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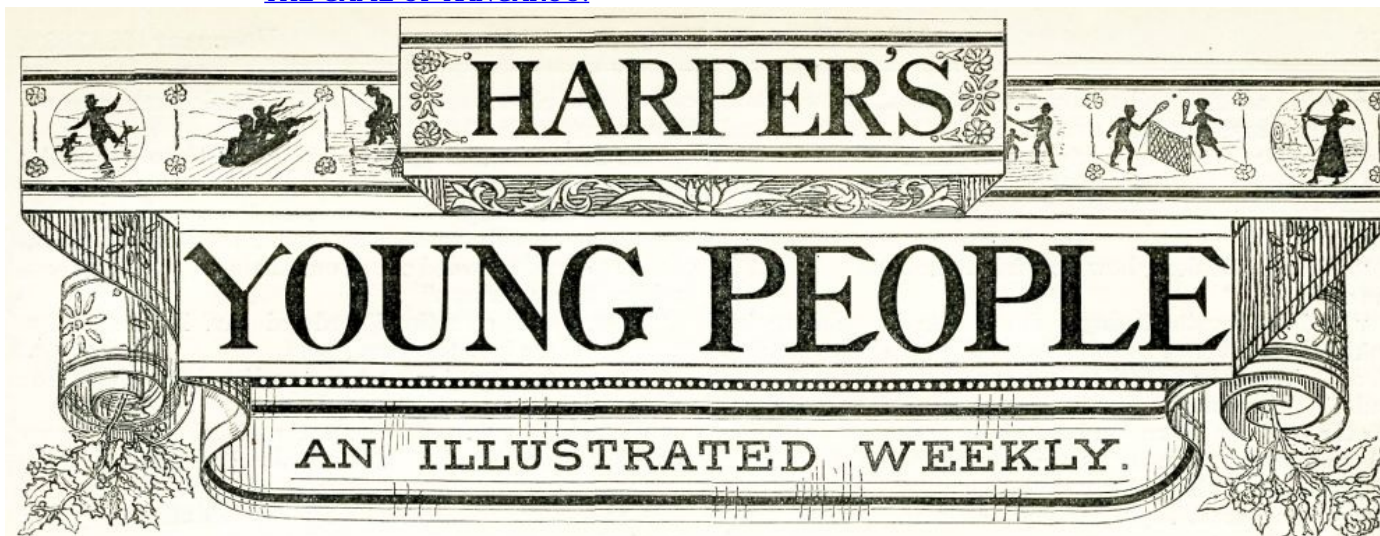
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THE RACE ON THE TAPPAN ZEE.

HOW THE PENNANT WAS WON.

AN ICE-BOAT STORY.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

Bump, bang, clatter, clatter.

"Eh! hello, who's there?" and Arthur jumps from his warm bed, and starts, shivering, to open the window-shutter; but ere he can reach it, another thump from without, and the rattle of a broken snow-ball on the tin roof of the veranda greets his ears.

He gets the shutter open just as Joe Henderson is about to throw another snow-ball, to knock at his door, as it were.

"Hello, Joe! what's up? Phew! ain't it cold!"

"Oh, Art, hurry up and dress, and come down," cries Joe. "I've splendid news for you. The river is frozen clear to Tarrytown, and the ice-boats from there are coming over to race with the Nyack boats to-day, and Uncle Nye is going to enter his new yacht, the *Jack Frost*, in the regatta, and says you and I may go along to help make up the crew. Won't it be fun, though? There's an elegant breeze."

"I should say so," chattered Arthur, as he shivered before the window. "But I'm afraid I can't go. I don't dare miss school, it's so near examination-day."

"Oh, that's all right," cried Joe. "I stopped with a letter at Dominie Switchell's on my way up, and he's laid up with another attack of rheumatism, and can't teach school to-day. Ain't it glorious?"

"Elegant! Hooray! I'm with you!" shouted Arthur, as he disappeared from the window. Hurrying on his clothes, and scarcely dipping his face in the icy water, he completed a hasty toilet, bounded down stairs two steps at a time, and tumbled over a chair that grandma had placed before her door to trip up burglars.

"Oh dear, what's the matter?" cried a voice from the room, as grandma opened the door and peeped into the hall.

"Why, Artie dear, how you frightened me! What is the cause of—"

"Ice-boat regatta to-day," shouted Artie, rubbing his ankle; "and there's no school, and I'm going on the *Jack Frost*. Won't be back till afternoon; keep my dinner hot, and—" The rest of the sentence was inaudible to grandma, for the boy was down the back stairs and in the kitchen, where, joined by Joe, he hurriedly ate the breakfast which good-natured Julia quickly set before them, for she knew just how to treat boys, having been a romping country girl herself.

In a few minutes the back door banged to, and our lads ran down the slippery pathway toward the river, where the bright sails of the Tarrytown fleet were already gliding toward the hither shore, as if in challenge to a contest. A minute's steady trot brought the boys to the steamboat dock where the ferry-boat lay frozen in. A number of graceful ice-yachts were gliding hither and thither over the glassy surface, while several near the wharf stood with sails flapping in the crisp, freshening breeze, as numbers of men and boys hurried about making the last preparations for the race, while shouts and halloos resounded on all sides. An animated group was gathered about one large and very stanch-looking boat.

"Oh, ain't she a beauty?" exclaimed Artie, as they ran and slid over the ice toward her.

"Why, it's the *Jack Frost*!" replied Joe. "Look at her flag; and here comes Uncle Nye, and Marc, and Charlie Haines, who built the boat."

"Good-morning, boys; just in time," called Mr. Nye. "It's a fine day for our sport. Jump aboard now, and let's be off. Haines, you take the windward runner; Joe, you stand by the peak halyards; Marc, you take the jib sheets; while Artie minds the main, and I'll tend the helm. Now tuck in the buffalo-ropes. Are you all ready there forward?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Let go; steady now; there she fills;" and as the beautiful craft gathered headway, and glided over the smooth ice, a cheer went up for the new yacht. As they gained the open ice, several other racers ranged alongside to test the speed of the new-comer.

"What boat is that, Charlie?" called Mr. Nye, pointing to a fine boat close to.

"That's Mr. Snow's boat, the *Icicle*, sir; and here comes Mr. Voorhees's flyer, the *Avalanche*. There's Mr. Smith's *Snow Squall*, from Tarrytown. Look out, sir; here comes Mr. Hoff's boat, the *Marie*, trying to cross our bows. But she can't do it."

In a few minutes the *Jack Frost* had drawn away slightly from her rivals; and putting about, Mr. Nye ran back, and brought the boat to a stand-still near the dock.

"Oh, uncle, do you think we'll win the race?"

"I can not tell, of course, Joe, but Haines says she handles beautifully, and we stand a good chance if nothing breaks."

"Is Artie there?" called a voice from the dock to Joe.

"Yes, Ed, he's here."

"Tell him that grandma sent him this muffler, and wants him to wrap well up, and not catch—"

"There goes the signal to get ready!" exclaimed Charlie, as he jumped on the windward runner; and they ran rapidly down to the starting-point, where a long line of boats was drawn up like white-winged birds, their sails trembling in the breeze.

"What is the course, sir?" asked Artie.

"From Hook Mountain to Piermont Dock, two miles out in mid-river, then back to the Hook, three times—about thirty miles."

"There, Artie, there's the new pennant the young ladies offered as a prize last year, and Tom Hackett and Jim Burger, from Tarrytown, won it on the *Eagle*; but the boys say they didn't win it fairly, for they started ahead of the rest, and crowded one of our boats into an ice crack, and broke her runner."

"Now, boys, attention," ordered Mr. Nye, sharply. "Let her come into the wind."

"Are you ready?" came a clear voice down the wind; and a pistol report cracked on the air.

"Jib sheet—quick, Marc; more main sheet, Art; now sway down on the peak halyards, Joe; lie close, Haines. That's it—all snug;" and they were off on the race.

After our boys had attended to their duties, they had time to look about at the rest of the fleet.

Away on either side stretched a line of swiftly moving yachts, white sails flat as boards, flags fluttering, the wind humming through the rigging, while their glittering runners cut feathery flakes of glistening ice in their tracks.

"Oh, ain't it too bad!" cried Joe. "The *Eagle* and *Icicle* are both ahead of us."

"Never mind, boys; it's early in the race yet. Wait till we get on a wind," replied Haines. "Now watch the turning-point, sir; don't let the *Snow Squall* get inside of us; ready, about," and the three leading boats turned the stake together.

"Phew! how we fly!" cried Art. "Isn't she a hummer?"

"I wonder why they call a boat *Jack*, and then call it 'she,' as if it were a girl?" queried Joe.

"Give it up," replied Marc.

"Because they require so much rigging," promptly responded Mr. Nye.

"Oh, uncle, that's not fair," cried Joe; "you knew the answer before."

"Well, I've two daughters, and ought to," replied Mr. Nye; and they all joined in his jolly laugh.

"Look out for the crack ahead!" shouted Charlie, as they rushed by a split in the ice. "Ready, about!" away they went on the other tack; and so the exciting race went on. Now one boat would be ahead, again another would dart by and take the lead, but some had fallen so hopelessly in the rear, that only a half-dozen remained in the race, and of these it was hard to tell which was the swiftest.

"I'm afraid we're going to have a snow-squall, sir," shouted Charlie. "There's a black cloud coming over the Hook Mountain."

"Let it come; I think the heavier it blows, the better for us," replied Mr. Nye.

The race was now three-quarters run, and everything must be decided in a few minutes. The squall had come over the Hook, darkening the heavens, and the gale made the boats dart along with lightning speed.

"The *Marie* is ahead of us," exclaimed Charlie Haines, peering into the flying snow. "Hello, something's the matter with her! Boat ahoy! Sheer off, or you'll run into us. Steady, boys," and a phantom shape rushed out of the mist and darted across their wake with peak halyard parted and the mainsail thundering in the wind.

The snow now hid everything in a wild whirl of mist.

"Here comes the *Eagle*, sir," as another yacht appeared close aboard in the gloom, with her flag streaming wildly on the gale.

"Keep off! keep off!" roared Charlie Haines to Tom Hackett, who was steering the rival yacht.

"Clear the track!" came back the answer, in angry tones.

"Keep on your course, Mr. Nye!" yelled Charlie. "You have the right of way, and he dare not run us down."

Scarcely had he spoken when Hackett altered his boat's course.

"Luff, sir, luff!" shouted Charlie Haines, and with a light touch of the helm, Mr. Nye avoided the collision. Not entirely, though, for the *Eagle* caught her jib-stay under her rival's main-boom; a sharp snap followed, a heavy lurch, and the *Eagle*, devoid of her jib, whirled about and upset, throwing her crew along the ice.

