubes, with one end of each drawn to a fine point. Break off the point of one, and you will have a tiny jet. Make a hole in the cork just large enough for the large end of the tube to go into. Put into the test-tube as much cyanide of mercury as will lie on the point of a penknife. Fit the cork tightly in the test-tube. Wave the test-tube over the flame of the lamp for five or ten minutes, and then apply a lighted match to the jet, when the gas will burn with a bluish flame. Pour some melted tallow or bees-wax over the cork to keep the gas from escaping before reaching the jet.

JOHN R. G.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I read the letters in the Post-office Box with so much pleasure! I have every number of YOUNG PEOPLE. All my young friends that read it like it very much. We have formed a juvenile club, and I am president. Reading YOUNG PEOPLE is a part of our programme.

RANDOLPH H.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I thought I would write and tell you about our club. It is called the "Silver Crescent Dramatic Club." We were going to call it "Golden Crescent," but when the club gets a little richer it is going to buy some medals for each member to wear; they will be the shape of a crescent, and if they had to be of gold, they would cost more than silver ones. We meet once every week, and make by-laws and suggestions, and vote on them, and we rehearse. We also have a monthly paper; it is called "The Monthly Crescent." Of course it is not printed, and we have only one copy. Each member edits it in turn, and the others send in contributions. Everything has to be original. The paper is read at every fourth meeting.

We charge five cents to join the club, and every two months each member has to pay five cents dues. New members are voted for, and the majority rules. We have five officers—a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, and stage-manager. I am the secretary.

We prepared a grand entertainment for the Christmas holidays. It was a tragedy in three acts. I arranged it. In the first part of *Little Women*, by Miss Alcott, they had a play called the "Witch's Curse." Only the plot was given. I took it and made up the dialogue, added some more characters, and changed it to make it turn out differently. It makes a very nice little play.

IDA B. D.

ARGENTA, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I think YOUNG PEOPLE is a very nice paper. My sister and I go to school. We have a very nice teacher. I like to go very much. We study pieces from YOUNG PEOPLE to speak in school. My teacher says all little boys and girls ought to take it.

MINNIE S.

DOWNIEVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

I thought I would try to describe a trip I took with auntie to a little town called Eureka. After a short ride we came to the main trail leading from Downieville to the northern part of Sierra County. The trail winds in and out, following every curve and bend of the mountain. In some places it is quite steep, and in others almost level. How tired I was when we got to Eureka, having been two hours in the saddle! When we reached the ridge, we heard some one playing on some instrument, and it sounded so sweet that we stopped a few minutes to listen to it.

Uncle tells me that Eureka used to be quite a large place, with hotels, stores, private houses, a school-house, and a Masonic Hall; but now it consists of only half a dozen dwellings and the school-house.

A little girl has written to *YOUNG PEOPLE* that she found two peach blossoms in September, and she wants to know if any other little girl has found any so late. Now I want to know if any little girl or boy has ever picked ripe peaches near the 13th of November, as I have.

MARY A. R.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

I have only been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* a short time, but I think it is a very nice little paper. I saw that one of the little girls said that she had seen a peach blossom in September. Here we often have figs in December.

LILY V. F.

BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.

I am eleven years old; but my eyes are not strong, and mamma has not thought it best to send me to school till this fall, so that I can not write very well. I would like to tell Reba H. that there were apple blossoms on our tree in Oil City, Pennsylvania, in September, 1879.

WINIFRED C.

BATH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I have just finished the embroidery of Fig. 12 in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 59. I received the paper Tuesday night, and if I had had all the crewels, I could have finished it on Thursday. But I had to send to Boston for some of them, and wait nearly four days before they came.

The day I began the embroidery mamma went up garret, and found an old quilt of my grandmother's, all embroidered with the same stitch. I have done a table-cover in the South Kensington stitch, but I think the New England stitch is prettier, easier, and takes less time.

I did pattern No. 12 on a bureau-cover of Russian crash. I am very glad you print the articles on embroidery. They are a great help. I enjoy fancy-work very much, and do a great deal of it. I was fourteen last July.

