

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Young People, March 8, 1881, by Various

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Harper's Young People, March 8, 1881

Author: Various

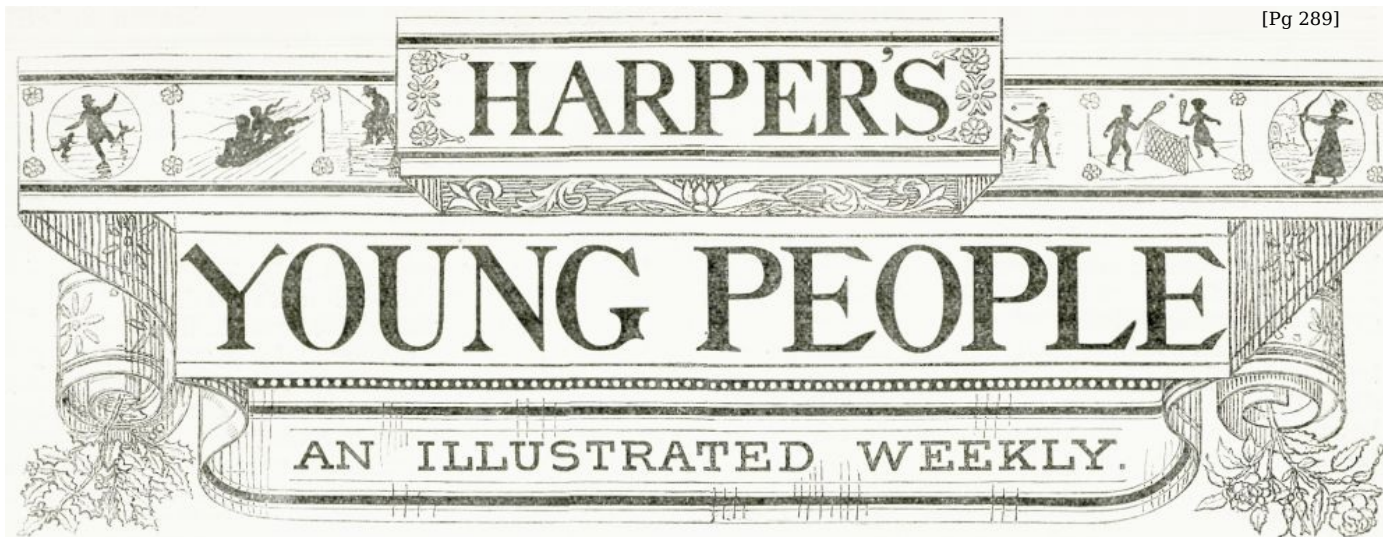
Release date: February 22, 2014 [EBook #44981]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, MARCH 8, 1881 ***

[FUN IN A SUGAR BUSH.](#)
[TOBY TYLER](#)
[THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF JAPAN.](#)
[PUSSY WILLOW.](#)
[THE ANTS AT HOME.](#)
[AN EGYPTIAN BOOT-BLACK.](#)
[AN AWFUL SCENE.](#)
[PHIL'S FAIRIES.](#)
[CHILDREN AT TEA.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)



VOL. II.—No. 71.
Tuesday, March 8, 1881.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.
\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"SUGARING OFF."—DRAWN BY W. R. YEAGER.

FUN IN A SUGAR BUSH.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Well, yes, Jerry," remarked Salina Meadows, "old Mr. Wire'll be glad to have anybody come to see him that knows as much about sugar as you do."

"It's all the hobby he's got," said her brother Phin. "He makes the best maple sugar in all these parts. Whitest and cleanest. Biggest lot of it, too."

"I've heard him say," added Rush Potts, "that no man was ever too old to learn. Glad we could bring you along." [Pg 290]

"There isn't much about sugar I don't know," replied Jerry Buntley, modestly, with a pull at his dog-skin gloves to make them fit tighter. "You just ought to see a real sugar plantation once."

"I would like to," said Hannah Potts, all the red in her rosy face coming to the surface to meet the wind that blew in her face from the direction of old Mr. Wire's great forest on the hill-side.

They were all cuddling down in Elder Meadows's great box sleigh, and Phin Meadows was putting the sorrel span along the road in a way that made their bells dance lively enough, for the March thaw had only just begun, and the sleighing was capital.

Jerry Buntley had told them more about sugar that day than they had ever heard before. It was a great treat to be invited to a maple-sugaring at old Mr. Wire's, and Jerry's country cousins were glad of having something worth while to take with them by way of payment; that is, they were glad to take Jerry.

He was glad to go, and he talked sugar until every soul in the sleigh thought he could taste candy, and Phin found himself comparing the color of his sorrel team to that of the five pounds his mother sent back to Barnes's grocery store, because, as she said, "She wasn't going to pay any 'leven cents a pound for building sand."

It was not many minutes before they pulled up in front of old Mr. Wire's big rambling old farm-house, and there were Jim and Sally Wire coming out to meet them. Old Mrs. Wire was in the doorway, and she looked twenty years younger as soon as they had a look at her husband. Mainly because the difference in their ages was a good deal more than that.

Nobody knew how tall Mr. Wire would have been if he had stood up, but the oldest old ladies around Lender's Mills village all said he'd had that stoop in his shoulders ever since they'd known him.

"My mother used to say," said Elder Meadows, "that old Wire's father was a short, stocky man, and built his log-house to fit himself, and so when his son got taller'n he was himself, he had to hold his head down, 'specially coming through the door."

There he was now, and the visitors had not been in the house five minutes before Salina Meadows told how much Jerry Buntley knew about sugar.

"His father sells tons of it, and his brother's a clerk in a sugar store, and his uncle's a book-keeper in a sugar refinery in the city—"

"Ten stories high!" put in Jerry, with a down look of modesty.

"—and he's seen sugar plantations, and molasses factories, and where they make all sorts of candy."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Wire. "I'm glad you fetched him along."