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"Served them right!" exclaimed Haines. "They tried to crowd us out of our course, but got upset themselves. Now, boys, hold on tight."

A terrific gust of wind and snow drove them swiftly on; it blew so hard, that the windward runner, with Charlie clinging to it, was lifted high in the air, and it seemed as though the boat must capsize.

"Shall we drop the peak?" called Mr. Nye. "I hardly think she'll stand it."

"Yes, she will, sir," answered Charlie. "Hold hard, *every one!*" and a moment later he added, "Hurrah! I see the stake ahead," and a burst of sunshine through the clouds revealed the flag close by.

Several other boats now emerged from the squall, but much of their canvas was shivering, and most of their peaks had been dropped before the fury of the gale.

It was no use trying to recover their lost ground, and our friends on the *Jack Frost* darted by the flag, winners of the race by several seconds, and also of the champion pennant of the Tappan Zee.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

GOING TO A PARTY.

I remember that when I was quite young going to a party was nearly as much a trial to me as a pleasure. Being diffident, I dreaded entering the room, and encountering the eyes of the people already assembled there; and once fairly in, I was overshadowed all the evening by the dreadful necessity of, by-and-by, retiring. Besides, I felt a sense of responsibility which was very oppressive, and was so afraid of not doing or saying what was expected of me, that I moved and acted awkwardly, and no doubt looked perfectly miserable.

Perhaps some of you may have had experiences similar to mine. Now let me tell you that I have lived to laugh at my foolish shyness, and to be very sorry for boys and girls who suffer from the same thing. When you are invited to a company, the first thing in order is to reply to the invitation. This is *polite*, whether you accept or decline, and it is *imperative* if you decline. Send your answer as soon as possible, in some such simple phrase as this: "Harold," or "Florence, thanks Mrs. ---- for her kind invitation for Thursday evening, and accepts it with pleasure," or "declines it with real regret," as the case may be. Arrived at your friend's house, you will be directed to the proper place for the removal of your wraps, and the arrangement of your toilet, and then you have only to proceed to the parlor, where your hostess will relieve you from embarrassment by meeting you at once. She is, of course, the first person whom you are to greet. Having spoken to her, you are at liberty to find other friends. Do not think that people are looking at you, or noticing your dress or your looks. They are doing nothing of the kind. Engage heartily in whatever amusement is provided for the occasion, but do not put yourself needlessly forward. If spoken to, reply modestly but intelligently, even though for the moment there may be a hush in the room. If you really wish to enjoy yourself, seek out somebody who seems to be more a stranger than yourself, and try to do something for his or her pleasure. Forget that you are not acquainted with everybody, and remember that it is your duty to help your hostess in making her party a success. Should your greatest enemy be present, you must of course be perfectly civil and agreeable in your manner to him, for in your friend's house you are both under a flag of truce.

When you say good-night to your entertainers, be sure to thank them for the pleasure you have had. Do not stay too late, but avoid being the first to go; or, if you must leave early, do it as quietly as possible, lest your withdrawal should be the signal for others to leave, thus breaking up the party too soon.

POPPING CORN.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

This is the way we drop the corn—
Drop the corn to pop the corn:
Shower the tiny lumps of gold,
All that our heaping hands can hold;
Listen awhile, and blithe and bold,
Pip! pop-corn!

This is the way we shake the corn—
Shake the corn to wake the corn:
Rattle the pan, and then behold!
What are the tiny lumps of gold?
Pretty wee white lambs in the fold!
Tip-top corn!

THE WEEPING-WILLOW.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

You have seen and admired the weeping-willow tree—the *Salix babylonica*—upon which the captive Hebrews hung their harps when they sat down "by the rivers of Babylon" and "wept when they remembered Zion." It is a native of the garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you how it emigrated to this country.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago a London merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a sea-side city in Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope, one of the great poets of England, was the merchant's warm friend, and sympathized with him in his misfortunes.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna, he sent to Pope, as a present, a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had built a beautiful villa at Twickenham, on the bank of the river Thames, and was adorning it with trees, shrubbery, and flowering plants.

On opening the box of figs Pope discovered in it a small twig of a tree. It was a stranger to him. As it came from the East, he planted the twig in the ground near the edge of the river, close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the planting was favorable to its growth, for the twig was from a weeping-willow tree—possibly from the bank of one of "the rivers of Babylon"—which flourishes best along the borders of water-courses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a few years it became a large tree, spreading wide its branches and drooping, graceful sprays, and winning the admiration of the poet's friends as well as of strangers. It became the ancestor of all the weeping-willows in England.

There was rebellion in the English-American colonies in 1775. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected to end it in a few weeks after their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing-tackle with them, to enable them to enjoy sport after the brief war. Others came to settle on the confiscated lands of the "rebels."

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him, wrapped in oiled silk, a twig from Pope's weeping-willow at Twickenham, which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston, which kept the British imprisoned in that city a long time against their will. On his staff was his step-son, John Parke Custis, who frequently went to the British headquarters, under the protection of a flag, with dispatches for General Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became friends.

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Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, were glad to fly, by sea, for life and liberty, to Halifax. Long before that flight, the British subaltern, satisfied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Custis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became the parent of all the weeping-willows in the United States.

Some time after the war, General Horatio Gates, of the Revolution, settled on the "Rose Hill Farm," on New York Island, and at the entrance to a lane which led from a country road to his house he planted a twig from the vigorous willow at Abingdon, which he had brought with him. That country road is now the Third Avenue, and the lane is Twenty-second Street. Gates's mansion, built of wood, and two stories in height, stood near the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Second Avenue, where I saw it consumed by fire in 1845. The tree which grew from the twig planted at the entrance to Gates's lane remained until comparatively a few years ago. It stood on the northeast corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-second Street. It was a direct descendant, in the third generation, of Pope's willow, planted at Twickenham about 1722.



INDIAN CHILDREN PLAYING
"BUFFALO."—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.

THE GAME OF "BUFFALO."

In inventing games, and playing them heartily too, the Indian children of the western plains are fully as active as their little white brothers and sisters of the east.

One of the favorite games among the boys of the great Sioux nation is that of "Buffalo," a game that may be played by any number; but while as many as choose may act as hunters, only two, and they the largest and strongest, can be buffaloes. These two procure a couple of buffalo-ropes as nearly perfect as possible, and, going a short distance from camp, put them on, get down on their hands and knees, and pretend to be

feeding. Then the hunters, each armed with a bow and a quiver of blunt-headed arrows, creep cautiously toward their game, taking pains to keep on the leeward side of the feeding animals.

Taking advantage of every hummock and tuft of grass to conceal their approach, the hunters finally get within bow-shot of the make-believe buffaloes. At a signal a flight of arrows is discharged at the hairy monsters, and they in turn, apparently maddened by the pain of their wounds, charge upon the hunters, bellowing with rage, and knocking down with their heads any whom they happen to overtake.

Finally the buffaloes are supposed to be killed; they roll over and lie perfectly still, while the hunters, with loud rejoicings, remove their skins, which they bear in triumph to camp. Then all, hunters and buffaloes, unite in a wild dance in imitation of their fathers when they return from a successful hunt, and the game is ended.

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

TOBY TYLER;
OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER XI.

A STORMY NIGHT.

When Toby awoke, it was nearly dark, and the bustle around him told very plainly that the time for the departure was near at hand. He rubbed his eyes just enough to make sure that he was thoroughly awake, and then jumped down from his rather lofty bed, and ran around to the door of the cage to assure himself that Mr. Stubbs was safe. This done, his preparations for the journey were made.

Now Toby noticed that each one of the drivers was clad in rubber clothing, and, after listening for a moment, he learned the cause of their water-proof garments. It was raining very hard, and Toby thought with dismay of the long ride that he would have to take on the top of the monkeys' cage, with no protection whatever save that afforded by his ordinary clothing.

While he was standing by the side of the wagon, wondering how he should get along, old Ben came in. The water was pouring from his clothes in little rivulets, and he afforded most unmistakable evidence of the damp state of the weather.

"It's a nasty night, my boy," said the old driver, in much the same cheery tone that he would have used had he been informing Toby that it was a beautiful moonlight evening.

"I guess I'll get wet," said Toby, ruefully, as he looked up at the lofty seat which he was to occupy.

"Bless me!" said Ben, as if the thought had just come to him, "it won't do for you to ride outside on a night like this. You wait here, an' I'll see what I can do for you."

The old man hurried off to the other end of the tent, and almost before Toby thought he had time to go as far as the ring, he returned.

"It's all right," he said, and this time in a gruff voice, as if he were announcing some misfortune; "you're to ride in the women's wagon. Come with me."

Toby followed without a question, though he was wholly at a loss to understand what the "women's wagon" was, for he had never seen anything which looked like one.

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He soon learned, however, when old Ben stopped in front—or rather at the end—of a long covered wagon that looked like an omnibus, except that it was considerably longer, and the seats inside were divided by arms, padded to make them comfortable to lean against.

"Here's the boy," said Ben, as he lifted Toby up on the step, gave him a gentle push to intimate that he was to get inside, and then left him.

As Toby stepped inside he saw that the wagon was nearly full of women and children, and fearing lest he should take a seat that belonged to some one else, he stood in the middle of the wagon, not knowing what to do.

"Why don't you sit down, little boy?" asked one of the ladies, after Toby had remained standing nearly five minutes, and the wagon was about to start.

"Well," said Toby, with some hesitation, as he looked around at the two or three empty seats that remained, "I didn't want to get in anybody else's place, an' I didn't know where to sit."

"Come right here," said the lady, as she pointed to a seat by the side of a little girl who did not look any older than Toby; "the lady who usually occupies that seat will not be here to-night, and you can have it."

"Thank you, marm," said Toby, as he sat timidly down on the edge of the seat, hardly daring to sit back comfortably, and feeling very awkward meanwhile, but congratulating himself on being thus protected from the pouring rain.

The wagon started, and as each one talked with her neighbor, Toby felt a most dismal sense of loneliness, and almost wished that he was riding on the monkey cart with Ben, where he could have some one to talk with. He gradually pushed himself back into a more comfortable position, and then had an opportunity of seeing more plainly the young girl who rode by his side.

She was quite as young as Toby, and small of her age; but there was an old look on her face, that made the boy think of her as quite an old woman cut down to fit children's clothes. Toby had looked at her so long and earnestly, that she observed him, and asked, "What is your name?"

"Toby Tyler."

"What do you do in the circus?"

"Sell candy for Mr. Lord."

"Oh, I thought you was a new member of the company."

