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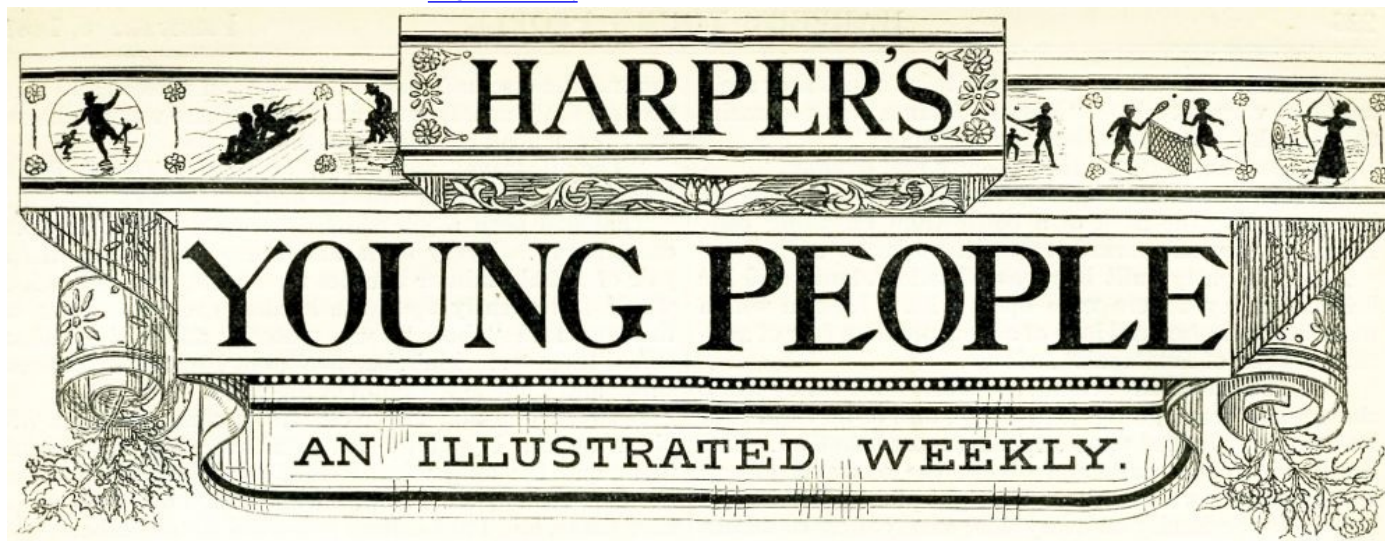
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ATTACKED IN THE PASS.—DRAWN BY FRENZENY.

MUFFLED.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Rube, me boy, what's the name of this?" exclaimed Pat Linihan, as the last wagon of the mining outfit was hauled into position, and the grizzled veteran he spoke to was dragging the harness from his favorite span of mules.

"The name of it? Do you mean this hollow we've pulled up in?"

"Dade an' I do, thin. Ye've put a name of some kind to ivery rock an' bush we've seen the day."

"Well, then, mebbe it's the Chico Valley. It's a place I'll be glad to git out of with all the hair on my head."

"It's a swate spot, for all that. Is it near here thim Wallopy red-skins lives that makes it a bad boordin'-house for white min'?"

"Yes, this is just the place. But there isn't many of 'em, and we didn't send 'em word we was comin'. Mebbe we'll find our way through the pass before they scent us. They're venomous, they are. Worst kind."

The two mules had been standing as if they were listening to him, but now, as old Rube cast them loose, the off mule suddenly threw up his heels and set out at a sharp trot into the grass, while his mate stretched his long neck forward in a sonorous bray.

"That'll do, Gov'nor," remarked Rube. "We all know you kin do it. You and the Senator had better jest feed yer level best while yer chance is good. Mebbe you'll be an Indian's mule yet, before you die."

"Saints preserve thim, thin. It's foine mules they are," said Pat, very soberly. "Misther Adams, was ye hearin' the charakther he gave the place we're in?"

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"Is there any danger, Rube?—any real danger?"

"Not if we can find our way through the pass, Charlie. It's more like the neck of a bottle than anything else. Hope they haven't corked it up with rocks for us."

A tall, slightly built boy was Charlie Adams, and his bright blue eyes were wide open, with a look in which there was more fun and love of adventure than fear of anything—even of Hualapais^[1] Indians.

He had been staring around the broad level valley while the miners were going into camp, and it did seem as if he had never looked upon anything more beautiful. The grass was so luxuriant and green; the scattered groves had been set down exactly in the right places; the mountains arose so grandly on every side; surely there could not have been imagined a prettier picture in a more wonderful frame. He said so to Rube Sarrow, but all the reply he got from the grim old wagon-master was,

"Ye-es, and the red-skins mean to keep it. Thar's been more than one outfit wiped out a-tryin' to squeeze through the Union Pass."

The wagons of the train were drawn up in two rows, about fifty yards apart, the light "ambulance," from which Rube had unhitched the Governor and the Senator, was pulled across one of the open spaces at the end, and a brisk fire had been started at the other. The ground so inclosed contained room enough to "corral" all the mules and horses of the train in case of an attack, and the members of that exploring party were likely to be able to defend such a fort against any ordinary band of red men.

Not a sign of the presence of Indians in the neighborhood had yet been discovered, and before the middle of the afternoon the scouts sent out came in with a couple of fat deer.

"That looks well," growled old Rube. "The valley hasn't been hunted out lately. Mebbe we'll git through all

right."

The animals were watched pretty carefully, nevertheless, and they all had a good long rest and time to feed.

"They'd better make the best of it," said Pat Linihan to Charlie Adams. "It's a long pull and a hard one they've got before thim. Wud thim red-skins take the skelp of a mule, do ye s'pose?"

"They'd give more for yours, Pat. They'd risk almost anything for hair as red as you have. Light their pipes, you know."

"That's more'n I kin do wid it mesilf. But thim ambulance mules, now. Luk at the ears of thim. Did yez iver see the loike on any human bein' before?"

The Governor and the Senator were mules of the largest and ungainliest type, and they seemed to remember enough of what Rube had said about Indians to keep them pretty close to the camp all the evening. None of the others were permitted to stray to any great distance, and about midnight they were all silently collected.

The men had taken the whole matter as quietly as had their four-footed servants, eating and sleeping as if there were no Indians in the world, or at least in the neighborhood of the Hualapais Mountains and the Union Pass.

All the men, perhaps; but Charlie Adams was not a man yet, and the young blood was tingling through his veins at the thought of actual danger and an attack from Indians. There was no need to wake him up or call him when the time came to get ready for another march. He was wide awake from head to foot, and seemed to be everywhere at once, with his repeating carbine in his hand.

It was a queer piece of work Rube and his teamsters were at for the next hour or so. They began by wrapping all the old blankets they had, and some new ones, around the circumference of the wagon wheels, and they greased the journals of the axles until there was no chance left for a squeak to come from them.

"They'll travel without a sound," said old Rube. "How're ye gittin' on with the critters, boys?"

That had been a job which interested Charlie Adams exceedingly. Every mule and horse was fitted with a pair of buffalo-skin or blanket moccasins, so that his feet would fall silently upon the hardest ground. Some of the men said "shoes," some "boots," and Pat Linihan called them "stockin's, begorra"; but Rube said "moccasins," and Charlie took him at his word.

Between one and two o'clock, the camp, with its fire piled up to a brighter blaze than ever, was left behind them, and the long mining train moved onward toward the dangerous pass. It was wonderful how little noise they made, and Pat Linihan remarked to old Rube:

"Sure an' it's the first toime I iver druv a muffled mule."

"Muffle yer tongue," growled old Rube. "That's one thing I forgot."

They made good speed, and before long Charlie Adams was aware that the narrow wagon trail they were following had led them between great walls of rock.

"We'll do it," whispered old Rube to Charlie. "They're up there on the cliffs, some of 'em, as a matter of course; but we're going to beat 'em this time. They have an awful advantage over any fellows down here. All they need do is to tumble down rocks on us in some places. There's just one bad spot to go by now," said he, a little later, "but it's almost daylight. I wish we were well past the neck."

Nearer and nearer drew the walls of rock, but there were no sounds made for them to echo, until at last, as he and the Senator pulled their ambulance over an unusually rough place, and paused for breath, the Governor seized the opportunity to stretch out his ugly neck.

Oh! what a bray was that! It seemed to fill every cranny of the Union Pass, and stir up the sleeping echoes, and climb up over the crags, and old Rube instantly shouted:

"Whip up, boys! Forward now for your lives! That thar was jest one other thing we forgot to muffle."

The whips cracked sharply enough now, and the Governor received at least his share in payment for his music.

There was no more silence. In less than a minute the heights above them rang with fierce whoops and yells. The savages had been taken a little by surprise, but they were there, and they had been waiting for that train. It had nearly passed them, but they were determined to make an effort for its capture.

Whoop after whoop, and then the crash and thud of rocky masses tumbling down the chasm.

It was getting lighter every minute, and Charlie Adams strained his bright eyes up along the crags in the hope of seeing a mark for his carbine.

Suddenly the sharp reports of rifles came from the front, and old Rube exclaimed:

"Indians in the pass! That's bad. We were almost through."

So they were, for the ambulance Pat was driving, and that Rube and Charlie were guarding, was the very tail of the train.

"Look out, Charlie."

"Bedad, they've done it! What'll I do now?"

A heavy boulder had come smashing down through the tilted top of the ambulance, making dire destruction of the closely packed stowage, and startling Pat half out of his wits.