"Wa'al, so'm I," said old Mr. Wire. "No man ain't ever too old to l'arn. I've only been a-b'ilin' sap for a leetle risin' of fifty year, and I don't know much. You're jest in time. The sun's lookin' down warm to-day, and we was jest a-wantin' to set out for the bush."

"It isn't the fur-away bush," said Mrs. Wire; "it's that there patch nighest the house. The trees ain't been tapped this five year, and they'll run the best kind."

"There'll be more here by-and-by," said Sally Wire. "Don't take your things off. We'll have a real good time."

Old Mr. Wire took Jerry Buntley right along with him—under his wing, as you might say. He asked him questions, too, and nobody could guess how many times Jerry made him exclaim, "You don't say!" or, "Do tell, now, is that so?"

The forest had been left standing on all that hill-side for nothing else in the world but sugar. It was not half an hour before the Wires and their visitors were crunching over the crust among the trees, or standing around the great fires that had been built and lit before they came. Every fire had a great iron kettle on it, and every kettle was bubbling for dear life, except when a dash of cold sap was ladled into it from the barrel that stood under the nearest tree.

"It's afternoon now," said Sally Wire. "I do hope the other folks'll get here before it's too dark. But then we can have a good time at the house in the evening."

"Boys," said old Mr. Wire, "if you want to help, you jest take them two auger bits and them spiles, and go and tap a fresh lot of trees over there to the east'ard. Jim and I'll go round with the buckets."

Wonderfully white and clean were all his buckets and shoulder-yokes, and his wooden troughs that caught the sap as it dripped into them from the ends of the wooden spiles he had driven into the trees he had tapped already. There was plenty of work for him and his son, and so Jerry Buntley and Phin Meadows and Rush Potts marched away to the east, while the girls hung around the kettles, and tested the syrup, in every way they knew how, to see if any of it had boiled long enough.

"We'll have plenty to sugar off with in the house this evening," said Sally Wire; "but we mustn't let any of it get burned."

Jerry took possession of an auger and a bundle of spiles, and Phin took the other auger, and Rush Potts said he'd just go along to learn how.

"Catching cold are you, Phineas?" asked Jerry, as he began to work his auger into a splendidly tall tree, and Phin and Rush both were seized with a sudden fit of coughing,

"Ugh, ugh, ugh—no—ugh—I guess not. Bore it deep, Jerry. Old man Wire is particular about that."

"Guess I know how to tap a tree," said Jerry. "The sun shines right on this one, and the sap'll run well."

"Ugh—ugh—ugh," coughed Rush Potts. "I guess I'll help Phin. He doesn't know as much as you do."

"I should say not," diffidently replied Jerry; but he had finished his first tree quite skillfully, and now he went for his second with all the zeal of a true sportsman.

"Phineas," he shouted, a moment later, "when you come to a maple of this kind, knock off the outer bark. It bores easier."

"All right," replied Phin, with his mouth half full of his handkerchief. But he added, in a lower voice: "Rush, stop rolling in the snow. He's tapping a hickory this time."

"T'other was an elm. Oh, if he isn't fun! What'll old man Wire say to that?"

"Keep still. Get up, can't you? I can't bore a hole worth a cent. Give me a spile."

Jerry was an enthusiastic sugar-maker, and his rapidity of work was a credit to him.

"Maple this time," said Phin, at the end of Jerry's next job. "But look at what he's doing now."

"Beech! There'll be more sugar 'n old Wire'll know what to do with."

"We must pitch in, Rush. I want to be on hand when old Wire comes to see if his spiles are set right. Maybe it'll kill him."

"I've tapped pretty nearly two trees to their one," said Jerry to himself, "but I won't boast of it. Here's a remarkably fine tree, right in the sun. I hope they won't make any mistakes."

With that he started his twist of steel into the yielding wood of one of the noblest silver-birches in all that forest, and in a wonderfully short time there was another spile fitted. Whether there would be any need for Mr. Wire to put a sap trough under the end of that spile was quite another question.

The crust was thick, and bore very well, so that the girls had no wading to do in going from one fire to another; and Jim Wire and his father worked like beavers at emptying the sap troughs, and carrying in the almost colorless, sweetish-tasting liquid their trees had yielded them.

"Now, Jim," said Mr. Wire at last, "we'd better take a lot of troughs and follow them fellers. 'Twon't do to waste any sap."

Phin and Rush saw them coming, and at once stopped work. So did Jerry Buntley, for he had some suggestions to make about those spiles. It seemed to him that some of them were bored too small for the quantity of sap which was expected to run through them.

He and the others came up just as the gray-headed old sugar-maker stopped in front of Jerry's first tree, and they got there in time to wink hard at Jim Wire. All three of them stepped around behind Jerry and Mr. Wire.

"You've sot that there spile in jest about right, Mr. Buntley," said Mr. Wire, without changing a muscle of his wrinkled face; "but this kind of maple don't give any sugar at this season of the year. It isn't a winter maple; it's the kind we call an ellum."

"Ah! Oh yes! Strange I didn't notice."

"Doesn't yield anything but brown sugar—common brown sugar. It's all right, though. I declar'!"

He was looking at the shell-bark hickory now, and that specimen of Jerry's work was a hard pull on his politeness.

"Jim," he said, "put a trough under thar. It's a changin' world. Things isn't what they used to be. Mebbe thar's sugar into hickory nowadays."

"Hickory?" gasped Jerry. "That's a fact. I kind o' didn't look up to see what it was."

"And ye couldn't ha' told by the bark; of course not. I'd say—now—there—well—exactly—nobody ain't never too old to l'arn. Beech, bass-wood, ellow, black walnut, birch—if thar'd been a saxafrax, he'd ha' gone and tapped it for root-beer."

There was an explosion behind them just then, for the three other boys gave it up the moment they saw it had been too much for old Mr. Wire.

"Put troughs to all on 'em, Jim," said the latter, solemnly, recovering himself. "Stop your ignorant, on-mannerly laughin'. Mr. Buntley, jest you come back to the kittles, and tell me over ag'in what you was a-sayin' about surrup."

