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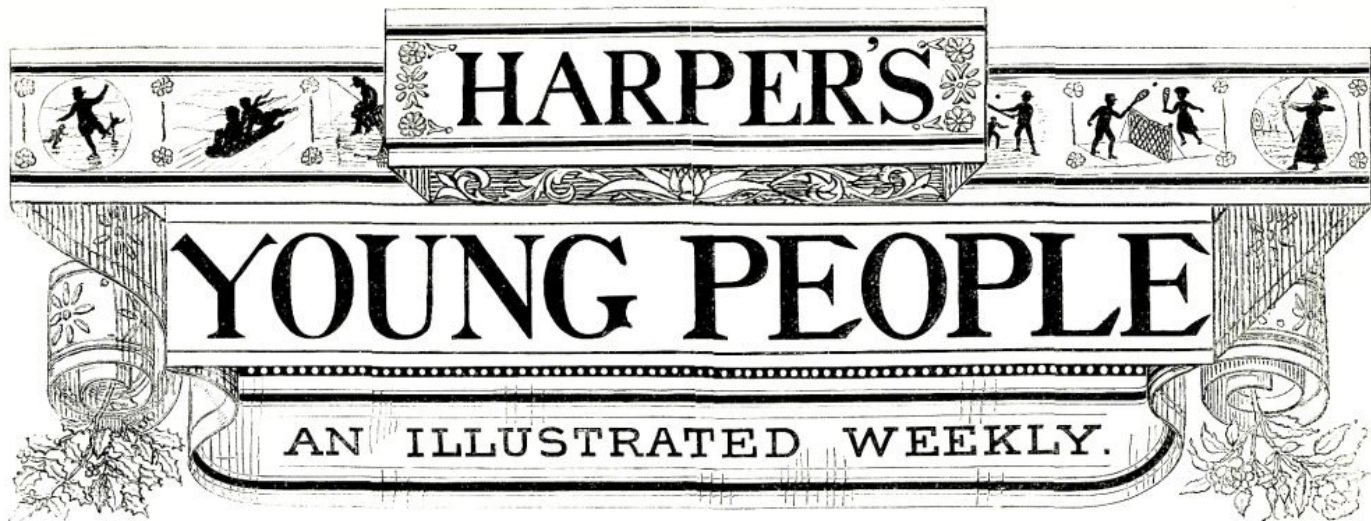
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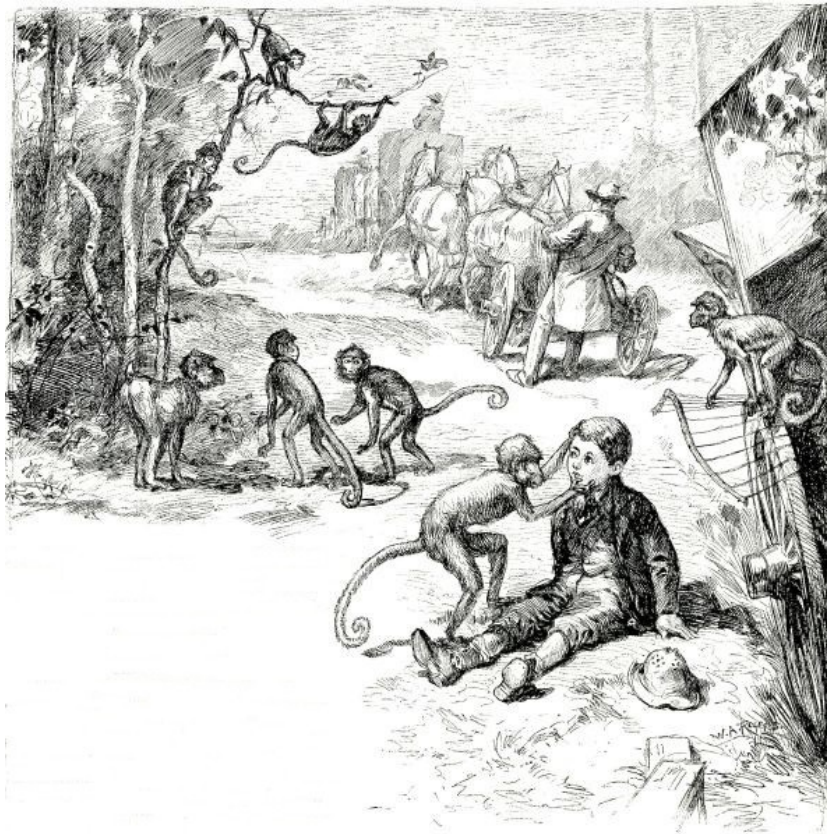
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**THE BREAKDOWN, AND ESCAPE OF THE MONKEYS.**

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

**TOBY TYLER;**

**OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.**

**BY JAMES OTIS.**

**CHAPTER VII.**

**AN ACCIDENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.**

Toby's experience of the evening was very similar to that of the afternoon, save that he was so fortunate as not to take any more bad money in payment for his goods. Mr. Jacobs scolded and swore alternately, and the boy really surprised him in the way of selling goods, though he was very careful not to say anything about it, but made Toby believe that he was doing only about half as much work as he ought to do. Toby's private hoard of money was increased that evening by presents, ninety cents, and he began to look upon himself as almost a rich man.

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When the performance was nearly over, Mr. Jacobs called to him to help in packing up; and by the time the last spectator had left the tent, the worldly possessions of Messrs. Lord and Jacobs were ready for removal, and Toby allowed to do as he had a mind to, so long as he was careful to be on hand when old Ben was ready to start.

Toby thought that he would have time to pay a visit to his friends the skeleton and the fat woman, and to that end started toward the place where their tent had been standing; but to his sorrow he found that it was already being taken down, and he only had time to thank Mrs. Treat and to press the fleshless hand of her shadowy husband as they entered their wagon to drive away.

He was disappointed, for he had hoped to be able to speak with his new-made friends a few moments before the weary night's ride commenced; but failing in that, he went hastily back to the monkeys' cage. Old Ben was there getting things ready for a start; but the wooden sides of the cage had not been put up, and Toby had no difficulty in calling the aged monkey up to the bars. He held one of the fat woman's doughnuts in his hand, and he said, as he passed it through to the animal:

"I thought perhaps you might be hungry, Mr. Stubbs, and this is some of what the skeleton's wife give me. I hain't got very much time to talk with you now; but the first chance I can get away to-morrow, an' when there hain't anybody 'round, I want to tell you something."

The monkey had taken the doughnut in his hand-like paws, and was tearing it to pieces, eating small portions of it very rapidly.

"Don't hurry yourself," said Toby, warningly, "for Uncle Dan'l always told me the worst thing a feller could do was to eat fast. If you want any more, after we start, just put your hand through the little hole up there near the seat, an' I'll give you all you want."

From the look on his face, Toby confidently believed the monkey was going to make some reply; but just then Ben shut up the sides, separating Toby and Mr. Stubbs, and the order was given to start.

Toby clambered up on to the high seat, Ben followed him, and in another instant the team was moving along slowly down the dusty road, preceded and followed by the many wagons with their tiny swinging

lights.

"Well," said Ben, when he had got his team well under way; and felt that he could indulge in a little conversation, "how did you get along to-day?"

Toby related all of his movements, and gave the driver a faithful account of all that had happened to him, concluding his story by saying, "That was one of Mrs. Treat's doughnuts that I just gave to Mr. Stubbs."

"To whom?" asked Ben, in surprise.

"To Mr. Stubbs—the old fellow here in the cart, you know, that's been so good to me."

Toby heard a sort of gurgling sound, saw the driver's body sway back and forth in a trembling way, and was just becoming thoroughly alarmed, when he thought of the previous night, and understood that Ben was only laughing in his own peculiar way.

"How did you know his name was Stubbs?" asked Ben, after he had recovered his breath.

"Oh, I don't know that that is his real name," was the quick reply; "I only call him that because he looks so much like a feller with that name that I knew at home. He don't seem to mind because I call him Stubbs."

Ben looked at Toby earnestly for a moment, acting all the time as if he wanted to laugh again, but didn't dare to for fear he might burst a blood-vessel, and then he said, as he patted him on the shoulder, "Well, you are the queerest little fish that I ever saw in all my travels. You seem to think that that monkey knows all you say to him."

"I'm sure he does," said Toby, positively. "He don't say anything right out to me, but he knows everything I tell him. Do you suppose he could talk if he tried to?"

"Look here, Mr. Toby Tyler," and Ben turned half around in his seat, and looked Toby full in the face, as to give more emphasis to his words, "are you heathen enough to think that that monkey could talk if he wanted to?"

"I know I hain't a heathen," said Toby, thoughtfully, "for if I had been, some of the missionaries would have found me out a good while ago; but I never saw anybody like this old Mr. Stubbs before, an' I thought he could talk if he wanted to, just as the Living Skeleton does, or his wife. Anyhow, Mr. Stubbs winks at me; an' how could he do that if he didn't know what I've been sayin' to him?"

"Look here, my son," said Ben, in a most fatherly fashion, "monkeys hain't anything but beasts, an' they don't know how to talk any more than they know what you say to 'em."

"Didn't you ever hear any of them speak a word?"

"Never. I've been in a circus, man an' boy, nigh on to forty years, an' I never seen nothin' in a monkey more'n any other beast, except their awful mischiefness."

"Well," said Toby, still unconvinced, "I believe Mr. Stubbs knew what I said to him, anyway."

"Now don't be foolish, Toby," pleaded Ben. "You can't show me one thing that a monkey ever did because you told him to."

Just at that moment Toby felt some one pulling at the back of his coat, and looking around, he saw it was a little brown hand, reaching through the bars of the air-hole of the cage, that was tugging away at his coat.

"There!" he said, triumphantly, to Ben. "Look there. I told Mr. Stubbs if he wanted anything more to eat, to tell me, an' I would give it to him. Now you can see for yourself that he's come for it," and Toby took a doughnut from his pocket, and put it into the tiny hand, which was immediately withdrawn. "Now what do you think of Mr. Stubbs knowing what I say to him?"