"Unhitch! Save your mules!"

The Governor and the Senator had something to say about that. They were worse scared than Pat himself, and they declared it, as mules will, in about half a bray apiece, but then they sprang wildly away up the pass, dragging behind them the battered ambulance, Pat and all.

"Go it, Pat! Come on, Charlie! There's a fight ahead, but we're beyond the neck."

The "fight ahead" was over quickly enough, for less than half a dozen Indians had clambered swiftly down to hide behind logs and rocks, and try to check the advance of the train. It was getting light enough for them to use their rifles, but so could the miners, and that was bad for that squad of "Wallopies," as Pat

called them. Only two of them climbed up the rocks again, and all the harm they did was to wound three of the mules, and send a ball through the arm of a driver. Their friends on the heights were fairly driven to cover again by the storm of rifle-bullets sent after them, and Charlie Adams's carbine cracked as loudly as if he had been six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds.

"I wonder if I hit any of them?" he said to Rube, after they reached an open place and halted the train.

"Dunno 'bout that. Most likely. I kinder hope we barked some on 'em. But that there was a leetle the tightest squeeze I ever hed in Union Pass. All because I didn't muffle the bray of that mule."

"Did ye know," added Pat, "the big stone that kim into the ambylance mashed in the molasses kag? It's a swate mess they've made of it."

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gayly dressed, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-by!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

THE PIRATE KIDD.

The tumult in New Amsterdam when, in August, 1664, English men-of-war appeared in the bay was excessive. An embassy was sent to the English commander, Nichols, at Gravesend Bay; it was composed of the Dutch clergyman and his brother, a physician. The English refused to hear of anything but submission, and brave Governor Stuyvesant yielded to the storm. No blood was shed, no gun fired; the town submitted peacefully to the invader, and its name was changed from New Amsterdam to New York.

But the Dutch longed for their natural government, and more than once it was reported that the great

Admiral De Ruyter, at the head of the fleet with which he swept the European seas, was coming to Sandy Hook, and would retake the city. But he never came. A few years later, in the second Dutch war, 1673, a fleet of twenty-three ships from Holland sailed through the Narrows, reduced the fort on Staten Island, and recaptured New York. But in 1674 peace was made between Holland and England, and New York was restored to the English.

From that time for many years Sandy Hook witnessed no hostile armament, and only the white sails of the peaceful trader entered the deep channel that opens into the Lower Bay.

New York flourished in quiet ease; its Dutch burgomasters were changed to aldermen; its fair young maidens with their admirers made up boating parties from the Battery, or rode in gigs up to the famous Kissing Gate. But all the people of New York were not so respectable; it was, in fact, the haunt of disreputable persons and marauders from all parts of the world, and among them might be seen about this time the rough, bronzed face, the sturdy figure, of the cruel pirate Kidd. Possessed of a considerable fortune, which he had made in a sea-faring life, Kidd had retired from his occupation, whatever it had been, and settled peacefully with his wife and children in New York. He was probably looked upon as a substantial citizen. He was thought a skillful sailor. And when in 1695 the English government resolved to send a ship to the East Indies to put down the pirates who swarmed in the sea between Arabia and Bombay, the Governor of New York, Lord Bellamont, selected Kidd to command the expedition.

Kidd went over to London, was given a fine ship, the *Adventure* galley, and came back to New York to gather his crew. He was sure of finding here desperate men willing to aid him in any wicked enterprise. The ship was soon manned, and in February, 1697, sailed out from Sandy Hook on its dreadful voyage. Instead of putting down piracy, Kidd became the most cruel and terrible of pirates. He haunted the Eastern seas, plundered the rich vessels of Arabia, Armenia, or Portugal, and made such enormous profits that even his sailors grew wealthy. But his savage cruelty was terrible even to his own crew. He cut the throats of his prisoners, or plunged them into the sea. The pirate ship was a scene of demoniac wickedness. One of his crew, whom he had called a dog, cried out, in remorse, "Yes, I am a dog; but it is you that have made me so." Kidd, enraged, struck him dead at a blow.

Possessed of an immense fortune in gold, silver, jewels, the pirate came back to New York in 1699, hoping, perhaps, to purchase a pardon for all his crimes with the aid of his powerful friends. Once more the *Adventure* galley, or some other vessel of his fleet, sailed by the Hook, stained with blood and massacre, but laden with a cargo richer than any ship had ever brought to the quiet city before. Tradition relates that Kidd had his friends in the coves and bays of Long Island; that he deposited \$200,000 in gold dust and coin on Gardiner's Island; that he buried his treasure on Martha's Vineyard, and lived in a cave still seen on its lonely shore. His ship he is supposed to have sunk near Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson, and here a party of persons may at times be seen diligently laboring to find the sunken vessel. To Mrs. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, Kidd gave a robe of cloth of gold that was long preserved in the family. He strove to hide from the agents of the government, who were in pursuit of him, but was decoyed to Boston, carried to England, tried for piracy, condemned, and executed. It is said that the first rope used to hang him broke, and he fell to the ground; a second was brought, and the horrible monster perished at last, March 23, 1701. From that time pirates were banished from the American ports, although they still swarmed in the West Indian seas and all the unfrequented parts of the ocean.

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THE FIRST MOUSE.

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

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

THE DINNER PARTY.

At noon Toby was thoroughly tired out, for whenever any one spoke kindly to him, Mr. Lord seemed to take a malicious pleasure in giving him extra tasks to do, until Toby began to hope that no one else would pay any attention to him. On this day he was permitted to go to dinner first, and after he returned he was left in charge of the booth. Trade being dull, as it usually was during the dinner hour, he had very little work to do after he had cleaned the glasses and set things to rights generally.

Therefore when he saw the very thin form of the skeleton emerge from his tent and come toward him, he was particularly pleased, for he had begun to think very kindly of the thin man and his fleshy wife.

"Well, Toby," said the skeleton, as he came up to the booth, carefully dusted Mr. Lord's private chair, and sat down very cautiously in it, as if he had expected that it would break down under his weight, "I hear you've been making quite a hero of yourself by capturing the monkeys last night."

Toby's freckled face reddened with pleasure as he heard these words, and he stammered out, with considerable difficulty, "I didn't do anything; it was Mr. Stubbs that brought 'em back."

"Mr. Stubbs!" and here the skeleton laughed so heartily that Toby was afraid he would dislocate some of his thinly covered joints. "When you was tellin' about Mr. Stubbs yesterday, I thought you meant some one belonging to the company. You ought to have seen my wife Lilly shake with laughing when I told her who Mr. Stubbs was."

"Yes," said Toby, at a loss to know just what to say, "I should think she would shake when she laughs."

"She does," replied the skeleton. "If you should see her when something funny strikes her, you'd think she was one of those big plates of jelly that they have in the bake-shop windows;" and Mr. Treat looked proudly at the gaudy picture which represented his wife in all her monstrosity of flesh. "She's a great woman, Toby, an' she's got a great head."

Toby nodded his head in assent. He would have liked to have said something nice regarding Mrs. Treat, but he really did not know what to say, and thus he simply contented himself and the fond husband by nodding.

"She thinks a good deal of you, Toby," continued the skeleton, as he moved his chair to a position more favorable for him to elevate his feet on the edge of the counter, and placed his handkerchief under him as a cushion; "she's talking of you all the time, and if you wasn't such a little fellow, I should begin to be jealous of you—I should, upon my word."

"You're both very good," stammered Toby, so weighted down by a sense of the honor heaped upon him as to be at a loss for words.

"An' she wants to see more of you. She made me come out here now, when she knew Mr. Lord would be away, to tell you that we're goin' to have a little kind of a friendly dinner in our tent to-morrow—she's cooked it all herself, or she's going to—and we want you to come in an' have some with us."

Toby's eyes glistened at the thought of the unexpected pleasure, and then his face grew sad as he replied, "I'd like to come first-rate, Mr. Treat, but I don't s'pose Mr. Lord would let me stay away from the shop long enough."

"Why, you won't have any work to do to-morrow, Toby—it's Sunday."

"So it is," said the boy, with a pleased smile, as he thought of the day of rest which was so near. And then he added, quickly: "An' this is Saturday afternoon; what fun the boys at home are havin'! You see, there hain't any school Saturday afternoon, an' all the fellers go out in the woods."

"And you wish you were there to go with them, don't you?" asked the skeleton, sympathetically.

"Indeed I do!" exclaimed Toby, quickly; "it's twice as good as any circus that ever was."

"But you didn't think so before you came with us, did you?"

"I didn't know so much about circuses then as I do now," replied the boy, sadly.

Mr. Treat saw that he was touching on a sore subject, and one which was arousing sad thoughts in his little companion's mind, and he hastened to change it at once.

"Then I can tell Lilly that you'll come, can I?"

"Oh yes, I'll be sure to be there; an' I want you to know just how good I think you both are to me."

"That's all right, Toby," said Mr. Treat, with a pleased expression on his face; "an' you may bring Mr. Stubbs with you, if you want to."

"Thank you," said Toby, "I'm sure Mr. Stubbs will be just as glad to come as I shall. But where will we be to-morrow?"

"Right here. We always stay over Sunday at the place where we show Saturday. But I must be going, or Lilly will worry her life out of her for fear I'm somewhere getting cold; she's awful careful of me, that woman is. You'll be on hand to-morrow at one o'clock, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," said Toby, emphatically, "an' I'll bring Mr. Stubbs with me too."

