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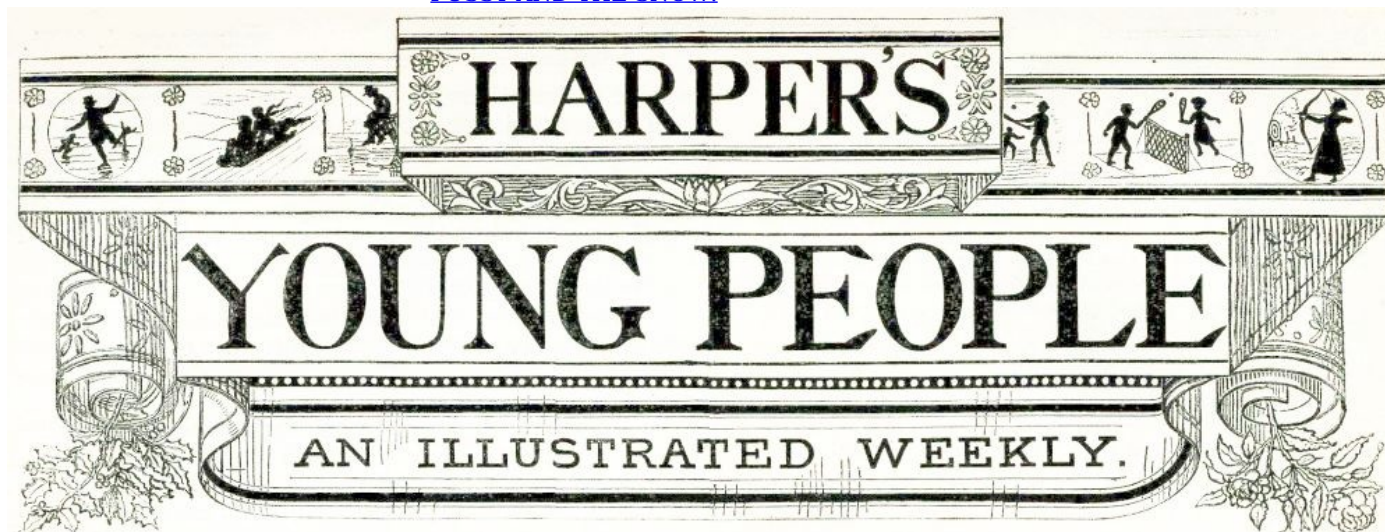
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KITTY'S FIRST PIE.

Baked in a patty-pan,
Flaky and light,
Done to a turn,
And seasoned just right,
By a recipe taken
From mother's big book,
And some words of advice
Thrown in by the cook,
Is Kitty's first pie.

She made it herself,
Did little Miss Kit,
Without the least help,
Not one tiny bit.
But in eating it she'll have
Assistance enough;
For there's Bertha her sister,
And little dog Buff,
And dear Mrs. Purr

(Who's a cat, as you know),
And all the sweet dolls
Sitting up in a row,
Each waiting her turn
For a piece of the pie;
And all the young people
Besides you and I
Would, if asked, take a bit
Of Kitty's first pie.

Of course 'twill go round,
For it's round as a wheel,
Though I doubt if for all
It would make a full meal.
But I'm sure there's enough
For each one to taste,
And pass an opinion
On the mince and the paste
Of Kitty's first pie.

HAKON AND RAGON.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE ORCADES.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Oh, how the wild north winds stormed loud in the Pentland Firth,
Beating the shores of the Orcades Isles, all white with foam!
Oh, 'mid the shuddering cold and frost, was life aught worth?
Yes, for they saw through the blackness the lights of Home.

Hakon and Ragon alone were left of the gallant crew
That had sailed to the arctic seas more than a year ago.
Some had perished of hunger, and some where great winds blew:
Only they two on the ship, sinking so surely below.

But when the morning dawned, and the ship broke slowly apart,
They saw men launching the life-boat. Ah, would it come too late!
Naught was left but a three-foot spar. Each saw, with a sinking heart,
It would keep but one afloat. Then Hakon said, sadly: "My mate,

"Thou hast a wife and lasses and lads, and I am only one.
Good-by! I'll give thee a chance, Ragon. God bless thee, mate! Good-

by!"

And down he sank with a smiling face, his duty bravely done.
Little he cared for fame: he'd found a noble way to die.

Then, when the tide beat inland, and Hakon came to his place,
All the little Orcades town brought back the hero's clay,
And bore him to Ragon's cottage with loving tears and grace.
Many were there to weep for him, many were there to pray.

The dominie kissed his brave cold hand, and said, "Hakon, well done!
Mothers, I bid you tell your sons how Hakon lived and died.
Nay, do not weep; this sailor boy a noble crown has won:
He rests in God, and in our hearts his memory shall abide."

And in that "Court of Peace" that lies in Stromness old and gray
There is a spot where, spite of cold, the long green grasses wave,
Where youths and maidens wander, and little children play.
Ask them its charm, they'll answer you, "Why, this is Hakon's grave!"

THE RAISING OF THE OBELISK.

BY E. MASON.

It was a beautiful day, and ever since early morning people had been pouring into the great square in front of St. Peter's, at Rome, and now at noon the square was filled with a silent crowd, the neighboring balconies with groups, silent too, and all gazing intently in the same direction. Not at the Pope, who, in his robes, and attended by his suite, was conspicuous in one of the balconies, nor at the strange sight at the four corners of the square—four empty gibbets which rose threateningly against the blue sky—but at the centre, where were a number of workmen, with machinery, grouped about the obelisk.

This huge mass of stone had hitherto defied all efforts made by different architects to raise it to its pedestal; many lives had been lost in the attempts, much money and time wasted; and the Pope had at last declared that the next architect who should volunteer for the task would, if unsuccessful, be severely punished. There was one, however, Fontana, who felt confident that he could raise the obelisk, and well knew, if he did succeed, he should have an assured career before him; so, carefully making his preparations, he applied to the Pope for permission, only stipulating that, in order to insure success, there must be perfect quiet during the operation. This was why the gibbets stood at the corners, the Pope having officially announced that, as unbroken stillness must be preserved, and the workmen not disturbed by cries or acclamations from the excited spectators, any one who made a noise or spoke during the time set apart for the raising should be hanged; and with this wholesome terror before their eyes, it was believed the crowd would not be tempted to disobey the order.

All were intent on the one thing, and watched anxiously the workmen, as cautiously they heaved the ropes, and slowly the mighty obelisk began to move, then gradually to assume a more erect position, and finally hung suspended in mid-air, needing but one more effort, when it would stand on its pedestal, its lofty spire pointing heavenward.

But, alas! the strained, overwrought ropes seemed able to bear no more; already tense with the enormous weight, they were slowly beginning to separate. It was a moment of breathless suspense; the mighty crowd stood motionless, scarce daring to breathe, so great was their anxiety; and the wretched Fontana, foreseeing the overthrow of all his hopes of fame and wealth, and his destruction in the downfall, now imminent, of the ponderous column, in his despair hid his face in his hands. Suddenly a voice broke the death-like silence. It uttered but one word—"Aqua" (water); but no word ever sounded sweeter or brought more hope than did that to Fontana, whose energy revived. With a gesture he pointed to the fountains in the square, and the crowd aiding the workmen, they dashed the water over the smoking, quivering ropes; the final haul was given, and the obelisk stood firm and straight on its pedestal.

One long, heart-felt acclamation broke from the throng, and the lately wretched Fontana saw himself in one brief moment rescued from the depths of despair. The acclamations ceased, and the Pope, commanding silence, ordered the workman who had disobeyed the decree of silence to be brought before him, and asked what reason he had to give why the forewarned punishment should not be executed upon him. The poor fellow pleaded the benefit which the pronouncing of the one word had caused, and the Pope not only

graciously admitted the plea, but bade him ask any favor, and it should be granted.

With humility, the workman asked only for the privilege of selling palms on Palm-Sunday in the great square of St. Peter's; and if we only knew his name, which unfortunately was not thought worthy of being recorded, we could tell, when in Rome on Palm-Sunday, if his descendants still enjoy the grant given by the Pope.

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

TOBY TYLER;
OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTURE OF THE MONKEYS.

The boy tried to rise to his feet, but his head whirled so, and he felt so dizzy and sick from the effects of his fall, that he was obliged to sit down again until he should feel able to stand. Meanwhile the crowd around the wagon paid no attention to him, and he lay there quietly enough, until he heard the hateful voice of Mr. Lord, asking if his boy was hurt.

The sound of this voice affected Toby very much as the chills and fever affect any one, and he shook so with fear, and his heart beat so loudly, that he thought Mr. Lord must know where he was by the sound. Seeing that his employer did not come directly toward him, the thought flashed upon his mind that now would be a good chance for him to run away, and he acted upon it at once. He rolled himself over in the mud until he reached a low growth of fir-trees that skirted the road, and when once he was beneath their friendly shade, he arose to his feet, and walked swiftly toward the woods, following the same direction that the monkeys had taken.

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He no longer felt dizzy and sick; the fear of Mr. Lord had taken all that from him, and made him as strong as he ever was in his life.

He had walked rapidly for some distance, and was nearly beyond the sound of the voices in the road, when he was startled by seeing quite a procession of men emerge from the trees, coming directly toward him.

He could not understand the meaning of this strange company, and it frightened him so that he attempted to hide behind a tree, in the hope that they might pass without seeing him. But no sooner had he secreted himself than a strange, shrill chattering came from the foremost of the group, and in an instant Toby was out from his place of concealment.

He had recognized the peculiar sound as that of the old monkey who had left him a few moments previous, and he knew now what he did not know before, owing to the darkness. The new-comers were the monkeys that had escaped from the cage, and had been overtaken and compelled to come back by the old monkey, who seemed to have the most perfect control over them.

The old fellow was leading the band, and each one had clasped hands with the others, which gave the whole crowd a most comical appearance, as they came up to Toby, half hopping, half walking upright, and all chattering and screaming like a crowd of children out on a holiday.

Toby stepped toward the noisy crowd, held out his hand gravely to the old monkey, and said, in tones of heart-felt sorrow:

"I felt awful bad because I thought you had gone off an' left me, when you only went off to find the other fellows. You're awful good, Mr. Stubbs; an' now, instead of runnin' away as I was goin' to do, we'll all go back together."

The old monkey had grasped Toby's extended hand with his disengaged paw, and, clinging firmly to it, the entire crowd followed, without breaking the line, chattering and scolding at the most furious rate, while every now and then Mr. Stubbs would look back and scream something, which would cause the confusion to cease for an instant.

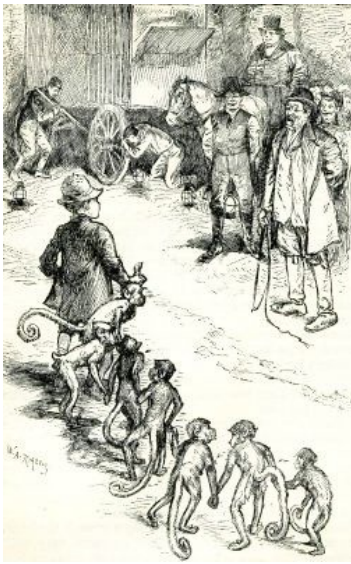
It was really a comical sight, but Toby seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world that they should follow him in this manner, and he chattered to the old monkey quite as fast as any of the others were doing. He told him very gravely all that he knew about the accident, explained why it was that he conceived the idea of running away, and really believed that Mr. Stubbs understood every word he was saying.