HELEN C.

This is the first report on embroidery, and, according to promise, the old embroidery pattern has been sent to the writer.

SULLIVAN, INDIANA.

I am almost eight years old. I do not go to school. I have two little sisters. My papa prints a newspaper. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I think it is the best paper in the world, except papa's. I get papa to read it to me, and then I send it to a little boy who has no money to buy it.

HARALD C. H.

EAST CANAAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am only six years old, but I can read all the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE* alone. I have some very playful kittens, and one night they tipped over the big rocking-chair. I had six white geese, but one died.

LESTER O. B.

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY.

I am ten years old. I have two pretty kittens, exactly alike. They are yellow and white. The other day I got a pretty dove from the dove-house, and kept him in a large cage; but I felt sorry for him, and one day opened the window and let him out. He flew to the top of the carriage-house, and all of the doves came to meet him and kept flying around him. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much that I can not wait patiently until it comes.

WILLIE G.

FOSTER BROOK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am spending the winter very pleasantly out among the Red Rock Mountains. Our cottage is in a valley, surrounded by high hills, which are covered with wintergreen berries from one year's end to another. During the winter months the berries swell very large, and they are delicious fruit in the spring. There is a great deal of iron ore here, and also a great deal of snow. We live in a very small house, with only four rooms; but, for all that, it is very cozy. I look forward with much pleasure every week for the coming of YOUNG PEOPLE.

M. ADA T.

CLANTON, ALABAMA.

My brother and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We had a pet 'coon, which got very thirsty one day, and crawled into our big glass water-pitcher head first. After helping himself to water, he turned round in the pitcher, and came out again. Afterward the cat killed him.

ST. CLAIR T.

BROOKHAVEN, MISSISSIPPI.

My papa takes HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, which I like very much, especially the letters written by the children. I wish all the boys and girls in the South could get your paper.

I am eight years old, and go to school. There is a great deal of cotton shipped from here to New Orleans, and a great deal of lumber to St. Louis and Chicago. I have two little sisters younger than I.

ARCHIE MCM.

WINDSOR HEIGHTS, MARYLAND.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the story called "Who was Paul Grayson?" began. My brother and I have for pets a flock of pigeons, which are quite tame, two pair of rabbits, and two dogs, named "Duke" and "Terry." Duke will go into the corn-patch, select a soft ear of corn, and husk and eat it. He sometimes goes to the blackberry bushes, and holds down a branch with one paw while he eats the berries. He is also very fond of persimmons.

JAMES S.

MOBERLY, MISSOURI.

I will send a nice recipe for ice-cream in the winter. Take a glassful of snow, and put in just enough cream to make it thick, with some sugar, and just a little extract of vanilla or lemon. My brother and I have ice-cream all summer, and winter too. I am nine years old.

MAGGIE B.

Pearl A. Hare, of Lynchburg, Harris County, Texas, accidentally omitted the little word "for" in her letter published in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 56, which made her appear to offer birds' eggs and postage stamps for exchange, when she wished to obtain them in exchange for Texas snail shells. Our readers will please note the correction.

I am a boy eleven years old. I was born in Cairo, Egypt, and came to America in 1876. I am living on a farm now, and like it very much.

I have some Egyptian stamps I would like to exchange for any other foreign stamps.

AMBROSE STRANG, Lincoln, Tennessee.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Postmarks.

City.

M. P. RICH,
50 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York

German postage stamps for any other foreign stamps.

MAUDE BUCKNER,
1208 Russell Street, Covington, Ky.

Postage stamps and postmarks for foreign postage stamps and coin.

City.

S. NEW,
127 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York

Postmarks for postage stamps.

THOMAS K. DURHAM,
P. O. Box 735, New York City.

Postmarks and War Department stamps for stamps and monograms.

CAMPBELL T. HAMILTON,
Fort Preble, Portland, Maine.

Shells for Indian relics, shells, ore, or petrified wood.

HENRY SCOTT,
20 Patchen Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Postmarks for postmarks and stamps.