With a friendly nod of the head, the skeleton hurried away to re-assure his wife that he was safe and well, and before he had hardly disappeared within the tent, Toby had another caller, who was none other than his friend old Ben, the driver.

"Well, my boy," shouted Ben, in his cheery, hearty tones, "I haven't seen you since you left the wagon so sudden last night. Did you get shook up much?"

"Oh no," replied Toby; "you see, I hain't very big, an' then I struck in the mud, so I got off pretty easy."

"That's a fact, an' you can thank your lucky stars for it, too, for I've seen grown-up men get pitched off a wagon in that way, an' break their necks doin' it. But has Job told you where you was going to sleep to-night? You know we stay over here till to-morrow."

"I didn't think anything about that; but I s'pose I'll sleep in the wagon, won't I?"

"You can sleep at the hotel, if you want to; but the beds will likely be dirty, an' if you take my advice, you'll crawl into some of the wagons in the tent."

Ben then explained to him that after his work was done that night, he would not be expected to report for duty until the time for starting Sunday night, and he concluded his remarks by saying:

"Now you know what your rights are, an' don't you let Job impose on you in any way. I'll be round here after you get through work, an' we'll bunk in somewhere together."

The arrival of Messrs. Lord and Jacobs put a stop to the conversation, and was the signal of Toby's time of trial. It seemed to him, and with good reason, that the chief delight which these men had in life was to torment him, for neither ever spoke a pleasant word to him; and when one was not giving him some difficult work to do, or finding fault in some way, the other would be sure to be at it, and Toby had very little comfort from the time he began work in the morning until he stopped at night.

It was not until after the evening performance was over that Toby had a chance to speak with Mr. Stubbs, and then he was so tired that he simply took the old monkey from the cage, nestled him under his jacket, and lay down with him to sleep in the place which old Ben had selected.

When the morning came, Mr. Stubbs aroused his young master at a much earlier hour than he would have awakened had he been left to himself, and the two went out for a short walk before breakfast. They went instinctively toward the woods, and when the shade of the trees was once reached, how the two revelled in their freedom! Mr. Stubbs climbed into the trees, swung himself from one to the other by means of his tail, gathered half-ripe nuts, which he threw at his master, tried to catch the birds, and had a good time generally.

Toby, stretched at full length on the mossy bank, watched the antics of his pet, laughing boisterously at times as Mr. Stubbs would do some one thing more comical than usual, and forgot there was in this world such a thing as a circus, or such a man as Job Lord. It was to Toby a morning without a flaw, and he took no heed of the time, until the sound of the church bells warned him of the lateness of the hour, reminding him at the same time of where he should be—where he would be if he was at home with Uncle Daniel.

In the mean time the old monkey had been trying to attract his young master's attention, and, failing in his efforts, he came down from out the tree, crept softly up to Toby, and nestled his head under the boy's arm.

This little act of devotion seemed to cause Toby's grief to burst forth afresh, and clasping the monkey around the neck, hugging him close to his bosom, he sobbed:

"Oh, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Stubbs, how lonesome we are! If we was only at Uncle Daniel's, we'd be the two happiest people in all this world. We could play on the hay, or go up to the pasture, or go down to the village, an' I'd work my fingers off if I could only be there just once more. It was wicked for me to run away, an' now I'm gettin' paid for it."

He hugged the monkey closely, swayed his body to and fro, presenting a perfect picture of grief. The monkey, not knowing what to make of this changed mood, cowered whimperingly in his arms, looking up into his face, and licking the boy's hands with his tongue whenever he had the opportunity.

It was some time before Toby's grief exhausted itself, and then, still clasping the monkey, he hurried out of the woods to the town and the now thoroughly hated circus tents.

The clocks were just striking one as Toby entered the inclosure used by the show as a place of performance, and, remembering his engagement with the skeleton and his wife, he went directly to their tent. From the odors which assailed him as he entered, it was quite evident that a feast of no mean proportions was in course of preparation, and Toby's very great appetite came to him in full vigor. Even the monkey seemed affected by the odor, for he danced about on his master's shoulder, and chattered so that Toby was obliged to choke him a little in order to make him present a respectable appearance.

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When Toby reached the interior of the tent, he was astonished at the extent of the preparations that were being made, and gazed around him in surprise. The platform on which the lean man and fat woman were in the habit of exhibiting themselves now bore a long table, loaded with eatables; and from the fact that eight or ten chairs were ranged around it, Toby understood that he was not the only guest at the feast. Some little attempt had also been made at decoration by festooning that end of the tent at which the platform was placed with two or three flags and some streamers, and the tent poles were fringed with tissue-paper of the brightest colors.

Toby had had only time enough to notice this, when the skeleton advanced toward him, and with the liveliest appearance of pleasure, said, as he took him by the hands with a grip that made him wince,

"It gives me great joy, Mr. Tyler, to welcome you at one of our little home reunions, if one can call a tent, that is moved every day in the week, home."

Toby hardly knew whom Mr. Treat referred to when he said "Mr. Tyler," but by the time his hands were released from the bony grasp, he understood that it was himself who was spoken to.

The skeleton then formally introduced him to the other guests present, who were sitting in one end of the tent, and evidently anxiously awaiting the coming feast.

"These," said Mr. Treat, as he waved his hand toward two white-haired, pink-eyed young ladies, who sat with their arms twined around each other's waists, and had been eying the monkey with some appearance of fear, "are the Miss Cushings, known to the world as the Albino Children; they command a large salary, and form a very attractive feature of our exhibition."

The young ladies arose at the same time, as if they had been the Siamese Twins, and could not act independently of each other, and bowed.

Toby made the best bow he was capable of, and the monkey made frantic efforts to escape, as if he would enjoy twisting his paws in their perpendicular hair.

"And this," continued Mr. Treat, pointing to a sickly, sour-looking individual, who was sitting apart from the others, with his arms folded, and looking as if he was counting the very seconds before the dinner should begin, "is the wonderful Signor Castro, whose sword-swallowing feats you have doubtless heard of."

Toby stepped back just one step, as if overwhelmed by awe at beholding the signor in the guise of a humble



TOBY IS INTRODUCED TO THE ALBINOS.

individual, and the gentleman who gained his livelihood by swallowing swords unbent his dignity so far as to unfold his arms, and present a very dirty-looking hand for Toby to shake. The boy took hold of the outstretched hand, wondering why the signor never used soap and water, and Mr. Stubbs, apparently afraid of the sour-looking man, retreated to Toby's shoulder, where he sat chattering and scolding about the introduction.

Again the skeleton waved his hand, and this time he introduced "Mademoiselle Spelletti, the wonderful snake-charmer, whose exploits in this country, and before the crowned heads of Europe, had caused the whole world to stand aghast at her daring."

Mademoiselle Spelletti was a very ordinary-looking young lady of about twenty-five years of age, who looked very much as if her name might originally have been Murphy, and she too extended a hand for Toby to grasp, only her hand was clean, and she appeared to be a very much more pleasant acquaintance than the gentleman who swallowed swords.

This ended the introductions, and Toby was just looking around for a seat, when Mrs. Treat, the fat lady, and the giver of the feast which was about to come, and which already smelled so invitingly, entered from behind a curtain of canvas, where the cooking-stove was supposed to be located.

She had every appearance of being the cook for the occasion. Her sleeves were rolled up, her hair tumbled and frowzy, and there were several unmistakable marks of grease on the front of her calico dress.

She waited for no ceremony, but rushed up to Toby, and taking him in her arms, gave him such a squeeze that there seemed to be every possibility that she would break all the bones in his body; and she kept him so long in this bear-like embrace that Mr. Stubbs reached his little brown paws over, and got such a hold of her hair that all present, save Signor Castro, rushed forward to release her from the monkey's grasp.

"You dear little thing," said Mrs. Treat, paying but very little attention to the hair-pulling she had just undergone, and holding Toby at arm's-length, where she could look into his face, "you were so late that I was afraid you wasn't coming, and my dinner wouldn't have tasted half so good if you hadn't been here to eat some."

Toby hardly knew what to say at this hearty welcome, but he managed to tell the large and kind-hearted lady that he had no idea of missing the dinner, and that he was very glad she wanted him to come.

"Want you to come, you dear little thing!" she exclaimed, as she gave him another hug, but was careful not to get her head where Mr. Stubbs could get hold of the hair again—"of course I wanted you to come, for this very dinner has been got up so that you could meet these people here, and so that they could see you."

Toby was entirely at a loss to know what to say to this overwhelming compliment, and for that reason he did not say anything, only submitting patiently to the third hug, which was all Mrs. Treat had time to give him, as she was obliged to rush behind the canvas screen again, as there were unmistakable sounds of something boiling over on the stove.

"You'll excuse me," said the skeleton, with an air of dignity, waving his hand once more toward the assembled company, "but while introducing you to Mr. Tyler, I had almost forgotten to introduce him to you. This, ladies and gentlemen," and here he touched Toby on the shoulder, as if he were some living curiosity whose habits and mode of capture he was about to explain to a party of spectators, "is Mr. Toby Tyler, of whom you heard on the night when the monkey cage was smashed, and who now carries with him the identical monkey which was presented to him by the manager of this great show as a token of esteem for his skill and bravery in capturing the entire lot of monkeys without a single blow."

By the time Mr. Treat got through with this long speech, Toby felt very much as if he was some wonderful creation whom the skeleton was exhibiting; but he managed to rise to his feet, and duck his little red head in his best imitation of a bow. Then he sat down and hugged Mr. Stubbs to cover his confusion.