Jerry was beginning to understand the tree joke, but he could not see why Phin Meadows should roll Rush Potts and Jim Wire over in the snow the way he did, for he said to himself:

"It's a mistake any man would make. One tree is just like another. I wonder how Mr. Wire tells them apart? I think I will ask him before we go to the house."

So he did, and the old man answered him with cast-iron politeness that he knew his trees, just as he did his dogs, by their bark.

When the day in the sugar bush was over, however, and when, after supper, the fun in the house began, with a round dozen more of country boys and girls to keep it up, Jerry heard all sorts of things. The syrup, carried in and boiled down in the kettles over the kitchen fire, was cooled, on the snow, and every other way, into "hickory sugar," "birch candy," "elm taffy," "beech twist," and all sorts of uncommon sweetness, and Jerry overheard Mrs. Wire saying to Hannah Potts:

"You don't say! Did he really tap 'em all? He looks as if he might know suthin', too. Mebbe he was jokin'."

All the rest were, except old Mr. Wire; and when the sorrel span was brought out to take home the sleigh-load that came from Lender's Mills village, he said to Jerry Buntley:

"No man ain't never too old to l'arn, and it wasn't knowin' too much made me stoop-shouldered. Thar's a heap o' sense in what you told me about that new way of settlin' surrup."

Nevertheless, Jim Wire went around the next morning and took away all the troughs from under the trees which had not yielded any sap, and put them where they were likely to do more good.

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

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

TOBY ATTEMPTS TO RESIGN HIS SITUATION.

At last it was possible for Toby to speak of his loss with some degree of calmness, and then he immediately began to reckon up what he could have done with the money if he had not lost it.

"Now see here, Toby," said Ben, earnestly, "don't go to doin' anything of that kind. The money's lost, an' you can't get it back by talkin'; so the very best thing for you is to stop thinkin' what you could do if you had it, an' just to look at it as a goner."

"But—" persisted Toby.

"I tell you there's no buts about it," said Ben, rather sharply. "Stop talkin' about what's gone, an' just go to thinkin' how you'll get more. Do what you've a mind to the monkey, but don't keep broodin' over what you can't help."

Toby knew that the advice was good, and he struggled manfully to carry it into execution, but it was very hard work. At all events, there was no sleep for his eyes that night, and when, just about daylight, the train halted to wait a more seasonable hour in which to enter the town, the thought of what he might have done with his lost money was still in Toby's mind.

Only once did he speak crossly to the monkey, and that was when he put him into the cage preparatory to commencing his morning's work. Then he said:

"You wouldn't had to go into this place many times more if you hadn't been so wicked; for by to-morrow night we'd been away from this circus, an' on the way to home an' Uncle Dan'l. Now you've spoiled my chance an' your own for a good while to come, an' I hope before the day is over you'll feel as bad about it as I do."

It seemed to Toby as if the monkey understood just what he said to him, for he sneaked over into one corner, away from the other monkeys, and sat there, looking very penitent and very dejected.

Then, with a heavy heart, Toby began his day's work.

Hard as had been Toby's lot previous to losing his money, and difficult as it had been to bear the cruelty of

Mr. Job Lord and his precious partner Mr. Jacobs, it was doubly hard now while this sorrow was fresh upon him.

Previous to this, when he had been kicked or cursed by one or the other of the partners, Toby thought exultantly that the time was not very far distant when he should be beyond the reach of his brutal task-masters, and that thought had given him strength to bear all that had been put upon him.

Now the time of his deliverance from this bondage seemed very far off, and each cruel word or blow caused him the greater sorrow because of the thought that but for the monkey's wickedness he would have been nearly free from that which made his life so very miserable.

If he had looked sad and mournful before, he looked doubly so now, as he went his dreary round of the tent, crying, "Here's your cold lemonade," or "Fresh-baked pea-nuts, ten cents a quart," and each day there were some in the audience who pitied the boy because of the misery which showed so plainly in his face, and they gave him a few cents more than his price for what he was selling, or gave him money without buying anything at all, thereby aiding him to lay up something again toward making his escape.

[Pg 292]

Those few belonging to the circus who knew of Toby's intention to escape tried their best to console him for the loss of his money, and that kind-hearted couple, the skeleton and his fat wife, tried to force him to take a portion of their scanty earnings in the place of that which the monkey had thrown away. But this Toby positively refused to do, and to the arguments which they advanced as reasons why they should help him along, he only replied that until he could get the money by his own exertions he would remain with Messrs. Lord and Jacobs, and get along as best he could.

Every hour in the day the thought of what might have been if he had not lost his money so haunted his mind, that, finally he resolved to make one bold stroke, and tell Mr. Job Lord that he did not want to travel with the circus any longer.

As yet he had not received the two dollars which had been promised him for his two weeks' work, and another one was nearly due. If he could get this money, it might, with what he had saved again, suffice to pay his railroad fare to Guilford, and if it would not, he resolved to accept from the skeleton sufficient to make up the amount needed.

He naturally shrank from the task; but the hope that he might possibly succeed gave him the necessary amount of courage, and when he had gotten his work done, on the third morning after he had lost his money, and Mr. Lord appeared to be in an unusually good temper, he resolved to try the plan.

It was just before the dinner hour; trade had been unexceptionally good, and Mr. Lord had even spoken in a pleasant tone to Toby when he told him to fill up the lemonade pail with water, so that the stock might not be disposed of too quickly, and with too little profit.

Toby poured in quite as much water as he thought the already weak mixture could receive and retain any flavor of lemon, and then, as his employer motioned him to add more, he mixed another quart in, secretly wondering what it would taste like.

"When you're mixin' lemonade for circus trade," said Mr. Lord, in such a benign, fatherly tone, that one would have found it difficult to believe that he ever spoke harshly, "don't be afraid of water, for there's where the profit comes in. Always have a piece of lemon-peel floatin' on the top of every glass, an' it tastes just as good to people as if it cost twice as much."