Ark.

AL. E. BARKER,
P. O. Box 115, Judsonia, White County,

Foreign postage stamps for minerals, fossils, shells, sea-weed, or birds' eggs.

LOUIS D. ORRISON,
Care of Abernathy, North, & Orrison,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Southern moss for a Chinese coin or any old relic.

DAISY ROLLINS,
P. O. Box 186, Columbus, Missouri.

Twenty-five postmarks for two rare stamps.

W. W. ELHOSE,
22 Brill Street, Newark, N. J.

Foreign postage stamps or postmarks for all kinds of United States internal revenue stamps.

GEORGE WELLS,
P. O. Box 466, New York City.

Curiosities, postage stamps, or sea-shells for curiosities. Or thirty postmarks for five birds' eggs.
No duplicates.

California.

HARRY MADISON,
206 Stockton Street, San Francisco,

One hundred postage stamps for ten coins, or for ten birds' eggs. No duplicates.

FRANK KNOX,
2318 Third Avenue, New York City.

Minerals, fossils, rare stamps, or monograms for coats of arms, crests, and monograms.

A READER OF "YOUNG PEOPLE,"
Lock Box 42,
Little Falls, Herkimer County, N. Y.

California curiosities, shells, or minerals for old or rare American coins.

California.

C. W., JUN.,
P. O. Box 2305, San Francisco,

Foreign stamps for postmarks and postal cards. Postmarks must be cut square.

City.

C. S. PETRASCH,
13 West Thirty-second Street, New York

Two fine specimens of Southern fern, or some evening-glory seeds, for United States postage stamps.

[Pg 175]

EMMA BRUFF,
238 Felicity Street, New Orleans, La.

Postage stamps.

Island.

HAWLEY WEBSTER,
394 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, Long

Postmarks.

LOUIS GIBBS,
Care of J. J. Carter, Titusville, Penn.

C. H. L.—The old scrip which you inclose is probably a genuine five-franc *assignat*, as the paper money was called which was first issued by the French government in 1790, and afterward by the Revolutionary authorities. It was based on the security of the public domain, consisting of the confiscated estates of the Church and wealthy exiles. The value of these assignats, which were issued to the amount of 45,578,000,000 francs, declined rapidly after the reign of terror. In the summer of 1793, one franc in silver was worth three francs in paper. Three years later, one franc in gold was worth three hundred francs in paper, although the government, in order to check this depreciation, had passed a law to regulate the price of commodities.

The inscription on your assignat shows that it was issued in October or November, 1793, the second year of the French Republic. The lettering in the corners proclaims death to any one who should dare to counterfeit the assignat. The *livre*, which name appears on the scrip, was a French coin about the value of a

franc, by which it was superseded in 1795. Eighty francs were equal in value to eighty-one livres.

If you examine your assignat carefully you will see to the left the dim and faded stamp of the figure of Liberty, and if you have a strong magnifying-glass, you can amuse yourself by trying to make out the lettering around it. This little scrap of coarse paper, not quite a hundred years old, may incite you to read the story of the terrible time of which it is a relic. If you are not old enough to enjoy Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, you will find the scenes vividly portrayed in Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, and Victor Hugo's novel entitled "'93."

HENRY H. T.—Your proposal to found a Natural History Society, composed of contributors to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, is hardly practical. The exchange of specimens, etc., would be dilatory and difficult, as our contributors are scattered over the whole continent. Local societies of the kind you mean might be formed to advantage, and the officers of different associations could correspond with each other, and exchange views and information.

L. M. F. AND L. L. P.—Your plan for a reading and debating club is excellent, and if well carried out must have good results. You will find suggestions that may be useful in some remarks appended to a letter from Violet S. in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53, and also in a book called *Stories of the Sea*, noticed in No. 61. We would advise you not to waste your time over fourth-rate literature (to which the books you mention belong), but to select the best authors, whose works will not only entertain but instruct you. An excellent guide for you would be William Swinton's *Masterpieces of English Literature*, recently published by Harper & Brothers.