"They often stick their paws up through there," said Ben, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I've had 'em pull my coat in the night till they made me as nervous as ever any old woman was. You see, Toby, my boy, monkeys is monkeys; an' you mustn't go to gettin' the idea that they're anything else, for it's a mistake. You think this old monkey in here knows what you say? Why, that's just the cuteness of the old fellow; he watches you to see if he can't do just as you do, an' that's all there is about it."

Toby was more than half convinced that Ben was putting the matter in its proper light, and he would have believed all that had been said if, just at that moment, he had not seen that brown hand reaching through the hole to clutch him again by the coat.

The action seemed so natural, so like a hungry boy who gropes in the dark pantry for something to eat, that it would have taken more arguments than Ben had at his disposal to persuade Toby that his Mr. Stubbs could not understand all that was said to him. Toby put another doughnut in the outstretched hand, and then sat silently, as if in a brown-study over some difficult problem.

For some time the ride was made in silence. Ben was going through all the motions of whistling without uttering a sound, a favorite amusement of his, and Toby's thoughts were far away in the humble home he had scorned, with Uncle Daniel, whose virtues had increased with every mile of distance which had been put between them, and whose faults had decreased in a corresponding ratio.

Toby's thoughtfulness had made him sleepy, and his eyes were almost closed in slumber, when he was startled by a crashing sound, was conscious of a sense of being hurled from his seat by some great force, and then he lay senseless by the side of the road, while the wagon remained a perfect wreck, from out of which a small army of monkeys were escaping. Ben's experienced ear had told him at the first crash that his wagon was breaking down, and without having time to warn Toby of his peril, he had leaped clear of the wreck, keeping his horses in perfect control, thus averting any more trouble. It was the breaking of one of the axles which Toby had heard just before he was thrown from his seat, and when the body of the wagon had come down upon the hard road, the entire structure had been wrecked.

The monkeys, thus suddenly released from their confinement, had scampered off in every direction, and, by a singular chance, Toby's aged friend started for the woods in such a direction as to bring him directly upon the boy's senseless body. As the monkey came up to Toby he stopped, through the well-known curiosity of his kind, and began to examine the body carefully, prying into each pocket he could reach, and trying to open the half-closed eyelids in order to peep in under them.

Fortunately for Toby, he had fallen upon a mud-bank, and was only stunned for the moment, having received no serious bruises, even though he had been thrown such a distance. The attentions bestowed upon him by the monkey served the purpose of bringing him to his senses; and after he had looked around

him in the gray light of the coming morning, it would have taken far more of a philosopher than ever old Ben was to have persuaded the boy that monkeys did not possess reasoning faculties.

The monkey was picking at his ears, nose, and mouth, as monkeys always do when they get an opportunity, and the expression of his face was as grave as possible. Toby firmly believed that the monkey's face showed sorrow at his fall, and he believed that the attentions which were being bestowed upon him were for the purpose of learning whether he had been injured or not.

"Don't worry, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, anxious to reassure his friend, as he sat upright and looked about him. "I didn't get hurt any, but I would like to know how I got 'way over here."

It really seemed as if the monkey was pleased to know that his little friend was not hurt, for he seated himself on his haunches, and his face expressed the liveliest pleasure that Toby was well again—or at least that was the way the boy interpreted the look.

By this time the news of the accident had been shouted ahead from one team to the other, and all hands were hurrying to the scene for the purpose of rendering some aid. As Toby saw them coming, he also saw a number of small forms, looking something like men, hurrying past him, and for the first time he understood how it was that the aged monkey was at liberty, and knew that those little dusky forms were the other occupants of the cage escaping to the woods.

"See there, Mr. Stubbs! see there!" he exclaimed, quickly, pointing toward the fugitives; "they're all going off into the woods. What shall we do?"

The sight of the runaways seemed to excite the old monkey quite as much as it had the boy. He jumped to his feet, chattered in the most excited way, screamed two or three times as if he was calling them back, and then started off in vigorous pursuit.

"Now he's gone too," said Toby, disconsolately, believing the old fellow had run away from him; "I didn't think Mr. Stubbs would treat me this way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## A LITTLE ARAB GIRL'S MISSION.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

Many of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be both surprised and sorry to learn that there are parents who are not only willing to sell their baby girls for a few pennies, but when this can not be done, to cast them out upon the highways to perish either by the wild beasts that prowl about at night, or by the fiercely glaring sun that heats the sand so that even a dog will not venture out at noonday for fear of burning his paws.

"Where do these cruel people live, and who are they?" I hear a bright little girl ask.

They are the Arabs who inhabit the deserts of Kabylia and the Sahara, in and south of Algiers, the most northern country in Africa.

"Ah, but the Arabs live in Arabia, don't they?" objects my young friend.

Yes, they do; but centuries ago the Arabians, or Saracens—desert dwellers, as they were then called, Sara meaning desert—sent out large armies to conquer other nations. These Saracens swept victoriously through Northern Africa up to the heart of Spain.

Algiers is now a French province, but the greater part of its people are descendants of its ancient inhabitants, called Moors, and their conquerors, the Arabs, together with negroes from Soudan, French colonists, and a sprinkling of Turks, Maltese, and Spaniards.

Neither the Moors nor the Arabs think much of little girls. The latter—especially the poor ones—are sorry when one is born; but when a boy baby comes, they make him presents, and a bowl of "mughly"—a compound of rice flavored with sugar and spices, and sprinkled with delicious nuts—is given to each relative.

A Moorish girl of even rich parents is considered well enough educated if she can make preserves, and dye her finger-nails with henna leaves. She is not treated as unkindly, however, as the little Arab damsels, who are compelled when quite young to work very hard. They have to draw water from the wells in heavy leathern buckets; to churn; to feed and water the young camels and horses: in fact, they live more like slaves than daughters of the family.

The subject of my sketch, little Maria Immanuel, is a young Arabian girl twelve years of age, who, accompanied by a French Missionary Sister, or nun, has been all through Europe, and is now travelling through this country, on a curious but praiseworthy mission: she is trying to raise money to buy and support little Arabian children who are sold or cast out on the desert.

Maria Immanuel was herself one of these unfortunates. When a mere baby, not yet two years old, she was picked up on the highway by some good women, and taken to their mission-house, where she has lived ever since.

I dare say my readers would like to know just how she looks, so I will describe her to the best of my ability.

Imagine a dark-complexioned, plump young girl, with rather heavy but pleasant features; fluffy, dark, silken hair floating around her head and overshadowing her eyes like a little cloud; red lips and milky-white teeth; and eyes that light up her whole face, so soft are they, yet brilliant and full of mischievous fire.

Immanuel—for so her friends call her—is very like many American girls in disposition, being intensely lively, merry as a cricket, and a great tease when in the society of children of her own age.

She has two accomplishments—she speaks French fluently, and sings sweetly, having a fine contralto voice.

Immanuel dresses just as she did at the mission-house in the desert of Kabylia, wearing an Arab cloak of white wool, called a "burnoose," with a hood for stormy



weather, over a white cashmere gown, which hangs in folds to her ankles, and is made with a yoke at the neck, and full flowing sleeves. A double row of scarlet and white beads; a girdle, or sash, of scarlet, blue, and yellow silk, knotted at the waist, and falling in long fringed ends in front; and a scarlet "fez," or cap, ornamented with a band of embroidery and a golden tassel, complete her gay and picturesque costume. Dark or solemn colors offend an Arab's eye, for he regards them as omens of misfortune.

There are two sorts of Arabs among whom the missionaries work—the farmer Arabs, who live in mud villages, and the Bedouins, who dwell in tents, and roam the deserts a little farther south, and keep large flocks of sheep and camels.

These shepherd Arabs despise the milder farmers, but condescend to visit them, after harvest-time, to barter camels and goats for their barley and other grains, for *they* never stoop to till the soil or do work of any kind; their girls and women—at least such as they see fit to rear—do all their necessary work, such as cooking, sewing tent and saddle cloths, making mats, dyeing wool, and tending the animals, with which they live almost in common, and which are often ranked above them.

The shepherd Arabs live in tents, removing in winter to the farther south, but the farmer Arabs live in mud houses, called "gourbis." The "gourbis," like all native dwellings, are only one story high, on account of earthquakes; they are made of branches of trees and stones, cemented together by mud, a thick layer of which covers the roof. Sometimes forty or more of these houses are united in a village, and hedged in by tall cactus plants armed with sharp thorns.

The animals live under the same roof with the family; so what with this and the smoke, the smell of cookery, and the want of ventilation, you may imagine the "gourbis" anything but a pleasant place to visit.

The mission-houses, some of them in the neighborhood of these miserable villages, and some farther south, are square wooden buildings, with a court-yard in the middle, on which the windows and doors of all the rooms open. There are small doors on the outside of the building, but these are carefully guarded, on account of robbers and wild beasts, either of which may make attacks at night.

Now I must explain about the little Arab boys who are being educated and taken care of by the Missionary Brothers.

The Arabs, as I have said, love their boys very much indeed, but some families are so wretchedly poor that they have to dispose of the boys as well as the girls, when there are too many of them.

The Brothers, when they pick them up or buy them, teach them to read and write, and to till the ground, so that they may become farmers.

The Missionary Sisters teach the girls to read and write, to do plain sewing and house-work.

The work of the missions does not stop when the children have grown to be men and women; they are then allowed to visit each other socially under proper supervision. If a young couple fall in love with each other, and wish to marry, the consent of the Superior is asked, and given; for she knows the youth has been well brought up, and is worthy to have her young charge for a wife.

In speaking of these weddings, which are quite festive occasions, little Maria Immanuel recently said to a lady, in her lively French, which I will translate: "I do love to have weddings going on, we have *such* a good time. Oh, the music! it is fine; and then there is *such feasting!*"

No wonder she laid such stress on feasting, for the mission people live only on the very plainest fare, never seeing butter, meat, or any of the delicacies American children have every day.

At weddings—and they generally manage to have them double, triple, or quadruple weddings—I suppose they have fruit and honey and other fine dishes for the great occasion.

To each newly married couple a house, an inclosed acre of land, a horse, an ass, and a pair of goats are given; also some farming implements; six each of dishes and bowls, knives and wooden spoons; a bed; and the few other necessaries for simple housekeeping.