Very shortly after Toby had started to run away, the proprietor of the circus drove up to the scene of the disaster, and, after seeing that the wagon was being rapidly fixed up so that it could be hauled to the next town, he ordered that search should be made for the monkeys. It was very important that they should be captured at once, and he appeared to think more of the loss of the animals than of the damage done the wagon.

While the men were forming some plan for the search, so that in case of a capture they could let each other know, the noise made by Toby and his party was heard, and the men stood still to learn what it meant.

The entire party, who were waiting to learn the reason of the confusion, burst into shouts of laughter as Toby and his companions walked into the circle of light formed by the glare of the lanterns, and the merriment was by no means abated at Toby's serious demeanor. The wagon was now standing upright, with the door open, and Toby led his companions directly to it, gravely motioning them to enter.

The old monkey, instead of obeying, stepped back by Toby's side, and screamed to the others in such a manner that they all entered the cage, leaving him on the outside with the boy.



BRINGING BACK THE RUNAWAYS.

Toby motioned him to get in too, but he clung to his hand, and scolded so furiously, that it was quite apparent he had no idea of leaving his companion. One of the men stepped up, and was about to force him into the wagon, when the proprietor ordered him to stop.

"What boy is that?" he asked.

"Job Lord's new boy," said some one in the crowd.

The man asked Toby how it was that he had succeeded in capturing all the runaways, and the boy said, gravely:

"Mr. Stubbs an' I are good friends, an' when he saw the others runnin' away, he just stopped 'em, an' brought 'em back to me. I wish you'd let Mr. Stubbs ride with me; we like each other a good deal."

"You can do just what you please with Mr. Stubbs, as you call him. I expected to lose half the monkeys in that cage, and you have brought back every one. This monkey shall be yours, and you may put him in the cage whenever you want to, or take him with you, just as you choose, for he belongs entirely to you."

Toby's joy knew no bounds; he put his arm around the monkey's neck, and the monkey clung firmly to him, until even Job Lord was touched at the evidence of affection between the two.

While the wagon was being repaired, Toby and the monkey stood hand in hand watching the work go on, and those in the cage scolded and raved because they had been induced to return to captivity. After a while the old

monkey seated himself on Toby's arm, and cuddled close up to him, uttering now and then a contented sort of a little squeak as the boy talked to him.

That night Mr. Stubbs slept in Toby's arms in the band wagon, and both boy and monkey appeared very well contented with their lot, which a short time previous had seemed so hard.

When Toby awakened to his second day's work with the circus, his monkey friend was seated by his side, gravely exploring his pockets, and all the boy's treasures were spread out on the floor of the wagon by his side. Toby tried to remonstrate with him on this breach of confidence, but Mr. Stubbs was more in the mood for sport than for grave conversation, and the more Toby talked, the more mischievous did he become, until the boy gathered up his little store of treasures, took the monkey by the paw, and walked him toward the cage from which he had escaped on the previous night.

"Now, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, speaking in an injured tone, "you must go in here, and stay till I have got more time to fool with you."

He opened the door of the cage, and the monkey struggled as well as he was able, until Toby was obliged to exert all his strength to put him in.

When once the door was fastened upon him, Toby tried to impress upon his monkey friend's mind the importance of being more sedate, and he was convinced that the words had sunk deep into Mr. Stubbs's heart, for, by the time he had concluded, the old monkey was seated in the corner of the cage, looking up from under his shaggy eyebrows in the most reproachful manner possible.

Toby felt sorry that he had spoken so harshly, and was about to make amends for his severity, when Mr. Lord's gruff voice recalled him to a realizing sense that his time was not his own, and he commenced his day's work with a lighter heart than he had had since he stole away from Uncle Daniel and Guilford.

This day was not very much different from the preceding one so far as the manner of Mr. Lord and his partner toward the boy was concerned; they seemed to have the same idea that he was doing only about half as much work as he ought to, and both united in swearing at and cursing him quite as much as possible.

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So far as his relations with other members of the company were concerned, Toby stood in a much better position than he did before. Those who had witnessed the scene told the others how Toby had led in the monkeys on the night previous, and nearly every member of the company had a kind word for the little fellow, whose head could hardly be seen above the counter of Messrs. Lord and Jacobs's booth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO BUILD A SAIL-BOAT.

BY F. S. C.

As a matter of course, your ice-boat has been built, rigged, and ironed; and after a variety of mishaps you are fully able to manage her under sail. A locomotive has been raced with, perhaps, and beaten; Bill B. and Charlie A. have the marks still on their shins where the bowsprit stay or runner plank ran against them. A heavy fall of snow or the ice-men will spoil your sailing; no doubt it has come to pass, and you are left out in the cold, with nothing to do but blow your fingers, and blame the snow and the ice-men. After flying along at the rate of a mile a minute in, you might say, unlimited space on a gigantic pair of skates, it is rather a hard matter to be obliged to come down to an ordinary pair, with but a small pond to skate on, at a speed of, say, six miles an hour, and the wind in your favor, too.

But it won't do to brood over your troubles, and lay the blame on the ice-men or the snow.

Why can't you build another boat for the next sailing season, and let your ice-boat go for a little while? You are still on good terms with your friend the carpenter? and you haven't bothered the life out of the blacksmith with the iron-work of your ice-boat? You must call them to your aid again, and also make friends with the painter.

With your experience in boat-building, you ought to make something nice this time. Suppose you try to build a flat-bottomed sail-boat, large enough to hold you and several of your friends. A sail-boat is much harder to build than any that you have yet tried; but that is no reason why you can't do it.

In the first place, you want two pine boards for the sides, twelve feet long, twenty inches wide, and one inch thick, well seasoned, and free from knots or checks. Cut as shown in Fig. 1, using divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 to guide you. You must be careful about your measurements, or you will have a leaky boat.

Get a piece of oak for the dead-wood, or stem, eighteen inches long, four inches deep, and six inches thick. Follow the measurements carefully, and take particular notice of the difference between the top and bottom in Fig. 3. The keelson is made of white pine, nine feet long by seven inches deep and five and a half inches wide. Get the curve of the bottom from the side; it commences at the dotted line on Fig. 1, thence aft to section marked 4. You must allow, however, for the mortising in the back of the dead-wood, as shown in the side elevation, Fig. 6. Cut four boards, following the patterns marked 1, 2, 3, 4, Fig. 5; these are intended to mould your boat on. No. 5 is the stern, which is to be made of oak one inch thick, and is a fixture. The others are to be removed just as soon as the bottom is nailed on. Fasten the sides to the dead-wood with good-sized brass screws. Then put the moulds in their respective positions, as marked in plan Fig. 2; bend and nail the sides to them. Screw the stern-piece in place, and turn the boat over, and with plane and straight-edge prepare for putting on the bottom. Use white pine seven-eighths of an inch thick. Fasten with galvanized nails, making the joints as tight as possible.

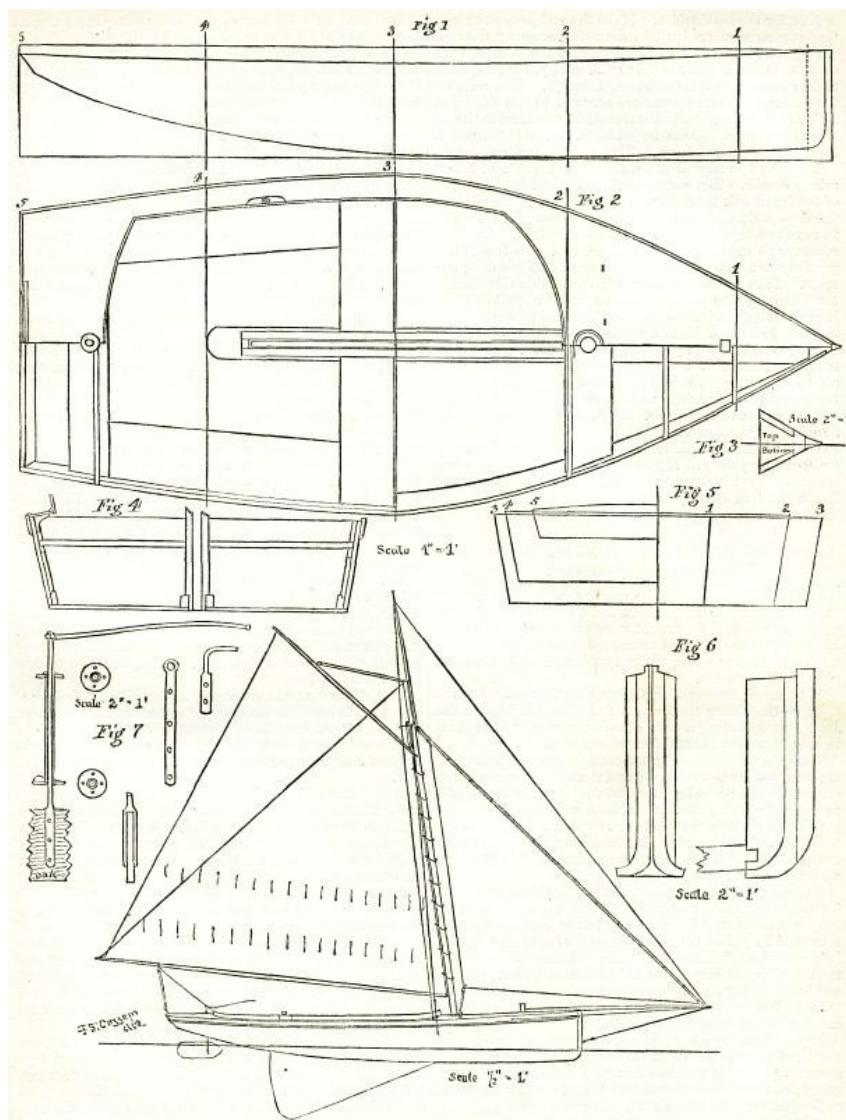
Cut an opening in the keelson for the centre-board trunk, as shown in Figs. 2 and 4, then nail in position from the bottom. Saw through the bottom board into the keelson, for your trunk comes through, and is flush with the bottom of the boat. Be careful that the ends of the boards are nailed to the keelson at the opening. Take out the moulds, and put inside a ribbon of oak one by three inches. Screw to the sides and bottom. This, you will find, stiffens the sides very much. Also put in ribs of oak one inch square, mortised into the ribbon, and cut off flush with the top of the side, twenty inches apart. These are not absolutely necessary, but will give your craft additional strength. You might get in a heavy storm, you know, or experience severe head-winds.