Toby could not agree exactly with that opinion, neither did he think it wise to disagree, more especially since he was going to ask the very great favor of being discharged; therefore he nodded his head gravely, and began to stir up what it pleased Mr. Lord to call lemonade, so that the last addition might be more thoroughly mixed with the others.

Two or three times he attempted to ask the favor which seemed such a great one, and each time the words stuck in his throat, until it seemed to him that he should never succeed in getting them out.

Finally, in his despair, he stammered out:

"Don't you think you could find another boy in this town, Mr. Lord?"

Mr. Lord moved around sideways, in order to bring his crooked eye to bear squarely on Toby, and then there was a long interval of silence, during which time the boy's color rapidly came and went, and his heart beat very fast with suspense and fear.

"Well, what if I could?" he said at length. "Do you think that trade is so good I could afford to keep two boys, when there isn't half work enough for one?"

Toby stirred the lemonade with renewed activity, as if by this process he was making both it and his courage stronger, and said, in a low voice, which Mr. Lord could scarcely hear:

"I didn't think that; but you see I ought to go home, for Uncle Dan'l will worry about me, an', besides, I don't like a circus very well."

Again there was silence on Mr. Lord's part, and again the crooked eye glowered down on Toby.

"So," he said—and Toby could see that his anger was rising very fast—"you don't like a circus very well, an' you begin to think that your uncle Daniel will worry about you, eh? Well, I want you to understand that it don't make any difference to me whether you like a circus or not, and I don't care how much your uncle Daniel worries. You mean that you want to get away from me, after I've been to all the trouble and expense of teaching you the business."

Toby bent his head over the pail, and stirred away as if for dear life.

"If you think you're going to get away from here until you've paid me for all you've eat, an' all the time I've spent on you, you're mistaken, that's all. You've had an easy time with me—too easy, in fact—and that's what ails you. Now you just let me hear two words more out of your head about going away—only two more—an' I'll show you what a whipping is. I've only been playing with you before when you thought you was getting a whipping; but you'll find out what it means if I so much as see a thought in your eyes about goin' away. An' don't you dare to try to give me the slip in the night, an' run away; for if you do, I'll follow you, an' have you arrested. Now you mind your eye in the future."

It is impossible to say how much longer Mr. Lord might have continued this tirade, had not a member of the company—one of the principal riders—called him one side to speak with him.

Poor Toby was so much confused by the angry words which had followed his very natural and certainly very reasonable suggestion that he paid no attention to anything around him, until he heard his own name mentioned, and then, fearing lest some new misfortune was about to befall him, he listened intently.

"I'm afraid you couldn't do much of anything with him," he heard Mr. Lord say. "He's had enough of this kind of life already, so he says, an' I expect the next thing he does will be to try to run away."

"I'll risk his getting away from you, Job," he heard the other say; "but of course I've got to take my chances. I'll take him in hand from eleven to twelve each day—just your slack time of trade—and I'll not only give you half of what he can earn in the next two years, but I'll pay you for his time if he gives us the slip before the season is out."

Toby knew that they were speaking of him, but what it all meant he could not imagine.

"What are you going to do with him first?" Job asked.

"Just put him right into the ring, and teach him what riding is. I tell you, Job, the boy's smart enough, and before the season's over I'll have him so that he can do some of the bare-back acts, and perhaps we'll get some money out of him before we go into winter-quarters."



**TOBY AND THE LITTLE BOY
CUSTOMERS.**

Toby understood the meaning of their conversation only too well, and he knew that his lot, which before seemed harder than he could bear, was about to be intensified through this Mr. Castle, of whom he had frequently heard, and who was said to be a rival of Mr. Lord's, so far as brutality went. The two men now walked toward the large tent, and Toby was left alone with his thoughts and the two or three little boy customers, who looked at him wonderingly, and envied him because he belonged to the circus.

During the ride that night he told old Ben what he had heard, confidently expecting that that friend at least would console him. But Ben was not the champion which he had expected. The old man who had been with a circus, "man and boy, nigh to forty years," did not seem to think it any calamity that he was to be taught to ride.

"That Mr. Castle is a little tough on boys," old Ben said, thoughtfully; "but it'll be a good thing for you, Toby. Just so long as you stay with Job Lord, you won't be nothin' more'n a candy boy; but after you know how to ride, it'll be another thing, an' you can earn a good deal of money, an' be your own boss."

"But I don't want to stay with the circus," wailed Toby; "I don't want to learn to ride, an' I do want to get back to Uncle Dan'l."

"That may all be true, an' I don't dispute it," said Ben, "but you see you didn't stay with your uncle Daniel when you had the chance, an' you did come with the circus. You've told Job you

wanted to leave, an' he'll be watchin' you all the time to see that you don't give him the slip. Now, what's the consequence? Why, you can't get away for a while, anyhow, an' you'd better try to amount to something while you are here. Perhaps after you've got so you can ride, you may want to stay, an' I'll see to it that you get all of your wages, except enough to pay Castle for learnin' of you."

"I sha'n't want to stay," said Toby. "I wouldn't stay if I could ride all the horses at once, an' was gettin' a hundred dollars a day."

"But you can't ride one horse, an' you hain't gettin' but a dollar a week, an' still I don't see any chance of your gettin' away yet awhile," said Ben, in a matter-of-fact tone, as he devoted his attention again to his horses, leaving Toby to his own sad reflections, and the positive conviction that boys who run away from home do not have a good time, except in stories.

The next forenoon, while Toby was deep in the excitement of selling to a boy no larger than himself, and with just as red hair, three cents' worth of pea-nuts and two sticks of candy, and while the boy was trying to induce him to "throw in" a piece of gum because of the quantity purchased, Job Lord called him aside, and Toby knew that his troubles had begun.

"I want you to go in an' see Mr. Castle; he's goin' to show you how to ride," said Mr. Lord, in as kindly a tone as if he were conferring some favor on the boy.

If Toby had dared to, he would have rebelled then and there, and refused to go; but as he hadn't the courage for such proceeding, he walked meekly into the tent, and toward the ring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM ELIOT GRIFFIS.