They now commence life as farmers, and, what is still better, as Christian young people. Already two Christian Arab villages have sprung up on the desert, while a third is being built.

Are the young fathers and mothers sorry when a dear little girl baby comes into the world? No, they are glad, and love it tenderly, as you may tell by this little nursery song here translated. I wish I could give you the wild, sweet music too. Listen—a young Arab mother sings:

"Come, Cameleer, as quick as you can,  
And make us some soap from green Shenan,  
To bathe our Lûlû dear;  
We'll wash her and dress her,  
And then we'll caress her:  
She'll sleep in her little screer."<sup>[1]</sup>



MARIA IMMANUEL.

## LUCKY TOM'S SHADOW; OR, THE SEA-GULLS' WARNING.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

"Be still, Meg, be still. Don't trouble me. Go and play. Young 'uns like you are good for naught else;" and so saying, Meg's grandmother turned fretfully toward the



**A LIFE-SAVING STATION.**

window of the cottage, and resumed her listless watching of the sea-gulls across the inlet, as they fluttered, dipped, and arose over the wavelets, picking their dinner from the shoals of little fish the mackerel had chased inshore.

"But I'm of some use, granny; you said so yesterday, when I fetched the blueberries. An' I'll go fur some more if you like. I know where there's lots of 'em—acres of 'em."

"Do as you please, child, but don't tease your granny," replied the old woman.

There was little need to tell Maggie, or "Meg," as she was generally called, to "do as she pleased," for in all of her short life of ten years she had never done otherwise. She had roamed unmissed all the days among the sand-hills of the beach, wading in the "mash" for lily pods, or

hunting in the scrub for birds' eggs. Such a place as school had never been named to her. The alphabet was unknown to her, but she understood the rough talk of the fishermen, and could mend a net or 'tend a line with the best man among them.

Meg lived with her "granny" in a little unpainted hut made from ships' planking, and set among a few low twisted pines, within a short distance of a cove where Lucky Tom, her father, who was a pilot, kept his boats and moored his sloop, when not sailing out on the blue sea watching for ships to give him employment.

Meg's mother had died while she was a baby; her "granny" was almost always cross; so the child had grown up with but a single affection. It was all for her father, and he returned it in a rough, good-natured way. So these two were seldom apart when the pilot was ashore, and Meg came to be known among the beach people as "Lucky Tom's Shadow."

Now just why the pilot was called "Lucky Tom" does not appear: but it was said among the folks on the coast that fish would nibble at his hooks, and obligingly allow themselves to be caught by the dozen, when nobody else could catch even a porgy.

Near the cottage, Lucky Tom had raised the mast of a ship once wrecked on the bar, and made a platform at the top, with steps leading to it; and Meg was never so happy as when she sat high up in her "bird's nest," as she called it, with her father, and listened to his surprising yarns about foreign ports, while they scanned the horizon with a glass for incoming ships.

Meg tried hard to behave kindly toward her grandmother; but the old woman never smiled, and seldom troubled herself about Meg's goings or comings.

"She's purty certain to git 'round at meal-times, an' that's often enough," was about all she would say when Lucky Tom scolded about the child's "bringin' up."

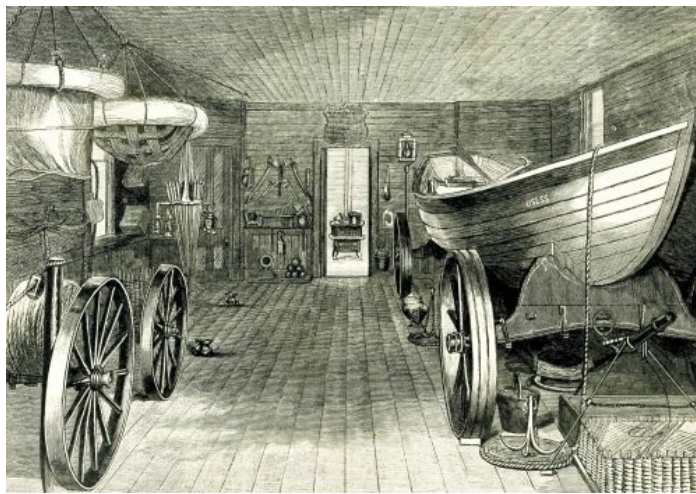
Nearly twenty years before, Lucky Tom's father, Jack Bolden, had gone off in his schooner, the *Petrel*, to catch cod, and from that day neither the *Petrel* nor her crew were ever seen. After months had gone by, poor Mrs. Bolden fell into a fever, and when she was able to move about, she sat all day by the window, looking out upon the waves, and the neighbors gazed at her sorrowfully, for they said she had lost her reason; but in Meg's eyes, to whom she had always been the same, she was a very wise and mysterious person, and the tales she repeated to the little girl, woven from her deranged fancy, were full of strange sea-monsters, talking fish, and birds that whispered secrets to those who watched for long-absent friends. All these were listened to and believed with the full confidence of childish innocence.

Meg tied on her old and faded bonnet, picked up her basket, and walked away with a light step to the blueberry pasture.

She soon became so busy picking the clusters of round little fruit, as they peeped from beneath the dark and glossy leaves, that she did not see how dark the eastern sky had become, until a cool gust of wind caught her sun-bonnet, and sent it half across the field. Then she noticed that the sun was already hidden by the advancing clouds, and away out across the black fretted sea a long line of foam revealed the white-caps leaping in great haste over each other, just like a flock of sheep, in their race to reach the sands.

The only near refuge for poor Meg was the Life-saving Station—one of those lonely buildings that the government has placed along the coast, with boats and crews, whose duty keeps them on the watch all winter for shipwrecks. It was midsummer now, and the station was locked up tight; but Meg knew how to get the better of locks and bars. She reached the building just in time to escape a wetting from the thick rain that now shut out the sea and land alike, beating fiercely against the stout structure, and running in many little rivulets down the sand, to be swallowed up, as all water is at last, by the great ocean.

At one corner the winds had blown away the sand, so Meg found room to crawl with her basket beneath the floor, and a loose board she had long ago discovered admitted her to the interior. What a gloomy, close place in contrast with the wildness of the scene outside! Have you ever visited a station of the Life-saving Service? No? Well, then, I'll try, with the aid of the picture, to explain what it is like.



**INTERIOR OF THE LIFE-SAVING STATION.**

First, there is the life-boat, light but very strong, and shaped so it will rise over the tops of the waves rather than go through them. This one is handled by about six men; one, the captain, to steer, four men to row, and one with a pike-staff and lines in the bow. You notice that the wheels of the truck holding the boat are very wide; that allows them to roll over the sand without sinking into it. Under the boat is a leathern bucket, a coil of rope, and a grapnel or hook, and in front an ingenious device, consisting of a board with a row of pegs about the edge, upon which a line many hundreds of feet in length is placed, with the end tied to a projectile in the queer-looking cannon above. This is intended to be shot over the rigging of ships ashore, and used to haul out the larger rope upon the cart to the left of the picture, and to which the canvas bags hanging from the ceiling are fastened, to bring people from the wreck. Back of the cart you see rockets and signal torches, with a long tin trumpet, all neatly kept in a rack. There are lanterns too, and against the partition a mortar and some balls, two axes, and many other tools. With all of these and their uses Meg was well acquainted. Sometimes she had seen the crew run with the boat down to the water, and go through with their drill, when the Superintendent came there; and once the men hauled it out in the night, everybody greatly excited, and put out into the waves to pick up the crew of a sinking steamer; but a schooner was there first, and they only brought back a woman and little girl. How scared they did look, the poor things! and how thankful the child was for the use of Meg's only spare frock!

There seemed no prospect of the rain ceasing, and so Meg sat down in the back room upon a bench; and as it was not in the nature of such an active little girl to sit still long and keep awake, she very soon fell asleep.

When she started up from a dream full of strange sea-goblins, it was to find that everything was dark. The rain had ceased, and Meg, after rubbing her eyes, concluded to go home. When she lifted the board she discovered, to her terror, that the rain had washed her burrow full of sand, and she was a prisoner. The strong doors and windows resisted her puny efforts, so she sat down upon a coil of rope to consider the situation.

Now most children would have cried; but Meg hadn't done such a thing since she was teething. No, she only taxed her little head for some means of escape. First, she must have a light. She well knew where the matches were kept, and in a moment she had a lantern burning brightly. Then it occurred to her to try the roof. It was a difficult matter to lift the heavy trap leading to the little platform from which the men usually watched during the winter days; but she soon stood out in the bleak night, the salt spray driving against her face, and the gale rushing by, as though it would tear her hold from the railing to which she clung.

White sea-gulls whirled about her head, attracted by the light, screaming hoarse and discordant notes in her ears. They terrified her at first, but she soon recalled what her "granny" had said, and felt sure the birds were trying to tell her something, and that it must be about her father, who was still out in the terrible storm, unable to find the inlet.

From far out on the sea the wind brought a moaning sound, as though some unhappy creature called in vain for help. It came nearer and more distinct from the northward, finally dying away in the distance upon the other hand.

Fierce lightning flashes broke from the retreating storm-clouds, and by the weird electric glare Meg saw a wild figure, with arms upraised, which seemed to come out of the surf, and speed along the sands. By the same light she thought she saw the topmasts of a vessel on the sea.

The gulls wheeled and screamed now more excitedly than ever. Meg was nearly overcome with terror, but losing not a moment, she sprang down the stairs, returning with an armful of torches. And now the lurid flare of the life-saving signal burned up fiercely, the winds catching the flame, and bearing thousands of dancing sparks away across the beach, while the shape of the station and the heroic little girl upon the roof stood out boldly, just in time for Lucky Tom to put his helm down, and head his boat away from the fatal breakers he was nearing in the darkness.

And now suppose we let good-natured Lucky Tom tell the rest of the story in his own style.

"Well, sir, you see, the blow came up kind o' unexpected like, an' I knowed we couldn't make port; but I didn't much care for that, as pilots has to take all sorts o' weather, but we reckoned we could keep the craft off an' on about the blowin' buoy; but, bless you! the buoy got adrift, an' floated away down the beach. We heard it groanin' ahead of us all the time, an' afore we knowed where we was, we got nigh into the breakers. Just then I seen a twinkle on the beach, an' shortly a torch showed us the station, with an angel o' mercy a-wavin' it from the roof; an' it wa'n't a minnit too soon, nuther.