VIOLET S.—Your account of the proceedings of your society is not full enough. Can you not favor us with a sprightly description of what is done and said at your meetings, instead of giving the "order of exercises" merely?

JOHN N. H.—Either hickory or sassafras wood is good material for bows.

HELEN G.—How to make the "Wiggles" was fully explained at the end of the Post-office Box in No. 51 of YOUNG PEOPLE.

R. T. F.—Amber is not, as you suppose, made from "the sap of a tree in South Africa," but is a fossil resin from several species of coniferous or cone-bearing trees of a very remote geological period. More than 800 species of insects have been found preserved in amber, and leaves of 160 species of plants. Fine pieces of amber are very highly prized, and are sometimes worth more than their weight in gold. The largest mass known is in Berlin, Prussia. It weighs eighteen pounds, and is valued at \$30,000. Amber is extensively used for ornaments, the mouth-pieces of pipes, etc. You may be able to procure a piece of some manufacturer of meerschaum pipes.

The ancients prized amber very highly, and it was an important article of commerce in early times. From the fact that it is found in large quantities in the remains of the lake-villages of Switzerland, we know that it must have been an article of exchange in prehistoric times.

FLOY.—If you have any pressed flowers, leaves, or other pretty objects which can be sent easily by mail, we have no doubt some of our readers would be glad to send you postage stamps in exchange for them. You can put your offer in the Post-office Box.

JESSE H., JUN.—The English noun *envelop*, as well as the verb, is accented on the second syllable. The French form of the word, *envelope*, has an even accent on the three syllables. Our word is derived from the French.

JEAN C. P.—Please give the name of the county in which the town of Warren, where you live, is situated. There are several towns of that name in Ohio, and correspondents will not know where to address you unless the county is given also.

FORD D. LYON.—The controversy about the origin of the phrase, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," has not been satisfactorily settled. The saying has been floating about for a great many years, but no one has been able to find out who started it on its travels.

GRACE.—The *ü* in Olmütz is sounded like the French *u*, very difficult to catch without the aid of a teacher. You can come very near it by pronouncing the vowel *o* and changing to *e* without altering the position of the lips.

C. G. G.—The time required for the transmission of a signal through the Atlantic cable varies according to the condition of the batteries. A dispatch has been sent from New York to London and the answer received within an hour.

JAMES McK.—No charge is made in the matter about which you ask.

SALLIE K., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The name of the street in which you live is so obscurely written that we can not make it out. Write it very plainly, and we will print your request.

DAISY R.—Send enough to make a pretty wreath.

JENNIE S. M.—A very good recipe for butterscotch was given in a letter from Kittie G. in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 37.

HENRY C. D.—Glass for windows was made during the Middle Ages in all European countries. In England glass-painting for windows was practiced in 1338. Some splendid windows of York Cathedral were painted at that period by John Thornton, of Coventry. In the fifteenth century English window-glass was more expensive than any other kind of glass. The Egyptians made glass at a very early period of their national existence. Paintings representing glass-blowers making a very large vase show that nearly 4000 years ago the Egyptians were far advanced in this art.

Favors are acknowledged from Garrett Waggener, Bertha Herron, C. C. Shelley, Jun., Stella Pratt, George W. Taymun, Flora C. B., Mabel White, Alice Brown, J. W. Menefee, Orrie H. Clark, Shelton H. Hibbs, H. H. J., S. H. R., W. H. Scherzer, Carrie and Belle N., Albert Woolley, B. D. Ellis, C. G. Myers, B. Tompkins, E. Fay Stevens, H. McIlvain, Frank A. Harmony, Annie S. and Bennie C. Duffie, F. H. Kellogg, Everett Jones, Lewis B. Frazier, Lyman Perley, Sidney J. Carson, Katie Dale, Louis Mareé, Tamar Love, Thomas Buford, Fredy Leser.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from C. H. McB., Hugh Pilcairn, Thomas Cook, George Dudley Kyte, "Lone Star," Harry and Isobel Jacob.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

WORD SQUARES—(*To Owlet*).