The cherry blossom is the national flower of Japan, as the rose is of England, the lily of France, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. On the Mikado's flags, papers, and carriages, and on the soldiers' caps and uniform, you will see the open chrysanthemum. But the flower of the people and of the nation is the flower of the blossoming cherry-tree.

"Do not all cherry-trees blossom?" you will ask.

Yes; but the Japanese cultivate all over Japan, by the millions, the sakura-tree, which is valued only for the beauty of its blossoms. Botanists call it *Prunus pseudocerasus*. From an entire tree you could not get ripe cherries enough to make a pie; but the blooms are massed together on the boughs like clouds, and the blooms are often as large as a rose. Picnics in Japan are called, "Going

to see the flowers." In June, millions of the people go out to sing and sport and laugh and play under the cherry-trees, or to catch "the snow-showers that do not fall from the skies." There are tens of thousands of stanzas of poetry about the cherry-tree. Some of the people become so enchanted with the lovely blossoms that they actually say their prayers under them, or even worship the famous old trees. Here is an instance, which the artist has told by his pencil. A sacred cherry-tree has been carefully surrounded by a fence of bamboo, and two old gentlemen are worshipping the tree, while one young fellow is snickering at them from around the corner, and the other's mouth is wide open with astonishment, and he is probably saying, "Naru hodo" (Well, I declare!).



PUSSY WILLOW.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

The brook is brimmed with melted snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
His big black wings is sunning.
A close green bud the May-flower lies
Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the South Wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper stir;
Come out and show your silver fur;
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple-trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging;
And rosy will the May-flower lie
Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all.
"Come, Pussy!" is the South Wind's call—
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year—
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!

THE ANTS AT HOME.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

The brook that ran merrily by the garden of Woodbine Cottage, prattling like a happy child on a holiday, grew sober and quiet further down, spreading into a broad sheet of gleaming water, through whose liquid surface glistened the silvery sands that adorned its bed.

Here the soft green verdure spread like a rich carpet, and Harry and Willie Mason lay buried in the deep grasses until only their heads appeared above the waving blades. On the bank of the brook sat their uncle Ben, his kindly face turned with a pleasant smile to the questioning boys.

"So you want to hear some more queer stories about ants?" he said. "Why, I thought we were well done with the subject."

"But you said, you know, that there was a lot more of odd things," replied Harry, "and Willie wants ever so much to hear them. Don't you, Willie?"

"I guess *you* does," retorted Willie, with a sly gesture.

Uncle Ben laughed heartily. "So it is one word for Willie, and two for yourself," he said. "But what shall I tell you about? Shall I describe that strange tree which keeps up a standing army of ants to preserve it from injury, while it in return finds the ants in food and shelter?"

"A tree!" cried Harry, with a shout of laughter. "It must be a thinking tree, then."

"I suppose so—in its way. Not just in our way, of course. One can hardly believe such things of a tree."

"I don't b'lieve it," said Willie, sturdily.

"What a born critic you are!" replied his uncle, with a quizzical look at the little doubter. "It is true, nevertheless. The tree in question is called the bull's-horn acacia. A species of ants lives upon it, and protects it from insects which would injure its foliage, such as slugs and caterpillars. But the odd thing is the mode in which the tree manages to provide for these ant soldiers."

"Is they the soldiers you kept talking 'bout?" asked Willie.

"Oh no; those were soldier ants who went out in armies, and fought battles with other ant armies, or attacked the nests of the negro ants and carried off their young to bring them up as slaves. These soldiers only fight for the good of the tree."

"Which takes care of them in return?" asked Harry.

"Precisely. There are certain cavities in its outer surface which serve as barracks for these regiments of ants. But the most curious feature is the mode in which the tree provides food for its defenders. When the leaves are young, and in danger from insects, there opens a little gland at their base, which is filled with a honey-like liquid. The ants are very fond of this, and lap it up greedily. They run from one gland to another, and are thus kept constantly about the young leaves. And these little chaps bite shrewdly, so that no other creeping thing dares to venture near the leaves."

"Well, that is certainly very curious," said Harry, raising himself on one arm half out of his grassy bed.

"But that is only part of the provision," continued his uncle. "The leaf is what is called a compound leaf, consisting of a number of leaflets on one stem. When this compound leaf first unfolds, there appears at its base a little yellow fruit-like body, attached by a fine point to the leaf. It is a beautiful object through the microscope, looking like a little golden pear. It is not quite ripe when the leaf first opens, and the ants may be seen busily running from one to another to see if any are ripe. Whenever one is found to be ripe, the ant bites it off at the small point of attachment, and carries it eagerly away to its nest. But they do not ripen all at once, so that the ants are kept about the leaves until these are old enough to be out of danger."

"Well, I never heard anything quite so queer about trees!" exclaimed Harry.

"There are many strange instances of trees being aided by insects," remarked Uncle Ben; "but I doubt if there is any stranger than this. There is one tree, of the genus *Triplaris*, whose trunk, limbs, and even its smallest twigs, are hollow. If any person happens to break or even to shake one of these twigs, he might well imagine that the tree was alive, for he will instantly find it covered with multitudes of creeping brown creatures, which bite furiously. It is, in fact, inhabited by myriads of ants, which occupy the whole interior, and which protect the tree from its enemies by their vicious bite."

"I hardly think I would like to break switches from that tree," laughed Harry.

"I's mighty sure I wouldn't," said Willie.

"There is another tree, called the trumpet-tree," continued their uncle. "This has a hollow stem, divided by partitions, like the reeds which grow on our river shores. Ants get into this tree by boring a hole from the outside. They then bore through the partitions, and get the run of the whole interior. Every cell made by the partitions serves them as a separate apartment, some being devoted to eggs, and some to their young in different stages of growth. One cell is kept as the home of the queen, this royal lady having an apartment of her own."

[Pg 295]

"Do the ants protect this tree too?" asked Harry.