Thwarts of pine one and three-quarter inches thick are to be placed in next, with the exception of the one amidships. These serve the place of moulds, and keep the sides in place, to be held in position by oak strips underneath them. Screw them to the sides, and the thwarts to them. The forward one serves as mast step, and the after one as support for the rudder-post. Your deck beams are made of oak one inch thick and two inches deep, three forward and one aft. These beams must be cut with curved tops so as to make a crown for your deck, that it may shed water. The stern piece shows the height of the crown aft. Forward of the cockpit it ought to be two inches above the side, then a gradual sweep to the stern. The deck may now be put on, and planed flush with the side. Put an oak ribbon one by three inches on the outside, flush with the top of the deck. Fasten to the sides with brass screws. The lower edge of the ribbon might have a bead cut on it. It makes a finish, you know.

Make the centre-board trunk of pine twenty inches wide, one and three-quarter inches thick, and five feet long; ends one and a half by two inches, fastened in by brass screws; the trunk to be rabbeted, and fitted into the keelson, and running through flush with the bottom. Make the centre-board of yellow pine four feet six inches long, one and a quarter inches thick, and two feet wide, dowed with galvanized rods. This will stiffen and weight it at the same time. Fasten in the trunk with a pin at the lower end forward. Don't put your deck on before your trunk is in, just because the deck is spoken of first. Speaking of that, you must strengthen the narrow part of the deck with brackets, as shown in Fig. 4.

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PLANS OF A SAIL-BOAT.

Now for the blacksmith. Make the rudder-post of iron three-quarters of an inch in diameter, running through gas-pipe, and fastened to the deck and the bottom with collars. (Fig. 7 gives details.) A steel pin through the rudder-post keeps it from falling through. This rests on the collar. The stay irons are screwed to the sides and inside of the oak ribbon; the traveller is fastened to the inside of the stern. Don't forget to put an iron ring on it before it is fastened down. That finishes the iron-work.

Your hull is now done, with the exception of a few minor details. The combing of the cockpit is to be made of half-inch oak three inches high. Nail to the edge of the deck inside. The bitt for the bowsprit to be stepped in runs through the deck and into the keelson. Calk the seams with oakum and white lead, and give the hull a priming coat of paint. Then go ahead and get out your spars. Take the measurements from the side elevation at the bottom of the page. Make the spars of yellow pine. Running rigging, three-eighth-inch Manila rope; standing rigging, half-inch Manila rope. Brass rings on masts; smaller ones on jib-stay. Sails of yacht drill. Two rows of reefing points. Jib-sheets to run through eyelets, then aft to cleats near the stern. Make a spreader for the topmast-stays three feet long; good stiff wire three-sixteenths of an inch will do. Turn an eye at either end, and run stay through it.

Paint the hull black, inside drab, oak ribbon dark red, and beading yellow. If you like, you may put on a water-line. Varnish spars, combing, and deck. As for the latter, you had better paint that buff.

OUR NINE-POUNDER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

While I belonged to the whaling bark *Hector*, cruising in the Gulf of Guinea, and occasionally touching upon the coast, there would now and then come to our knowledge some incident connected with the slave-trade, and more than once our curiosity was excited by the sight of suspicious vessels.

We learned, among other things, that the most notorious craft of the slaver fleet was a Brazilian brig called the *Dom Pedro*, having a crew of seventy men, with a pivot twenty-four-pounder and four carronades.

Time after time this brig had been chased by the English cruisers, yet always escaped; and it was very evident that she must have poured golden fortunes into the hands of a number of unscrupulous individuals at Rio Janeiro.

Of such matters we often conversed in the forecabin, while the proximity of the African coast tended to vivify our conceptions of the secret and dreadful traffic of which we had heard and read so much.

Among our forecabin hands were two colored men, both hailing from the New England sea-port where the bark belonged, and as well known there as the captain himself, although they had originally been slaves at

the South. Recognized as "Black Abe" and "Yellow Jack," they ranked with the best of the *Hector's* crew; able, willing, and full of jollity. The idiom of the plantation still clung to them, but for years they had followed the sea, and each had a wife and family in our village.

It was with a marked abhorrence that the two blacks would advert to the villainous business of the coast, as if dreaming of some possible but very improbable contingency by which they themselves might yet be consigned to the ghastly hold of a slaver. Of course they could entertain no serious apprehension of the kind, yet the passing thought was natural; and more than once, under the shadow of some sultry African headland, or in view of a vessel of mysterious character, the simple fellows were teased by their white shipmates with good-natured jokes in this direction.

But how little did any of the bark's company imagine the episode which was in reality at hand!

The *Hector* having made a somewhat fortunate cruise wanted at length but one or two whales. In quest of these she ran up the Bight of Benin; and here, close in with the coast, we presently raised a large school.

Our three boats were lowered, and we commenced a long and weary chase, the wildness of the game making it almost impossible to arrive within striking distance.

The general direction of the pursuit being to windward, the bark could follow us only by short tacks, so that, after a time, her topmasts alone were visible above the horizon; and at sunset, the atmosphere having become somewhat hazy, she was wholly out of sight. Nor from the mate's boat, in which I was, could we discern either of the two others, so widely had the chase scattered the three consorts.

About five miles off, however, was a vessel of some kind, nearly or quite becalmed, which might be a merchantman, a whaler, a man-of-war, or perhaps something of more questionable character.

"I guess," said Mr. Gale, the mate, "that the old man and Mr. Orne have pulled back to the bark. At all events, we may as well give it up first as last, for it's—"

"There she blows!" called Yellow Jack, looking off to starboard. And "There she blows!" said Black Abe, as a second spout ascended, close to the first; for the two colored men were both of our boat's crew.

The whales, three in number, which had come to the surface not a quarter of a mile off, may have made a portion of the dispersed school we had pursued. This time they appeared unsuspecting, and we approached very near them. Our oars had been laid aside, and we had taken silently to our paddles, all of us standing carefully up, and each plying his noiseless implement.

Suddenly there was a rushing sound close beside us, a cataract of water tumbled against the boat, and a fourth whale, shooting his square head twenty feet high, "breached," as the sailors call the movement, not ten yards from our gunwale. Impelled toward us by his momentum, he fell with his under-jaw just grazing the side of our poor little craft.

Confused, or, as whalemens call it, "galleyed," by the accident of his position, the monster, instead of turning away from us, started straight on, overturning and crushing the boat, and leaving us in the water, his three hitherto motionless companions gliding off almost as rapidly as himself.

It was one of those accidents to which whalemens are always liable, and which no watchfulness can avert.

Six in number, we clung to the wreck of the boat, confident that the *Hector* would pick us up in the morning, should not the unknown vessel, which was still in sight, anticipate her in so doing.

As it grew dark, however, the stranger, who seemed to have scarcely any wind, and so but very gradually neared us, was lost to view. Presently a very faint concussion broke the evening air, and we knew that the *Hector*, perhaps some twelve or fifteen miles off, had fired her nine-pounder to make us aware of her position. Probably Captain Phillips, our commander, and Mr. Orne, the second mate, had long since returned to the vessel, where our own absence must cause some anxiety.

Twice after this during the night the signal was repeated. At length the day broke, and not more than a mile off we saw the becalmed stranger of the previous evening, with a light breeze just beginning to fill his sails.

As he came up within a cable's length of us, we were surprised at the number of his crew; and it was with a kind of startled curiosity that, as his vessel—a large, rakish, full-rigged brig—rolled lazily in the groundswell, we caught glimpses of a heavy cannon mounted amidships on her deck, so high that it could be fired over her low bulwarks.

She might have run directly for us, and taken us on board by means of lines, but her captain preferred rather to lower a boat. None of us liked the appearance of things, and all glanced instinctively at Black Abe and Yellow Jack.

From the mingled tongues upon the brig's deck, in several of which we were hailed, we judged her crew to be composed chiefly of Spaniards and Portuguese, with a sprinkling of English or Americans.

The boat was manned with armed sailors, and as she came up to us, one of her hands, who acted as spokesman in English for the others, commanded Jack and Abe to get on board of her. The poor terrified fellows refused; but the ruffians pricked them with their bayonets, and threatened them with instant death in case of further hesitation.

"We want nothing of the rest of you," said the hard-featured villain who had first spoken; "your ship will pick you up by-and-by, and we can't be bothered with saving a parcel of blubber-hunters; but we take *wool and ivory* wherever we can find them."

The feeble resistance of the two colored men was speedily overcome, and, wounded and bleeding, they were dragged into the boat, Mr. Gale and the rest of us expostulating vainly as we lay helpless on the floating boards.

Poor Abe! poor Jack! we saw them forced up the gangway of the sharp, saucy brig, and driven upon her deck. It was a spectacle at which Mr. Gale shed tears of grief and rage, while the indignation of his remaining crew equalled his own. We thought of the families of the kidnapped men—the simple wives and the little dark children who would be looking for the two stout colored tars when the *Hector* should get home.

"That brig," said the mate, "I think, is the *Dom Pedro*. I would rather have lost all I shall make on this voyage than have had such a thing happen. The miserable, cowardly villains!"

A few hours later a boat from the *Hector* picked us up; but when we reached our vessel, the slaver was out of sight. With a freshening breeze, she had stood along the coast, the tall tree-tops of which were barely discernible from aloft, and would doubtless enter some neighboring inlet or river's mouth, where her living freight might be in waiting.

For three days on board the *Hector* little was talked of but our two hapless shipmates and their wretched fate. In the mean while, however, remaining upon the same cruising ground, we secured the amount of oil required to fill the vessel.

The last of our blubber was boiled out in the night; and at daybreak next morning we heard the report of guns, as if some vessel were pursued and fired upon by another.

As the sky lighted up, we made out a brig under full sail, standing directly toward us, and presently saw that she was chased by a ship. The firing, however, had now ceased; probably from the fact that the fugitive had widened the distance between herself and her pursuer. We were standing easily along under short sail, and the two strangers were rapidly coming up astern of us, each crowding all his canvas in the exciting trial of speed.

"That's the villain," cried Mr. Gale, looking steadily through his glass—"the very scoundrel that stole my men. But he'll get away, after all. That British sloop of war can't sail with him—he's run her out of gunshot already!"

All who had been in the mate's boat saw that the coming brig was indeed the kidnapper of poor Jack and Abe. Her low black hull and symmetrical spars were not to be mistaken.

Again the pursuing ship essayed two or three shots from her bow guns, but the distance was evidently too great, and once more she ceased firing. There could be no doubt that the piratical slaver would escape her, and the excitement and chagrin of our own crew became intense.

The fleeing vessel passed within a furlong of us, and was soon ahead. What a tempting mark she presented, with those long and tapering yards and jaunty topmasts!

Captain Phillips was a man of quick impulses and determined resolution. The scoundrels who had insulted him by stealing his men were close under his eyes, and almost within pistol-shot. The ship of war in chase could not cripple the brig by her distant fire. He glanced about the *Hector's* decks, and a bare possibility suggested itself.

"Get ready that nine-pounder!" he cried. "Mr. Orne, have up the powder. You'll find three or four cannonballs down there too. And now bear a hand, for there's no time to lose."