"We kept away till daylight a-watchin' an' wonderin' at the torches burnin' all the time from atop o' the station, and then we made the inlet. Mebbe it'll seem queer to you, but none of us thought of Meg when we saw the light; but the whole thing was plain enough when one of the crew came runnin' to the house, after we'd been ashore a bit, an' hollered:

"'Why, Lucky Tom, the angel we saw was nobody but your own Shadow, little Meg, an' she's there yit, wavin' a flag.' So we went over an' let her out. The young'un told us all about hearin' the sound o'

complainin' on the sea, the black figure that ran along the beach, an' the warnin' the birds give her. You see, that was a notion her granny put into her head, the one about the birds. Speakin' of the old woman, there was another queer thing that happened on the same night. We couldn't find marm high nor low; but when Meg spoke of the wild spirit on the beach, we knowed it must be her, and sure enough we found the poor old body 'way up by the point, 'most dead. She had an idee, you see, that when it blowed hard the *Petrel* would come ashore, though I reckon the *Petrel* has been at the bottom more'n twenty years now. We took her home an' 'tended her, but she didn't last long after that."

[Pg 199]

The story of Meg's adventure came to the ears of a lady on the mainland, and she soon afterward paid a visit to the little girl, who was now left all alone when her father went away, and it was arranged that she should live in the lady's house, and go to school. And now the school-master says she promises to prove as bright as she is brave.

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## HOW IT HAPPENED TO SNOW.

BY I. M.

What Jack Frost said to the trees, dear,  
It never would do to tell;  
He whispered the magic words, dear,  
To oak and maple as well.  
Some of them blushed bright red, dear,  
And some of them turned to yellow,  
While Jack he laughed in his sleeve, dear,  
The good-for-nothing old fellow.

What Jack Frost did to the leaves, dear,  
I never would dare to say;  
They wrung their little brown hands, dear,  
In a pitiful, helpless way.  
The kind sun felt so sad, dear,  
To see the leaves in pain,  
That he hid his face for a week, dear,  
And wept great showers of rain.

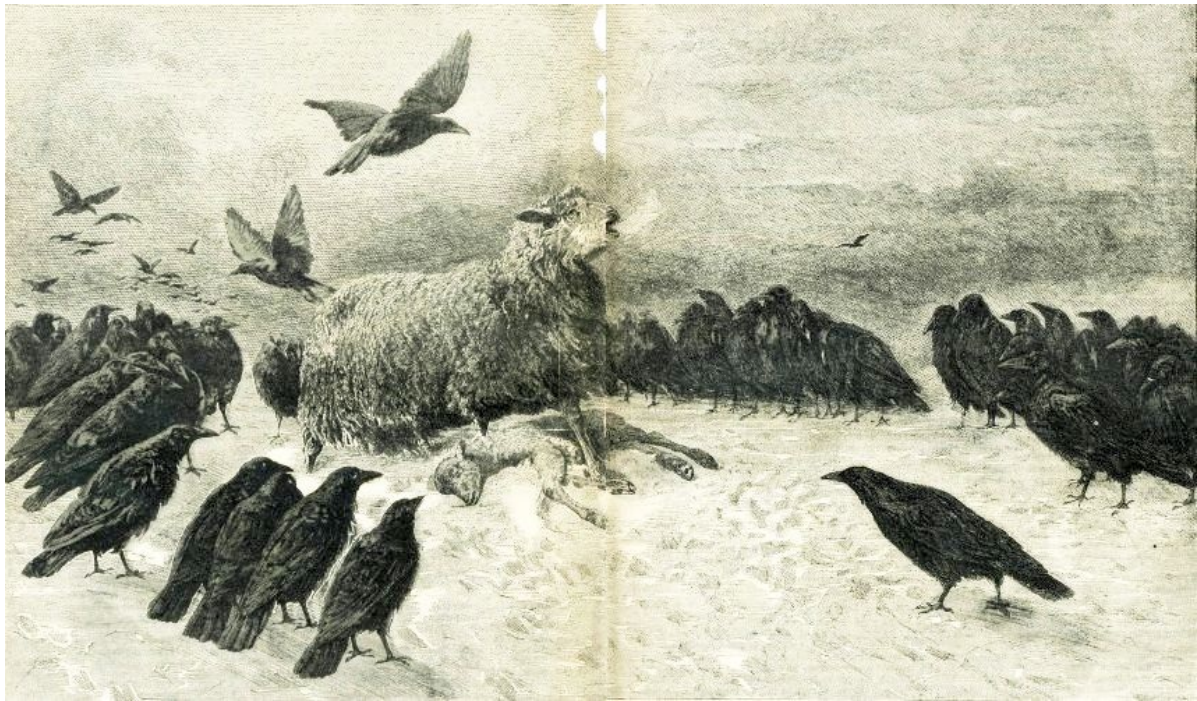
But Jack Frost's cruel breath, dear,  
Grew colder day by day,  
And chilled the leaves, until, dear,  
They withered and dropped away.  
Then the tall trees stood amazed, dear,  
Lamenting, when they found  
That their green and rustling robes, dear,  
Lay faded on the ground.

The angels too were grieved, dear,  
When the trees looked cold and bare,  
So they gathered the soft white clouds, dear,  
That floated in upper air,  
And tossed great armfuls down, dear,  
In the stillness of the night,  
And were glad to see how pure, dear,  
The world looked clothed in white.

What the children said next day, dear,  
I think you must surely know;  
But please don't say that I told, dear,  
Just how it happened to snow;  
For that wicked old Jack Frost, dear,  
Would nip my nose in spite,  
And pinch my poor ten toes, dear,  
The next cold winter's night.

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A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.—FROM AN ETCHING BY DE MARY.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF A RUNAWAY KING.

BY I. D. WILDER.

A king running away from his kingdom, with all his courtiers and people in hot pursuit to catch him and bring him back! Did you ever hear of anything more absurd?

There was a reason for it too, or at least the King thought so. The truth is, this unfortunate monarch was embarrassed by the possession of two kingdoms at once, and it so happened that the kingdom where he was was not the kingdom where he desired to be, so he made up his mind to run away.

Now I suppose, before I go any farther, I may as well let you into the secret of his name and country, if you have not already guessed it. He was Henry III. of France and Poland, son of Catherine de Medicis, one of the wickedest Queens who ever ruled over any country, and brother of Charles IX., King of France.

Only a few months before his flight from Cracow he had been elected King of Poland. He had been received with great magnificence by the Polish nobles, and the festivities had lasted many days. After everything had settled down into the usual quiet, Henry found life in Poland rather dull; so when he received a letter from Queen Catherine announcing the death of Charles IX., and saying that his presence in France was very necessary to maintain his rights as his brother's heir, he was quite ready to abandon his Polish kingdom, and start at once for Paris.

But it was very far from being the intention of the Polish magnates to let him off so easily. They naturally considered the well-being of their kingdom as important—to them at least—as that of France could possibly be. So they voted an address of condolence to the King on the death of his brother, prayed him still to remain King of Poland, and entreated him not to leave the kingdom without giving notice to the Senate, and first appointing some one to act as Viceroy.

Henry returned a courteous but rather vague reply, thanking the nobles for their good wishes, but giving them little satisfaction as to his intentions.

In the mean time Henry's French attendants were urging upon him the necessity of returning at once to France, lest he should lose the French crown. His mother, Queen Catherine, sent messenger after messenger, urging him to hasten, and his own inclinations were entirely in favor of instant departure. So during the night a council of the French nobles was held in Henry's apartments, and it was settled that they should arrange matters for a secret departure. They must go secretly, if they went at all, for the Polish Senate was determined to keep their King in the country, and the people were equally determined not to let him go.

Then the preparations began. In the first place, the French Ambassador, as had been agreed upon, asked permission to return immediately to France, as his mission had ended with the death of Charles IX. Permission was granted, and he left Cracow at once. He took with him the King's jewels and valuable papers, and made arrangements at all the principal towns on his route for horses and provisions to be got ready for illustrious members of his suite, who, as he said, were not able to leave as soon as he did. Next the King sent off M. Chémereault (the messenger who had brought him the news of Charles's death), on the pretense of carrying letters to Queen Catherine, but really to wait at a short distance from the capital until the King could join him. He was to act as guide, and conduct Henry in safety across the border.

The next step was rather unfortunate for the King. A train of ten mules laden with coffers was observed to leave the city, and when it was found that the baggage belonged to the Grand Master of the King's household, the suspicions of the people were aroused, and they became wild with excitement. It was in vain that Henry assured them that he had no intention of leaving the kingdom. They did not believe him—and with very good reason—and the tumult increased, until at last the Senate ordered guards to be placed at all the entrances to the palace, and gave instructions to arrest any one who should that night attempt to stir out, not even excepting the King himself.

After supper the King retired, and kept all his courtiers about him for a long time, chatting merrily with them, and appearing so easy and unconcerned that he fancied he must have entirely deceived the Poles, and then he made a sign that he wanted to go to sleep. The Chamberlain, Count Teuczyn, drew the curtains of the King's bed, and a page put his sword and a candle on a table close by—a ceremony which all understood as a signal to leave the room, except the Chamberlain, whose duty it was to stand at the foot of the bed until the King was asleep. It had been agreed that the King and a few of his nobles should meet at a ruined chapel, half a mile from the city gate, where one of Henry's equerries was to be waiting with horses.

The nobles supped together, and then quietly left the palace. They were permitted to pass the sentinels on their assurance that they were bound for a frolic in the town. [Pg 200]

Henry, in the mean time, was doing his best to make the Chamberlain believe him asleep, and when he was at length convinced of the fact, he left the room. In a moment the King's attendants had softly entered the room and barred the door against all intruders, had hurriedly dressed the King, and made all their preparations for departure. Fortunately, Souvré, one of the King's gentlemen, happened to remember a small postern-door at the end of a passage leading from the kitchen, which opened at the back of the castle on a faubourg of Cracow outside the walls. This door, which had been made for the use of the servants of the palace, had often been found useful by the cavaliers of Henry's court when they wished to go out and in unobserved. Souvré having found that no sentinel had been posted there, sent Miron, the King's physician, to reconnoitre, and see if they could get out by that way. He found the door ajar, and was joyfully returning to report, when suddenly the steward of the household, Alemanni, appeared from the kitchen, where he was evidently on the watch, and carefully looking about him—though without discovering Miron, who was sheltered by the staircase—gave orders for the postern to be locked and the key to be brought to him. [Pg 201]

This was a terrible blow to all their hopes. The King was in despair and was about to return to bed, but Souvré encouraged him to persist, and rely upon him to get him out of the dilemma.