Toby knew by the tone of her voice that he had fallen considerably in her estimation by not being one of the performers, and it was some little time before he ventured to speak; then he asked, timidly, "What do you do?"

"I ride one of the horses with mother."

"Are you the little girl that comes out with the lady an' four horses?" asked Toby, in awe that he should be conversing with so famous a person.

"Yes, I am. Don't I do it nicely?"

"Why, you're a perfect little—little—fairy!" exclaimed Toby, after hesitating a moment to find some word which would exactly express his idea.

This praise seemed to please the young lady, and in a short time the two became very good friends, even if Toby did not occupy a more exalted position than that of candy-seller. She had learned from him all about the accident to the monkey cage, and Mr. Stubbs, and in return had told him that her name was Ella Mason, though on the bills she was called Mademoiselle Jeannette.



TOBY IN THE "WOMEN'S WAGON."

For several hours the two children sat talking together, and then Mademoiselle Jeannette curled herself up on the seat, with her head in her mother's lap, and went to sleep.

Toby had resolved to keep awake and watch her, for he was quite struck with admiration at her face, but sleep got the better of him in less than five minutes after he had made such a resolution, and he sat bolt-upright, with his little round head nodding and bobbing, until it seemed almost certain that he would shake it off.

When Toby awoke, the wagon was drawn up by the side of the road, the sun was shining brightly, preparations were being made for the entrée into town, and the harsh voice of Mr. Job Lord was shouting his name in a tone that boded no good for the owner of it when he should make his appearance.

Toby would have hesitated before meeting his angry employer, but that he knew it would only make matters worse for him when he did show himself, and he mentally braced himself for the trouble which he knew was coming. The little girl whose acquaintance he had made the night previous was still sleeping, and wishing to say good-by to her in some way without awakening her, he stooped down and gently kissed the skirt of her dress. Then he went out to

meet his master.

Mr. Lord was thoroughly in a rage when Toby left the wagon, and he saw the boy just as he stepped to the ground. The angry man gave one quick glance around, to make sure that none of Toby's friends were in sight, and then he caught him by the coat collar, and commenced to whip him severely with the small rubber cane that he usually carried.

Mr. Job Lord lifted the poor boy entirely clear from the ground, and each blow that he struck could be heard nearly the entire length of the circus train.

"You've been makin' so many acquaintances here that you hain't willin' to do any work," he said, savagely, as he redoubled the force of his blows.

"Oh, please stop! please stop!" shrieked the poor boy in his agony. "I'll do everything you tell me to, if you won't strike me again."

This piteous appeal seemed to have no effect upon the cruel man, and he continued to whip the boy, despite his cries and entreaties, until his arm fairly ached from the exertion, and Toby's body was crossed and recrossed with the livid marks of the cane.

"Now let's see whether you'll 'tend to your work or not," said the man, as he flung Toby from him with such force that the boy staggered, reeled, and nearly fell into the little brook that flowed by the road-side. "I'll make you understand that all the friends you've whined around in this show can't save you from a lickin' when I get ready to give you one. Now go an' do your work that ought to have been done an hour ago."

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Mr. Lord walked away with the proud consciousness of a man who has achieved some great victory, and Toby was limping painfully along toward the cart that was used in conveying Mr. Lord's stock in trade, when he felt a tiny hand slip into his, and heard a childish voice say:

"Don't cry, Toby. Some time, when I get big enough, I'll make Mr. Lord sorry that he whipped you as he did; and I'm big enough now to tell him just what kind of a man I think he is."

Looking around, Toby saw his little acquaintance of the evening previous, and he tried to force back the big tears that were rolling down his cheeks, as he said, in a voice choked with grief, "You're awful good, an' I don't mind the lickin' when you say you're sorry for me. I s'pose I deserve it for runnin' away from Uncle Dan'l."

"Did it hurt you much?" she asked, feelingly.

"It did when he was doin' it," replied Toby, manfully, "but it don't a bit now that you've come."

"Then I'll go and talk to that Mr. Lord, and I'll come and see you again after we get into town," said the little miss, as she hurried away to tell the candy vender what she thought of him.

That day, as on all others since he had been with the circus, Toby went to his work with a heavy heart, and time and time again did he count the money which had been given him by kind-hearted strangers, to see

whether he had enough to warrant his attempting to run away. Three dollars and twenty-five cents was the total amount of his treasure, and large as that sum appeared to him, he could not satisfy himself that he had sufficient to enable him to get back to the home which he had so wickedly left. Whenever he thought of this home, of the Uncle Daniel who had, in charity, cared for him—a motherless, fatherless boy—and of returning to it, with not even as much right as the Prodigal Son, of whom he had heard Uncle Daniel tell, his heart sank within him, and he doubted whether he would be allowed to remain if he should be so fortunate as ever to reach Guilford again.

This day passed, so far as Toby was concerned, very much as had the others; he could not satisfy either of his employers, try as hard as he might, and, as usual, he met with two or three kindly disposed people, who added to the fund that he was accumulating for his second venture of running away, by little gifts of money, each one of which gladdened his heart, and made his troubles a trifle less hard to bear.

During that entire week one day was very much like another. Each day he added something to his fund, and each night it seemed to him that he was one day nearer the freedom for which he so ardently longed.

The skeleton, the fat lady, old Ben, the Albino Children, little Ella, and even the sword-swallower, each gave him a kindly word as they passed him while he was at his work, or saw him as the preparations for the grand entrée were being made.

The time had passed slowly to Toby, and yet Sunday came again, as Sundays always come; and on this day old Ben hunted him up, made him wash his face and hands until they fairly shone from very cleanliness, and then took him with him to church. Toby was surprised to find that it was really a pleasant thing to be able to go to church after being deprived of it, and he was more light-hearted than he had been since he left Guilford when he returned to the tent at noon.

The skeleton had invited him to another dinner party; but Toby had declined the invitation, agreeing to present himself in time for supper instead. He hardly cared to go through the ordeal of another state dinner, and, besides, he wanted to go off to the woods with the old monkey, where he could enjoy the silence of the forest, which ever seemed like a friend to him, because it reminded him of home.

Taking the monkey with him as usual, he inquired the nearest way to some grove, and without waiting for dinner, started off for an afternoon's quiet enjoyment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF THE DIGITS, AND WHAT THEY REPRESENT.

1 is the lord of the manor,
2 is his swan-like bride,
3 is his gentle daughter,
And 4 is the pony to ride;
5 is young Jack, so nimble,
6 is the careful maid,
7 the priest so humble,
And 8 is the church where he staid;
9 is the palace castle,
And 10 the poor around—
This is the story of Numbers,
While the whirl of Time goes round.

THE TALL PINE.

A STORY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"The tall pine" grew upon the backbone of Bald Mountain, a mighty spur of the Green Mountain range, and from nearly every point for miles around the great tree could be seen standing out clear and distinct against the sky, and towering, like Saul, head and shoulders above its brethren.

It happened that upon a certain Fourth of July, years ago, the eloquent orator of the day, in dilating upon the grandeur of his country and her great men, particularly that greatest of all, George Washington, turned, in a sudden fit of inspiration, and pointed to the tall pine.

"As yonder magnificent tree, fellow-citizens," said the grandiloquent speaker, "uplifts itself above all the giants of the surrounding forest, so, friends and fellow-citizens, does the character of George Washington uplift itself above all others upon the page of history."

These words were received with great applause, and the tall pine was ever after known in the neighborhood as "George Washington."

The land upon which "George Washington" stood was owned by a crabbed old farmer named Hardaker. Mr. Hardaker had a contract for supplying the Fitchburg Railroad with wood, and, winter by winter, was gradually stripping his share of Bald Mountain of all its beautiful trees. This made good places to go blackberrying, but hurt the appearance of the hill-side very much. People wondered how Mr. Hardaker could be so "mean" as to cut everything down so, all at once. He did not need the money particularly, and his motive was just "clear greed"—or so the neighbors said.

At last he neared the vicinity of the tall pine; and as February advanced he announced, with a loud laugh at his own wit, that he was going to "celebrate Washington's Birthday by cutting down 'George Washington' himself with his little hatchet."

This created no little excitement throughout the town, and everybody protested.

"Oh, I wouldn't, Mr. Hardaker," said Mr. Prouty, the village minister; "it has been a landmark here for many years, and it is really, as things have come to be, an object lesson in history to all the children and youth around."

"Humph!" said the old farmer, crossly. "I ain't a-settin' up landmarks for folks, or a-givin' objec' lessons. I pay taxes for all that sort of thing to be did in the schools—awful big taxes, too. I can't raise the money to pay 'em without cuttin' timber pretty stiddy. I calc'late there's—wa'al, a thousan' foot o' lumber in that ar pine, an' I can't afford to leave it stan' no longer."

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The old farmer scowled and shook himself as he walked away. He was evidently more "sot" than ever on cutting down "George Washington."

There was a bright boy in town, the son of a Mr. Farnsworth, and named, like so many other bright American boys, after the father of his country. As might have been expected of a boy with such a name, Master George Washington Farnsworth had been brought up to think very highly of his namesake, and all of the Farnsworth family were justly indignant when the news of Farmer Hardaker's intention reached them.

"I declare," said his sister Grace, "it almost seems like killing a real person."

"Well," said her mother, thoughtfully, "you can't expect to find much sentiment in a grasping, narrow-minded man like Mr. Hardaker. There isn't any use in saying much about it, but it is too bad to do it—on his birthday, too. I'm really ashamed to be so 'worked up,' but it seems as if a tree like that might be allowed to stand till it died a natural death."

"The bolt that strikes the towering cedar dead
Glides harmless o'er the hazel's lowly head."

quoted Grace.

"Cedars and hazels alike fall before Farmer Hardaker's rapacious axe," said her mother, smiling. "I fancy that he doesn't skip anything, judging from the looks of the poor, shorn mountain-side. It's too bad!"

But, day by day, Farmer Hardaker's ox-sleds, unheeding the expostulations of the entire population, climbed the steep, and came back loaded with the carcasses of "George Washington's" sturdy neighbors. He was getting very near to "George" himself.

"I say, boys," said George Farnsworth to his school-mates, as they were sliding at recess, a few days after he had overheard the conversation between his mother and sister—"I say, ain't it pretty mean of old Hardaker to cut down 'George Washington'?"

"It is that," said several of the boys, heartily, and they turned and looked up to the stately tree, which stood in silent grandeur, as ever since they could remember, and appealed speechlessly to them all.

"He says," continued George, "that he is going to celebrate Washington's birthday by cutting it down with his little hatchet."

The other boys laughed, but George kept sober.