Mr. Orne, taking with him a couple of the crew, ran below, and five minutes later, the long nine—an old but somewhat handsome gun—stood grimly ready for action, having within it a heavy charge of powder and two well-fitting balls.

The *Hector's* course was altered for the occasion, so that the gun could be brought to bear on the brig from what is called a "swing port," and then all save the captain stepped back while he arranged his aim.

"When I give the word," he said to Mr. Gale, who held the match, "don't lose a fraction of an instant—let her go at once."

How keenly he squinted along that trusty old gun! How carefully he raised or depressed its breech! Now it was an inch too high, now an inch too low.

"Ah! there! there!" he muttered; "no!—yes!—that's it!—just a little!—just a frac— *Let her go!*"

The gun almost parted its breech tackles with the recoil, as the charge burst from the muzzle, tearing our nerves with its noise.

"I haven't hit her!" cried the captain, springing to the side, and gazing almost wildly at the brig—"haven't touched her. Load up again! Where's your powder? Load up, load up!"

"Hold on, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Gale. "Look! look! What's the matter with her foretopmast? It's going, sir—it's going."

As he spoke, the foretopmast of the slaver leaned heavily to leeward; then, like a falling tree by a river's brink, went swashing into the water.

The game was up with the fast-sailing brig. Confounded by the disaster, her crew attempted no revenge upon us, as they might have done, with their pivot cannon; and in less than half an hour the *Dom Pedro*, as she proved to be, was a prize to the pursuing sloop of war. Both our nine-pound balls had taken effect aloft.

It was found that the Brazilian brig had on board no less than five hundred slaves, among whom, to our great joy, were discovered Black Abe and Yellow Jack. The captain of the British cruiser delivered over to us our two shipmates; while with the rest of the blacks, the prisoners, and the prize, he prepared to bear away for Sierra Leone, where the wretched Africans would once more breathe the air of freedom.

How happy were Abe and Jack! How they laughed and cried, danced and wept! And oh! the tales they told us of the miserable slave brig!

In two months thereafter we arrived home with a full ship; and when the *Hector* had been hauled in at the pier head, it did us all good to see four little colored children, followed by their mothers, come running down to the water-side to be folded in the arms of the warm-hearted fellows who so short a time before must utterly have despaired of such a meeting.

"Dar's de ole gun dat saved us," said Abe, to his little family, indicating the nine-pounder.

"An' dar's de man dat aimed it," responded Jack, with a grateful look toward Captain Phillips.

And so they went up the wharf.

"Here's yer five o'clock e-dishun, *Post*, *Express*, an' *Commercial*—full account of Gen-er-ull Garfield on the tow-path!" shouted three urchins, planting themselves directly before a portly old gentleman who was slowly puffing up stairs to the elevated railway.

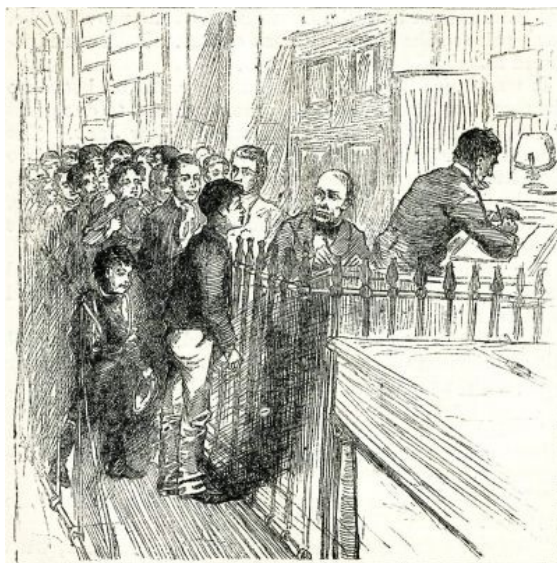
"Clear out, you little scamps!" grumbled the besieged, adding, more amiably, as he caught sight of the youngest of the three, "give me a *Post*, sonny, and change this quarter."

"Thankee, sur," said Joe Brown, the lucky competitor, diving into the deepest of pockets for the needful coppers, then dashing pell-mell after his comrades in pursuit of a probable customer.

"*Post*, *Express*, an' *Commercial*—full account of Gen-er-ull Garfield!" still rang the cry an hour later, while in and out, up and down and across the streets, darted the lithe, eager little fellows, until the crowd began to thin out, the papers were nearly all sold, and a distant bell reminded them that if they wanted their six-cent supper, it was high time to be off for the Lodging-House.



Let us follow them as they hasten to the lofty brick building which stands on the triangle formed by the meeting of New Chambers, Duane, and North William streets. The great doors are wide open; we pass in with Joe, his two comrades, and half a score of bustling, laughing lads, mount two long flights of stone steps, and enter the large lecture or school room on the second story, with its rows of desks and benches, and the convenient lockers or closets against the walls.



BEING REGISTERED.

dining-room, with its expanse of polished floors and high column-supported ceiling, seventy or eighty boys are seated at long tables, which present an inviting appearance with their white enamelled cloths, platters piled high with bread, and rows of capacious bowls steaming with fragrant tea.

What a busy scene it is for the time! the bread mountains diminish like snow before the sun, the tea fountains vanish like rain on thirsty soil, and the young women attendants, in their neat dresses and aprons, pass to and fro continually with their renewing bread trays and flagons of tea and syrup.

The majority of the boys laugh and chatter like magpies, but here and there sits a silent little news merchant, whose mind, absorbed with visions of "extras," hurries him on to the wished-for future.

See, there they go, half a dozen of them, with quick steps and anxious faces; they will notify the watchmen that they must keep late hours, and pay the required trifle for retaining their locker keys beyond time. Up to midnight their shrill cries will ring through the gas-lighted thoroughfares of the great city, while many—or, indeed, most—of the young readers of this paper are dreaming happy dreams in bed.

It is now nearly eight o'clock, supper is over, and the boys disperse for the short evening left them before bed-time; for all must be within-doors at half past nine, or pay a fine.

Some of the boys go out for a walk, others, I am sorry to say, to spend their earnings at the cheap theatres and shows of the city; but the sensible ones drop their spare pennies or silver coins into the odd-looking savings-bank near the door, and hasten up stairs to the reading-room or the gymnasium. Let us follow some of them to the latter.

What a jolly place it is! One could have no end of fun with its horizontal and parallel bars, its rings, ladders, and flying trapeze: it is better than a circus.

There's a race for you already on that long ladder rising from

One by one, in orderly fashion, the boys step within the iron railing, state their names, ages, and parentage to the clerk, receive numbered keys to their lockers, and pass on.

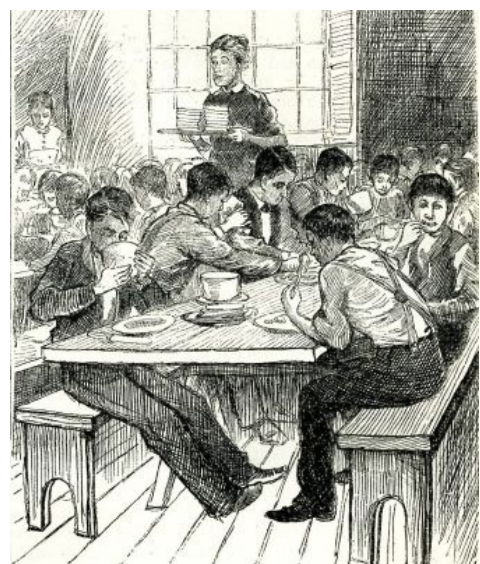
Here a lad locks up his bundle of unsold papers until after supper, another his blacking-box and brushes, a third his hat and jacket; then away for the lavatory, with its long ranges of foot and plunge baths, and its shining basins under the bright copper faucets.

Business must be unusually brisk, or the demands of the "inner man" unusually lively, if one may judge by the celerity with which the boys appear, brushed and combed and ruddy-faced, for supper.

"Hurry up, Bill, and get yer ticket," cried Joe, passing up to the desk, and depositing twelve cents for bed and supper, then taking his place at the end of the line that was already on the move.

"Sixty, sixty-one, two, three, four," calls the Superintendent as the boys file past, and the tramp of descending feet comes to us through the open doorway.

By the time we reach the



AT SUPPER.



THE GYMNASIUM.

youngsters are amusing themselves quietly, some reading story-books and illustrated papers, others playing checkers or dominos.

I'll tell you where Joe is. He is one of the early birds. Since four o'clock in the morning, when he went out for his daily papers, only when he ate his simple meals, his busy little feet have paddled about the great city, his childish voice has shrilled forth the familiar cry, "*Sun, Herald, an' Tri-bune, Post, Xpress, an' Commercial,*" until, too sleepy to read, too weary for even the fascination of watching the flying "trapezeists," he sought the solid comfort of the dormitory.

Look in at the long tiers of beds one above another, like berths in a steam-boat. In number 69 you will find Joe sleeping the sleep of the innocent and weary.

Would not the young people like to hear how Joe happens to be in the Newsboys' Home? I'll tell you. It all came about through Lenny Williams, who is a "call-boy" at one of the small theatres up town, and lives at the Duane Street Lodging-House.

Very late one stormy night in midwinter, as he was coming home from his work, he fancied he heard a child sobbing, and stopping, he discovered by the feeble flickering light of a gas lamp a small figure crouching in the low doorway of one of the old-fashioned shops of that quarter.

His heart gave a great bound of pity and sympathy for the poor homeless little creature so tattered and forlorn. His own jacket was wet without, but within it was dry and warm. To pull it off and place it around the shoulders of the shivering child was but the work of an instant.

"Get up on your pins, little 'un, an' come along with me," said Lenny, assisting him, and buttoning the jacket close under his throat.

With difficulty the poor child, whom you must have guessed before this was Joe Brown, rose and limped along, for he was stiff with cold and weak with hunger.

Before they reached the Lodging-House, Lenny won from him his pitiful story—how, driven from home by the cruelty of his drunken father and step-mother, he had wandered the streets from day to day, managing by dint of begging and running errands, and sleeping in dark corners known only to the wretched and homeless, to keep soul and body together while the fine weather lasted.

A kind old apple woman only yesterday had given him a basket, and some matches to sell; but then came the cold, pitiless rain, and nobody wanted to buy anything; so he had strayed from street to street, until he had lost his way in the dark, and sat down, utterly worn out and famished, where Lenny found him.

"Yes, chicken," said Lenny, as he finished his sad story, "you'd hev froze to death as sure as a gun. But cheer up; here we're home at last."

Never will Joe forget the glow and warmth of the "drying-room" into which he was led. There were three other boys there hanging up their wet clothes to dry.

And wasn't the bath warm and delightful into which they plunged him!

For a long time Joe could not understand why there should be a clean, whole shirt, a jacket and trousers, socks and shoes, all ready for such a poor miserable little stranger.

And the bowl of hot bread and milk, what a luxury it was!—surely he must be in heaven, the place where all good, unhappy boys go when they die. Perhaps he had really died, out in that pitiless storm, and was there? He rubbed his eyes, and expected to see wings, and was disappointed at not finding them.