So they cautiously left the apartments of the King, and crept softly down the stairs until they came to the passage, where another flight of steps led down to the kitchen. Here they got a great fright from hearing the voice of the steward just at the foot of the stairs. He heard their steps, and called out, "Who goes there?" [Pg 202]

"It is I, monsieur," said Souvré, boldly descending a few steps, while he made a sign to the others to go on toward the door.

"And what do you want?" asked the steward.

"The key of the postern-door," replied Souvré. "I have a private errand, now that the King my master can dispense with my services."

"What errand?" persisted the steward.

"The truth is," replied Souvré, haughtily, "I have an appointment in the faubourg. I pray you therefore, monsieur, give me the key of the little door without further parley."

This haughty manner impressed the steward, who knew that Souvré was high in his master's favor, and he somewhat reluctantly gave the key, and offered to accompany Souvré to open the door for him. He, however, only laughed at this, and bounding up the staircase long before the steward, who was old and infirm, could reach the top, he found the King and his companions concealing themselves as much as possible in the shadow of the walls, opened the door, through which they hurriedly passed, and locking it behind them, they made all possible speed toward the little ruined chapel, the place of rendezvous.

The night was pleasant, though very dark, and after losing their way once or twice, they finally reached the chapel. There they found the equerry with the horses, but Chémerault, who was to be their guide, and several other gentlemen of the King's household, had not made their appearance. They waited for them as long as they dared, but finally Souvré persuaded the King to mount, and trust to God and fortune for safety.

They set out, therefore, but their difficulties had only just begun. In the first place, not one of them knew the way, being all absolute strangers in Poland; and they did not even understand the dialect of the country, so that they could inquire. The night was dark, and the roads were horrible, though that did not matter so much, as they could not keep in them, but continually found themselves wandering away and floundering in deep morasses, blundering about in pine forests, and getting entangled in brambles.

So they went on, stumbling over stones, sinking into bogs, and wading through brooks, till I think they must have wished themselves safe back in their beds in Cracow.

At length Souvré saw a faint light glimmering in the distance, and on approaching it he found it came from the hut of a charcoal burner deep in the forest.

The poor charcoal burner was so terrified by the approach of the horsemen that he darted up into his loft by a ladder on the outside, which he drew up after him. The cavaliers shouted and knocked, and knocked and shouted, but all in vain. Not an inch would the charcoal burner stir; so at last they began to batter down the door.

Finally Souvré managed to scramble up to the loft, where he found the poor man crouching in a corner in a perfect agony of terror. He tried to calm his fears by speaking gently, but the strange language only made him more terrified.

So there was nothing for it but to drag him down, and carry him off to the King, which they accordingly did. Henry had learned a few words of the peasants' dialect, so he soon re-assured the poor man, and made him comprehend that they only wanted him for a guide—an office which he readily took upon himself.

He was swung up on a horse in front of one of the cavaliers, and guided them safely to the town of Liszki. Soon after this they came up with Chémerault and the others, who had missed the King in the darkness, and had arrived before him.

In the mean time you can readily imagine that there was a great uproar in the palace at Cracow when the King's flight was discovered. The Senate and the nobles were absolutely beside themselves with rage at having been so outwitted. The French who had been left behind in ignorance of their master's intended flight were deeply indignant with the King for his treacherous betrayal of them. The mob howled and yelled in the streets, and everybody scolded poor Alemanni.

Karnkowski, the Grand Referendary of Poland, was dispatched in a coach and six to bring back the King, accompanied by a troop of Tartar cavalry armed with bows and arrows, and a howling mob, with sticks,

stones, and javelins, followed after.

They came in sight of the fugitives at the town of Osweicin, where some of the gentlemen had dismounted to rest and refresh themselves for an hour. But when they caught sight of the Tartar troops they did not tarry long, you may be sure, but put spurs to their horses, and fled as fast as they could.

Then there followed a royal chase, in which the King was the hunted instead of the hunter—the King and his cavaliers urging their tired horses to their utmost speed in front; following fast behind, Karnkowski, in his coach and six, the wild troop of Tartar bowmen, and the disorderly mob bringing up the rear.

Henry and his gentlemen rode fast and well. They crossed the Vistula on a bridge of planks, which the cavaliers destroyed just as their pursuers came up; and as they rode on they left their Tartar enemies howling with rage and gnashing their teeth, as they saw the river rolling between them and the fugitives, and knew they must go six miles around in order to come up with them.

The danger was over now. They did not overtake Henry until after he had passed the frontier town of Plesse, and they dared not capture him on Austrian territory.

Count Teuczyn therefore approached the King, accompanied only by five Tartars, and delivered his message from the Senate to entreat him to return, and offering his own fealty to the King. Henry refused to return, but he sent back fair words to the Senate, and they parted amicably, Henry to pursue his journey to Vienna, where he arrived without further adventures, the Count to return sadly to Cracow to announce the escape of their King to the magnates of Poland.

But in my opinion if they had had Henry to rule over them four years instead of four months, far from grieving over his loss, they would have considered themselves well rid of him; for lazy, selfish, cowardly, false, and cruel as he was, they might have sought the wide world over without finding a worse King than Henry III. of Valois.

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## THE NEW SCHOLAR.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

Elbert Collins had never been marked absent or tardy since his first going to school in September, and it was his ambition to finish the whole year without a "mark," partly because he really liked to be prompt, and partly because he thought it would be so nice to see his name in the paper at the end of the school year.

December had come, and the short mornings were very lively ones in his mother's little kitchen, because of so many things to be done before the nine-o'clock bell. There was the wood-box to fill, the canary to feed, and generally the cradle to rock, while the mother attended to such work as could be done best while there was some one to look after the baby.

On this particular morning, however, the mother had gone to Mrs. Brown's, around the corner, for a cup of yeast, and had become so interested in a recipe for chocolate cake, a pattern for a boy's blouse, the pound party at the Methodist minister's, and some new ways for trimming Christmas trees, that she entirely forgot the time of day.

[Pg 203]

Meanwhile little Elbert, with his overshoes and scarf on, and cap in hand, rocked the cradle, and kept his eyes on the clock. Five, ten, minutes passed away. The long hand was crawling alarmingly near last-bell time. He tied his scarf, pulled his cap over his ears, and rocked harder than ever. Still no mother. Then he went to the door, looked anxiously toward the corner, and sent out a lusty shout—"Mamma-a-a, come ho-o-ome!" but no one responded except the baby. "Oh dear! dear!" he exclaimed, as he rushed back to the cradle; and just then his expectant ears heard the first slow cling-clang of the last bell. It would ring for five minutes; the school-house was only three streets away, and there was time enough yet, if he could only start. One thing was certain—he would never leave his little baby sister. He remembered a story of a poor baby who was almost burned to death because her brother, who had promised to take care of her, left her, and ran out on the street to play.

He went to the door and shouted again. It was something like the case of Casabianca. But when two mothers are talking about patterns and Christmas trees, who ever knew them to notice every little outside noise? Elbert's shout ended in a big sob. A man going to lose his entire fortune couldn't feel worse than this little fellow did, with that dreadful "tardy" mark hanging over his head.

Then a happy thought flashed into his mind. Running to the cradle, he caught up the baby, scattering pillows and blankets right and left, bundled an old shawl over her, and snatching her half-filled milk bottle, dashed out of the house, and ran off in the direction of that clanging bell as fast as his stout young legs could carry him. The baby was a light little mite, only two and a half months old, and Elbert was nearly six years, and large for his age.

He met two women whom he knew, and who commenced making weak remarks, like, "Why, Elbert!" and "What on earth!" but he bounded past them, with no answer but his panting breath, and reached the school-house in such good time that the bell gave its last two clangs just as he handed over his funny burden to his astonished teacher.

"I couldn't leave her, and I *couldn't* be late," he said, as soon as he could get breath enough to speak. "And she'll go to sleep, and be real good," he continued, as the teacher began to unwind the shawl.

And then the whole room saw a surprised, half-smothered-looking little baby, still in her night-gown, one bare foot sticking out, and her little fists tightly clinched, as if defying anybody to send her home.

The teacher was a good-natured young lady, and she laughed so that she almost dropped the baby on the floor, and then the whole room laughed, and finally Elbert joined in; for he was glad he had escaped the tardy mark, and the baby certainly did look funny in school.

Of course there could be no order. Nearly all the scholars had babies at home, or were well acquainted with those of their neighbors; but they acted as if they had never seen one before, and every movement of the little pink hands and every turn of the small bald head made them scream with laughter, until the principal of the school came into the room to see what the disturbance was, and after trying to look severe for five

seconds, he laughed too.

And while all this fun was going on, Elbert's mother was running wildly through the four rooms of her little house, calling her boy's name, and feeling sure that the children were either killed and thrown into the cistern, or else carried off like Charley Ross, and lost forever. The scattered pillows and upset rocking-chair, indeed, made the kitchen appear as if there had been a struggle, and the wide-open door and the gate creaking to and fro had a dreadful look to Elbert's mother. Just then the women whom Elbert had met stopped at the gate, and said to the mother, who was coming hurriedly out, "Is anything the matter, Mrs. Collins?"

"Oh, I don't know where my children are! I left them while I ran into Mrs. Brown's a minute, and the kitchen's all upset, and I'm afraid—"

"Why, we just now met Elbert with the baby, kiting along like the wind, over there by Webster & Green's. Leastways we supposed it was the baby, from the way he carried it. And he never—"

"Merciful man! he's taken her to school!"