"It's rather funny," he said, slowly; "but can't we manage to save it some way?"

The general opinion seemed to be—borrowed from their friends at home, probably—that it couldn't be done, until at last Tom Dermot said, speculatively,

"Maybe he'd sell it?"

"Maybe he would," said George, brightening up. "You know my name's George Washington, boys, and I'm bound to save the dear old gentleman if I can."

"I don't see why he couldn't sell it standing as well as cut up," continued Tom—"only, if he would, it wouldn't do us any good. We haven't got any money."

"Maybe we could raise some," said George, bravely. "Wonder how he'd sell it?"

"Dear enough, I presume; but we might ask him."

The upshot of this conversation was that, after school, George Farnsworth persuaded his father to let him and Tom Dermot, feeling pretty important, you may be sure, take his horse and sleigh to go over and talk with Mr. Hardaker upon the subject of selling "George Washington" standing.

"Thirty dollars," said the gruff old fellow, who was very angry at the remarks which had been made at his expense, and who had vowed that he would cut the tree down now, whatever happened.

"I won't leave the plaguey thing up for a cent less than thirty dollars."

"I'm afraid we can't raise a sum like that between now and day after to-morrow," said George, looking at Tom in some dismay.

"Then I'll cut it down," roared Mr. Hardaker; and seeing what a rage he was in, the boys discreetly took their leave. They amused themselves on the way home by singing, as loud as they possibly could,

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough."

"Father," said George, when they reached home, "he says thirty dollars—not a cent less."

Mr. Farnsworth gave a long whistle.

"Pretty dear," he said, smiling, "but I'm glad you have shown so much interest. I'd almost give five dollars myself to save the old tree."

"Would you, father—would you?"

"But I don't want to encourage Hardaker in such extortion as that."

"But you know he's mad, father—that's why he sets the price so high. He thinks now that we can't raise the money, and so he can cut the tree down."

"Yes, I don't see any way to save it."

But George would not give it up, and pleaded his cause so well that his father finally told him that if he and Tom could raise the other twenty-five dollars in time, he would really give him five dollars.

The boys started out that evening in fine spirits to "solicit" for "George Washington." The enthusiasm over the historical "Old South Church" in Boston never ran higher. Mr. Prouty gave them one dollar, and Mr. Steele, the school-master, another. Everybody gave them something. It was astonishing to see how many friends the old tree had.

When school was out the next day, George and Tom started again for Farmer Hardaker's. They were feeling pretty well, for George had in his pocket a deed of the tree, drawn up by the village lawyer, and needing only the signatures of Farmer Hardaker and witnesses to make it valid, and thirty dollars in good current money.

They managed to catch their man just as he was starting for the station with a load of chestnut wood for ties.

"Mr. Hardaker," said George, politely, springing from the sleigh, and approaching the old man, "would you mind stepping into the house a minute, and signing a deed for me?"

"Signing a deed?" said Farmer Hardaker, opening eyes and mouth very wide.

"Yes, sir," went on George, courteously. "You said that you would sell us the tall pine for thirty dollars, and I have brought you the money, and a deed of the purchase for you to sign."

"The mischief you have!" said the old fellow, crossly, but with his eyes twinkling a little at the sight of the money, which George judiciously exposed just then. "Wa'al, I s'pose I'll have to give in."

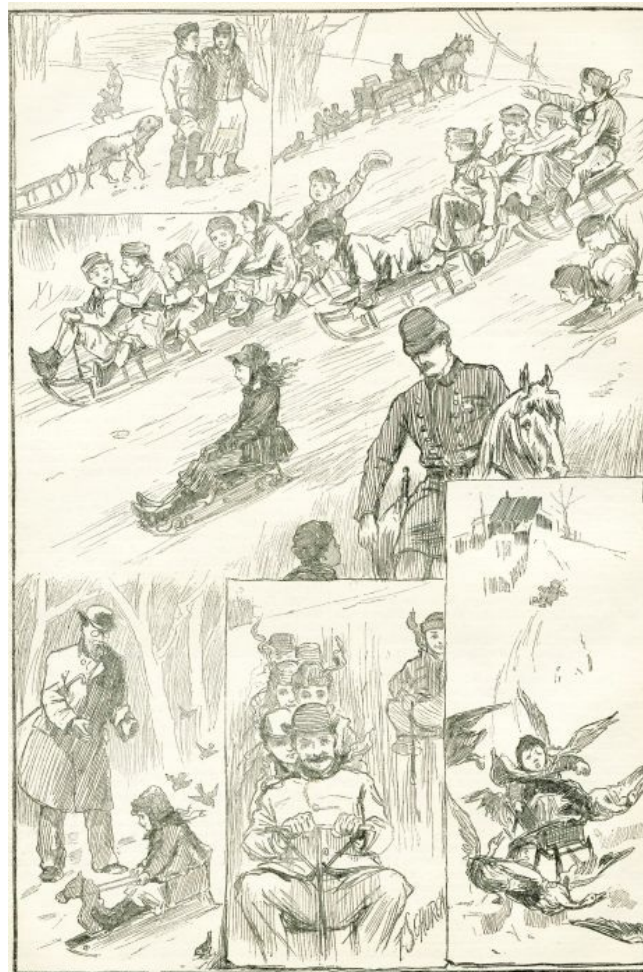
So the money was handed over, and the rest done in good shape, and the boys went home feeling better than they had ever felt before in their lives.

One or two who hadn't had a chance to contribute to the "fund" went up to the top of the mountain on the 22d of February with their mite. It was a silver plate, on which were inscribed these words (you may have seen them before):

GEORGE WASHINGTON:

First in War, first in Peace, and first in the Hearts of his Countrymen.

And that very plate, only tarnished a little by wind and weather, may be seen upon the mighty trunk of "George Washington" to this day.



COASTING SKETCHES.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.



FEEDING THE LOVE-BIRDS.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

"When my good uncle Benjamin sent home his presents for the children I am afraid there was less harmony in the family—that is, amongst my brothers and sisters—than one might have expected. The presents were many, the choice was embarrassing, and tastes did not agree. Tom was the bother—Tom always has been the bother, I am sorry to add. Without Tom I think we could have got along pretty well, and arranged our differences by degrees, and with the help of mamma and the governess, and perhaps papa to be called in if wanted very much. But Tom—though he is my own brother, and I love him dearly, particularly when he is good, which occurs on his birthday, and sometimes on half-holidays—was very aggravating. I don't remember when Tom was more aggravating, except when he was getting over the measles, and bit his nurse in the arm. Tom was greatly excited over the presents, and said they were all for him—Uncle Benjamin being his godfather—until papa explained the case, and read aloud uncle's letter to us.

"Let the dear children take it in turns to choose, according to their respective ages," wrote uncle.

Maggie was the eldest, and chose the "love-birds," two pretty little dears like baby paroquets, green balls of wool with red noses—crimson beaks, papa calls them. We were all anxious about the love-birds: they were something alive, and to be petted and made much of. It was discovered, however, that Tom wanted the love-birds; it was his second choice, and he had set his heart upon them. And having set his heart upon them, Tom sat down and howled when Maggie had made her selection. There was no pacifying Tom—there never is, Bella says, and so does Charlie—and Tom stamped and raved and sobbed, and would not have anything else but the love-birds "if he died for it," he said. He was quieter when papa came in, and withdrew his threat of poisoning the birds if they became Maggie's property, and apologized behind the cuff of his jacket to his sister, and with his mouth full of cloth. Tom's apology having been graciously accepted, it remained to be seen if Tom's grief could be in any way appeased; and after some whispering between Maggie and mamma, in which I fancied I heard the words "pantomime next Christmas," it was finally settled that Maggie should be consoled by a box of paints, and Tom should have the birds. I don't think I could have agreed to that myself, although I don't quite know what mamma might have promised me; but I was content with my big doll, and I thought that when Tom was at school we should all be able to see the love-birds and feed them just as well as their owner. But we did not tell Tom this, or he might have sold the birds, or taken them to school in his pocket; for Tom was a very cross-grained brother when he liked, and was rather a trouble to mamma and papa. I was never a trouble—I was a good girl, and they called me "Pet."

Tom did not get tired of his present so soon as we expected. He was the whole day without getting tired, although a little shaken in the evening by an offer of his friend Walker—who came from school with five-and-twenty other friends to see the birds—to "swap" with him for ten white mice and a Jew's-harp. He was very fond of the birds, and he christened them Romeo and Juliet, because they were love-birds too, and we should hear all about them when we were a little older. Well, I hoped they loved each other better than Tom's birds, for presently Tom saw, and we all saw, that considering our Romeo and Juliet *were* love-birds, their behavior was far from conveying that idea to any one who studied them. They were quarrelsome in the extreme, which pleased Tom, who "liked to see them fight," he said; and as they were always fighting, he got a great deal of pleasure from Uncle Benjamin's present.

No, Romeo and Juliet gave no impression of love and happiness to any of us. Juliet was very spiteful, and even when huddled against Romeo for warmth would suddenly jerk her head round and try to peck his eye out. But Romeo was always on guard, having mistrusted Juliet from the first hours of his introduction to her; he was a bird who had seen the world, and thoroughly understood the character of his mate. Juliet was untrustworthy and malicious, and Romeo always kept his eye on her—the eye which she wanted to peck out especially. At feeding-time their conduct was the worst. We took it in turns to feed the birds, Tom, who loved them very much, having quite forgotten to feed them after the first four-and-twenty hours, and sister Maggie, who was always tender-hearted, took great pains over them, and tried hard to teach them better manners, especially at meal-times. Alone, each bird was as good as gold, but it was seldom that Juliet would allow Romeo to take any food out of a spoon without seizing the advantage of his being off guard to have a savage peck at him somewhere; and I am sorry to say that Romeo was almost as bad, and there were times when so many feathers of Juliet were found at the bottom of the cage, that we were afraid that in some rash moment of revenge he would pluck her like a goose.

This constant quarrelling and fighting, not to mention hours and days of incessant screaming, was a source

of much anxiety to Maggie, and Bella, and Charlie, and Tottie, and me. Tom, as I have said before, liked it all very much, which we were sorry to see; but then Tom is a big boy, and fond of fighting. He is going to boarding-school next term, where papa says they will take the nonsense out of him, he hopes. I wonder how they will get it out, for there is a great deal in him, we all think. I have asked Tom, but he doesn't know. We told papa and mamma about the unhappy lives of Romeo and Juliet, and they were very much surprised. They had always understood that love-birds were most engaging and amiable creatures; and what unhappy difference of opinion could have led Juliet to regard Romeo with such complete contempt, or to induce Romeo to despise Juliet and try to hurt her—just as Juliet availed herself of every chance to do some mortal injury to Romeo—was a mystery which even our good, wise parents could not solve.