One of the Albino Children now came forward, and while stroking Mr. Stubbs's hair, looked so intently at Toby that for the life of him he couldn't say which she regarded as the curiosity, himself or the monkey; therefore he hastened to say, modestly,

"I didn't do much toward catchin' the monkeys; Mr. Stubbs here did almost all of it, an' I only led 'em in."

"There, there, my boy," said the skeleton, in a fatherly tone, "I've heard the whole story from old Ben, an' I sha'n't let you get out of it like that. We all know what you did, an' it's no use for you to deny any part of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SNOW BLOCKADE.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

Some boys, you know, think it is capital to be at boarding-school, and other boys don't like it. But there is no doubt that all think it is splendid to come home for a holiday. But what if your home has been burned down, as was Will and Harry Baker's, and your parents are living at a hotel until the house can be rebuilt?

The Baker boys wrote home to Rawley: "We expect living in a hotel is pretty nice, but of course we can't do many of the things we had planned for this holiday."

"The new house can not be made ready before spring," wrote Mrs. Baker, "but I do not think you have planned much you will not be able to carry out. I have one fine piece of news to tell you. Your uncle Ben

and aunt Sue, whom you have not seen since you were very little fellows, and those six cousins, whom you have never seen, have sold their old home in Maine. Uncle Ben is going to build a house here, not far from our old home. Until it is finished, he has rented a house, and you and your cousins should have fine times together."

The idea of meeting these cousins took away much of Will's and Harry's disappointment. School broke up early on Thursday morning, and the next day, Friday, was to be Mrs. Baker's birthday—a great day with the Bakers.

Several of the boys who had to pass through New York city in going home went with the Baker boys, when they all arrived there, to help them select Mrs. Baker's present. Then Will and Harry started for the ferry, having full time to make their train. But while riding there the street car was delayed at a cross street where a fire had broken out. Watching the exciting scene, not more than five minutes seemed to have been lost, but to the boys' amazement the last boat to make connection with their train had left when they reached the ferry. And what was worse, it was the last train before next morning to make connection at the Junction for Rawley. After a council, it was decided to go and stay overnight at the hotel used by Mr. Baker when in New York, and to telegraph to Rawley what had happened.

In the morning, when the boys awoke, they were dismayed to find that a heavy snow-storm had set in. At the dépôt, long trains covered with snow were arriving, much delayed, and every one was talking of the storm, and what probably would happen if the snow continued. It was a great relief to Will and Harry when at last their express train started, though the snow fell steadily and fast. An extra engine, pushing a snow-plough, ran ahead to clear the track, and the boys anxiously watched the storm and the progress of the train.

"An hour and a quarter late," said Will, noting the time as the train drew up at the Junction station. The Rawley train, with a snow-plough ahead of the locomotive, stood on the other side of the platform, and a few passengers were in the dépôt, who had been waiting for the New York express. There was a stout farmer talking with the conductor of the Rawley train; and as Will approached the latter to ask a question, he overheard him say,

"Yes; it does look a little doubtful if we will get through to Rawley before the snow is drifted too deep for us."

"How far along do you think you will get? To Sanmere?"

Sanmere was ten miles from Rawley.

"To Rawley, I hope," answered the conductor, moving away. "All aboard!"

Toward Sanmere the track was built in a narrow defile cut through a hill, and beyond were a number of these cuts. When the train neared Sanmere, the engine and plough were uncoupled from the cars to clear the track in this narrow defile, and running swiftly ahead, were soon lost to sight in the falling snow. In half an hour the engine was backed to where the train stood. It was decided to leave the cars, and try to carry the passengers to Sanmere on the engine. The six passengers, the train-men, and the mail agent with his mail-bags, crowded into the cab, and the engine was slowly and carefully steamed through the snow-choked defile, and down to the station.

Will and Harry hurried into the waiting-room to warm themselves, and looking out at a window they saw a gentleman muffled in a great-coat directing the other four passengers—probably to a hotel. He then entered the waiting-room, shaking his coat free of snow.

"Snowed in, eh, Masters Baker?" said he, in a pleasant tone. "But you are a good deal better off than you think. What you want now is a good warm dinner, and merry people to eat it with."

Will and Harry looked at the gentleman narrowly as he shook hands with them, but they could not remember having ever seen him before.

"I know your father and mother well," continued the gentleman. "My name is Benjamin, and I keep Benjamin's House here in Sanmere. I'm a good landlord, if I say so myself, and promise you that directly there is a dinner coming on my table well worth your eating."

"I'd rather get to Rawley to-day than eat a dozen good dinners," thought Will.

"Have you a sleigh, Mr. Benjamin, and a pair of good horses to hire, to take us to Rawley?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered Mr. Benjamin; "but the first thing you want is your dinner. After dinner, if you wish to go to Rawley, I have just the sleigh and pair of horses that can take you there. Now come along. Each of you catch hold of one of my arms; I'm nearly as good as a snow-plough."

Before the boys had walked far along the snow-covered streets of Sanmere, it seemed as if they had known Mr. Benjamin for a long time.

"Here we are," said he, stopping before a large house.

There was no "Benjamin's House" sign to be seen, but the snow was falling fast enough to hide a dozen signs.

"My house is full of people to-day," said Mr. Benjamin, "so come right up stairs to a warm room, where you can change your clothes and shoes, and make ready for dinner. Now make yourselves at home, and when dinner is ready I will come for you."

Merry peals of laughter could be heard down stairs, and there were evidently plenty of young people in the house.

"If we only had mother and father here," said Will, "it would be nearly as good as being at home."

"That's so," agreed Harry. "This is the kind of hotel I would like to live in. I wonder if Pop knows about it?"

Directly a dinner-bell rang, and there was a noise of feet sounding as if the people were going in to dinner. In a moment in came Mr. Benjamin, his eyes twinkling with fun, and invited them down to dinner.

"I didn't tell you," said he, as he led the way, "that it is a celebration dinner for my guests. I shouldn't be surprised if you should know some of the people."

Before the dining-room door was reached, a side door swung open, and in a moment the boys found themselves in a pair of warm arms.

"Mother!" "Father!"

They were indeed Mr. and Mrs. Baker. Wide open swung the dining-room door, and there, waiting, were Aunt Sue, the six new cousins, and a dozen more people.

"Welcome to Benjamin's House!" called Uncle Ben—Mr. Benjamin, as Harry had first called him, being Uncle Ben Starr his own merry self. "And, boys, if you want to go to Rawley through all this snow, my horses and sleigh shall take you."

What a dinner that was! And what a time there was, too, explaining how Uncle Ben had invited all the Bakers to his house to spend the holidays, and to surprise Will and Harry!

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CARNIVAL SKETCHES.

[Pg 234]



CARNIVAL SKETCHES—(CONTINUED.)

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No. IV.



gentleman who has done more beautiful art work than any other I have ever known once told me that his principle was first to know the rules of art, and then to do as he saw fit. The one rule of the embroiderer's art that I would specially emphasize for you is that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing as well as you know how. You do not wish to fill your homes with worthless work. It is vastly better to do but little, and to make that as choice and dainty as possible, for the first charm of embroidery is its nicety.

Having thus put you on your guard, let me tell you how the New England stitch may be modified and rendered more simple. This modified stitch is only for those who are so painstaking that they can be trusted never

to slight their work except judiciously, for no lazy needle-woman could resist the fascination of this easiest of embroidery stitches. She would never use another. If you can not trust yourself, skip this article.

Take your first stitch as in Fig. 10, then, instead of reversing the stitch and pushing the needle from you, point the needle toward you as shown in Fig. 14.

Of course when each stitch is taken naturally with the needle pointing toward you, the work reels off wonderfully fast, but the stitch loses in effect, for instead of the pretty double twist, you now have the needle cross the thread but once, making a single twist not nearly so pretty when examined closely. (For work that is only to have its little day, like a tidy or a bureau-cover, I should surely use this modified form of the stitch. Life is too short to spend time in pushing your needle backward, when pushing it forward will do as well. For nice work, for hangings before choice little cabinets, or for a bed-spread that may last a century, take the stitch the old way; but for work that is not meant to last a lifetime, use the easiest stitch possible.)

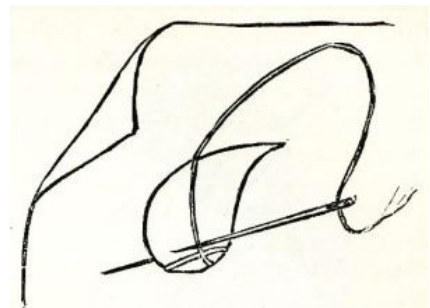


FIG. 14.



FIG. 15.

Fig. 15 is meant to be repeated for the ends of a table-scarf or bureau-cover, with the border in two shades; another line can be added a half-inch below 2 to give weight to the border.

The lines 1 and 2 are to be worked in stem stitch, the space *a* filled with a darker and *b* with a lighter shade; *c* is not filled in. The design (Fig. 16) can be colored to suit your room or the shade of the stuff on which it is worked, though old gold, soft yellows, pinks, and blues would be pretty for the flowers, the border being in old golds or blues.



FIG. 16.