About ten minutes later, a flustered little woman rapped at the door of the First Primary Room, and inquired for a baby. It was handed to her, along with an empty milk bottle, and wrapping them both in a red cloak which she carried, she thanked the smiling teacher, and walked quickly home.

At first she had felt very angry toward Elbert; but when she looked at the clock, and remembered his horror of being late, she softened toward him considerably, and by the time she had got the baby home, and found her none the worse for her little run away, she had her laugh also; and being a fair-minded woman, she told Elbert when he came home to dinner that it was very thoughtless in her to have staid so long at Mrs. Brown's. And Elbert gave her a hug, and said he was "glad he didn't *leave* the baby, 'cause she might have been burned up, you know!"

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

## MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

### CHAPTER VII.

How long she was unconscious, Milly never knew. She awoke to find herself in a beautiful white bed, in a room she had never seen. All signs of the storm seemed shut out; there was a bright fire on the hearth; the room seemed full of pleasant shadows and flickering beams of light. Milly was only half conscious that some one spoke to her, and gave her something pleasant to drink. Then she drifted off again, with a pleasant confusion of fancies in her mind. When she next awoke, it seemed again to be evening, but she was conscious of a certain change in her surroundings. A little table was drawn near her; half-used medicine bottles were upon it; Deborah was sitting over by the fire, and Miss Jenner was standing in the window.

"Debby," she said, surprised to find her voice so weak; and then she lifted up her hand, and saw it was very thin.

"My blessed lamb!" cried the old woman, hastening to her side, followed quickly by Alice. "So you're better!"

Mildred found she had to keep still a long time before she could say any more. She nearly fell asleep again.

"Debby," she said presently, "is it long since I fainted? What time is it?"

"Oh, my lovey," said the old nurse, "you've lain in that blessed bed two weeks. You've been very ill, but, thank the Lord, you're better."

This was all Mildred knew for days. She had had a fever; and finding out the condition of things at the cottage, Miss Jenner had taken Mrs. Lee's affairs into her own hands. She had kept Milly, as a matter of course, had sent a good servant to care for Mrs. Lee, filled the store closet with every delicacy, and allowed Debby to watch and care for her "child," as she always called Mildred. Sometimes, as she lay still in her comfortable bed, Milly tried to recall the dreadful scene at Mr. Hardman's; and one evening, when she was sitting up for the first time before the fire, and after she had finished a dainty little supper; she ventured to ask Miss Jenner a few questions.

"Miss Jenner," she said, softly, "do you know all about it?"

"Yes," said Miss Jenner, smiling.

"And are they going to take me to court?"

"No," answered the elder lady, emphatically.

"But why not?" Milly persisted. "They said I stole that money."

"And I said you *didn't*," retorted Miss Jenner. "You let it all out in your fever, my dear. I think I understand it all."

"And you know—" faltered Mildred.

Miss Jenner smiled.

"Just see if I don't know," she said. "One evening a precious old humbug calling herself Widow Robbins came here to find you, and try and get out of you what you owed her—you *did* owe it, Milly—and my boy Roger was standing behind one of the trees, and heard the conversation; so he knew you were very badly off for twenty-two dollars, and as soon as he could scrape it together, what does he do but send it to you in a private note, saying you can pay it back to *him* when



you like."

"Yes," said Mildred, eagerly, "I found that note one afternoon on my return home; but *in it* he bound me over not to speak of where I got the money until he came back. I felt dreadfully about it; but as soon as mother got well I intended telling her the whole story, and devising some way of paying Roger right back; and I will yet, Miss Jenner."

There was a moment's pause before Mildred said, "But how about the store—the robbery?"

"My dear," said Miss Jenner, "I am of the opinion that that was all arranged between Tom Hardman and Mrs. Robbins. I've seen her, and she admits she told him the whole story. He was angry because you seemed to snub him; and you made him feel his vulgarity, and so he devised this trick out of revenge. If there *was* any robbery, *he* was the thief!"

"And have you seen him?" inquired Milly, tears of gratitude and thankfulness pouring down her cheeks.

"Yes," said Miss Jenner, "and he and his father say the thing 'may blow over'; but that won't do for me. The first day you're well enough, you must drive down there in my carriage, and have them tell you they withdraw the accusation, and apologize for having made it. Now you must not talk any more." And Miss Jenner kissed her young friend, and moved away, taking up a book in a distant part of the room.

Mildred never forgot the two weeks that followed. With Miss Jenner she had long talks, in which she realized not only the folly of her extravagance, but the actual sin of her running into debt. A great many things which she had never thought of as serious now appeared to her in the light of *principles*, without which, as Miss Jenner told her, she could not live a perfect or even an upright life. When the day came on which she was declared well enough to drive with Miss Jenner to Mr. Hardman's, Mildred felt too humbled to rejoice in being received with any honor.

The girls looked at her, as she followed Miss Jenner into Mr. Hardman's office, nudging each other, and casting half-jealous glances toward their former companion. Mary Hardman was nowhere to be seen, but Mr. Tom was with his father, and received Miss Jenner and Mildred with a stiff sort of pompousness. Miss Jenner had very little to say, and it was only later that Milly fully recalled the scene—Mr. Hardman's apologies, and Mr. Tom's surly assent. When they came back to the store, Milly paused to say a few words here and there, and as she walked away, it was some relief to hear a voice saying,

"Well, I'm glad it's all right; I never *could* believe it of Milly Lee."



**MILDRED CONFESSES ALL TO MISS JENNER.**

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When I knew Mildred Lee she was a woman of nearly thirty, and at the head of her own house; but the lesson of her girlhood had done her a lasting service. No one ever had it to say of her that she bought or used any article for which she could not at the *moment* pay, and her advice to young people was invaluable. When I knew her, her home was in the Brick House. Mrs. Lee did not long survive the serious illness of that winter, and Miss Jenner cared tenderly for the orphans her old friend's widow left.

Mildred speaks now with tears of gratitude of all the past, even of its miseries; and the gray silk dress, worn but once, and still brown with stains, is treasured as a memorial of the *bargain* by which Mildred purchased her high sense of honor.

THE END.

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## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

[Pg 205]

### AN OLD BALLAD.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's-maid.



But as they fetched a walk one day,

They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head—  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"  
She cried, and wept outright;  
"Then I will to the water-side,  
And see him out of sight."



A waterman came up to her;  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow";  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the tender ship, you see."  
"The tender ship," cried Sally Brown—  
"What a hardship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
But, oh! I'm not a fish woman,  
And so I can not swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.



"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before.  
But never such a blow!"



Then reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a heavy sigh  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.



And then he tried to sing "All's Well!"  
But could not, though he tried;  
His head was turned—and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.



SIERRA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

I live 'way up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, five thousand feet above the sea. The snow here is four feet deep. My brother and I have lots of fun sliding down hill on snow-shoes. Our snow-shoes are made out of strips of wood about six feet long and four inches wide, with leather straps in the middle to put our toes in. The shoes that grown people use are from eight to fourteen feet long.

I am ten years old. My father takes HARPER'S WEEKLY, and we like to look at the pictures. He subscribed for YOUNG PEOPLE for us at the beginning of the second volume.

MAY C. T.

---

DERBY, CONNECTICUT.

I am twelve years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and all the scholars in my school like it. I get a copy every week because I am a good girl, and I wish every little girl would do the same.

E. L. M.

---

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and we think it grows better all the time. I enjoyed reading the letter from one of the party who visited Harper's Building, and I hope some time to see it all myself. I guess, if I am a girl, I should not be afraid, and "run away" from any of the machinery; anyhow, not from the folding-machines, for some of them are made right here in our own shop.

After we have read our YOUNG PEOPLE all through, we send the numbers to the Children's Hospital, so that the poor little ones there may have the pleasure of reading such a nice little paper.

ISABEL C.

---

BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I was so sorry when the story of "Paul Grayson" was finished.

I am boarding in town and going to school this winter, but my home is about five miles away, in the country. I go out there every Friday night.

Yesterday I went out hunting. I have a double-barrelled shot-gun, which pa gave me for helping pick up potatoes. I have a horse and a saddle and bridle of my own, and in the summer I have to ride lots. Sometimes I ride thirty miles at a time.

I get up the cows, and take them out every day. In the summer we have school within half a mile of our house.

BERTIE R.

---

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to the Post-office Box. Now I thought I would tell about the freezing of the Ohio River. Just below here it is frozen solid, and crowds of people skate on it every day. It is not frozen in front of Newport, because a steam ferry runs between here and Cincinnati, and the boats keep the ice broken. They do not allow it to get thick enough to hold people, because if it was, everybody would walk over without having to pay the ferry.

The Licking River, a very small tributary of the Ohio, is frozen over too, and I went skating on it yesterday.

HENRY R.

---

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

We want to know who "Jimmy Brown" is. When papa read "Our Baby," mamma, my aunts, uncles, and cousins laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks.

I made me some arrows with pins stuck in them.

The Christmas number of YOUNG PEOPLE was the best of all.

STEWART H.

---

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy eight years old. I commenced to take YOUNG PEOPLE last November, and I like it very much. I enjoy reading the little letters in the Post-office Box, and I like all of the stories. I think "Toby Tyler" is splendid.

I hope all the little folks who read YOUNG PEOPLE had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FRED R.

---



BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I was nine years old on the 7th of January. Papa has taken YOUNG PEOPLE for me ever since it began. He sent for a cover, and is having the first volume bound. I like it very much indeed.

I have had lots of sport coasting, and I will be very sorry when the snow is gone.

CRAIG C.

---

EAST RUPERT, VERMONT.

My home is in Factory Point, but I am up to my grandpa's now. He has got a big farm. He has fourteen cows and two calves. My papa is a doctor, and I have lots of rides with him. I am nine years old.

CHARLEY C.

---

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I thought I would write to the Post-office about the big spring in Indiana. It is called Harrison Spring, because it was owned by General Harrison when he was Governor of the Northwestern Territory. It looks like a very large pond, and is fifty-five feet deep in the centre. There are two streams flowing from it, which form an island, as they unite and form one stream at a little distance from the spring. About a mile farther on, this stream runs a saw-mill and a flour-mill. This spring is near the great Wyandotte Cave.

GILBERT C. S.