1. First, a piece of ordnance formerly used for blowing up barricades and other defensive works. Second, a female name. Third, to feel a sharp, pricking sensation. Fourth, a state in Africa. Fifth, part of a printing-press. Sixth, having a melancholy appearance.

ZELOTES.

2. First, to disturb. Second, to weaken. Third, a Turkish coin. Fourth, absent without leave. Fifth, to show clearly. Sixth, leased.

BOLUS.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

A letter. A small vessel. A hut. A celebration. A guide. A snare. A letter.

No. 3.**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

An ensign. A boy's name. A wonder. Finished. Answer.—Two things to gain which men often make great sacrifices and devote all their energies.

LONE STAR.

No. 4.**ENIGMA.**

First in sieve, not in pail.
 Second in rum, not in ale.
 Third in calf, not in ox.
 Fourth in cat, not in fox.
 Fifth in rude, not in kind.
 Sixth in brain, not in mind.
 Seventh in wheat, not in hay.
 The whole a savage bird of prey.

OSCAR.

No. 5.**ACROSTIC.**

Place seven divisions of the United States in such order that, their initials read downward spell the name of another.

BOLUS.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

A book of good songs for children is a household treasure. There is no prettier sight than to see brothers and sisters gathered around the piano during a long winter evening, mamma or the eldest sister playing the accompaniment and leading in the singing, while sweet childish voices fill the room with melody. *A Book of Rhymes and Tunes*^[1] contains more than a hundred pretty songs suitable for these household conceits. Some of the melodies are new, others familiar, but all are re-arranged and written in low keys to suit children's voices. Simple accompaniments are given, such as can be easily understood by a young pianist, and many songs have both English and German or French words. The melodies are exceedingly attractive, and are such as will cultivate good musical taste in youthful musicians.

Zigzag Journeys in Classic Lands^[2] is a handsomely bound and well illustrated volume, from which young readers can learn a great many things about the history, legends, and present appearance of Spain, Italy, Greece, and some other European countries. This book is written in a chatty, familiar style, and the information given by the teacher to the class of boys who are travelling under his care is of the kind to especially interest boys and girls.