There came a time when there was great grief to us all. Tom had left the cage door open one day; the window was open, and Romeo, tired of his cage, of Juliet's hen-pecking, and of us, took advantage of Tom's carelessness and flew away to the outer world. We were all very sorry; even Juliet was very sorry, and sat in one corner of the big cage and moped, oh! so dreadfully, for the loss of her poor mate. Which mamma told us was a moral to us little ones to be contented and happy in each other's company; for no one could tell, not even Juliet, how painful it was to miss somebody forever to whom one had been unkind, or said or done harsh things, and what a bitter memory it would leave behind!

We thought so too, and we pitied poor Juliet very much, and were distressed that she lost her appetite, and that even lump-sugar was hardly to her taste. Yes, she was fretting for Romeo. There was no one to love now, or no one to peck; we were not quite certain which regret was uppermost in Juliet's mind. But we were sure that Juliet took Romeo's desertion of her very much to heart. And where was Romeo, who, after all, was our favorite? What had become of him? Had he found another home—another Juliet, perhaps? papa suggested, or was he wandering about the world, and being badly treated by other birds? or coming rapidly to ruin in the society of disreputable sparrows?

We offered a reward for him. Even Tom was distressed at the loss of him. "He was such a plucky little chap," Tom said; and Tom came home full of grief that afternoon, because John Simmonds had told him that somebody else had told him that he, the somebody else, had caught the bird and made a pie of him, to try how he would taste. Which was a wicked story of John Simmonds, for the very next day a gentleman in a corduroy suit splashed with whitewash, and smelling very strongly of paint and putty, called with Romeo in a little bag, and waited in the hall for the reward that had been offered. We all ran out to welcome back the truant, and papa was as glad as any of us, I am sure.

How we kissed and fondled poor Romeo, and what a grand procession of the family it was into the drawing-room to see the old companions reunited, and watch the joy of Juliet at the return of the loved one! I remember the man with the paper cap followed us, as papa had not paid him, in his excitement, and stood looking over our shoulders, as interested as ourselves. Juliet fluttered her wings and uttered what we took for a cry of joyful welcome, and Romeo was sent fluttering into the cage to rejoin his long-lost mate.

Alas! the meeting was not an affectionate one after all, or some little mistake had occurred, or Juliet was short-sighted and took Romeo for a stranger; for Juliet went straight at Romeo, and once more made every effort to peck his eye out, whilst Romeo, resenting the affront, or bewildered by emerging from his paper bag to daylight, flew wildly about the cage, and tried desperately to stretch Juliet a corpse at the bottom of it. We were aroused and alarmed—we shed many tears. Tottie screamed.

A husky voice behind us said at this juncture: "Ah, that's the worst of putting two Romeos in one cage, sir. It never answers—one of 'em's sure to kill the other."

"Two Romeos!" exclaimed papa. "Do you mean to say that Juliet isn't—isn't a female?"

"Bless your heart, sir, no."

"Good gracious! what a mistake of Uncle Benjamin's, to be sure!"

We have separated Romeo from Juliet now, and there is peace in the house at last. I am not quite certain there is a moral to this story, unless it is, "Do not judge by appearances," or proves that people who can not agree together are much better apart.

SEA-BREEZES.

BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL.

BERLIN, *December*, 1880.

Yes, we are really in Europe at last, my Clytie. So much has happened since I wrote last, that I don't know where to begin; and I shouldn't have a nidear what I had written about if I didn't keep a "mimete" of my letters, as papa says, in a little memberandum-book he gave me.

Everything I put down in it he calls an "entry." Funny to have a book full of *entries*, isn't it? Well, this is the last one; "Steamer—seasick—got over it—fun with R. and N.—dance on deck—will write next about Captain's birthday, etsetterer."

But now the birthday seems ages ago, and all that I can say about it is that the Captain was forty-five years old and we had a neligant time, with all sorts of things for dinner, and a birthday cake as big as a flower bed, with forty-five colored tapers, and every single slice had one or more presents in it, so we all got something. The Captain found in his piece a gold ring and a china Cupid, and a donkey with great long ears and his mouth wide open. Mamma had a stone cigar, and papa a *thimble*; and in my slice was the teentiest tontiest china doll not more than half an inch long. I keep her in a cradle made of a pecan-nut, and she's the cunningest child you ever saw. I've named her "Wee Tot," for the little girl who writes sometimes in my YOUNG PEOPLE'S POST-office BOX.

A week after the birthday we derived at Bremen, and I was awfully sorry to leave the steamer, for it seemed almost like home. We had to say good-by to everybody, and it was real sad.

Papa, mamma, and I came away by ourselves, Cousin Frank and Cousin Carrie (and oh, Clytie, she is just *perfectly eligant!*) went some other roundabout way from Bremen, and the Peytons are going to Paris first; but by-and-by our party will come together again, and we shall properly live in the same house, or at least

in the same place, for the winter.

We are at Aunt Mary's now. She lives here in Berlin, and is mamma's auntie as well as mine. She *used* to live in Cambridge when she was a little girl, and was dear great-grandma's truly baby once! I never saw her before, but I love her already. Uncle Max has gray hair, and wears speckertles, and carries a cane, and so I suppose he's *old*, but he plays with us children, and you can't help laughing just to hear *him* laugh, and he sings funny songs to us, and he doesn't *seem* any older than Randolph. He keeps us having a good time from morning till night; and guess how many children there are. But you never *could* guess. There's *eight* right here in the house, and all of them belong to Uncle Max and Aunt Mary.

Gretchen and Wilhelm are quite grown up, but *Ilsie* wears short dresses, and her hair in two long braids; *Lisbet* isn't any taller than I; *Karl* is eight years old, *Fritz* is six, and cunning little *Max* and *Marie* are three-year-old twins.

The nursery is the jolliest room in the house. The floor is bare, and polished like glass. The stove reaches almost to the ceiling, and is made of white porcelain covered all over with the prettiest little baby figures. They are raised 'way up, you know, and their arras are as round and fat as a real doll's. Some of them are playing tag, some are in swings or wading in brooks, and all round the top of the stove is a row of little angels. Wouldn't you like to see a stove like that? In the bay-window there are lots of plants, and three cages full of canary-birds, besides another cage, 'most as big as a bureau, for the parrot. He is gray, with red tips to his wings, and a green collar round his neck, and he calls all the children's names, and says "Guten Morgen," "Gute Nacht," "Schlafe wohl," "Wie geht's" (Good-morning, Good-night, Sleep well, How do you do?), and he sings and whistles, and is just as happy as the rest of the family.

And now tell me, was Jack's nose really broken, or only cracked, as we hoped when I came away, and did the glue-liniment do him any good? I *long* to know if poor little *Mopsy* can use her arm yet, or does she still wear it in a sling? Do they all mind you, *Clytie*, and is *Leonora* getting over her vain and silly ways? Don't fail to suppress upon her that "handsome *is* that handsome *does*," and of all things, don't allow her to be imperent to the others.

Give my love to George Washington and Lafayette, and tell them that of all the soldier-dolls on parade in the shops here (and there are whole regiments of them), I haven't seen one I would change for them. Papa says, "In military bearing they are equal to any we find here," and I agree with him. It is a great compliment, too, for Germany is full of soldiers.

Lisbet is calling me to go with her in the little goat-phaeton for a drive in the park. The next time I write I will tell you about this cunning little phaeton.

Gute Nacht—träume süß, as they say here. It means just what I say to you at home, Good-night and pleasant dreams.

Your loving mamma,
BESSIE MAYNARD.

P.S.—Please tell Cousin Fanny, who reads my letters to you, that I do wish she would be your meanuensis, and write to me for you. If she looks close in your eyes, she can see what you will want to say, even if you do not speak, and a letter from you would be *such* a comfort to your anxious mamma.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

There have been heroines as well as heroes on the sea, and of these Mrs. Annie Wilson is certainly one. When she was fourteen years of age, she married the captain of a vessel sailing from Boston, and for seven years accompanied him on his voyages around the world, without accident.

But in 1872 the ship encountered a terrible storm off the banks of Newfoundland. The captain was knocked down and his shoulder was broken by the fall of one of the masts. The first mate and several of the crew were also disabled, and the second mate was so frightened that he could not give any orders. The captain was carried down, lashed on a door, into the cabin; and when his wife saw him rendered helpless in this way, instead of yielding to useless lamentations, she only thought of what she could do to supply his place. She rushed on deck, and called the men around her.

"Boys, our lives are in danger," she said; "but stick to me, and do what I tell you. I'll take you into port all right."

She set them to work to clear away the wreck; they manned the pumps; and when the gale had subsided a little, they rigged up a jury-mast, under their new captain's orders, set sail again, and in twenty-one days the ship was safely anchored at St. Thomas.

After the necessary repairs had been made there, and as her husband was still quite helpless, the brave woman worked the ship to Liverpool, and made the voyage in thirty days. After this, she settled down in New York, and for seven years has supported her crippled husband and her child by working as a clerk in a dry-goods store in this city.

A few months ago her husband died, and Secretary Sherman has appointed her to the post of inspectress in the New York Custom-house.

[Begun in Harper's YOUNG PEOPLE No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

A PROMISE OF BETTER TIMES.

When Phil was alone again, he waited impatiently for the long twilight to end in darkness, and the stars to come out. It seemed a very long time. Once in a while a faint murmur came from his harp, but it was a mere breathing of sound, and he turned restlessly in his chair. Then he closed his eyes and waited again, and his waiting was rewarded by a small voice in his ear whispering,

"Here we are, here we are."

"Oh," said Phil, "I thought you never would come again."

"Tut, tut, child, you must not be so doubtful," said the little voice again, and the starry coronet gleamed in his eyes.

"I have brought you some sweet odors of wild flowers, and spicy breath of pine and hemlock, for I thought you needed a tonic."

Phil smelled something exquisite as she spoke, but all he said was,

"What is a tonic?"

"Something the doctors give when children are pale and thin, and do not have enough fresh air. I don't pretend to know what it means, but I often go to see sick children in hospitals, and so I hear about such things."

"Hark! is that my wind harp?—why, it sounds like water dropping and gurgling over stones."

"It is the song of a mountain brook that my friends are singing as they dance over your harp. Look!"

Phil looked, and saw the flock of fairies like white butterflies swarming again over his harp, and heard the soft sweet singing which kept time to their steps.

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" said Phil.

"When you hear a brook singing, you must remember us," said the fairy.

"Indeed I will; but I am afraid I shall never hear one: only the hoarse cries of the street and the rumbling of wagons come to me here."