The books of the institution tell how the seven-year-old child, deserted by his inhuman parents, was taken within the sheltering doors of the Lodging-House; but in another book the recording angel has written how a simple "call-boy" on that dark night did the will of his heavenly Master.

That night Joe had a blessed sleep in his little bed with its nice sheets and downy "comfortables," so that when he woke the next morning he was a new little man; but after breakfast he was happier than a king, for the Superintendent loaned him a small sum of money to buy some newspapers.

one side of the room, crossing over, and coming down on the other slantwise. Johnnie Wilson has started at the north end, Billy Jones at the south end. There they go, hand over hand! Now they meet overhead in the middle. I declare, Billy's feet touch the floor first: he has beaten by three rounds.

"Hurrah for Billy! three cheers for Billy Jones!" shout the boys who are watching them.

Yonder three lads are trying their strength lifting iron weights in the corner. Tough work they find it, and soon leave to take a look at a comrade who hangs by his feet from a horizontal bar.

Now he swings back and forth before the little group, who are eager to risk their necks in the wonderful experiment.

See! he lets go, and with a dexterous swing catches by his hands, and drops safe and sound before his admirers.

This is nothing to what is going on yonder, where two boys are performing prodigious feats on the flying trapeze, squirming and twisting, and turning somersaults, hanging by their chins, then by their toes, and then by each other, until the looker-on trembles and grows dizzy.

Let us look for wee Joe Brown; he is not here, neither is he in the reading-room below-stairs, where a dozen or more



THE DORMITORY.

Two or three of the boys volunteered to teach him "lots" about selling them; and they did, for before night he had sold two sets of morning and evening papers.

A prouder, more independent little fellow than Joe can not be found anywhere, because he not only earns his meals and lodging, and helps a comrade occasionally, but every night drops pennies or nickels into savings-box No. 90.

This he has been doing for some months; at the end of each he receives ten per cent. interest.

Joe, being studious and ambitious, faithfully attends the evening schools; he does not mean to grow up to be an ignorant, useless man; besides, he must make the most of his time, for he indulges in the dream of a happy home in the country, and though he hasn't told me, I am sure he is saving up that money to buy a good stock of books to take with him.

LITTLE BIDDY'S BIRTHDAY.

BY CHARA B. CONANT.

"Mother, can I have a birthday?"

"A birthday?" asked Mrs. Keaney, pausing in the midst of her washing, and looking down, half bewildered, half amused, at her little daughter.

"Yes, mother. I *have* birthdays, don't I, just the same as Mabel Ray?"

"Shure there's no mistake about that, darlint," laughed her mother, resuming her work. "Eight years ago next week you came into this throublesome world. That's two things we have in common wid the rich, innyhow—the day of our birth, an' the day of our death."

"But, mother," persisted Biddy, her big blue eyes rounder still with eagerness, "can't I have a party on my birthday? Mabel Ray had one last week; Eliza told me so. An' she had ice-crame, an' cake wid raisins in it, an' a wax doll what opens its eyes, an' lots o' children come to play wid her. An', oh, mother—"

"Sakes alive, Biddy! what's got into you?" said her mother, gazing down at her with a mingling of pride, amusement, and regret. No bonnier child than Biddy could you find anywhere. Her complexion was a pure red and white, her hair chestnut, falling in natural curls over her shoulders, her mouth as sweet a rose-bud as Mabel Ray's.

"She's as pretty as inny lady's child of them all," thought her mother; "an' as gintle an' good." But aloud she said, decidedly:

"Honey, you're talkin' nonsense. I've hard work enough to kape us both in bread an' mate, let alone clothes, widout givin' parties for you. Ice-crame an' cake, indade! It's a nigger waiter you'll be wantin' nixt, to be openin' the door for your stylish frinds," she went on, chuckling, as she wrung out one of Mrs. Ray's embroidered white skirts.

"Oh, mother, I know you couldn't give me *such* a party. But I thought I might have just a few little frinds in to play wid me, an' we'd have some crackers, an' some ginger cookies maybe; and thim two pinnies you gave me would buy candy an' nuts. An' if—"

"An' who do you want to invite, may I ax?" said the mother, trying not to laugh.

"Oh, mother, if I could ask poor little Jim Swaney, the boy what lives acrost the way—he's lame, you know; an' little Annie his sister. They're so poor, an' the father gets drunk, an' bates thim awful. I'd like thim to have a good time for onst."

"Bliss your little heart!" said the mother; "you shall have thim in an' wilcome, an' I'll buy some cookies to trate thim wid, and maybe something besides. But don't you ask another child in this neighborhood; they're a bould, bad set, as you know, and it's sorry I am we have to live in the midst of thim."

"No, mother, I won't; but I do wish I could ax some of the girls I go to school wid. There's Sally Flynn, and Jenny Dean, an' Mary Connor, and Ann Gormly, an' Kitty Fay, an'—"

"Saints presarve us!" cried Mrs. Keaney. "Do you want to bring all New York in on me? No, no, honey, I can't afford such a party as that. Be off to school now, like a good child, and don't bother me no more."

But the pleading face of her little girl, the only child she had, haunted Mary Keaney, and when, later in the day, some unexpected work arrived from a lady to whom Mrs. Ray had recommended her, she resolved at once to gratify her darling.

"It comes only onst a year," she said, "an' she's the only child I've got. I'll buy 'em some cookies an' gingerbread, an' a half-dozen limons to make some limonade wid; an' I hope they'll be satisfied, for I can't do no more."

So Biddy, to her great joy, was allowed to invite half a dozen little girls, her most "intimate" friends, to her "party," which would take place Thursday afternoon of the following week.

When Mrs. Keaney took Mrs. Ray's clothes home Thursday afternoon, she told Eliza, the chamber-maid, as a good joke, about her little girl's "party" and the expected guests.

Thursday afternoon came, and about four o'clock "Lame Jim" and his sister arrived, and were received by Biddy, fresh and sweet as a pink in her clean cambric frock, with a rose-colored ribbon tied above her shining hair. Mrs. Keaney had but two little rooms in the third story of a tenement-house, but though poor and scantily furnished, they were kept as clean and sweet as broom and scrubbing-brush could make them.

How happy little Jim was! How his sweet wan face brightened like a pale flower brought into the sunshine! Mrs. Keaney placed him in her one rocking-chair, and gave him and little Annie a drink of milk and a goodly slice of bread and butter straightway, for she knew how little they had to eat at home.

And soon arrived the six girls all together; and what a merry clatter of tongues there was in that little kitchen! They were just as happy as if they had worn silk dresses and kid slippers—happier, perhaps. Soon all were engaged in a merry game of "hide the thimble," Jim as active as any one, hopping nimbly about on

his crutches. At last they found the thimble snugly hid in his pocket, where Kitty Fay had cunningly slipped it, unknown even to the boy himself.

Game followed game in quick succession, until Mrs. Keaney, who had been looking on smiling, ordered them into the bedroom.

"Guess she's settin' the table," said Mary Connor: "I hear the dishes rattlin';" and hereupon they all fell a-chuckling. A few moments after, they were called into the next room.

"Ain't it jist illegant?" whispered Ann Gormly to Sally Flynn. "Look at the sugar-cookies! and, oh my! there's limonade. I smell it."

"Can't you behave?" said Sally, reprovingly. "One 'ud think you'd niver been to a party before."

"No more I haven't," said Ann, quite above concealment. "Oh, goody, Sally, there's slices of mate atween the bread an' butter!"

"Ain't she a greedy?" whispered Sally to Jenny.

"Poor thing! they say she's most starved at home," said kindly little Jenny. "Her father's been out of work these three months."

Mary Keaney, hospitable-hearted soul, had not been able to content herself with the bill of fare she at first meditated. The table was bountifully spread with sandwiches, cookies, molasses-cake, rosy-cheeked apples, and a plate of gay-colored candy in the centre.

Biddy's cheeks were like roses, and her eyes like stars. Was there ever such a mother, and such a "party"? The good cheer soon set all the little tongues going, while Mrs. Keaney watched the "fun," well pleased, and kept the plates and glasses filled.

In the midst of their festivity Mrs. Keaney was called down stairs. She came up in a few moments with something wrapped up in her apron.

The children were too absorbed to notice her, but when in a few moments she appeared bearing a big earthen platter exultingly aloft, what a shout went up from all the little throats!

"Ice-crame! ice-crame!" Even demure Sally joined in the cry; and Ann Gormly nearly fell out of her chair in her joyful excitement.

"Oh, mother! mother! have you given *all* your money for my party?" cried Biddy, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, and feeling a pang of self-reproach amid her transports.

"My lamb, who sent it I don't know, but I mistrust Mrs. Ray. An' look at the illegant cake wid the dape white frostin', an' the Charlotte-Russys too!" she added, setting two other dishes on the table. The children sat a moment dumb with admiration, then set up another shout.

"The man said he'd a horrible job to find the place, an' I reckon it's the first time ice-crame an' Charlotte-Russys found their way to Rid Lane!" said Mrs. Keaney, who scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry herself.

"Oh, mother, wasn't it lovely in Mrs. Ray?"

"Troth it was, darlint. It must be Eliza tould her, and—"

"Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when a loud rap at the door made her start.

"Sakes alive! I hope nobody's come to say the ice-crame wint to the wrong place!" She opened the door; there stood John, Mrs. Ray's colored man.

"Good-evenin', Mrs. Keaney," surveying her with a condescending smile. "Here's a package for Biddy, with Miss Mabel's love. Sorry to be so late, but I had a number of other errands, and it was hard to find the place. Good-evenin'," and before Mrs. Keaney could speak, he was gone, anxious to escape a reproof from his mistress for his delay.

With trembling fingers Mrs. Keaney undid the strings, while the little group looked breathlessly on. But when at last she brought out a doll—a lovely wax doll, with golden hair and large brown eyes—a cry of admiration broke from all but Biddy. She stood speechless, with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes, gazing up at the doll.

"Och, darlin', where's your tongue?" cried Mrs. Keaney. "Such a swate doll, dressed up so illegant, an' she can open an' shut her eyes! Look, honey, look! Why, what *are* you crying for?"

"It's too beautiful!" sobbed little Biddy. "Everythin's so beautiful, I don't know what to do."

That night, as Biddy lay in her bed, while her mother was tucking her in, she said, with a long sigh, "Oh, mother! mother! I'm so glad I've had a birthday! I'll niver forget it as long as I live! Oh, mother, wasn't it jist beautiful?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Keaney. But a little jealous pang gnawing at her heart made her add, "I couldn't give you ice-crame, darlin', nor wax dolls, but—"

Biddy threw both her arms round her mother's neck. "Oh, mother! dear, darlin' mother! what you did was most of all. Oh, there niver was a mother like mine!"

A tear rolled down the mother's cheek. What reward could be sweeter than those loving words, the clasp of those little arms about her neck? And so ended Biddy's happy birthday.

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

THE WIND HARP.

"Oh, Lisa, how many stars there are to-night! and how long it takes to count just a few!" said a weak voice from a little bed in a garret room.