This design would do well scattered, or, to use the technical word, *powdered*, over a small curtain, alternating it with small sprays from the design like *x* or *y*, or for the corners of a small table-cover.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Ibycus was travelling one day on the road between Athens and Sparta, when he was set upon by some brigands, who robbed and murdered him. He cried for help—none was at hand; but just at the last he raised his dying eyes toward the sky and saw a flock of cranes flying high in the air above his head, and with his last breath he called upon *them* to avenge him. The assassins laughed at such a prayer; but it was strangely answered. The men hurried off to Athens to enjoy their booty, and a few days afterward went to the theatre, which in those days was in the open air. As the performance was going on, some birds were noticed flying low above the assembled crowd. "Ha! ha! those are the cranes of Ibycus!" one of the robbers unthinkingly said to his neighbor. Sorely he repented it the next moment, for others had caught the words. "Ibycus? Ibycus? What had become of him?" He was a well-known man, and had been missed. The men were seized, and believing that the gods had revealed their crime, they confessed all, and were executed. This story is beautifully told in one of the poems of Schiller, the great German poet.

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[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

PHIL'S NEW FRIEND.

Old black Joe had not always been either a boot-black or fiddler. In his youthful days he had been a house-servant, and had prided himself on his many accomplishments—his dexterity at dinners, his grace at evening parties, the ease and unconcern with which he could meet embarrassing emergencies at either; but times had changed for him. His old employers had died, a scolding wife had made his home unhappy, he had lost the little money he had saved, and he was no longer the bright, cheerful young fellow he had been. Age and rheumatism had made him crusty; but beneath the outward manner, which sometimes was very cross, he had a tender heart and a pitiful nature.

Of late years he had picked up enough for his support in the many little ways incident to city life. He could whitewash, sweep chimneys, run on errands—or rather walk on them, and that, too, very slowly. He shovelled snow and carried coal, sawed wood and helped the servants at

whose homes he was employed.

His occupations took him about to many houses, but he always irritated the people with whom he came in contact by invariably assuring them that their masters and mistresses were not of the real stuff that ladies and gentlemen of *his* day were made of; that fine feathers did not make fine birds; that people nowadays were all alike, and had no manners.

He made one exception only, in favor of a maiden lady, whose parents he had known, whose servants were kind to him, and whose retired and dignified way of living quite suited his fastidiousness.

This was a Miss Schuyler; and nothing pleased Joe more than to have this one person, whom he regarded with unqualified admiration, send for him to bestow the monthly allowance she was in the habit of giving him. On the day that he expected this summons he always gave an extra touch to his toilet, exchanged his torn coat for a patched one, his slouch hat for a very much worn beaver adorned with a band of rusty crape, and out of the pocket of his coat, but never upon his hands, was to be seen an old pair of yellow kid gloves.

In the course of Joe's wanderings he had chanced to hear of the invalid boy Phil, who liked to listen to his fiddle, and it did not take long to strike up an acquaintance between them.

Often on a rainy day, or when work was dull, Joe would spend an hour or two with Phil, relieving his loneliness, soothing his pain, and cheering him with his music and his rambling talk about "old times" and the people he had seen.

It was the latter part of May, and had been very warm; but Joe buttoned up his best coat and donned his beaver, for his pay was due at Miss Schuyler's. She lived in a large house, rather imposing and handsome, and in the gayest part of the city; but she was by no means imposing or gay in her own person. A little figure, simply dressed, a kind face without beauty, a gentle manner, and a certain gracious kindness and familiarity had endeared her to Joe. On this day she was not, as usual, sitting with her work in the library, where the sun poured in on the bronzes and richly bound volumes, on the old engravings and the frescoed ceiling—for Miss Schuyler liked light and warmth and color—but she was away up in the top of the house, directing her maids in the packing of blankets and woollens and furs, preparatory to leaving her house for the summer. Joe had mounted stair after stair seeking her, and by the time he reached her was quite out of breath; this, and the odor of camphor and cedar wood, made him sneeze and cough until Miss Schuyler said to one of the maids in a whisper, "The poor old soul would have been black in the face had he ever been white."

To Joe himself she said, very kindly, "My good old friend, you need not have taken so much trouble to see me; I could have come down to you."

"Laws, Miss Rachel, I knew you was busy, and nuffin's ever a trouble to do for you; I go to the tops of houses often—just come from one where poor Phil's a-groanin' with pain. That chile'll die if somebody don't do suthin fur him soon."

"What child?" asked Miss Schuyler, whose tender point was her love of children. "You haven't any grandchildren, Joe, have you?"

"No, Miss Rachel, de Lord nebber trusted me with any chil'en."

"Well, who is Phil?" said Miss Schuyler, absently; adding, to one of her maids, "Take care of that afghan; wrap it in an old linen sheet; it was knitted by a very dear friend, and I do not want it moth-eaten; I had rather lose a camel's-hair shawl." Which evidence of regard seemed very extravagant to the girl who was obeying instructions, but which Joe thought he appreciated.

"Haven't I tole ye about Phil, Miss Rachel?"

"I don't know. I don't think you have; but come down to my room, Joe, and then I can listen to your story."

Giving a few more directions, Miss Rachel led the way to a lovely sunny room, with flower baskets in the windows, soft blue draperies, and delicate appointments. Seating herself at a desk, and pointing Joe to a chair, upon which the old man carefully spread a silk handkerchief lest his clothes should soil the blue cushions, she counted out the money due him, and placed it in an envelope, saying, as she did so, "Now tell me about that child."

"It's a white chile, Miss Rachel."

"Well, I like white children, Joe, though I must confess the little colored ones are much more interesting," said Miss Rachel, smiling.

"I thought you liked my people, Miss Rachel; but this poor Phil's a gentleman's son, very much come down far's money goes. He is too young to know much about it, but the girl who takes care of him was brought up in his family, and she says they was well off once."

"But what about the boy?" asked Miss Schuyler, a little impatiently.

"He's a great sufferer, but he's a wonderful chile. He loves to have me play for him, and then he tells me the thoughts that come to him from the music. I's no great player, Miss Rachel," said Joe, modestly, "but you'd think I was, to hear him talk. He sees fairies, and he dreams beautiful things, and his big brown eyes look as if he could a'most see 'way up into heaven. Oh, he's a strange chile; but he'll die if he stays up in that garret room and nebber sees the green fields he's so hungry for."

Miss Rachel's eyes were moist, but she took a card and pencil from her desk. "Where does he live—in what street and what number?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rachel— You jess go up the Avenue, and turn down the fourth or fifth street, and up a block or two, and it's the fust house with a high stoop and green shutters. I allers go in the alleyway, so I forgit numbers."

Miss Schuyler bit her lip to keep from smiling, thought a moment, scribbled a memorandum, rang the bell, and gave some more directions; left the room, and came back with her bonnet on. "Can you show me the



BLACK JOE, THE FIDDLER.

way to Phil's house, Joe?"

"Course I can, Miss Rachel," replied the old man, delighted that his words had aroused his listener's sympathies.

"It's not very far; he's all alone, 'cause Lisa has to be away all day. And I shouldn't wonder"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—"if sometimes he was hungry; but he'd nebber say so."

This latter remark made Miss Schuyler bid Joe wait for her in the hall, while she went to a closet, found a basket, in which she placed a snowy napkin, some biscuit, some cold chicken, and a few delicious little cakes. In her pocket she put a little flask of some strong cordial she had found of service on her many errands of charity.

How proud Joe was to be her escort! but how meekly he walked behind the lady whose footsteps he thought were those of a real gentlewoman, the only one to whom he would accord this compliment, although he passed many elegant dames in gay attire.

The little gray figure, with its neat, quiet simplicity, was his embodiment of elegance, for somehow Joe had detected the delicate perfume of a sweet nature and a loving heart—a heart full of Christian charity and unselfishness.

They walked for some distance, and the day was so warm that Miss Schuyler moderated her usual rapid pace to suit the old man's feebler steps. Off the Avenue a long way, up another, down a side street, until, amidst a crowded, disagreeable neighborhood, Joe stopped.

"You had better lead me still, Joe. The boy might be frightened or annoyed at seeing a stranger: I dare say he's nervous. Go up, and I will wait outside the door while you ask him if I may come and see him. Wait, there's a flower stall a little way from here; I will get a bunch. Take my basket, and I will be back in a few moments. I am glad I thought of the flowers; children always like them."

She hastened off, while Joe leaned on his cane and muttered blessings upon her; but some rude boys beginning to chaff him, he turned on them with his usual crustiness, and quite forgot his beatitudes.

Miss Schuyler came back in a few minutes with a lovely bunch of bright blossoms embosomed in geranium leaves.

"Now, then, Joe, this shall be my card; take it in, and tell Phil I am coming."

"God bless you, Miss Rachel!" was all Joe could reply.

Miss Rachel had her own way of doing things. It was nothing new for her to carry flowers and dainties to the sick poor. She had been much with sick people, and she knew that those who have no luxuries and few necessities care for the things which do not really sustain life quite as much as do those who can command both.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY MONKEY.

BY JIMMY BROWN.



There never was such luck. I've always thought that I'd rather have a monkey than be a million heir. There is nothing that could be half so splendid as a real live monkey, but of course I knew that I never could have one until I should grow up and go to sea and bring home monkeys and parrots and shawls to mother just as sailors always do. But I've actually got a monkey and if you don't believe it just look at these pictures of him that Mr. Travers made for me and told me to send to the YOUNG PEOPLE so that Mr. Harper would know that the monkey was genuine and unadulterated.

It was Mr. Travers that got the monkey for me. One day there came a woman with an organ and a monkey into our yard.

She was an Italian, but she could speak a

sort of English and she said that the "murderin' spalpeen of a monkey was just wearing the life of her out." So says Mr. Travers "What will you take for him?" and says she, "It's five dollars I'd be after selling him for, and may good luck go wid ye!"

What did Mr. Travers do but give her the money and hand the monkey to me, saying, "Here, Jimmy! take him and be happy." Wasn't I just happy though?