"Ah, better times are coming; then you will not need us."

Phil lay still in his chair, listening intently; the white figures glanced in shadowy indistinctness across the window, only the starry ray from each little brow lighting their dance. They swept up and down, and swayed like flowers in a breeze, and still the little clear notes of their song fell like dripping water in cool cascades. Now it flowed smoothly and softly, again it seemed to dash and foam among pebbly nooks.

"Does it rest you? Are you better?" asked the one little fairy who did all the talking.

"Oh, so much!" said Phil.

After a while the song stopped, and the fairies drew all together in a cluster, and were quite still.

"What does that mean?" asked Phil.

"They are disturbed; there is a storm coming. We shall have to return."

"I am so sorry! I wanted to know more about you, and to see what you wear."

"Mortals must not approach us too nearly. We may draw near to you. See, I will stand before you."

"You seem to be all moon-shine," said Phil.

"Yes," said the fairy, laughing merrily; "these robes of ours are of mountain mist, spangled with star-dust so fine that it makes us only glisten. We have to wear the lightest sort of fabric, so that we are not hindered in our long flights."

"Do you know flower fairies?"

"Yes; but we are of a very different race. I suppose you thought we dressed in rose leaves and rode on bumble-bees; but we do not; we are more—now for a long word—more ethereal." And again the fairy laughed.

"Ether means air," said Phil, quite proudly. "Do you know any fairy stories?" he asked.

"Yes; shall I tell you one next time I come?"

"Oh do, please. So you *will* come again."

"Yes, if I can. Now I must go. I thought I heard distant thunder. We must fly so fast!—so fast! Good-by, good-by."

There was a long rumbling of thunder far off in the distance, and a cooler air in the hot, close room. Phil lay and dreamed, wondering how long it took the wind fairies to reach their home. Then the sweet spicy odors came to him again, and he lifted the languid flowers Miss Schuyler had brought him, and put them in his glass of water.

He dreamed of fair green fields and meadows, of silent lakes bordered with rushes, out of which sprang wild fowl slowly flapping their broad wings; of forests thick and dark, where on fallen trees the green moss had grown in velvet softness; of mountains lifting their purple tops into the fleecy clouds, and of long shady country roads winding in and out and about the hills; of lanes bordered with blackberry bushes and sumac, clematis and wild rose; of dewy nooks full of ferns; of the songs of birds and the chirp of insects; and it



PHIL'S DREAM.

seemed to him that he must put some of all this beauty into some shape of his own creation—picture or poem, song or speech; and then came a sudden sharp twinge of pain, and the brightness faded, and the room was dark, and he was hungry, and only poor little Phil, sick and sad and weary and poor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PINAFORE RHYMES.

[Pg 269]



Here is a chorus
Of boys and girls,
Wee little darlings,
Dear little pearls.
Hear their sweet voices,
Like tinkling chimes,
Merrily singing
Pinafore rhymes.

Mothers and sisters,
Cousins and aunts,
Listen delighted
To their little chants.
Here they are printed,
So you may see
What they are singing
So merrily.



Annie, Mary, and Kate,
Each busy with pencil and slate,
Three pretty pictures are making;
Just see the pains they are taking,
So eager, and still, and sedate!

But now it is growing quite late,
They put away pencil and slate;
And because they've been good in their classes,
They get some nice bread and molasses,
And swing on the garden gate.



Your servant, madam! I must say
The bathing's very bad to-day;
The water never was so wet,
And colder, too, than ever yet;
I'm sure 'tis down to five degrees,
And I'm afraid you'd surely freeze.
A shark and sword-fish, too, have come,
And made themselves too much at home;
And just now, on the bath-house stair,
A water-witch sat combing her hair.
You can try it, madam, if you please,
But if they don't eat you up, you'll freeze.



Cuckoo!
Where are you?
I've been hunting all about,
And I wish you would come out!
Have you hid in the big fire-place,
Or the clock, or the porcelain vase,
Or flown to the top of the house,
Or crawled into his hole with the mouse?
It's awful mean to hide away,
When I want you to go out and play!

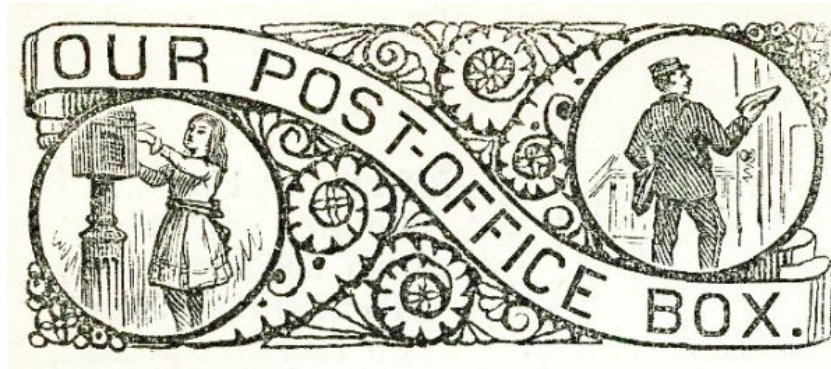
Boo! here I am, my little sis;
Now give me the sweetest, nicest kiss!



Oh, such a funny dream I had when I was fast asleep;
I saw a lot of baby tots out of their cradles leap;
They threw away their rattles and their little ivory rings,
And joined their little hands to dance, the darling little things!

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they gayly sang; "we're on a jolly strike;
The nurse's rule is over now, and we do what we like;
We'll go to bed just when we please, and sit up at the table,
And eat whatever old folks do, as long as we are able.

"And if the nurses fret and scold, we'll put them all to bed,
And tell them not to make a noise, as they have often said;
They'll be afraid of getting whipped, and will not dare to peep."
And that's the funny dream I had when I was fast asleep.



[Pg 270]

EUREKA, NEVADA.

There are lots of silver mines near here. One day we went into the tunnel in Uncle Dick's mine. We all had candles—oh, it was so dark!—and I got some pretty specimens my own self. We rode almost fifty miles that same day, and had our dinner on the grass, near some springs. I thought it was ever so nice.

There are furnaces here where the silver, gold, and lead are "cooked" out of the ore. Papa sometimes takes us there, and I always want to stay longer, although the noise of the machinery almost makes my head crazy.

We used to have some periwinkles and some bugs in a glass jar, and lovely water-cresses growing, too. Mamma put the jar under the faucet every morning, and let the water run slowly to freshen it without disturbing "the family." The periwinkles ate the cress, and the bugs ate each other, until there was only one left; then he began to dine on the periwinkles; so we planted them all out in the ditch.

I am a little boy five years old, and my mamma wrote this for me. Brother and I take YOUNG PEOPLE. We save them all, and we think everything of them.

GEORGIE B. C.

CROSS VILLAGE, MICHIGAN.

I love *Young People* very much. We live near old Fort Mackinac, where the Indians once played a game of ball to mislead the white men, and then surprised and took the fort, killing nearly all the troops.

There are many Indians living here now. They are mostly of the Ottawa tribe. We live in an old Indian "garden." I have found an ancient tomahawk, a hoe, and a ladle.

I am seven years old, and I can read in the Fourth Reader.

E. CLAIR S.

DOUGLAS CITY, CALIFORNIA.

I live up in the mountains of Northern California, in Trinity County. Although this place is called a city, it is only a small town. There are a great many Portuguese families living here, but only a few Americans.

I go to school eight months in the year. Last year I attended school at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. I enjoyed my stay there very much. I lived with my uncle. I was introduced to King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani, and I had a good opportunity of seeing the manners and customs of the people.

SADIE T.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

We think there is no paper that can excel YOUNG PEOPLE. There are seven of us children. We have a few curiosities. We have two vases made of lava from Herculaneum.

There were two British barks lost on the coast here.

I am nine years old, and am a constant reader of YOUNG PEOPLE.

HENRY BISMARCK. T.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

We boys are having splendid coasting here. In the park near my home great numbers of boys and girls coast on the hills, and in many of the streets the boys coast four or five blocks without stopping.

I am going to have two very small alligators, which I can handle and play with, and I have a pet lizard, which I have kept in a glass globe for a year.

COLEMAN C. A.

NACOCHEE, GEORGIA.

I have read every story, letter, and advertisement in YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. I think it is the best paper printed for young folks. The exchange department is the grandest of all. I commenced with a few Indian arrow-heads, and now I have a good collection of minerals, shells, and curiosities of various kinds, and am constantly receiving letters from new exchanges. The "wiggles," too, are very interesting. There is nothing that gives me so much pleasure as making "wiggles" or packing boxes of curiosities to send off.

Many good wishes to YOUNG PEOPLE, and may it ever be as bright and beautiful as now!

JOHN R. G.

FACTORY POINT, VERMONT.

I wrote a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE a little while ago, when I was at grandpa's. My papa came after me, but I am very lonely now, for my little playmate, my dear little sister Annie, died of diphtheria while I was gone. I used to read the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE to her. I have a little dog, and I used to play lots with him, but I do not feel like playing any more.

CHARLIE C.

CARROLL, OHIO.

I read all the letters in the Post-office Box every week with so much pleasure that I can hardly wait till my paper comes. Mamma gave it to me for a Christmas present.

My papa is agent at Crow Agency, Montana, and mamma and my brother and sister are there with him. I live with my uncle, and I go to school every day. Last spring papa was here, and he brought six Indians with him. They were very large Indians. One of them weighed two hundred and sixty-five pounds, and was over six feet tall.

DANIEL M. K.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have had sleighing here for a long time, and first-rate coasting. All the hills around the town are crowded every night, and we coast by torch-light. I have two good sleds of my own.

DAVIE B.

NYACK-ON-THE-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I live in the country, and I have very nice times. There has been skating on the Hudson River almost all winter. We have very fine hills here. I have a pair of bobs. As many as seven boys can get on it, and it goes very fast indeed. I hope it will snow more, and make the coasting better.

WILLIE G.

I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for a year, and I think it is the best paper ever published.

I have a pet monkey named Jacko. He is up to all sorts of tricks. He will put wood on the fire, and put on the tea-kettle.

I would like to exchange minerals, for ocean curiosities.

The snow here is six feet deep.

Colorado.

E. G. KELLY,
816 East Eighth Street, Leadville,

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, *January 30, 1881.*

I wish to inform my correspondents that I have no more curiosities to exchange at present. I have sent for some more, but it will be some time before I get them.

WILLIAM C. McCONNELL.

I was born on the Island of Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, and I can get many stamps from there and from the United States of Colombia, which I would like to exchange for others with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE in the United States or Canada.