"You will tire yourself, dear, if you try to do that; just shut your eyes up tight, and try to sleep."

"Will you put my harp in the window? there may be a breeze after a while, and I want to know very much if there is any music in those strings." [Pg 220]

"Where did you get them, my darling?"

"From Joe."

"Joe, the fiddler?"

"Yes, he brought me a handful of old catgut; he says he does not play any more at dances; he is so old and lame that they like a younger ducky who knows more fancy figures, and can be livelier. He *is* very black, Lisa, and I am almost afraid of him; but he is so kind, and he tells me stories about his young days, and all the gay people he used to see. Hark! that is my harp; oh, Lisa, is it not heavenly?"

"I don't know," said poor tired Lisa, half asleep, after her long day's work of standing in a shop.

Phil's harp was a shallow box, across which he had fastened some violin strings rather loosely; and Phil himself was an invalid boy who had never known what it was to be strong and hardy, able to romp and run, or leap and shout. He had neither father nor mother, but no one could have loved him more or have been any gentler or more considerate than was Lisa—poor, plain Lisa—who worked early and late to pay for Phil's lodging in the top of the old house where they lived, and whose whole earthly happiness consisted in making Phil happy and comfortable. It was not always easy to do this, for Phil was a strange child: aside from the pain that he suffered, he had odd fancies and strange likings, the result of his illness, and being so much alone. And Lisa could not always understand him, for she lived amongst other people; rough, plain, careless people, for whom she toiled, and who had no such thoughts as Phil had.

From the large closet that served as her bedroom, Lisa often heard Phil talking, talking, talking, now to this thing, now to that, as if it were real, and had a personality; sometimes his words were addressed to a rose-bush she had brought him, or the pictures of an old volume she had found on a stall of cheap books at a street corner, or the little plaster cast that an image-seller had coaxed her to purchase. Then, again, he would converse with his knife and fork or plate, ask them where they came from, how they were made, and of what material. No answer coming, he would invent all sorts of answers, making them reply in his own words.

Lisa was so used to these imaginary conversations that they did not seem strange to her.

Phil had, too, a passion for music, and would listen intently to the commonest strains of a hand-organ, and Lisa had given him a little toy harmonica, from which he would draw long, sweet tones and chords with much satisfaction.

Old Joe, who blackened boots for some of the lodgers, had heard the child's attempts at music, and had brought his violin, and played for him. One day, happening to leave it for a while on the window-ledge, Phil's quick ear had detected a low vibration from the instrument. This circumstance, and something he had read about a wind harp, had given him the wish to make one—with what success he was anxious to find out, when Lisa laid it in the open window for him. [Pg 221]

A soft south wind was blowing, and as Phil spoke, it had stirred the loose strings of the rude Æolian harp, and a slight melodious sound had arisen, which Phil had thought so beautiful. He drew his breath even more softly, lest he should lose the least tone, and finding that Lisa was really asleep, propped himself up higher on his pillows, and gazed out at the star-lit heavens.

He often talked to the stars, but very softly and wonderingly, and somehow he could never find any answers that suited him; but to-night, as the breeze made a low soft music come from his wind harp, filling him with delight, it seemed to him that a voice was accompanying the melody, and that the stars had something to do with it; for, as he gazed, he saw a troop of little beings with gauzy wings fluttering over the window-ledge, and upon the brow of each twinkled a tiny star, and the leading one of all this bevy of wee people sang:

"Come from afar,
Here we are! here we are!
From yon Silver Star,
Fays of the Wind,
To children kind."

"How lovely they are!" thought Phil; "and so these really are fairies. I never saw any before. They have wings like little white butterflies, and how tiny their hands and feet, and what graceful motions they have as they dance over my harp! They seem to be examining it to find out where the music comes from; but no, of course they know all about it. I wonder if they would talk to me?"

"Of course we will be very glad to," said a soft little voice in reply to his thoughts.

"I was afraid I would frighten you away if I spoke," said Phil, gently.

"Oh no," replied the fairy who had addressed him; "we are in the habit of talking to children, though they do not always know it."

"And what do you tell them?" asked Phil, eagerly.

"All sorts of nice things."

"Do you tell them all they want to know?"

"Oh no," laughed the fairy, with a silvery little voice like a canary-bird's. "We can not do that, for we do not know enough to be able to: some children are much wiser than we. I dare say you are."

"Indeed I am not," said Phil, a little sadly; "there are so many things that puzzle me. I thought that perhaps, as you came from the stars, you knew

something of astronomy."

"What a long, long word that is!" laughed the fairy again. "But we are wind fairies; and yet the Father of the Winds is called Astræus—that sounds something like your long word, does it not?"

"It sounds more like Astrea, and that means a star."

"Why, where did you learn so much?"

"I saw it in a big book called a dictionary."

"Another long word. Doesn't your head ache?"

"Sometimes, not now. I have not any books now, except picture-books."

"Did you ever have?"



FAST ASLEEP.

"Oh yes; when papa was living we had books, and pictures, and

many beautiful things; but there was a great fire, and all sorts of trouble, and now I have only Lisa. But Lisa does not understand as papa did; it was he showed me that word in the dictionary."

"Oh, don't say that great ugly word again! Shall I tell my friends to make some more music?"

"Yes, please."

The wind fairy struck her little hands together, and waved her wings. In a moment the little white troop danced over the strings of the harp, and brought out sweet, wild strains, that made Phil nearly cry for joy. They seemed to be dancing as they did it, for they would join hands and sway to and fro; then, parting, they wound in and out in graceful, wreath-like motions, and the tiny stars on their foreheads flashed like diamonds. Up and down they went, the length of the strings, then across, then back

again; and all the time the sweet wild music kept vibrating. "How lovely! how lovely!" said Phil, when there was a pause.

"I am so glad you like it!—we often make music for people, and they hardly hear it," said the fairy.

"I do not see how they can help hearing," said Phil.

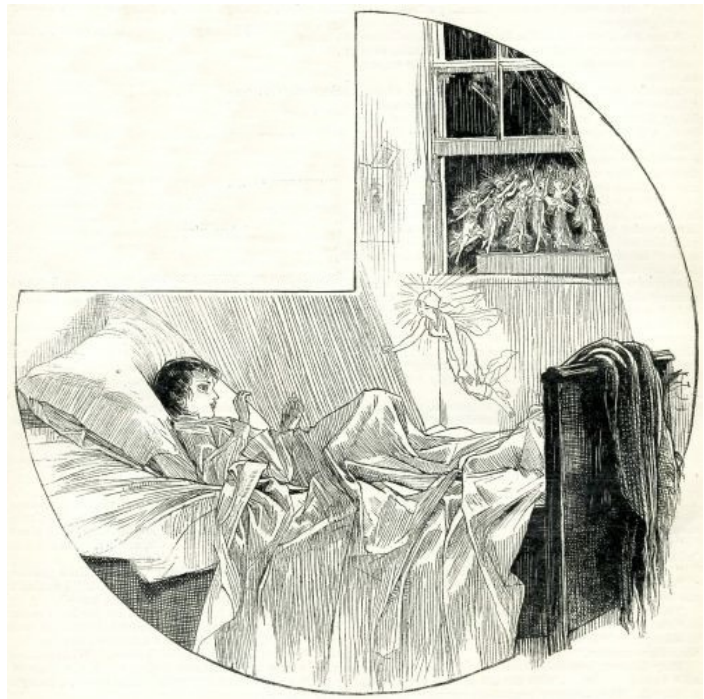
"Why, I'll tell you how: we frequently are in the tree-tops, or whirling about low bushes; every soft breeze that blows has some of our music in it, for there are many of us: and yet very few people pay any attention to these sounds."

"When the wind screams and roars in winter, is it you, then, who does that too?" asked Phil.

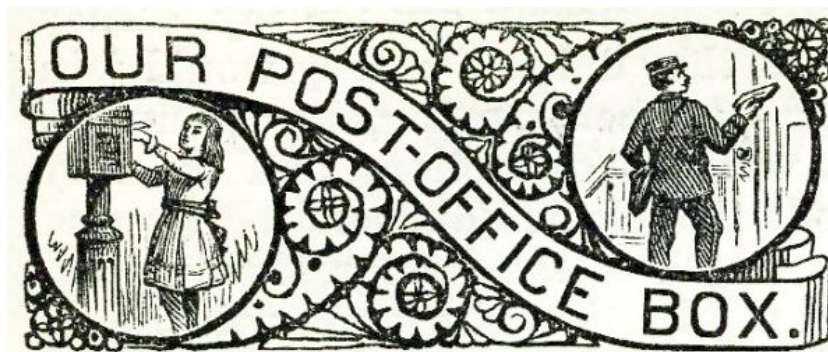
"Oh no," said the fairy, rustling her wings in some displeasure. "We are of the South Wind only, and have no such rude doings: I hope I may never have any work to do for the North Wind, he is so blustery. Now it is time you went to sleep, and we can not stay longer, for if the moon rises we can not see our star-beams, and might lose our way. We will just fan you a little, and you will soon be in dreamland."

As she spoke, Phil saw her beckon to her troupe, and they all flocked about him, dazzling him so with their starry coronets that he was forced to shut his eyes, and, as he closed them, he felt a gentle wafting as of a hundred little wings about his forehead, and in another moment he was asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"HOW LOVELY THEY ARE!" THOUGHT PHIL.



I and my brother used to have such good times fishing on these lakes in our canoes, and hunting deer in the woods, but now I am so lonely, for my only brother is dead. He went out in the woods to hunt deer, and got lost, and froze to death. He was sixteen years old, two years older than I am. It has been a very cold winter here, and he froze to death on the 19th of November. As our neighbors all live many miles away, there were only father and I to hunt for him, and I found him dead the third day. He forgot to take matches, and it snowed so much he could not see his tracks to get back. It seems very hard for me to live here without my brother.

My sisters and I have received a good many requests for loons' and gulls' eggs and for moss, and we will attend to them all, next summer, as soon as we can gather them, for there is any amount of those things here.

I received some pretty Christmas and New-Year's cards and books, and my sister has received some presents and a doll from some readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we have sent a set of deer horns and what eggs we had in return, and in the spring we will be sure to send other eggs we have been asked for.

Canada.

ERASTUS W. LOCKMAN,
Dorset P. O., Muskoka District, Ontario,

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am going to write, so that some little girl may see what a nice time a friend of mine and myself have been having. We dressed two dolls, and saved up our money until, with what was given to us and what we had saved ourselves, we had five dollars. Then we carried the dolls and the money to the Children's Hospital, and gave them to some sick children. It made the children very happy.

M. LOULOU C.

WINDSOR, VERMONT.

I have three Cotswold lambs, named Fanny, Nora, and Cora. They are very tame, and will eat out of my hand.

I am eleven years old. I take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* all myself. Last summer I had a very fine sage bed. I cut the green leaves, and dried them, and when they were sold, they brought more than enough to pay for my *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

We have a piano. I have taken fourteen lessons, and can play a few pieces.

NELLIE J. J.

SARANAC, MICHIGAN.