Jocko—that's the monkey's name—is the loveliest

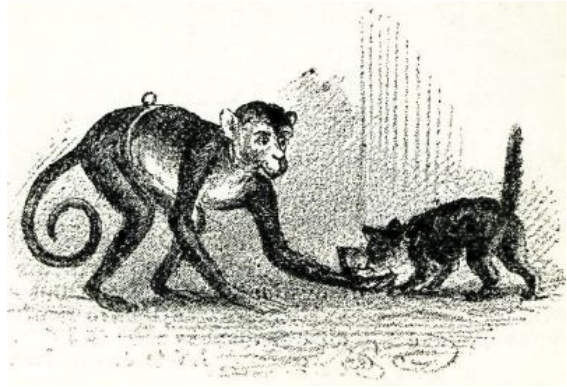
monkey that ever lived. Toby Tyler may talk about his "Mr. Stubbs," and





tell how he understands everything said to him, and begs for crullers, and all that; but I tell you "Mr. Stubbs" was just an ordinary illiterit monkey alongside of my Jocko. I hadn't had him an hour when he got out of my arms and was on the supper table before I could get him. The table was all set and Bridget was just going to ring the bell, but the monkey didn't wait for her.

To see him eating the chicken salad was just wonderful. He finished the whole dish in about two minutes, and was washing it down with the oil out of the salad bottle when I caught him. Mother was awfully good about it and only said, "Poor little beast he must be half starved Susan how much he



reminds me of your brother." A good mother is as good a thing as a boy deserves, no matter how good he is.



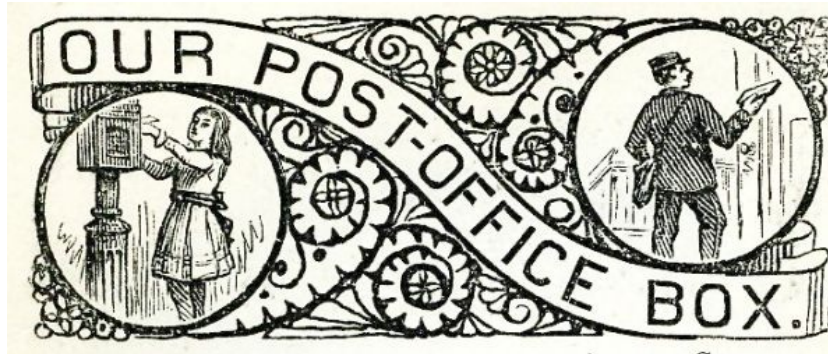
The salad somehow did not seem to agree with Jocko for he was dreadfully sick that night. You should have seen how limp he was, just like a girl that has fainted away and her young man is trying to lift her up. Mother doctored him. She gave him castor oil as if he was her own son, and wrapped him up in a blanket and put a mustard plaster on his stomach and soaked the end of his tail in warm water. He was all right the next day and was real grateful. I know he was grateful because he showed it by trying to do good to others, at any rate to the cat. Our cat wouldn't speak to him at first, but he coaxed her with milk, just as he had seen me do and finally caught her. It must have been dreadfully aggravating to the cat, for instead of letting her have the milk he insisted that she was sick and must have medicine. So he took Bridget's bottle of hair-oil and a big spoon and gave the cat such a dose. When I caught him and made him let the cat go there were about six table-spoonfuls of oil missing. Mr. Travers said it was a good thing for it would improve the cat's voice and make her yowl smoother, and that he had felt for a long time that she needed to be oiled. Mother said that the monkey was cruel and it was a shame but I know that he meant to be kind. He knew the oil mother

gave him had done him good, and he wanted to do the cat good. I know just how he felt, for I've been blamed many a time for trying to do good, and I can tell you it always hurt my feelings.

The monkey was in the kitchen while Bridget was getting dinner yesterday and he watched her broil the steak as if he was meaning to learn to cook and help her in her work, he's that kind and thoughtful. The cat was outdoors, but two of her kittens were in the kitchen, and they were not old enough to be afraid of the monkey. When dinner was served Bridget went up stairs and by-and-by mother says "What's that dreadful smell sure's you're alive Susan the baby has fallen in to the fire." Everybody jumped up and ran up stairs, all but me, for I knew Jocko was in the kitchen and I was afraid it was he that was burning. When I got into the kitchen there was that lovely monkey broiling one of the kittens on the gridiron just as he had seen Bridget broil the steak. The kitten's fur was singeing and she was mewling, and the other kitten was sitting up on the floor licking her chops and enjoying it and Jocko was on his hind-legs as solemn and busy as an owl. I snatched the gridiron away from him and took the kitten off before she was burned any except her fur, and when mother and Susan came down stairs they couldn't understand what it was that had been burning and guessed the cook must have put egg-shell on the fire.



This is all the monkey has done since I got him day before yesterday. Father has been away for a week but is coming back in a few days, and won't he be delighted when he finds a monkey in the house?



ATHENS, GEORGIA.

I wish to say to the correspondents who wrote to me for exchange of postmarks that I can not answer all their letters right away, as I have received so many, but I will answer them as soon as I can.

LOUIS J. BRUMBY.

In justice to Master Louis, we state that the above letter was received at our office on December 14, 1880, but owing to the crowded state of our Post-office Box, has been pushed aside until now.

A large number of our correspondents are in the same trouble as this Georgia boy. The demands upon them are so large that they can not possibly obtain a sufficient supply of postmarks, stamps, or other things to meet them all promptly, and they are in distress, fearing that they will be thought dishonorable, when they are in reality overwhelmed by the great number of demands upon their boyish resources.

The explanation of this trouble is very simple. A boy possessing a small number of stamps and postmarks, or perhaps a shelf of pretty minerals, being anxious to obtain more, sends a request for exchange to *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Now the subscribers to *YOUNG PEOPLE* number many thousands, and the number of readers can not be estimated. A great many of these also have small collections which they are anxious to enlarge. The consequence is that the boy who has offered exchange receives to his astonishment a dozen or more letters daily, many of them containing specimens for which an immediate return is expected. Now he has started out with, say, three hundred postmarks—probably not so many—as his stock in trade, and has offered a given number from the State where he lives for the same number from any other State. The demands of the first week exhaust his small store, and even with the help of his friends he can not collect fast enough to satisfy his correspondents. He can not use those he has received, even were he willing to part with them, for they are not from the State from which he has promised specimens, so he is compelled to work slowly, and appear for the time to be neglectful and remiss in keeping his promises. Could he answer every letter, and explain how matters stood, of course all would be right. But he is a school-boy, and has lessons to learn, or is otherwise employed; and even if he has leisure, no one needs to be told that to answer a large number of letters every day is an impossible performance for a boy from ten to fifteen years old, the average limits of the age of those who offer exchange in our columns.

In view of the impossibility of promptly answering all communications, the Post-office Box is often requested to publish an explanation. Whenever it is possible, we print these boyish appeals for indulgence, but they are very often crowded out.

We are sorry to see so little reason and forbearance on the part of some boys who fail to receive answers from exchanges at the time they expect. We have received numerous complaints, to all of which we pay no attention, and which we often have positive proof are wholly unjust. We assure those boys from whom we have received such communications that they do not rise in our estimation by their hasty accusations of their correspondents, of whose circumstances or character they know nothing, beyond the mere fact that their letters to them have not been immediately answered. A boy who is himself honorable will seek excuses for his delinquent correspondent, and will never accuse him of unfairness, even in his own mind, unless he has positive proof that the charge is well founded. In future, all requests for exchange, accompanied by complaints of the delinquency of other parties, will not be noticed in our columns.

Considering the length of our exchange list, these misunderstandings have been so few that they may be classed as exceptions to the general rule. The majority of our correspondents speak in the highest terms of the fairness with which exchanges have been conducted, of the valuable additions they have made to their collections, and of the pleasant friendships they have formed.

In spite of all our good advice in the matter of full and distinctly written addresses, carelessness in this respect is still the source of some annoyance. We frequently receive letters from boys and girls who are troubled because they have received some specimen which they can not even acknowledge, as the sender omitted either name or address, sometimes both. We have no space to explain all these matters, and in such cases leave it for the careless correspondent to learn by experience the troublous results of inattention.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY FOR HOME STUDY.—A very useful society has been formed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of aiding boys of fifteen years and upward in systematic study. It is organized under the lead of such gentlemen as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, William D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, and others, and is designed to guide and encourage the youth of America by opening to them, by means of correspondence, systematic courses of study in various subjects. Courses of reading and plans of work are arranged, from which subscribers to the society may select one or more, according to their taste and leisure, and aid is given them from time to time through directions and advice. The courses embrace history, natural science, mathematics, and literatures of different nations, divided into sections. No subscribers are admitted under fifteen years of age. Each member pays a fee of two dollars on entering. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Frederic Gardiner, Jun., Cambridge, Massachusetts, to whom all communications, marked Y. M. S. on a corner of the envelope, should be sent

by all who desire further information on the subject, with postage stamp inclosed for the reply.

CHESTNUT HILL, MASSACHUSETTS.

We report willow "pussies" found on Sunday, January 16. As this may seem incredible, we inclose a sprig of the "pussies."

J. and M.

A fresh twig covered with soft, pearly aments accompanied this letter.

FERGUS FALLS, MINNESOTA.