J. DESOLA,
1051 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

WASHINGTON COURT-HOUSE, OHIO.

I have had over twenty applications for my arrow-head, and could only answer one. If I can get any more arrow-heads, I will send word to my correspondents.

EMMER EDWARDS.

I have just begun a collection of stones, and have only a very few. I have three white flints, which I thought were petrified birds' eggs at first, which I would like to exchange for ocean curiosities. I expect to receive some better flints in a few weeks. I am nine years old.

BERTHA BOOTH,
Anamosa, Jones County, Iowa.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE what a pleasant winter we are having in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, three thousand feet above the sea. We have no snow. I found willow "pussies" on the 18th of January, and sister Bell found some spring flowers two days later.

Our dog Rover went hunting, and came home with his nose full of porcupine quills. Papa had a hard time pulling them out, it hurt Rover so badly.

I do not go to school in the winter. I study at home. I study language lessons, arithmetic, botany, spelling, and geography. I am eight years old. I want to take YOUNG PEOPLE always.

I will exchange minerals from the mines, for shells or any other curiosities, with any readers of the Post-office Box.

LOU R. KEEP, Smiths Hill,
East Branch of Feather River, California.

I would like to exchange stamps of the United States Treasury and State Departments,

postmarks, and Canadian and foreign postage stamps, for rare stamps and postmarks, or for specimens of ores, minerals, or shells. Correspondents will please label specimens.

I am ten years old.

WILLIE M. BLOSS,
U. S. Consulate-General, Montreal,

Canada.

I would like to exchange a pair of new nickle-plated club skates, which I do not need, as I have another pair, for any other similar article.

W. J. H.,
343 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LUCKNOW, *November* 30, 1880.

MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—When I last wrote to you, it was in the midst of the hot season; now it is a little cooler, but not much, and we have been through dreadful times since then. Though I don't often write to the Post-office Box, I love dearly to read all the letters the children send to it.

Our baby wasn't very well in the dreadful hot weather, and so mamma and I had to take him to the hills, where it is cool and nice. Of course we took his nurse and the khansaman (housekeeper) too; the rest of the help we get there, because we keep house just the same as here. Papa couldn't go, because the paper has to be printed, if it is hot, and they can't get it ready without him, so we went alone to Naina Tal. Mamma says Tal means lake, and Naina is the name of a goddess that people thought (in the old days, you know, when they had goddesses) presided over the lake.

All through the rainy season, which begins the last of July, it had rained much more than usual; and one night the men around were up all night, turning the course of a stream that had swollen so they were afraid it would carry away some of the houses. So mamma was a little afraid to stay, and we were going home, and had engaged our dandies (a little like a kind of chair) and men to carry them, and were going to start the next Tuesday. It began to rain Thursday afternoon. It was the 16th of September, I remember, because baby was a year old that very day, and he had a new dress and lots of toys, and was just as cunning as he could be. But it rained hard all night, and the next day it was so dark mamma had to sit close to the window to see to write to papa. I never saw it rain so hard right straight along in my life, and I asked mamma if she didn't think it must look like the flood, and she said, Perhaps. After a while I went to bed and to sleep; but some time in the night mamma came and woke us all up, and said the room was filling with water. She dressed me, and nurse dressed baby; then the other people in the house came in, and mamma was so scared she didn't know what she was doing, and rolled up all her clothes and shoes and stockings in the bedding. The windows and doors were burst in, and we had to try to get somewhere, but even mamma didn't know where to go. But one of the men carried me, and nurse took baby; and the stones hurt poor mamma's bare feet so that two of the jhampanis carried her, and in the pouring rain we went to find Mr. Buck's house. We finally reached there, and had hardly dried ourselves before it was light, and the men thought that house would go too; so we all made another trip, this time to the chapel, and still it rained as hard as it could pour. I told mother I really thought it was another flood, and we'd better try to get up higher. But she said the higher we went, the worse it would be; if we could only get off this dreadful hill, we might be safe. Then I said again something about the flood, for I couldn't get it out of my head, it all looked so like the picture in the big Bible—people going about wringing their hands, and trying to get somewhere safe, men carrying children, half-dressed women, and all the while the rain pouring down as if it never would stop. Mamma stood stock-still, and took hold of me. "I tell you, child," she said, "God has promised—*promised*, do you hear?—never to drown the world again." So I said no more, and really felt better; for if everybody was not drowned, there might be a chance for us. We stood on the chapel veranda watching Mr. Cheney and Mr. Fleming trying to turn the course of one stream away from Mr. Cheney's house, when a great mass of stones, sand, and water took them off their feet quick as a flash. Mr. Cheney caught hold of the low roof of his house, and Mr. Fleming caught him, and they were saved from being carried over the side of the hill. We had hardly time to catch our breath, and not time to say a word, when the trees began to tremble, and loose rocks to shake, and in another minute the whole hill-side rushed past us, and the hotel, assembly-rooms, shops, and stores were carried right into Naina Tal. More than one hundred and fifty people were carried with them—some that we knew, and had laughed and talked with only yesterday—without time for one word to anybody, rushed straight to death. Oh, it was terrible! Our fence was taken, too, and we could not stop to think, for we had to plan to go somewhere. I never cried one word. I only opened my eyes wider, and looked at mamma. She was just as pale as anything, and I heard her say, "I *can't*—I *can't* die this way!" I never thought; I only kept saying to myself, "God won't let there be a flood. He won't let it." Then Mr. Cheney came and said we must go. So we started down the Mall. Mamma took hold of my hand, but finally one of the men snatched me up and carried me; and when we came to a broad stream, I heard mamma say, "Jat Ram" (he is one of our jhampanis that carry us about the hill), "give me your hand." "Get on my back, Mem Sahib," he said; and mamma was in too much of a hurry to think, and hung on to him any way. I wanted to laugh, she looked so funny; but somehow there wasn't any laugh in me. Finally we came to a house, and went in; it was a Mr. Kelley's. We were dreadful tired—nothing to eat, and up all night. The men thought we were as safe there as anywhere we could get, so we dried ourselves. Pretty soon—about eight—we had dinner. We were so faint we would have eaten, I think, if the rain had carried us away the next minute.

It did not stop raining till Sunday night, and the next Thursday we started for home. Some of the bridges were gone, but we crossed over in boats, and Saturday morning got to Lucknow.

Wasn't papa glad to see us! The Lal Bagh mission girls had been in and trimmed the house to welcome us, and we went over to the boarding-school to breakfast. Papa said "that it just poured sixty-six hours—almost three days—and in that time thirty-three inches of rain fell—almost three feet." Then he showed me on the wall how high that would be; and you just measure yourself, and you'll see such a lot of water washing down a mountain-side must do something.

But I've been writing too long, so good-by.

JENNIE ANDERSON.

P.S.—Mamma says I ought to say, as nearly as they know now, forty white people and one hundred and fifty natives were killed.

We would like to exchange beryl, mica crystals, and garnets from Connecticut, or shells, coral, and sea-beans from Florida or California, for fine specimens of minerals, particularly from Lake Superior or Northern New York. Our collection is a good one, and we would like good exchanges. We have also some curiosities, and could arrange exchanges for several different things.

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WILLIE R. CORSON and CHARLES E. BRAINARD,
137 Washington Street, Hartford, Conn.

The following exchanges are also desired by correspondents:

Sea-beach pebbles from New Jersey, or stamps, for ocean curiosities, minerals, foreign postage stamps, or anything suitable for a museum; or a New Zealand stamp and five kinds of English stamps, for an Indian arrow-head.

Street,

CLARENCE R. WILLIAMS, 4811 Hancock
Germantown, Philadelphia, Penn.

Postmarks or stamps, for birds' eggs, Indian arrow-heads, or relics. Correspondents will please label all specimens distinctly.

ERNEST OSBORNE,
761 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

Stamps.

WINTHROP VAUGHAN,
P. O. Box 432, Brookline, Mass.

An ounce of sand or a stone from Ohio, for the same from any other State.

J. PUJOLS,
16 New Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Postmarks and stamps, for stamps. Fifteen postmarks, for one stamp.

GEORGE N. PRENTISS,
Watertown, Wisconsin.

Birds' eggs.

WINDSOR F. WHITE,
1581 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Postage stamps.

S. WEATHERBE,
Glass Lock Box 107, Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island, Canada.

A United States copper cent of 1802, for any ocean curiosity.

FRANK P. HUESTED,
183 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

An opossum to exchange.

JOE BISSELL,
P. O. Box 957, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Postage stamps.

EDWIN S. KETCHUM,
Care of Ketchum Wagon Company,
Marshalltown, Iowa.

Mexican stamps and rare specimens of Mexican shells, for rare stamps from Ecuador, Peru, Guatemala, Finland, Iceland, or Philippine Islands.

HARRY L. BRIGGS,
48 Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

Postage stamps.

G. M. WOODCOCK,
Care of William H. Lyon & Co.,
483 and 485 Broadway, New York City.

Postmarks.

K. MCKENSIE,
12 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Cocoons of the silk-worm, for birds' eggs.

NELLIE BRAINARD,
265 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Shells, alligators' teeth, ocean curiosities, and stamps, for rare stamps, Indian relics, or minerals.

GEORGE W. McELHOSE,
24 Brill Street, Newark, N. J.

Postmarks.

W. H. CHAPMAN,
Lock Box 40, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Postage stamps.

FRED L. CAMP,
188 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, L. I.

Flints, for birds' eggs or postage stamps.

ELIJAH G. B.,
522 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Stamps, for coins or eggs. Correspondents will please label the eggs.

CHARLES C. KALBFLEISCH,
8 West Forty-ninth Street, New York

City.

Five birds' eggs, for twenty-five foreign postage stamps. No duplicates.

TRUMAN LEWIS,
P. O. Box 197, Waterbury, Conn.

Postage stamps, for stamps or relics.

EZRA C. HARWOOD,
68 West Broadway, New York City.

Revenue stamps and postmarks, for stamps and minerals.

and

E. H. SMITH,
Care of E. I. Smith, Corner of Woodward
Jefferson Avenues, Detroit, Mich.

A stone from Illinois, for one from any other State.

CHARLIE F. HAVEN,
New Lenox, Will County, Ill.

California sea-weeds, acorn barnacles from the sea, some curious egg cases of a shell-fish, two flint arrow-heads, or some interesting objects for a microscope, for postage stamps from Asia, Africa, South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies, or United States twelve, fifteen, or thirty cent, or any department stamps.

HUMPHREY NOYES,
Community, Madison County, N. Y.