I am eight years old. I have a brother ten years old and a sister two years old. My brother takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and he lets me read it sometimes. I think it is very nice. My brother said he was going to write a letter to the Post-office Box, but I am going to surprise him, and send one first.

ALLIE S.

DAYTON, OHIO.

I am a subscriber to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and although I am not one of the "little folks," I find the Post-office Box very interesting, as I am very fond of children and of pets. I have a bright, intelligent pony, a Mexican dog four years old that does not weigh more than two pounds, a mocking-bird, canaries, and a lot of fancy pigeons, and two aquaria filled with fish. I must add my cat also, although it is a poor stray waif that came to the house only a short time ago. I had it carried away several times in the evening, as I had determined it must go, on account of my birds. But as soon as the door was opened in the morning, Cattie would be there, and after giving one glad little mew, she would begin rubbing around my feet and purring in such a cunning way, as though asking if she might not stay. One day I heard Cattie calling in such a peculiar way that I opened the door. There she was, with a mouse in her mouth, and she began purring and rubbing around me. I stooped down and petted her, and she seemed very proud, and ran away to eat her mouse, casting a backward glance, as much as to say, That settles it; I shall stay. And so she shall and welcome, if she will be contented to make her home in the stable, with only an occasional visit to the house.

Will Mary R., of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, please oblige me by giving her method of cultivating heliotrope, as it is one of my favorites, and I can never succeed in raising it. I have over two hundred plants in my parlor and sitting-room windows, and not one heliotrope.

SALLIE E. L.

There are four of us little folks here. Mamma or papa reads *YOUNG PEOPLE* to us every week. We have all the numbers from the first. Papa is having them bound in a book, and we expect it every day. We all like the Post-office Box very much, and the stories too, although some of them are too old for us; but we will have the book, and will understand them better when we are older.

We have a big dog, Rover. When he stands up on his hind-legs, he can put his fore-paws on papa's shoulder. He is awfully afraid of a gun, and runs and hides when one is fired off. We have five Seabright bantams; they are no larger than quails, and are very pretty.

I was eight years old Christmas-day. Walter is six and a half, Ollie is three and a half, and Robbie is four months.

Papa writes this for me, because it is my first letter to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, but Walter and I go to school, and will soon be able to write for ourselves. We both go to Sunday-school at nine o'clock every Sunday morning.

ELLA R. W.

LANSINGBURG, NEW YORK.

I have a beautiful black goat named Dan, and a complete set of silver-plated harness. I have a wagon; I drive out with it in summer; and for winter I have an elegant red box cutter, and a string of silver bells, and a beautiful robe. I have a nice house for my goat, and in one corner of it I have a harness box. Dan will not allow any boy to come near him, but he loves me dearly, and I love him. I am eleven years old. I have no brother or sister, but I have a cat that I think the world of, and a pet turtle about as large as a silver dollar.

HARRY C. H.

SAGINAW CITY, MICHIGAN.

I am eleven years old, and I have always lived in Saginaw. A year ago last Christmas my papa gave me a pony, and on my last birthday I had a present of a saddle.

We have a club called the Saginaw City Horse Guards. There are about ten boys belonging to it. Last summer we used to go to the woods to play "follow my leader," and we had lots of fun. And we went to the fair dressed in uniform.

It is very cold weather here. The other day we boys flooded the back part of our yard, and made a skating rink twenty-seven feet wide and forty-one feet long, and now we have a nice place to skate. It is very good sleighing here, and I am having a splendid time sleigh-riding.

FRED H. J.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

I am eight years old. Papa gave me *YOUNG PEOPLE* for my Christmas present.

In September we visited Le Grand, where the Iowa marble quarries are, and I saw the men getting marble, and I brought home some pretty specimens.

There are two tribes of Indians not far from us, and some of them are in town almost every day. They are lazy and dirty, and the ladies here will not let the squaws into their houses; for if they do, the squaws will not go away again until they are made to.

LUTIE B. R.

KEYESVILLE, VIRGINIA.

I began taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* in November, and I am very much interested in "Toby Tyler" and "Mildred's Bargain."

We have a missionary society in the village, called "The Children's Baptist Missionary Society." We meet once every month, and at each meeting two of the members are required to read something. I had to read at our first meeting, and I read "Out of the Woods," from *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 53, which pleased everybody very much.

I am eleven years old, and I have three sisters. I came here in May to stay with my grandpapa and grandmamma, but I am going to Brooklyn in February.

We have an old horse here that is nearly twenty-six years old. His name is Joe, and every one thinks there is no horse like him.

JULIA M. C.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

My uncle sends me YOUNG PEOPLE, and I enjoy it very much. Santa Claus brought me a knife, a football, a book, and a pair of gold cuff buttons. I have a little sister named Lizzie. She can talk and walk.

CHARLIE H. R.

COLFAX, CALIFORNIA.

We have read with interest and pleasure the entertaining stories in YOUNG PEOPLE, and we think the children in the United States ought to give a vote of thanks to this nice little paper, which provides such pleasant reading for them.

Colfax, where we live, is a pleasant place, and the climate here is delightful. Some time ago we had a small snow-storm, but now (January 5) the green grass is springing up all about.

We have a wiggle club here, and send you a few which we have made. We wish all possible success to YOUNG PEOPLE.

GRACE and JEANNIE.

The wiggles from this California club came too late to be printed with the others, but we acknowledge them with thanks. The same acknowledgments are due to George Arthur, Helen A. Searing, and other correspondents whose wiggles arrived behind time.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have three pet turtles, but they all buried themselves under the flower bed before the ground was frozen.

I spent one summer at Cape May, and there I found a turtle that was so tame it would eat out of my hand, and drink out of a tea-spoon. I fed it on raw meat, soaked bread, and worms, but it ran away. I am twelve years old.

ELSIE B.

I wish to exchange postage stamps with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have also a large piece of wood, full of worm-holes, that came out of the bottom of a large vessel that went over three thousand miles on her first voyage, and was eaten by worms. If any boy would like a piece of this wood, I will send it in return for some good foreign stamps.

GEORGE H. ELDER,
Care of Kelsey & Suydam,
99 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

I am nine years old. I would like to exchange postage stamps or iron ore, for minerals, ocean curiosities, or Indian relics, with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

G. C. WARNER,
Salisbury, Litchfield County, Conn.

I have a collection of birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with other collectors. I have also a collection of postmarks, and I will give twenty (all different) for any egg not already in my collection.

DE WITT AYRES, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

I want to tell you what mamma gave me for my Christmas present. A little while before Christmas she said she was tired of moving my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE round from one place to another, so she gathered them all up and put them away, as I thought. But Christmas-eve they came back to me handsomely bound, and I find them a great deal nicer to read. In looking through the book I find a great many pieces I never noticed before. Mamma says I can take it until I am fifteen, and have it bound every year. I am eleven years old now, so then I will have five nice volumes.

I am beginning a collection of curiosities, and would like to exchange small sea-shells or stones with any little boy or girl for any curiosity, or for different kinds of moss.

JESSA PEARSON,
Xenia, Greene County, Ohio.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have received so many letters in answer to my request for exchange that I can not possibly supply all demands immediately, but will do so as soon as possible. I hope those who have been so kind as to write to me will not think I have forgotten them.

ANNIE P. CARRIER.

I wish to inform correspondents who desire to exchange with me that I have changed my address from New York to Brooklyn, as given below. I will now exchange foreign and United States revenue stamps and postmarks, for Indian curiosities.

GEORGE B. DONNELLY, 331 Hicks Street,
Corner of Atlantic Av., Brooklyn, L. I.

I have about one thousand postmarks, and a large collection of minerals, coins, stamps, and curiosities, which I will exchange for birds' eggs. All eggs must be in good condition and unbroken, as I use fine steel borers to make the holes. I wish nothing but eggs in exchange.

J. N. KRIEGSHABER, 490 Fifth Street,
Between Breckinridge and Kentucky,
Louisville, Ky.

In my letter printed in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 62 I intended to say that I would exchange postmarks, not for other postmarks, but for stamps and minerals. I regret that I made the mistake.

TEDDY SMITH, 641 Cass Avenue, Detroit,

Mich.

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have never been to school, but I can read, and I could write till I got too nervous. I have been sick for six years, and can not run around like other little girls, but I am very happy, because everybody is very good to me. My uncle John sends me YOUNG PEOPLE, and I have had it since the first number.

I have three canary-birds, and two of them that are in one cage are trying to build a nest. I have a lot of books and dolls. I did have a kitten, but it had fits, and we sent it away. My papa wrote this for me, because I have to lie in bed, and can not guide a pen.

MAGGIE B.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Postage and revenue stamps.

J. E. JOHNSON, JUN.,
Longdale, Alleghany County, Va.

Stones of Maryland, for stones of any other State.

T. MORRIS BROWN,
199 Hoffman Street, Baltimore, Md.

Indian arrow-heads, flint rock, and petrified wood, for postage stamps and silver ore.

WALTER BUCHANAN,
Butteville, Marion County, Oregon.

A specimen of petrified cedar, for one of zinc ore.

WILLIAM E. CHASE,
Franklin, Essex County, N. J.

Foreign and rare United States postage stamps.

LEWIS G. PARK,
24 Arlington Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Peacock coal, for minerals, shells, or curiosities.

ANNA C. BRASTOW, Wilkesbarre, Penn.

Postmarks, for foreign and United States postage stamps (except one, two, and three cent United States stamps), coins, birds' eggs, or minerals.

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City.

LOUIS A. OSBORNE,
237 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York

Norwegian postage stamps, for other foreign stamps.

ANTON HIRSTENDAHL,
Stoughton, Dane County, Wis.

Ocean curiosities, stones from Ireland, or Indian arrow-heads, for foreign coins.

WINTER D. HUBER,
Westminster, Carroll County, Md.

Foreign stamps and curiosities, for the same or for autographs.

FRANK OSBORN,
Care of Mrs. C. L. Osborn,
471 East Toun Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Stamps for shells, or for autographs of renowned men and women.

S. D. G.,
P. O. Box 1221, Plainfield, N. J.

Foreign and United States postage stamps.

WILLIE S. SMITH, P. O. Box 50,
Westminster, Carroll County, Md.

Soil from Massachusetts, for soil of New York or Pennsylvania.

Mass.

Camilla W. Mansur,
74 Columbia Street, Cambridgeport,

Twenty-five postmarks (no duplicates), for five foreign stamps. Those of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island especially desired.

KITTY REED,
3024 Wells Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Birds collected in Vermont, for foreign or old issues of United States postage stamps.

CLAYTON J. KINSLEY,
P. O. Box 225, Burlington, Vt.

Ohio and other Western postmarks, for postmarks from the South; or Italian and Bavarian stamps, for other foreign stamps.

MAURICE A. McMILLAN,
Washington C. H., Fayette County, Ohio.

Postage stamps, for curiosities.

EDWARD H. DILLON,
217 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

Birds' eggs, stamps, or minerals, for birds' eggs, sea-shells, or curiosities, especially with correspondents in the Southern States or west of the Mississippi. Lists of curiosities exchanged.