"Oh yes; they rush out in millions if the tree is shaken, and are very apt to make things uncomfortable for intruders."

"Don't feed 'em on pears, does it?" asked Willie.

"Not exactly; they do not get their living directly from the tree; but they feed on it indirectly. The fact is, this species keeps a kind of ant cows. These are minute insects, which attach themselves to the interior of the tree, and live on its juices. They give out a honey-like liquid, of which the ants are very fond, and lap up with great eagerness. You see thus that there are various ways in which plants feed the ants which protect them from other insects."

"Are there any other ants that live on trees?" asked Harry.

"Yes, indeed. Ants are very apt to take possession of hollow trees. They build thin partitions, which divide the interior of the tree into halls, galleries, and saloons, and they live there thoroughly sheltered from the weather. The Ethiopian ants hollow out long galleries, and use the finely powdered wood which has fallen to the bottom of the tree to stop up every chink in the floors, to make partitions, and to fill up useless apartments. There are also yellow ants which construct entire stories of this decayed wood. They mix it with a little earth and spider's web, and thus make it into a sort of *papier-maché*."

"Don't think that's so awful smart," protested Willie. "Jess don't the wasps an' the hornets make paper nests too?"

"Very true," replied his uncle. "There is another curious ant, though, which makes its nest out of leaves. These are large, strong leaves, but the little creatures somehow draw their edges together, and gum them fast, so that they make themselves a close, roomy shelter inside. They have been seen at work, thousands of them tugging away for dear life at the edges of the leaves. If they are startled, and made to loose their hold of the edge, it flies back so strongly that it is a marvel how they ever drew it in."

"Don't they sometimes build very large nests on the ground," asked Harry—"much larger than the little ant-hills we see about here?"

"I should think so, indeed! Why, the common red ant of England builds a nest of any rubbish it can find, such as straw, leaves, and bits of wood mixed with earth, often as large as a small hay-cock. But this is a trifle, compared with some tropical ant-hills. Travellers in Guiana describe ant-hills which are fifteen or twenty feet high, and thirty or forty feet wide at the base. You might well fancy they were houses for elephants, instead of for ants."

"I should imagine they must be elephantine ants," remarked Harry.

"Not at all. There is a very small ant in New South Wales whose hills are eight or ten feet high. But this is not all; these great mounds are only the upper part of the ant city. It extends as deeply under-ground. There is one ant described that builds a nest of forty stories, twenty above and twenty under ground. These

stories are divided into numerous saloons and apartments, with narrow galleries, and inclined planes for stairways. The partitions are usually very thin, but the ceilings are often supported by pillars and buttresses, just like our great halls."

"It must take the ants a long while to build such nests as that," remarked Harry.

"I guesses so," said Willie. "I's seen 'em, many and many a time, running up with their wee little bits of dirt, and I knows they'd jess be ever and ever so long."

"But you do not stop to think what can be done by keeping at it," said Uncle Ben. "They are the very hardest of hard workers. They never seem to tire or lie down to rest, so that it is astonishing what progress they make. It is said that they will finish a complete story to their nest, with all its rooms, galleries, vaulted roofs, and partitions, in seven or eight hours. They use wet clay in the work, and put it together very rapidly."

"I suppose these big nests are built just like the little ones we have here," said Harry, with a questioning look.

"Yes, on much the same principle. In fact, our little mason ants are very expert builders. Some of them only build while it is raining, or while the ground continues wet. If it gets so dry that the earth will not stick together, they pull down their unfinished walls, and heap the earth over the finished portions. The ash-colored mason is very curious in his ways. He begins by bringing a quantity of earth, which he heaps on the roof of his old home. Then he goes to work upon this, excavating galleries, just as a laborer will dig ditches across a field. Finally he roofs over these galleries. But if he should begin a roof before the walls are high enough, he will carefully take it down, and build the walls higher before proceeding with his roof."

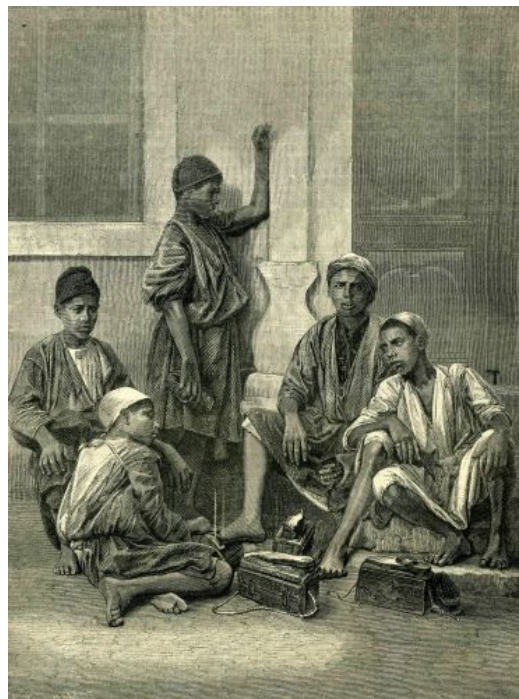
"Why, what smart little chaps they are! They must think, anyhow. Don't you believe so, Uncle Ben?"

"One would fancy so, at any rate. They may not be able to think like philosophers, but they certainly think like builders. I could give you other evidences of it. If you saw them carefully closing the doors of their nests at night or in wet weather, and opening them again in the morning, and carrying their young out-of-doors to enjoy the sun on bright days, and a dozen other shrewd habits, you might well imagine they thought it all out. Among the strangest of these ant-philosophers are the driver ants of West Africa, a species which can not endure the hot suns of that region. If they are caught by the fierce rays of the sun when out travelling, they at once build themselves a covered archway of clay—a long tunnel whose sides and roof are cemented by some gummy material from their own bodies. Under this they travel safe from the sun. It is said of the same ants that when they are obliged to cross a stream in their journeys, they will ascend a tree, and run out on a low limb that hangs over the opposite side. From this they drop a line of ants to the earth, each clinging firmly to the one above it. Over this living line the whole army passes. Other travellers relate that if they can not cross the stream in this way, they will drop a line of ants to the water, from which a horizontal line, supported on the water, runs to the other side; forming a living bridge, over which the whole army marches. For my part, I hardly know what to think of these stories, since the driver ants are entirely blind."