A three-cent Canadian stamp, for one from Cuba; or an Austrian stamp, for one from Italy.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

JAMES P. HOLDRIDGE,
69 South Hamilton Street,

A collection of California sea-weeds, for specimens of wood from different States, or for United States minor coins.

F. M. ELLIOT,
Evanston, Cook County, Ill.

A. P. J.—The Yellowstone River flows in a northerly direction out of Yellowstone Lake, and after a course of about 1300 miles, during which it descends about 7000 feet, it reaches the Missouri. The lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, twenty-two miles in length, and from twelve to fifteen in breadth. Its elevation above the level of the sea is 7788 feet, and its greatest depth is 300 feet. Only four other lakes are known to have a greater elevation—lakes Titicaca and Uros, in Peru and Bolivia, which are respectively 12,874 and 12,359 feet above the level of the sea, and lakes Manasarowar and Rakas-Tal, in Tibet, which lie at the great height of 15,000 feet. The Upper and Lower Falls of the Yellowstone are wonderfully beautiful. They are not more than a quarter of a mile apart. Before reaching the first fall the river flows through a grassy valley with a calm, steady current, until it plunges over a ledge 140 feet in height. The second fall is more than 350 feet high. Over this precipice the river plunges in snow-white foam and spray. From the foot of the falls rises a dense and heavy mist, and no one can approach within several hundred yards without being drenched to the skin. On the west side the wall of rock is covered to the height of about 300 feet with a dense carpet of mosses, grasses, and other vegetation, of the most vivid green. There is nowhere in the world a more beautiful scene than that which is presented by this remarkable fall, although Niagara is more impressive on account of the volume of water which pours over the precipice.

MARY B.—Among the most celebrated poems of Robert Burns are "Tam o' Shanter" (about which an article was printed in the Post-office Box in No. 56), "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mouse," "Highland Mary," "John Anderson," "To a Mountain Daisy," "The Twa Dogs," "The Banks o' Doon," "Mary Morison," "Bruce's Address," "John Barleycorn," and "For a' That, and a' That." The best piece for speaking is "Bruce's Address," which can be found in almost every collection of poetry.

MARGARETTA B.—The fifteen decisive battles of the world to which Mr. Herbert Spencer referred are probably those which are described in a volume bearing that title, written by Mr. E. S. Creasy, of England, and published in this country by Harper & Brothers. They are the battle of Marathon, the defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse (B.C. 413), the battle of Arbela, the battle of the Metaurus, the victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus, the battle of Châlons, the battle of Tours, the battle of Hastings, Joan of Arc's victory over the English at Orleans, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the battle of Blenheim, the battle of Pultowa, victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga, the battle of Valmy, and Waterloo. These are called "decisive" battles because, in the words of the historian Hallam, "a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."

FREDDIE L. F.—Directions for making an Æolian harp were given in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 23, Vol. I.

S. S.—The rare issues of United States cents are of 1799, 1793, 1804, 1809, 1811, 1795, 1796, 1808, 1805, and 1823. The above dates are rare in the order given.

Many others are scarce; in fact, all before 1816, if in good condition, are worth much more than their face value. Collectors should remember that the value of all rare coins depends upon condition. A much-rubbed specimen of a cent of 1799 might be dear at one dollar, while an uncirculated cent of that date would readily find a market at thirty dollars.

READER OF "YOUNG PEOPLE."—The postage stamps exchanged by our young correspondents are, as a rule, cancelled stamps cut from letters.

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent by Walter Atcheson, May F. B., Bessie Comstock, Robson D. Caldwell, R. O. Chester, Mary E. DeWitt, Carrie Edwards, Fannie Edwards, Jesse S. Godine, William and Isabel Harris, Bessie R. Howell, Ralph B. Larkin, Thomas Lunham, Isobel L. Jacob, "Little Goosey," H. P. Meikleham, O. A. Mueller, Percy McDermott, Mary B. Nesmith, Maggie Osborne, William Olfenbittel, Augusta Low Parke, Will H. Rogers, Will Rochester, Carrie Sinnamon, James Shriver, "Starry Flag," Nellie S., George Schilling, E. C. T., T. P. Tregnor, Woodville Wrenshall, Chester Maxwell White, Willie F. Woolard, Lily, Charles, and Fred W.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HALF-SQUARE.

A country in Europe. To separate. Practical skill. A pronoun. A letter.

PERCY.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In little, not in grand.
In soil, not in land.
In going, not in come.
In water, not in rum.
In grain, not in hay.
The whole a beast of prey.

MARTIE.

No. 3.

ZIGZAGS—(To BOLUS).

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1 * * * *
* 2 * * *
* * 3 * *
* * * 4 *
* * * * 5
* * * * 6 *
* * 7 * *
* 8 * * *
9 * * * *
*10 * * *
* *11 * *
* * *12 *
* * * *13

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Across.—1. A bird. 2. Frolic. 3. A bird. 4. Polite. 5. To exhaust. 6. Refuse. 7. To allude. 8. A hard stone. 9. A fertile spot. 10. A weapon. 11. Caprice. 12. Scanty. 13. Rust.

Zigzags.—Something many readers of Young People will soon find.

OWLET.

No. 4.

DIAMOND—(To our Young Contributors).

A letter. Equal value. A small surface. A universal remedy. A confused medley. To regain. Doctrine. A fluid. A letter.

BOLUS.

No. 5.

Charade—(To Zelotes).

As long as we retain our breath
My first is with us until death;
But none amongst us—no, not one—
May keep it till to-morrow's sun.

My second, ever speeding fast,
The same in future as in past;
Forever onward still it goes,
And with it brings both joys and woes.

During my whole let's strive each day
Some worthy action to display;
And always deal with one another
As faithful friend and loving brother.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 66.

No. 1.

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C H E T I M A C H E S
A M S T E R D A M
C O N C H O S
T O K I O
U L M
E
I N N
T I B E R
A U G U S T A
R I O G R A N D E
R E S T I G O U C H E

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No. 2.

Mouse.

No. 3.

1. Hippopotamus. 2. Earwig. 3. Field-fare. 4. Vampire.

No. 4.

OPAL ETTA
PI NE TEAR
ANNA TAKE
LEAD ARES

No. 5.

Charity.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

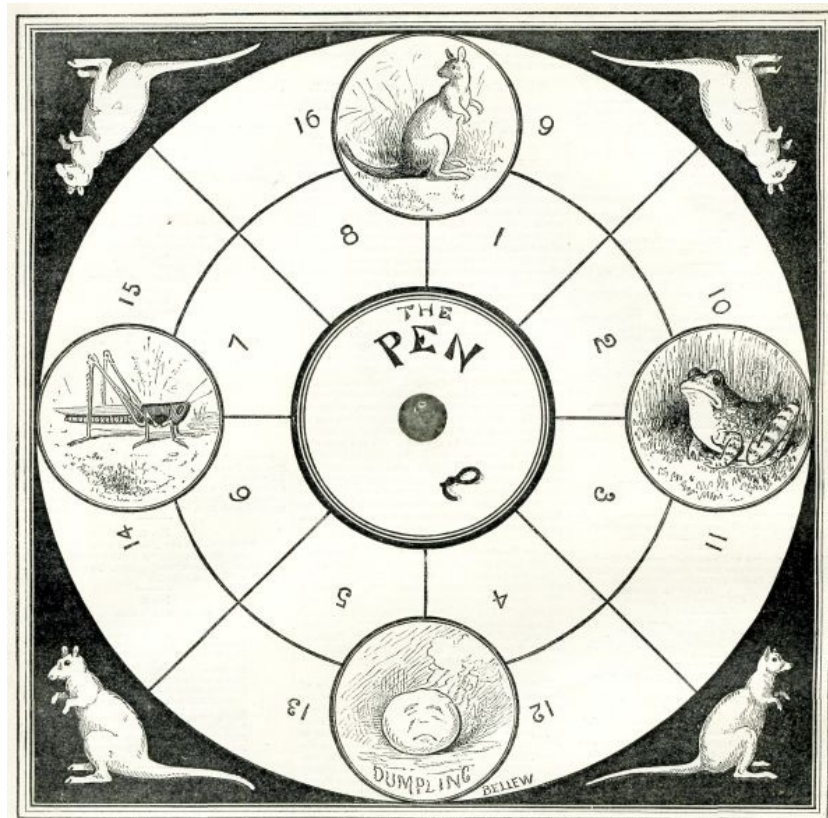
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THE GAME OF KANGAROO.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

This is an entirely new game, invented and designed especially for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we hope our readers will enjoy playing it. The game can be played by two or more persons; and if convenient, they should have a marker, or umpire, whose decision is in all cases final.

In the first place, each player should provide himself with a small strip of India rubber of about one or two inches in length; those elastic bands which are sold at every stationery store are the thing's to use; one of these cut in two will make an excellent pair of Kangaroos. Now if you twist one of these pieces of rubber up like a cord, and roll it into a kind of ball, and then place it on the table, it will immediately give a spring (that is to say, it will nine times out of ten), and sometimes a second spring, and then it will begin to squirm

and roll over, until finally it stops. This piece of rubber is called the Kangaroo. The players can make their Kangaroos of any length they like, so that they be of the same thickness. Indeed, they may be of any size or form the players see fit, provided they all agree on the matter.

The way the game is played is this. You roll up your Kangaroo, and when you are ready, you place it on the black spot in the centre of the Pen, and as you let go you cry "Tip!" Then your Kangaroo jumps. If he does not jump out of the Pen, you lose 5. If he jumps into any of the spaces marked with numbers, you score the number marked in that space. If he hops on the line between two spaces, you count both numbers; but if he hops on the line of the Pen and a number, you only count half the number. If he hops or squirms into two or three numbers, you score for each one he touches. If he gets in Grasshopper, you score 20; if into Bullfrog, you score 30; and if into Kangaroo, 40. But if he gets into or only touches Dumpling, you lose 50. If he jumps off the board, it counts nothing.

As soon as you put your Kangaroo down, and cry "Tip!" your adversary commences marking crosses on a piece of paper or a slate—like this, X X X X X X X—as fast as he can until you cry "Dead!" when he must stop; each of these crosses counts him 1. You, of course, watch your Kangaroo to see if he is likely to take another jump and give you a fresh count, and you only cry "Dead!" when you think he has no more life in him. If he jumps after you have cried "Dead!" you can count nothing for whatever he has made by the extra jump.

The umpire keeps the score of both players, and after each has thrown ten times, the score is added up, and whoever has the highest number wins the game.

Some attention must be paid to the making of the Kangaroo. The rubber must be slightly warm, so that it will hold together just enough to make two or three springs, if possible; but it must not be too warm, or it will stick together and not jump at all.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, FEBRUARY 22, 1881 ***

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