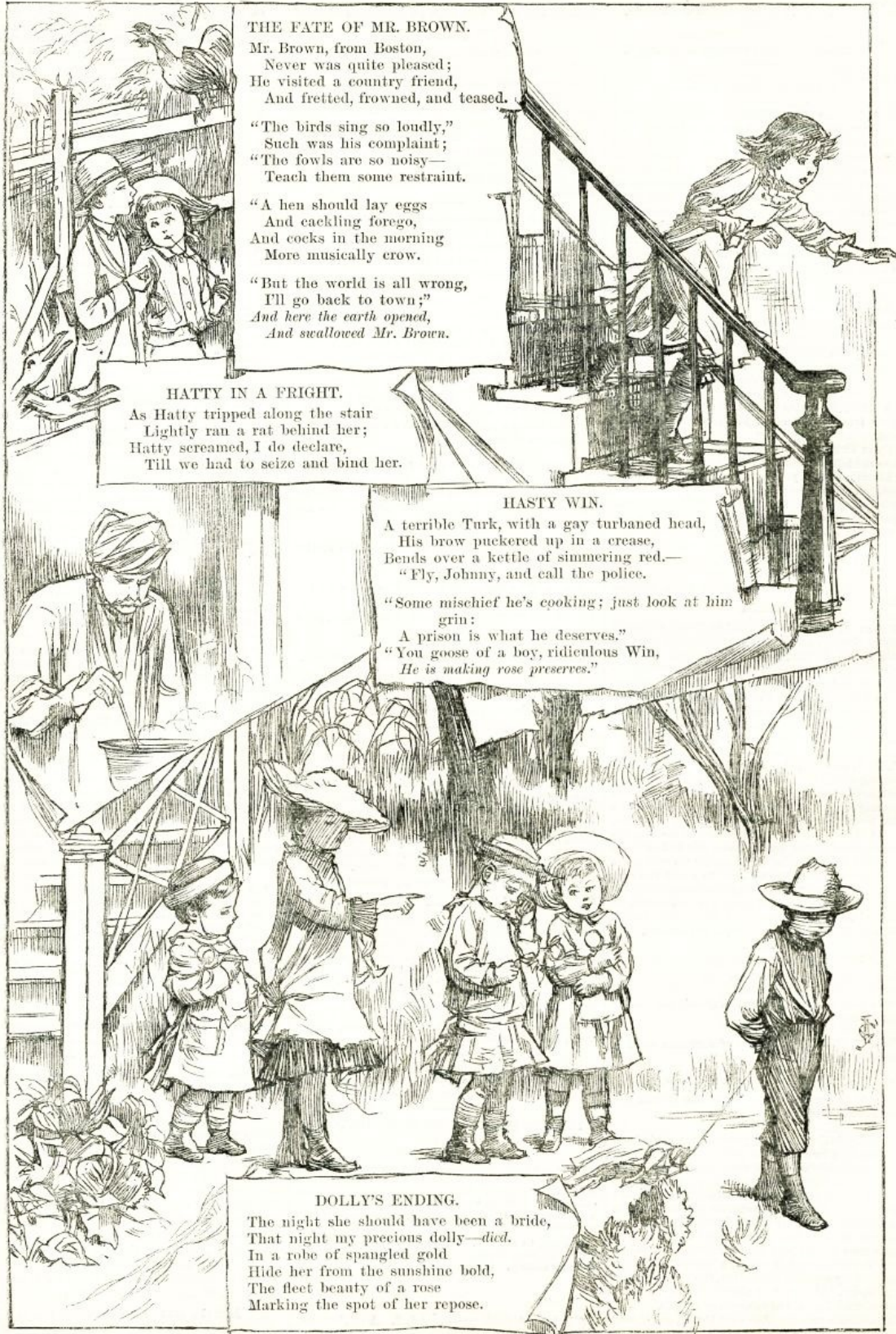
The fun and frolic of *Five Little Mice in a Mouse-Trap*,^[3] as told by the Man in the Moon, will be a source of delight to many other little "mice." Nibble, Brighteyes, Fluff, Puff, and Downy, the baby, are real, living children. They chase butterflies and bees up and down in the "mouse-trap" garden, play with dolls and dogs and kittens, and have a splendid time. Uncle Jack is the best of uncles, and the Man in the Moon a constant friend. The story of the Mice is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Kate Greenaway, Addie Ledyard, and others.

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HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.



THE FATE OF MR. BROWN.
Mr. Brown, from Boston,
Never was quite pleased;
He visited a country friend,
And fretted, frowned, and teased.

"The birds sing so loudly,"
Such was his complaint;
"The fowls are so noisy—
Teach them some restraint.

"A hen should lay eggs
And cackling forego,
And cocks in the morning
More musically crow.

"But the world is all wrong,
I'll go back to town;"
And here the earth opened,
And swallowed Mr. Brown.

HATTY IN A FRIGHT.
As Hatty tripped along the stair
Lightly ran a rat behind her;
Hatty screamed, I do declare,
Till we had to seize and bind her.

HASTY WIN.
A terrible Turk, with a gay turbaned head,
His brow puckered up in a crease,
Bends over a kettle of simmering red.—
"Fly, Johnny, and call the police.
"Some mischief he's cooking; just look at him
grin:
A prison is what he deserves."
"You goose of a boy, ridiculous Win,
He is making rose preserves."

DOLLY'S ENDING.
The night she should have been a bride,
That night my precious dolly—*died*.
In a robe of spangled gold
Hide her from the sunshine bold,
The fleet beauty of a rose
Marking the spot of her repose.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] *A Book of Rhymes and Tunes*. Compiled and arranged by MARGARET PEARMAN OSGOOD. Translations by LOUISA Y. CRAIGIN. 8vo, pp. 128. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.
[2] *Zigzag Journeys in Classic Lands; or, Tommy Toby's Trip to Mount Parnassus*. By HEZEKIAH

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 11, 1881 ***

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