---

I have increased my collection of stamps from seventy-five to fifteen hundred by exchange. I think this is the grandest of all the departments of YOUNG PEOPLE. I would now like to exchange twenty-five foreign stamps for five birds' eggs. Correspondents will please label the eggs.

ROBERT H. DAVIDSON,  
Care of the Postmaster,  
Tullahoma, Coffee County, Tenn.

---

I would like to exchange Texas postmarks for minerals or postmarks. Or I will exchange an ounce of the soil of Texas for that of any other State.

H. C. YANCEY,  
P. O. Box 224, Houston, Texas.

---

I wish to inform those correspondents who desire to exchange minerals, shells, and curiosities with me, that I have changed my residence. My new address is,

CHARLES LEADBETTER,  
305 Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

---

I am a girl fourteen years old, but I am lame, and can not go out. I have a few crochet lace patterns which I would like to exchange for others. I would also like to exchange patterns of patchwork. If any little girl would like to know how to crochet a pair of doll's drawers, a jacket, or a petticoat, and will send me her address and a postage stamp, I will gladly answer her.

ANNIE SLACK,  
170 Fourteenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

I have a list of every Indian tribe in the United States which I will give a copy of in exchange for Indian relics, foreign stamps, or postal cards.

JOHN E. WILLIAMS,  
4 Harrison Street, New York City.

---

I have some genuine Indian bows and arrows, some fine silver and copper specimens, and a great number of Lake Superior agates, which I should like to exchange for shells and ocean curiosities.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

A fifty-cent and a twenty-five cent stamp, for two Cape of Good Hope stamps.

N. Y.

WILLIAM R. CARMER,  
Mount Vernon, Westchester County,

---

Fine samples of gold ore, showing the stages of concentration or separation of quartz from the precious metal, for rare postage stamps. In answering, correspondents will please specify stamps.

DWIGHT MARFIELD,  
Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio.

---

Postmarks.

MARY B. REED,  
Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y.

---

A piece of the first Atlantic cable for an American copper cent of 1799, or the half-cent of 1836, 1843, or 1852; or one Spanish and one English coin and two French coins for the American twenty-cent piece of 1877 or 1878.

WILLIE B. SHOBER,  
Cumberland, Md.

---

Lead or iron ore, and specimens of different varieties of quartz, for foreign postage stamps, skulls of small animals, ocean curiosities, petrifications, and minerals of all kinds; or a piece of silver ore for a collection of the different varieties of stamps now in use in Canada.

GEORGE C. BAKER,  
Comstocks, Washington County, N. Y.

---

Foreign postage stamps for stones from the different States.

ARTHUR D. PRINCE,  
Lowell, Mass.

We do not consider the above address sufficient. Correspondents who reside in large cities should always give their street and number, or the number of their post-office box.

---

Postmarks and stamps for stamps.

WILLIE H. HASKIN,  
Fort Preble, Portland, Maine.

---

Rare postmarks for any variety of South American postage stamps or United States department stamps.

California.

FRANK SWETT,  
1419 Taylor Street, San Francisco,

---

Stamps and postmarks in use in 1852, also some of 1869, for foreign postage stamps or curiosities of any kind.

SADIE HAWLEY,  
Fair Haven, Rutland County, Vt.

---

Texas flints, pretty stones, snail shells, postmarks, stamps, specimens of different kinds of wood, petrified wood, cotton as it comes from the field, cotton seeds, or seeds of the "Indian plume," for foreign postage stamps, or good specimens of minerals and ores of all kinds.

SAMMIE RISIEN,  
Groesbeck, Limestone County, Texas.

---

Soil and sand from Ohio for soil and sand from any other State or Canada; or an Indian arrow-head two and a half inches long, together with a specimen of Ohio soil, for twenty-five foreign postage stamps.

EMMER EDWARDS,  
Washington C. H., Fayette County, Ohio.

---

Foreign postage stamps for United States Navy or Justice stamps.

WALLACE GREEN,  
Hackensack, Bergen County, N. J.

---

Soil from Missouri or Texas for soil from any other State; or a stone from Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, or Georgia for one from any other State.

Missouri.

HARVEY CLARK,  
Lock Box 26, Butler, Bates County,

---

Postage stamps and postmarks for winter skins of wild animals, or for stuffed birds.

JOHN LAWRENCE,  
40 Washington Square, New York City.

---

Birds' eggs.

Avenue and

GEORGE A. POST,  
Florence House, corner of Fourth  
Eighteenth Street, New York City.

---

Minerals, fish eyes from China, or West India beans, for minerals or any kind of curiosities.

Penn.

CARL R. EABY,  
22 North Shippen Street, Lancaster,

---

A carved shell, some seeds from the Sandwich Islands, or stones from Lake Michigan, for any foreign postage stamps except English and German. Chinese stamps especially desired.

Indiana.

WILLIAM C. McCONNELL,  
262 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne,

---

Postmarks and revenue stamps.

WILLIS ROSE,  
939 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

---

Stones from New Jersey for stones from any other State or Territory except Colorado and Wyoming.

JOHN W. ROSENBAUM,  
194½ Morgan Street, Jersey City, N. J.

---

Two different War Department stamps and thirty postmarks for sea-weed, or the same, together with some moss and pretty shells, for a piece of stalagmite.

FLORIE DICKSON, Brenford, Kent County,

Del.

---

J. W.—The earliest calendars, as the Jewish, the Egyptian, and the Greek, did not begin the year where we do now; and the Jewish year, which opened on the 25th of March, continued to have a legal position in many Christian countries until a comparatively recent period. In England, it was not until 1752 that the 1st of January became the initial day of the legal, as it had long been of the popular, year. Several other countries made this change earlier than England—France in 1564, Scotland in 1600, Holland and Russia in 1700.

The Roman calendar, which made January the first month of the year, is credited to the second King of Rome, Numa Pompilius, more than six hundred years B.C. He added two months to the ten into which the year had been previously divided, and called the first one Januarius, in honor of Janus, the deity supposed to preside over doors.

Our Saxon ancestors originally called this the Wolf-month (*Wolf-monat*), because wolves were more than usually ravenous and daring in that season of the year.

---

A. T. G.—Snow crystals were first observed by the arctic explorer Scoresby, and for a time they were supposed to be peculiar to the polar regions. It was found, however, that these crystals were formed wherever snow falls. An interesting account of these beautiful formations, with engravings of many of them, was given in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 15.

---

F. T. B.—When metal pins were invented and brought into use, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, they were a very acceptable New-Year's gift to ladies, and money given for the purchase of them was called "pin-money"—an expression which has come to mean the money set apart for a wife's private expenses.

---

INQUISITIVE JIM.—The best account of Petra, the wonderful rock-hewn city of Arabia, is to be found in Stephens's book of travels called *Egypt, Petra, and the Holy Land*. The present name of the little valley where it was situated is Wady Musa. The city, shut in by high cliffs, occupied an area of about half a mile square. The valley is watered by a stream, and the principal entrance is through a deep ravine, with rugged cliffs 300 feet high on each side. In ancient times Petra was a very strong city. It is mentioned in the Bible under the name of Selah, and received its present name, which signifies rock, from the Greeks, about 300 B.C. It was finally destroyed, by whom is not known, and was not heard of after the sixth century A.D. until it was discovered in 1812 by the traveller Burckhardt. The ruins, consisting of tombs, a theatre, temple, etc., are very interesting and picturesque.

[Pg 207]

---

W. H. J.—If your puzzles are good, and suitable for our columns, they will be accepted. We can not judge of the merits of the enigma you have already sent, as you neglected to inclose the answer. The *nom de plume* you have chosen is not good, but you can easily invent a better one.

---

LILLIE.—The introductory paragraph to the Post-office Box of No. 45 explains why your request for exchange is not printed.

---

O. H. BRUCE.—1. The United States government began the coinage of one-cent pieces in 1793. 2. In 1815, none were coined. 3. The last coinage of large one-cent pieces was in 1857. 4. The coinage of two-cent pieces began in 1864, and the last issue was in 1872. 5. The coinage of the nickel five-cent pieces began in 1865. 6. In 1864, both copper and nickel cents were coined. This double coinage did not happen in any other year.

---

D. L. S.—On page 398 of your bound volume of *YOUNG PEOPLE* is a story entitled "Camping Out," which will give you the information you require.

---

JOHNNIE.—White elephants are not a distinct species, but are simply albinos, which are found among animals, birds, and insects, as well as among members of the human family. In India the white elephant is considered a sacred animal, and is treated with the greatest reverence. When specimens are found in the



woods and jungles, they are captured with tender care, and their possession is eagerly sought for by the sovereigns of the small kingdoms. White elephants have been the cause of many wars, as their possession is supposed to bestow greater benefits on their royal owners than either chests of gold or extended territory. One of the proudest titles of the King of Ava is "Lord of the White Elephant," and the King of Siam at Bangkok also counts his white elephants among his most precious possessions, as, according to Burmese superstition, they insure prosperity and good fortune to the nation. The death of one of these creatures is regarded as a national calamity, its funeral is conducted with great solemnity, and the entire people mourn as for the loss of a dear relative. These elephants are kept under richly embroidered canopies, are fed with the most delicious fruits, and members of the nobility seek for the honor of being custodian to the royal beast. When the elephant is taken to bathe in the river, it goes escorted by a band of music, and is followed by adoring crowds.

This singular reverence for an albino elephant has existed in Burmah for centuries. An English traveller who visited that country three hundred years ago describes the same treatment of this beast which may be seen at the present time.

Even the hairs of this creature are supposed to insure good fortune. In 1855, a foreign ambassador delivered some presents to the King of Siam, who ordered many presents to be given in return. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the King himself, with much solemnity, placed in the hands of the ambassador a small golden box, locked with a golden key, which he said was far more precious than all the other presents. The box, when opened, was found to contain a few hairs of a white elephant!

And, after all, this elephant is not white, but of a dull yellow color. It has white or reddish eyes, and is a very ugly-looking beast. No greater proof could be found of the moral darkness and ignorance of the natives of certain portions of India than their superstitious veneration for this animal.