For two winters my gift from a lady who never forgets me is YOUNG PEOPLE. It is the greatest pleasure I have, for I am a helpless invalid. I can not stand or take a single step, and never shall until I walk in the golden streets. I have only the partial use of my left hand. I can read, and with great effort write a little. I know so well how to pity the sick and lame children who sometimes write to the Post-office Box! I want to thank YOUNG PEOPLE for brightening so many of my weary hours. I mean to have it always.

EDDIE S.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I read in YOUNG PEOPLE about "An Empty Stocking" and the Toy Mission, and I want to tell the children what we did in our Kindergarten, Christmas. Our dear teacher told us each to bring a toy or some pretty thing, and together with some other kind Kindergarten teachers she made a beautiful tree for the poor children of the free Kindergartens of Cincinnati.

I love YOUNG PEOPLE. I am seven years old now, and I am going to take it until I am a young lady.

My brother has eight rabbits, and he calls them "The Bucktoot Family."

JULIA H. D.

MIDDLE BAR, CALIFORNIA.

My grandma has made me a present of YOUNG PEOPLE.

My mother says there were some pictures of the place where we live in HARPER'S MAGAZINE once, and of men washing gold out of the river. Chinamen get gold out of it now.

I have never been to school, but I am going when I am twelve. I am eight now, and my mother teaches me. My brothers are learning German, and sometimes they talk it to me.

KATE S.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Here are some pretty experiments for the Chemists' Club.

Tin Tree.—Pour about a pint of distilled or rain water into a common decanter; put in three drams of chloride of tin, and about ten drops of nitric acid. When the chloride of tin is dissolved, suspend a piece of zinc wire in the mixture, and set the whole where it will not be disturbed. In a few hours the wire will be covered with beautiful crystals of tin precipitated from the solution. In this experiment it is wonderful to see the laminæ, or thin plates, shoot out, as it were, from nothing.

Silver Tree.—Put into a decanter four drams of nitrate of silver, and fill up the decanter with distilled or rain water; then drop in about an ounce of mercury, suspend a piece of zinc wire, and place the mixture where it will not be moved. In a short time the silver will be precipitated in beautiful and sparkling arborescent forms.

JOHN E. H.

These metal trees make very beautiful ornaments, and it is very interesting to watch the formations. A recipe for a lead tree was given in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 48.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.

My school-teacher has started a "Boys' and Girls' Lyceum" in our school. We prepare original pieces, and answer questions, and we speak, read, sing, and play on the piano.

There is a little snow on the ground, and it is very slippery. I fell off my sled to-day, and cut my cheek.

I have lots of dolls, and my pet doll is named Louise, after my mamma. I am nine years old.

MAUDE M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy seven years old. I am in the First Reader. What I like to do best is to fish. I often catch twenty in one day. I can swim under water and dive. I do all these things at my grandmother's in the country.

ARTHUR D. B.

My brother Arthur and I have a boat, and we row up the river which runs in front of our house in the country. Then one of us steers the boat, while the other sits in the bow with an oar raised, and the wind and the tide carry us home. I am nine years old.

FREDDIE C. B.

SULLIVAN, INDIANA.

We think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper published. Mamma gave it to my sister for a birthday present. I am five years old. I can read a little, and can print a letter. I printed this.

We have a calf named Rosie that is only a year and two months old, and weighs eight hundred and eighty-five pounds. I have a dear baby brother.

HELEN M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I enjoy reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, although I am fifteen years old. I am employed in a large hardware house in this city. I think we boys ought to appreciate the privilege given us in this paper of exchanging our postage stamps and postmarks. And it is a satisfaction to feel that the same paper we receive and read is also received and read by so many other boys and girls in so many different parts of our own and other countries.

J. C. L.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I want to tell you how near I came to being run over by an engine. It was one awful cold Saturday morning, and the sidewalk on the avenue where we slide was all covered with ice. I started at the top of the hill, and went down very swiftly. At the foot of the hill there is a railroad, and on one side of it there was a big snow-bank. When I got to that snow-bank, I could not stop my sled, and I went clear over it right in front of an engine that was standing on the track. I got up and took myself and the sled out of the way in a hurry, and just then the engine started.

HORACE G. B.

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI.

I am nine years old, and I go to school. We have a class of boys, and we read in YOUNG PEOPLE instead of a reader. We read all the stories, and like them very much. We expect to have a railroad here in a few years, and street cars too.

Charles W. W.

LINCOLN, TENNESSEE, *January 18, 1881.*

I have received over thirty applications for Egyptian stamps, and my supply is exhausted. Applicants will please wait until I can get more stamps from my sister, who is in Egypt.

AMBROSE STRANG.

NEWPORT, DELAWARE.

I am very much pleased with YOUNG PEOPLE. My uncle sends it to me, and also to a little girl in Brooklyn, and one in Illinois. I am eight years old. My papa reads the stories to us, and also the

letters in the Post-office Box. I think all the little people would like to hear again from Judith Wolff, of Barranquilla, in the United States of Colombia.

NELLIE B. F.

I would like to exchange foreign postage stamps and some very old United States stamps, for coins, minerals, or insects. I am twelve years old.

L. A. V. Z.,
52 University Place, New York City.

Last Christmas my mamma presented me with a year's subscription to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it so much I think it would be a good plan for every little boy's mamma to do the same.

I have a few postage stamps from New Zealand, Turkey, Hong-Kong, and other localities, which I would like to exchange for others. I am ten years old.

PERCY L. McDERMOTT,
523 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

I wish to begin a collection of birds' eggs, and will give forty stamps for four eggs, or ten stamps for one egg. I am eleven years old.

FRANK L. BREWER,
108 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York
City.

I am trying to get a collection of shells and other curiosities, but as yet I have very few things.

I would like to exchange some shells, a wild boar's tooth, and a few other curiosities, for curiosities and birds' eggs.

ALICE E. THORP,
P. O. Box 618, Newport, R. I.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Postmarks.

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SAM G. SMITH,
Heckatoo, Lincoln County, Ark.

Stamps from Sweden and Switzerland, for stamps from Germany.

ALICE V. SMITH,
Holly Tree Coffee Rooms, Newport, R. I.

A Swedish coin of 1871, for ten foreign stamps, or for the same number of the United States Treasury or Naval Departments.

JAY H. MALTBY,
Detroit, Becker County, Minn.

Postmarks, United States and foreign stamps, silver and copper coins, Indian relics, and other curiosities.

E. L. BRICE, Sunbury, Penn.

Postmarks, for German, French, Italian, or Spanish stamps.

B. C. G.,
P. O. Box 1138, Mankato, Minn.

Stamps, postmarks, birds' eggs, or minerals, for sea-shells, Florida moss, or any curiosity from the South or far West.

JEAN C. PORTER,
Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio.

Minerals.

JOHNNIE SEELEY,
Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

Indian arrow-heads, for coins.

CHARLES F. JENKINS,
West Chester, Chester County, Penn.

Foreign stamps, for Indian arrow-heads or birds' eggs.

Philadelphia, Penn. HOWARD G. CHASE,
19 Woodland Terrace, West

One hundred stamps from Brazil, Spain, Australia, and other foreign countries, for fifteen coins.

HOWARD J. VAN DOREN,
89 State Street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Foreign, United States, and internal revenue stamps, postmarks, and United States and foreign coins, for birds' eggs, minerals, or coins.

WILLARD BARNES,
Wellsville, Allegany County, N. Y.

Twenty-five postmarks, for four birds' eggs.

CLAUDE N. COMSTOCK,
Albany, Gentry County, Mo.

A rock from Missouri, for one from any other State except Colorado.

HARRY LEE,
Warrensburg, Johnson County, Mo.

Postmarks.

FRANK H. PAYNE,
P. O. Box C, Titusville, Penn.

Rare birds' eggs, for others.

EDDY LOOMIS,
P. O. Box 191, Geneva, N. Y.

Stamps, for Indian arrow-heads or other relics, old coins, ocean curiosities, or South American stamps. Twenty foreign stamps, for a good specimen of gold ore.

R. H. REDDISH,
98 Court Street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Postmarks.

CHARLES H. DAILEY,
Dayton, Campbell County, Ky.

Curious rocks from Indiana, for Indian arrow-heads or sea-shells.

CLARENCE MARSHALL,
Economy, Wayne County, Ind.

Patterns for knitted lace.

HELEN A. SEARING,
Saugerties, Ulster County, N. Y.

Postmarks.

ADOLPH VALOIS,
267 First Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Rock from Italy, for European postage stamps.

A. J. DENT,
Care of J. E. Dent, Columbia, S. C.

Calcite, dog-tooth-spar, amygdaloid, and Roxbury pudding-stone, for other minerals. Specimens from Nova Scotia especially desired.

CHARLES GARRISON,
32 Linwood Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Foreign postage stamps, for birds' eggs, Indian relics, ocean curiosities, or minerals.

JENNIE DENISON,
Bay City, Mich.

Stamps and monograms, for birds' eggs.

CHARLES G. CARTER,
P. O. Box 1167, Titusville, Penn.

Postmarks, for United States and foreign postage stamps.

CHARLES J. LIVINGOOD,
P. O. Box 200, Reading, Penn.

Postage stamps.

city.

HARRY F. SINCLAIR,
109 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York

C. N. C.—The specimen you send is a postmark. For purposes of exchange it is better to cut the postmark square, as it is more easily pasted in an album in the manner described in an article on "Stamp Collecting" in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 54, which has been applied by many of our readers to postmarks as well.

We have been requested to bring to the notice of those correspondents who may write to Judith Wolff, of Barranquilla, that they can not receive answers to their letters sooner than six or eight weeks.