"I guesses that's 'nough," said Willie. "Let's go play, Harry. Ants can't do that, anyway. They doesn't do nuffin but work all the time."

"Indeed you are very much mistaken, my young friend," replied his uncle. "They are just as fond of play as you are. They will wrestle with one another, and ride on each other's backs, as if it were the greatest fun in the world. And they have been seen practicing gymnastic sports, climbing, hanging down by one leg, and letting themselves fall from a distance, as if they enjoyed it hugely. In fact, they are up to almost as many pranks and capers as young boys. I doubt, however, if they get into mischief as often. But go on; I won't detain you any longer from your play."

"Maybe you's glad 'nough to get rid of us," said Willie, slyly, as he snatched Harry's cap and ran away with it. In an instant the ants were forgotten, and there was a hot chase across the grassy meadow.



ABDULLAH AND HIS FRIENDS.

AN EGYPTIAN BOOT-BLACK.

BY L. M. F.

I am only a poor Egyptian boot-black, but, for all that, I do not consider myself the inferior of any living being, and feel very proud to own that I am a descendant from one of the most ancient nations existing on the face of the earth. I was born in Cairo, Egypt; so were all my ancestors, and no other land bears the imprints of the soles of their feet, for they lived and died in this sunny land.

My name is Abdullah (*i. e.*, servant of God). I am an orphan; my parents died before I was five, leaving me a waif trusting to the mercy of the world at large. Having no home, and no kith or kin to claim me, I was thrown into the streets to hunt up my own living. I used to wander up and down begging for a para, a piece of bread, or anything with which I could satisfy the pangs of hunger. Thus I passed about four years of my life living on beggary, till one day I noticed a boy blacking an Englishman's boots, and he paid the boy one piastre for doing it. I at once resolved to earn my living that way, and begged the boy to instruct me. He first refused, but on my telling him I was an orphan, he at once taught me how to handle the brushes, and gave me a couple of old ones which he had in his box. I gratefully accepted them. Hastening to one of the stores, I begged for an empty little box, and fastening it to a piece of rope I had found on a dust heap, I slung it across my shoulder proudly, in imitation of all boot-blacks. How could I get some blacking? was my next thought. I entered a grocery store, and said to the owner, "Ya sidi" (*i. e.*, my lord), "I will black your boots for a couple of figs."

[Pg 297]

"You don't look like a boot-black," he responded.

"I can black boots better than ten boot-blacks," said I, confidently.

"All right," said he, seating himself, and presenting me his foot; "black away."

I tremblingly opened my box, and taking out my brushes hesitatingly said:

"Ya sidi, my blacking is not very good; it is rather dry. If you let me use your blacking, I could make your shoes like a mirror."

"Very well," he unsuspectingly said, handing me a large box of blacking from a well-filled shelf over his head. "I guess mine is fresher; but make them fine, for I want to go to a wedding."

"Halla rassi" (*i. e.*, on my head), I replied, setting to work. It being a very hot day, this gentleman was dressed in a long spotless white caftan touching his ankles. I worked vigorously, and in my eagerness to do the thing well, I got the blacking smeared over my hands, which left large black marks on his ankles, and, worst of all, I had a nice sprinkling of black dots all over his white suit.

"Oh, you young rascal!" he exclaimed, hurriedly, glancing at his condition, "what have you done?"

He was just about dealing me a blow, when I grasped my box and brushes and made my escape. Exasperated that he had missed me, with an oath he flung the box of blacking after me, which hit me on the shoulder. I joyfully clutched the blacking, and ran into another street as fast as my legs could carry me. Breathless, I sat down on a door-step to contemplate my next undertaking, whereupon four professional boot-blacks roughly accosted me, asking how long I had been a boot-black, and to what district I belonged. I replied that I did not belong to any; upon which they began roughly pushing me, and wanted to take away my brushes and blacking; but I fought manfully and desperately for them.

"Hafarêm" (*i. e.*, well done), said one. "You are a ghadah" (*i. e.*, fine fellow). "You can fight well; and as you have no one, we will take you in our company, provided you divide your earnings with us."

Of course I acceded with great pleasure.

The Egyptian boot-blacks have a regular constitution and set of laws; not written out or printed, but not the less enforced.

1. The city of Cairo is divided into about a dozen boot-black districts.
2. The strongest boot-black in his district shall be the Sheik, or chief, until some stronger boy whips him; then the strongest boy takes his place.
3. Every boot-black must obey his Sheik.
4. Always stand by a boot-black, even if from another district.
5. Only Mohammedans are allowed the privilege of being boot-blacks. Any other sects taking up the trade must be put down.

[Pg 298]

I soon learned all these rules, and followed them closely. The Mohammedans, with the exception of the military men and those in the Viceroy's service, never have their boots blackened. A true Mohammedan looks on blackened boots as on something sacrilegious, so that we boot-blacks are regarded with scorn by our pious neighbors. The boot-black trade is in the European part of the city; that is where we mostly get our customers. We charge no regular price, but take just what we can get. Our worst customers are the military officers and policemen, for they often fail to pay us a single para; and if they are in a good humor, thereby refraining from giving us a kick, they will occasionally throw us the end of a cigar, and we are obliged to submit to this treatment with all humility. The European and American tourists are our geni, for they often give us a franc for polishing their boots. The Christians and Jews who reside in the city do not pay us well. Some of the richer ones give twenty paras (equal to two cents); while others, such as grocery men, pay us in an orange, or a few figs, or a handful of dates. Thus we barely make a living among a population of four hundred thousand inhabitants. Our voices are heard among the first sounds of the early morning, calling, "Boyâ! boyâ! boy-â-â-â!" (*i. e.*, blacking). We frequent the streets where most customers are to be found, and often have a fight with some boot-black from another district who is trying to obtain the best custom.