---

F. O.—Read the paragraph appended to a letter from Ida Belle D. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 51.

---

HALLIE C. W.—The Hawaiian Islands were discovered by a Spanish navigator about the middle of the sixteenth century, but they remained comparatively unknown until visited by Captain Cook in 1778, who gave them the name of Sandwich, in honor of Lord Sandwich, an English statesman who conducted the naval affairs of England during our Revolutionary war. On St. Valentine's Day, 1779, Captain Cook was killed at Hawaii, the largest island of the group, in a quarrel with the natives. Mauna Loa, the volcano on the island of Hawaii, which has recently been in a state of eruption, is said to have the largest burning crater in the world.

---

EDMUND H. B.—There is no especial time for the printing of "Wiggles."

---

MATTIE H.—The story "Who was Paul Grayson?" was concluded in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 57.

---

TILLIE DAVIS.—Send your full address, and we will print your request for exchange.

---

RIDLEY McL.—Your puzzle is very good for the work of a "little eight-year-old boy," but we can not print it, as the same solution has already appeared in an earlier number of YOUNG PEOPLE.

---

Favors are acknowledged from Ruby W., C. H. B., M. Stiefel, Frank R., Joseph W. Hawkins, Marshall R. Grimes, Gay Wood, John V. Gould, Gracie K., R. M. Sites, Mamie K. Pope, Anna M. Roberts, Elsie E. T., Frank Davis, Mae King, Mary Olive L.

---

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Harvey Ridgway, "Geo. Graphy," Grace A. McElroy, Percy Lincoln McDermott, A. G. O. M., "Nightingale," Alfred A. True, Craig Coburn, C. F. Bishop, Cal I. Forny, Carrie and George Hall, M. S. Brigham.

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

### ENIGMA.

First in box, not in chest.

Second in hole, not in nest.  
Third in meat, not in bones.  
Fourth in rubble, not in stones.  
Fifth in measure, not in mile.  
Sixth in fashion, not in style.  
Seventh in river, not in sound.  
Eighth in fly, not in bound.  
Ninth in mallet, not in saw.  
The whole an article used in war.

D. L. S.

---

**No. 2.**

**NUMERICAL CHARADES.**

1. I am a familiar adage composed of 18 letters.  
My 5, 12, 1, 18 is to separate.  
My 15, 7, 3, 16 is to propose.  
My 5, 2, 9, 10, 13, 4 is to describe.  
My 17, 8, 6, 4 is a character in music.  
My 11, 14, 15 is a boy's name.

MARK MARCY.

2. I am a shrub composed of 6 letters.  
My 4, 5, 3, 1 is a healthy drink.  
My 3, 5, 4, 6 is a South American city.  
My 4, 2, 5, 3 is armor.

LIONEL.

3. I am composed of 9 letters, and am very pleasant in winter.  
My 6, 2, 5 is part of the face.  
My 1, 9, 7, 3 is an emotion.  
My 6, 7, 8, 4 is used for trimming.

MARY.

---

**No. 3.**

**HIDDEN BIRDS.**

1. Isaac ran every step of the way.  
2. How Lillie has grown!  
3. See that Kit eats his dinner.  
4. Do you call him a hero? Not by any means.

MABEL.

5. O, Matthew, renounce the company of those bad boys.  
6. We were playing hide-and-seeK, and I caught Rob in the swing  
near the tree.  
7. Let us run and pick up the pears now, Birdie.  
8. I saw your lunch pail in Nettie's closet.

BESSIE.

---

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 62.**

**No. 1.**

F I N A L  
I B I S  
N I P  
A S  
L

**No. 2.**

1. Mouse-ear. 2. Porcupine. 3. Portland.

### No. 3.

COLOR  
XE BEC  
GI BES  
TURI N  
TENON

### No. 4.

CHAMPLAIN  
CARACAS  
NATAL  
TAY  
G  
DON  
GENOA  
BOLIVIA  
GUAYAQUIL

---

### WIGGLES.

The following are the names of those who sent in answers to Wiggle No. 16:

Natalie Newell, Helen Edwards, I. La Rue, R. I. Brasher, Charlie Conklin, Horace Dodge, Joseph Welsh, Edwin M. Cox, Mark Manley, F. Place, M. P. Rich, Shelton A. Hibbs, Ellie Earle, Mansur Beard, G. Darling, Jack Evert, Jim Evert, Tom Evert, Will Evert, Bobbie Hornfager, C. H. L., N. Adda T., Toby, Crank, Dumper, G. H. A., Racy B. Sweet, G. E. P., Newton I., M. Siegert, Annie A. Siegert, A. Utz, Worcester Wiggle Club, Santa Claus, Robinson Crusoe, Robert E. Walsh, Frank Zabriske, Millie Stephenson, Burton Harwood, Fanny Reed, Dayton Reed, J. O. O., J. P. W., S. G. Hopkins, M. Goller, Alice Brown, H. M. Eaton, Carrie Harding, E. A. H., Carrie Peddle, Charles L. Glessner, W. Doerr, Thomas Buford, Frank J. Jones, A. R. B. H., N. P. Grensel, M. F. K., Randolph Bolles, J. Flaherty, T. Flaherty, Willie A. Scott, Fred Dierking, Louise Brown, Mary Dancy, Isobel L. Jacobs, Robbie H. Bradbury, G. H. Ralston, Lawrence Jones, Carrie E. Weightman, F. S. G., Willie Harris, J. M. Ingersoll, W. Harman, Louise Fowler, Scilla Fowler, Helen S. Woodworth, Elsie E. Trautman, Lynn Trautman, Amelie Ferrand, Harry B. Brazier, Stella Pratt, George H., Robert A. Magill, Nellie R. Field, Paddy Miles, Clara S. A., Willie R. Perkins, Henry Welsh, Harry Eichbaum, Albert Evans, Percy L. McDermott, C. C. Gardner, Rosa Freyensee, L. G. Duffy, Meline Rosenthal, J. Frees, W. F. Reed, F. L. Kittle, Walter Eichbaum, Tommy Booth, Charlie S. Bryant, Anna Jones, Grace T. Lyman, Nellie Brees, Walter Mandell, Bronte Smith, Bertie Seymour, Willie Seymour, Vannoy M. Wallace, Fanny M. Young, J. H. Young, S. M. Young, Lou Bell, J. W. Long, J. W. Kittrell, Bob Ewing, Otto D., Harry O. Boone, Harry Kenderdine, Grace Lansingh, Addie M. Taylor, Roy Demster, Percy Matthews, Harry Lander, Annie Reinhardt, Frank Lander, Ahan Hyde, Sinclair G. Wills, Bessie H. Moore, Emma F. Cassidy, Pollie Burke, "Lone Star" (R. H. Davidson), Louis Burtnett, Frank Edinger, Nellie Hyde, Hallie Hyde, Daisy Hyde, Katie B. Barr, Mollie Edwards, Eddie D. Knowles, G. W. Bird, Wendell M. Frank, Bertram Frank, Willie Dorrance, Alfred P., Frank Hoover, S. H. S., J. S., George Shriver, Grace E. Stevens, Pearl Hare, Little Pet Hare, Little Mary Hare, Little Johnnie Campbell, Edwin C. Hutman, Robert G. Bidwell, Edith B., J. F. H., B. M. Allison, H. M. P., Fred Dale, Leila King, Georgie Clementson, Percy A. Robbins, Eddie Booth, Norrie M. E., Harry Harper, Frank Ostrander, R. D. White, H. Sidway, F. Sidway, Gardner Howland, John A. Tompkins, Emma R. Bullock, Theresa A. Morro, B. L. Worden, Lydia M. Bennett, L. L. G., Cobweb, Du Puy, Waddy Thompson, D. W. G., John R. Glen, Jessie Glen, Kirk Romaine, E. D. Kellogg, Frank Crabbs, Thomas M. Armstrong, Henry C. Deknatels, Clarence Edsall, Fred R. Fisk, W. L. Green, Melville Wilson, A. C. Chapin, W. F., C. J. Breek, Jun., A. C. Pearsons, Albert J. Sullivan, Jacob Burr, Joe, Ed Smith, Joe Fitzsimmons, J. F. S., Anna Gallett, E. J. B., M. J. Caldwell, H. F., J. A. Fritz, Grace Hamilton, H. W. Smith, Donna A. Smith, Harry C. Sloan, Willie Reynolds, Charles D. Jones, Dimple McCrea, R. H. K., John Carnahan, James W. Grubb, H. Adams, Little Jennie Simpson, Chester Marslich, Howard, N. B. B., Mary C. Green, B. L. Worden, Harry Tompkins, Jameson L. Fumey, Mattie L. Day, Jennie Janes, Wilfred H. Warner, Ben W. G., Mary E. Heartwell, Teddy Smith, Charles H. Tucker, T. Bert. John, Vinnie John, Sue John, Edmund H. Blunt, Nelson C. Metcalf, H. T. Gottsleben, L. G. Baker, Genevieve, Carl Mueller, M. D. M., "Go Bang" (J. R. Blake), Charles P. Gifford, Edmund Stirling, Bertie Headley, Bertha S., O. Führlein, M. M., Willie Green, Charles Barker, George St. Clair, Daisy Crampton, George Taylor, John N. Howe, C. E. S. S., "Daisy," S. J. G., Carry Owen, Bertie W. Gifford, Bessie H. Moore, Marion P. Wiggin, F. R. S., Mollie C. Wrenshall, B. E. H., George B. Rogers, D. H. Rogers, W. H. Cantrell, Eddie G. Cantrell, Wamie Forse, Bevy Pettit, Woodvill Wrenshall, Howard Rathbone, G. W. D., Arty Taylor, Joralemon, G. V. E., L. A. Osborne, L. B. Parsons, Grace and Jennie, Millie Olmstead, Lucy and Fred.

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### A NEW SERIAL.

In No. 66 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued February 1, will be begun a new Serial Story, entitled

"PHIL'S FAIRIES,"

by MRS. W. J. HAYS, author of "The Princess Idleways," etc.

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## NOTICE.

HARPER & BROTHERS *beg leave to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the Bound Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1880 is entirely out of stock, and will not be reprinted at present.*

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HARPER & BROTHERS,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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**SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 16, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE No. 17.**  
**—SEE PAGE 207.**

**FOOTNOTES:**

[1] Cradle.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 25, 1881 \*\*\*

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