HARRY SPAULDING,
Albion, Orleans County, N. Y.

Five varieties of Turkish postage stamps, for any other rare stamps.

NED PRATT,
2431 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Specimens of wood from Ohio, showing the bark of the tree, for similar specimens from any other State.

EDDIE WILLIAMS, P. O. Box 135,
Loveland, Clermont County, Ohio.

Postage stamps, for pieces of rare wood. Specimens should be three-fourths of an inch thick, two inches wide, and two inches long.

Philadelphia, Pa.

L. H. NELSON,
3804 Spring Garden Street,

Postage stamps and postmarks, for insects or curiosities.

EDDIE A. JONES,
29 Fairfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Indian arrow-heads, for cotton or rice as taken from the field, or other curiosities.

WILLIE WILLIAMS,
Economy, Wayne County, Indiana.

Postmarks from the eastern portion of the United States, for others from the West.

WILLIE F. DIX,
444 High Street, Newark, New Jersey.

A small specimen of copper ore, for an Indian arrow-head, or some other Indian relic.

City.

HARRY E. DIXON,
111 East Fifty-first Street, New York

A self-inking printing-press and one font of type, for a collection of birds' eggs.

FRED CHENEY, 51 Fort Avenue,

A triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp and other rare stamps, for stamps, Indian relics, or minerals.

RUFUS L. SEWALL,
26 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Twenty-five postmarks of New Jersey and New York, for twenty-five of any other State.

A. M. WOODRUFF,
645 High Street, Newark, N. J.

Stones and curiosities from Hot Springs, Arkansas, for Indian relics, sea-weeds, or shells, stones from any State except Tennessee and Arkansas, or curiosities of any kind.

WILLIAM H. HOWLAND,
140 Adams Street, Memphis, Tenn.

A piece of pure white coral, for minerals, ocean curiosities, lava from a volcano, or choice shells; or some yellow and white sand arranged in bottles, for a star-fish or a sea-horse.

SALLIE KELLEY,
Kleine St., East Walnut Hill, Cincinnati,

Ohio.

Postage stamps and postmarks, for Indian relics, minerals, fossils, or California curiosities.

JOE F. FOLSOM,
Bloomfield, Essex County, N. J.

Ten Michigan postmarks, for ten postmarks from other States.

HARRY W. QUIMBY,
777 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Postage stamps. Jamaica stamps a specialty.

CHARLES H. ISRAELS,
Irving Institute, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Stamps and postmarks.

FRANK B. MYERS,
Ishpeming, Mich.

Minerals, for good foreign postage stamps.

CLINTON C. ANDREWS,
Kirkwood, St. Louis County, Missouri.

HARRY J.—Any mineral or any package containing minerals, shells, or similar matter, not exceeding four pounds in weight, may be sent by mail at the rate of one cent for each ounce. In exchanging stones from different States, it would always be better to send some specimen of interest in itself, and one which represents the character of some mine or of celebrated ledges or quarries within the State limits. For example, it would be much more interesting to have a specimen in your collection labelled, "Marble from Vermont" or "Iron Ore from Connecticut," than to have the same specimen simply labelled a stone from either of those States. From Iowa, where you live, a specimen of galenite from the lead mines would be interesting, or any mineral found in abundance near your home.

A. J. GIBBS.—The first canal in the United States is supposed to have been built in the Connecticut Valley to allow boats to pass around the falls at South Hadley and around Turner's Falls at Montague. In February, 1792, the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act incorporating a company for the building of this canal, and operations were soon after commenced at South Hadley. The engineer was Benjamin Prescott, of Northampton. The Middlesex Canal, from Boston to Lowell, was built a few years later, and also a portion of the Mohawk Valley Canal. In 1797 six miles of the latter were completed, making a passage around rapids on the Mohawk River for boats of fifteen tons.

The first canals were built by the ancients for purposes of irrigation, but at a very early period they were also used as navigable channels. The royal canal of Babylon, built about 600 B.C., is one of the earliest mentioned in history. The Grand Canal of China, which is about 650 miles long, was built during the eighth century. At the changes of level the boats were dragged up inclined planes, and it was not until about 1480 that locks were invented by two Italian engineers. After this invention, by which one of the greatest impediments to canal navigation was removed, the construction of canals became general throughout Europe. One of the largest enterprises of the kind was that undertaken by Peter the Great during the first years of the eighteenth century: 1434 miles of canals were built, connecting St. Petersburg with the Caspian Sea and with inland districts.

The first canal was built in England in 1760, and at the present time there are about 47,000 miles of canals in Great Britain.

Favors are acknowledged from Frankie L. Garbutt, F. M. Elliot, Albert H. Hopkins, Josie Chesley, N. D. Sugden, A. H. Patterson, Gracie Mathews, May Arnold, Willie Derr, Florence E. Lewis, Calvin Colton W., Henry J. Nuhn.

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent by Harry H. Dickinson, Rebecca Hedges, Martie H., Thomas M. Armstrong, Allie Maxwell, Hugh Pitcairn, Will B. Shober, Grace B., William Harris, Walter P. Hiles, C. Wieland.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

A lake in Louisiana. A city in Northern Europe. A river in Mexico. A city in Japan. A city in Germany. In Montreal. A river in Europe. A river in Italy. A capital of one of the United States. A river in the western part of North America. A river near the east coast of British America. Centrals read downward spell the name of one of the divisions of Germany.

FANNIE E. S.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

First in ham, not in beef.
Second in rock, not in reef.
Third in fortune, not in fate.
Fourth in fish, not in bait.
Fifth in bed, not in cot.
The whole an animal never shot.

F. V.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is part of the body.
My 4, 5 is a river in Europe.
My 6, 7, 8 is a cooking utensil.
My 9 is a vowel.
My 10, 11, 12 is the generic name of certain animals.
My whole is an animal.

WILLIE L. K.

2. I am composed of 6 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is a part of the head.
My 4,5,6 is something John Gilpin lost.
My whole is an insect.

3. I am composed of 9 letters.
I am an English bird, and may often be seen in the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
seeking my simple 6, 7, 8, 9.

4. I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is part of a shoe.
My 5, 6, 7 is wrath.
My whole is a creature found in South America.

BEATRICE.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, a beautiful mineral. Second, a tree. Third, a girl's name. Fourth, a metal.

FRANK.

2. First, a girl's name. Second, to rend. Third, to accept. Fourth, a character in mythology.

HALLA.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In corn, not in ear.
In horse, not in deer.
In stay, not in go.
In spry, not in slow.
In inn, not in house.
In rat, not in mouse.
In fly, not in dove.
My whole the synonym of love.

JAMES E. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 63.

No. 1.

PETARD PESTER
ELI NOR ENERVE
TI NGLE SEQUI N
ANGOLA TRUANT
ROLLER EVI NCE
DREARY RENTED

No. 2.

J
CUP
CABIN
JUBILEE
PILOT
NET
E

No. 3.

F la G
A lonz O
MarveL
E nde D

Fame, Gold.

No. 4.

Vulture.

No. 5.

I llinois
Nebraska
Delaware
I owa
A labama
New York
A rizona

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.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

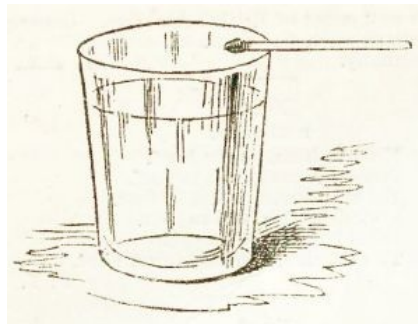
SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, \$1.50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, \$7.00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

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

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

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

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.



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THE TUMBLER TRICK.

This trick consists in balancing a match on the edge of a tumbler containing water, in the position represented in our picture, and then drinking the water without dropping the match.

Solution in our next.

IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

"To sleep! to sleep!" called December,
To the cheery young strawberry vines.
"Not a green leaf is left on the maple,
Nor the creeper that round it entwines;
And the song-birds have gone to the South-land,
And the last of the flowers is dead,
And it's time that all good little strawberry plants
Were fast, fast asleep in their bed."

"Who cares?" said they, saucily; "we don't,
Though all that you tell us be true.
We're as wide, wide awake as we can be,
And we won't go to bed, sir, for you."
"Oh, you won't!" and he summoned a snow-storm,
While he laughed with a merry "Ho! ho!"

And in spite of themselves soon those saucy young plants
Were under a blanket of snow.

MIRTHFUL MAGIC

BY G. B. BARTLETT

HOW TO PLACE AN EGG SO IT CAN NOT BE BROKEN WITH A TIN PAN.

Show a large, tin pan and a common egg, and allow the spectators to handle and examine both to see that there is no deception about either. Then let any one take the pan, and be ready to strike with all his might. When he has tried in vain to guess how you can place the egg where it can not be broken with the pan, stand it up in the corner of the room, and of course it will be impossible for any one to hit it.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT WORK.

Draw several lines radiating from a central point, and let each player choose a line and be sure to remember which it is. Each then places a piece of money on his line, and you say, "Take particular notice of your line and money, so that you will not forget either." Then move the pieces of money about, taking care that not one piece remains on its original line. Ask each one in turn, "Is that your line?" and of course every one will say, "Yes." Afterward say to each, in the same order, "Is that your money?" touching the piece that is now on the line belonging to the person addressed. When all have answered these questions in the negative, you calmly collect and pretend to pocket all the money, with the quiet remark, "As you have all said that that was not *your* money, I think it must be mine."

Say to any person, "I will lay a wager to any amount that I have more money in my pocket than you have." After an animated debate, and exhibition of the contents of pockets, you say, "I have more money in my pocket than any one, for none of you have any money in my pocket."

Say to the ladies, "A man can marry any woman he pleases." After the long and indignant protest, calmly reply, "A man may marry any woman he pleases, but the trouble is to find the woman that he does please."

The Point of a Diamond.—Some time ago a Mr. Tarrants executed some writing on a small piece of glass with a diamond the point of which had been ground a million times finer than that of a pin. This writing was the Lord's Prayer, and the lines were so fine that they were quite invisible to the naked eye. If the whole of the Old Testament were written the same size, it would only occupy a space equal to that of a thumb-nail. The magnifying power of the microscope necessary to enable us to read this minute writing is so great that if it were possible to put a small boy under the glass, he would look ten times taller than Bunker Hill Monument, and his head would be the size of the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

PUSSY AND THE SNOW.

Pussy:—born last summer—
Never saw the snow
Till this winter morning
Just an hour ago.
"Oh! what pretty lamb's-wool!"
Said she; when it began
To fall; "I'll go and play with it."
And out-of-doors she ran.
But back again, astonished,
In greatest haste came she.
"That is the queerest, coldest wool
That ever I did see!"



OUTSIDERS.

SMALL BOY (who has been waked up by the music at an evening party). "They are just going down to Supper. Don't you smell the Ice-Cream and Cake and things."



UNNECESSARY REQUEST.

BROTHER ON SLED. "Don't push too quickly, Alice."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1881 ***

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