"ELECTRICITY."—"The Brave Swiss Boy" has not been published in book form. The entire story, however, is contained in the first nine numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, Vol. I.

VIRGIE MCL.—We are very sorry to disappoint you, but our Post-office Box is so crowded that we can not give up space to your poem. Neither can we print your offer of exchange, for reasons which were given in the introductory paragraph to the Post-office Box of *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 45.

NELLIE A. B.—See answer to William D. in the Post-office Box of No. 64.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The article you inquire about is entitled "A Cheap Canoe," and is contained in No. 26, page 350, of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, Vol. I.

A. C.—The price of the cover for *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* is fifty cents.

OTIS S.—We can not give the description you desire.

C. P. J.—It is now so late in the season that the information you ask for will not be given in *YOUNG PEOPLE* until next winter.

SCHOOL-BOY.—Ferdinand De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi River, was born in Estremadura, Spain, about 1495. He came to America when very young, and was one of the most daring companions of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. In 1538 he attempted the conquest of Florida, believing that he should find heaps of gold there, instead of which he and his men had a very sad time, and after many misfortunes, gave up their fruitless search. De Soto died on the banks of the Mississippi in 1542, and his companions, wishing to conceal his death from the Indians, sunk his body by night in the middle of the river.

JULIE J. B.—Juggernaut, the holy city of the Hindoos, is situated on the Bay of Bengal. Its main street is composed of temples and other religious edifices, and at the southern end is an immense structure, said to have been built during the twelfth century, which is dedicated to the idol Juggernaut—a word signifying "lord of the world." This idol has an enormous chariot forty-five feet high, and mounted on sixteen wheels, and during the great festival, which occurs in March, it is taken from the temple, and being placed on the chariot, is dragged about the streets by the thousands of pilgrims who come from all parts of India to this yearly celebration. So terrible are the ignorance and superstition of these idol-worshippers that, until prevented by the British authorities, hundreds threw themselves beneath the wheels of this enormous car during its passage through the city, and were crushed to death. Even mothers would throw their infants to be killed in this horrible manner, thinking in this way to secure for them eternal happiness and favor in the eyes of the hideous idol. Although this absurd worship is still carried on to a large extent, the sacrifice of victims is no longer possible.

WILLIE PARKHURST.—"How to Build an Ice-Boat" was published in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 56.

FRED B. AND FRED W.—A set of Dallmeyer lenses, even of the smallest size, is somewhat expensive. You can get good portrait lenses from eight dollars a set to a very high price. There are other and cheaper kinds which would, no doubt, answer your purpose. The best thing for you to do is to go to some large dealer in photographic instruments, and get a list of styles and prices of lenses and materials.—"The Moral Pirates" began in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 31, and was concluded in No. 45.

Favors are acknowledged from Freddie L. Foster, Kirk Haddock, E. H. Brown, Mary L. Shober, Maggie A. E., Ettie C. I., Lee M. Hopper, Maud P. Abbott, John Demarest, Mamie Valentine, William G. Moore, B. F. Corey, Minnie C. M., Bessie W., Maud C., Samuel K. B., B. T. H., L. Jay E., Martie W. H., Willie C. C., Lewis

H., Pickey and Quinea Francis, Marion Ellis, Irene McM., Willie Lloyd, "Starlight," Ned Beck, Ina H. Bartlett, Josephine Beekman, Mertie W. L., Gertrude G., Jimmie Canfield, Stella L. Paine, Aseneth Michener, Mary Lawrence, David Baker Rushmore, A. G. D., Willie C. Whetton, Mary L. McCulloch.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Roe Stewart, Howard B. Lent, Eddie and Willie Kendel, Louise Smith, Bessie Winans, G. J. Broome, Jun., Charles Gaylor, E. J. W., Carrie M. Pike, "Starry Flag," Isobel and Harry Jacobs, E. E. Harris, Daisy Mitchell, Allie Maxwell, Andrew C. De Motte, Charlie Haight.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In frequent, not in oft.
In liquid, not in soft.
In laugh, not in scream.
In vision, not in dream.
In channel, not in strait.
In door, not in gate.
In poach, not in plunder.
In stumble, not in blunder.
In pliant, not in tough.
In coarse, not in rough.
In cycle, not in year.
My whole a season drawing near.

DAME DURDEN.

No. 2.

RHOMBOID.

Across.—A cut. A germ. To rip. To pull. In the body.

Down.—A letter from Washington. In the same manner. Regular. To notice. To venture. A fish. A pronoun. Another letter from Washington.

WALTER.

No. 3.

DIAMOND.

In ride. A character in music. Parts of the body. Suspended. To loose. A Latin numeral. In ride.

MARK MARCY.

No. 4.

EASY SQUARES.

1. First, a musical instrument. Second, a tree found in the East Indies. Third, a bog. Fourth, a town in Upper Egypt.

JOHNNIE.

2. First, prospect. Second, inactive. Third, a girl's name. Fourth, feeble.

T. K. P.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In bold, not in shy.
In run, not in fly.
In tongue, not in head.

In white, not in red.
In shore, not in land.
In arm, not in hand.
In fire, not in water.
In lime, not in mortar.
In type, not in feature.
My whole a short-lived creature.

JOHN N. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 64.

No. 1.

P R
KEG J OT
PENNY-ROYAL
GNU TAG
Y L

No. 2.

PRATE HABI T
RI PEN ABODE
APART BOHEA
TERSE I DEAL
ENTER TEALS

HI GH CRAB
I DLE ROBE
GLEE ABEL
HEED BELT

No. 3.

Potash.

No. 4.

Kentucky.

Charade, on page 192—Crowbar.

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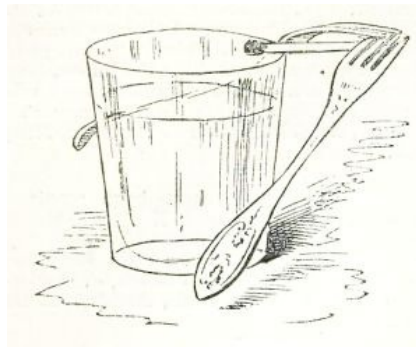
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HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

SOLUTION TO TUMBLER TRICK.

[Pg 240]



Interlock the prongs of two forks as represented in the engraving; then firmly wedge the match between one of the lower prongs and the fork above it, and you will find you can easily balance the match in the desired position, and also drink the water.

PREDICAMENTS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

This funny game comes from our German cousins, who know how to have a good time, in spite of their gravity. In the evening they like to join with their children in merry games around the cheerful lamp and by the flashing fire, and it is from them that the ideas, or turning points, of many of our best games come. This one will be found easy enough for the little ones, and amusing enough for their parents and older friends.

Any number of people can play. All sit around the room, and each one whispers to his right-hand neighbor some situation in the form of a question; for example, "What would you do if your manuscript was left at your home, forty miles away, and you had not discovered the fact until you had arisen to lecture?" Or any imaginary predicament may be suggested; as, "What if you were driving a load of ashes over a steep hill, and found that you had forgotten to put up the backboard of the cart?" These questions may also touch upon sentiment; as follows, "If you were talking sentimentally to a young lady in the woods, what if the bank on which you were seated proved to be previously occupied by a red ants' nest?"

These situations must be as quaint, funny, and varied as possible; and when one has been whispered to each person, all communicate in the same manner, to the one on the left, some remedy, which, as well as the question, must be remembered. These may be of a healing nature, like Russia salve, soothing syrup, poor man's plaster; or serious, like a gunshot, a halter, or an elopement; and when recited, are prefixed with the words, "I should try," or some appropriate beginning.

When all are provided with a situation and a remedy, the game is begun by some one, who calls upon a lady or gentleman by name, and then asks, "What would you do if—" and adds the predicament which has been given to the speaker. The person addressed then replies, "I should try—" and gives the remedy which has been whispered to him.

The combination seldom fails to prove very amusing, either from the exceedingly apt or the eccentric nature of the dialogue. The player who gave the remedy proceeds at once to call out another name, the gentlemen usually naming a lady, and the ladies a gentleman, and thus the game goes merrily on. In order to make it perfectly clear to the children, it may be well to give a few connected questions and answers:

"Mr. Smith, what would you do if you were up in a balloon, and should break your head against the tail of a comet?"

"I should buy a cabbage."—"Miss Johnson, if you were dancing the heel-and-toe polka, and should fall in the middle of the ball-room, what would you do?"

"I should preserve my equilibrium."—"Mr. Roberts, if your heart were broken, what would you do?"

"Bind her over to keep the peace."—"Miss Lewis, what would you do if you were compelled to use the same glass as a beggar?"

"I should say, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'"—"Mr. Brown, what if you failed to make an impression?"

"I should try indelible ink."

A CHARADE.

BY H.

My first may grace the festive board
With rosy colors bright,
And from the pantry's spicy hoard
'Tis often brought to light.

But shared beside the mountain stream,
Or by old ocean's swell,
Where many happy lovers dream,
Its value who can tell?

My second is what you, I hope,
Will never do to me;

But lest you should, your Bible ope,
And there your fate you'll see.

But in my whole what happy hours,
What moments rare, are spent,
Kissed by the breeze to which the flowers
Their savors sweet have lent!

Through fairy-land, unknowing care,
The spirit wanders free,
While birds with music fill the air—
Oh, give my whole to me!



AN ACHIEVEMENT.

**"Hi, Tom, look! I kin stand on one Foot
an' keep both Eyes open!"**



"DET UP!"

FOOTNOTES:

[\[1\]](#) Pronounced Walapi.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, FEBRUARY 8, 1881 ***

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