Once in the year there is a gathering of the faithful followers of Mohammed for a pilgrimage to Mecca. The streets are filled with gay processions escorting the pious pilgrims. All the boot-blacks on that day unite in full force, every Sheik marching at the head of his company brandishing a stick; our boxes are slung across our shoulders to designate our trade; and we all heartily join in making as much noise as possible, shouting, "Boyâ! boyâ-â-â!" as we lead a camel richly harnessed through the streets of the city. There are hundreds of such other camels in this grand procession, led by various parties. Slowly we file through the

streets, amid the hearty cheers of the citizens, and wend our way toward the desert, where we leave our camel to the charge of some faithful pilgrim, and return back again to our daily routine of boot-blackening.

I have been a successful boot-black for five years, and I am now the Sheik of my district, which position I gained by being the strongest and most able fighter, and best story-teller, consequently, as a badge of honor, I wear a small turban around my cap. The four boys who first patronized me are my best friends. After a hard day's work, we often resort to some quiet spot on a door-step, and, seating myself, my friends cluster round me for a thrilling tale from the *Arabian Nights*. Ali sits on my left, resting his weary arm on my knee, for he is the best boot-polisher in the city, and works very hard. Mustapha, on my right, has his only brother Hassan's head resting in his lap. Mahmud is the youngest, and is rather restless. He is fond of standing up, brushes in hand, and trying to see if he can not chance to spy some customer wanting his boots blackened, for he is ambitious to make as much money as possible, as he has an old grandmother, whom he loves dearly, to support.

Not long ago a kind American lady, who seems to have taken an interest in us poor boot-blacks, started an evening school for us. As she had been good to me, and had once helped me out of a serious difficulty, I used all my power as Sheik of my district to make the boys attend. At first it seemed rather dull work to spend two evenings every week in school, but our kind friend made it so pleasant for us that we gradually grew to like it, and now think our school evenings the pleasantest of the week. I am trying hard to learn what is taught us, and hope some time to be something better than an Egyptian boot-black.



THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

AN AWFUL SCENE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I have the same old, old story to tell. My conduct has been such again—at any rate, that's what father says; and I've had to go up stairs with him, and I needn't explain what that means. It seems very hard, for I'd tried to do my very best, and I'd heard Sue say, "That boy hasn't misbehaved for two days good gracious I wonder what can be the matter with him." There's a fatal litty about it, I'm sure. Poor father! I must give him an awful lot of trouble, and I know he's had to get two new bamboo canes this winter just because I've done so wrong, though I never meant to do it.

It happened on account of coasting. We've got a magnificent hill. The road runs straight down the middle of it, and all you have to do is to keep on the road. There's a fence on one side, and if you run into it, something has got to break. John Kruger, who is a stupid sort of a fellow, ran into it last week head first, and smashed three pickets, and everybody said it was a mercy he hit it with his head, or he might have broken some of his bones, and hurt himself. There isn't any fence on the other side, but if you run off the road on that side, you'll go down the side of a hill that's steeper than the roof of the Episcopal church, and about a mile long, with a brook full of stones down at the bottom.

The other night Mr. Travers said— But I forgot to say that Mr. Martin is back again, and coming to our house worse than ever. He was there, and Mr. Travers and Sue, all sitting in the parlor, where I was behaving, and trying to make things pleasant, when Mr. Travers said, "It's a bright moonlight night let's all go out and coast." Sue said, "O that would be lovely Jimmy get your sled." I didn't encourage them, and I told father so, but he wouldn't admit that Mr. Travers or Sue or Mr. Martin or anybody could do anything wrong. What I said was, "I don't want to go coasting. It's cold and I don't feel very well, and I think we ought all to go to bed early so we can wake up real sweet and good-tempered." But Sue just said, "Don't you preach Jimmy if you're lazy just say so and Mr. Travers will take us out." Then Mr. Martin he must put in and say, "Perhaps the boy's afraid don't tease him he ought to be in bed anyhow." Now I wasn't going to stand this, so I said, "Come on. I wanted to go all the time, but I thought it would be best for old people to stay at home, and that's why I didn't encourage you." So I got out my double-ripper, and we all went out on

the hill and started down.

I sat in front to steer, and Sue sat right behind me, and Mr. Travers sat behind her to hold her on, and Mr. Martin sat behind him. We went splendidly, only the dry snow flew so that I couldn't see anything, and that's why we got off the road and on to the side hill before I knew it.

The hill was just one glare of ice, and the minute we struck the ice the sled started away like a hurricane. I had just time to hear Mr. Martin say, "Boy mind what you're about or I'll get off," when she struck something—I don't know what—and everybody was pitched into the air, and began sliding on the ice without anything to help them, except me. I caught on a bare piece of rock, and stopped myself. I could see Sue sitting up straight, and sliding like a streak of lightning, and crying, "Jimmy father Charles Mr. Martin O my help me." Mr. Travers was on his stomach, about a rod behind her, and gaining a little on her, and Mr. Martin was on his back, coming down head first, and beating them both. All of a sudden he began to go to pieces. Part of him would slide off one way, and then another part would try its luck by itself. I can tell you it was an awful and surreptitious sight. They all reached the bottom after a while, and when I saw they were not killed, I tried it myself, and landed all right. Sue was sitting still, and mourning, and saying, "My goodness gracious I shall never be able to walk again. My comb is broken and that boy isn't fit to live." Mr. Travers wasn't hurt very much, and he fixed himself all right with some pins I gave him, and his handkerchief; but his overcoat looked as if he'd stolen it from a scarecrow. When he had comforted Sue a little (and I must say some people are perfectly sickening the way they go on), he and I collected Mr. Martin—all except his teeth—and helped put him together, only I got his leg on wrong side first, and then we helped him home.

[Pg 299]

This was why father said that my conduct was such, and that his friend Martin didn't seem to be able to come into his house without being insulted and injured by me. I never insulted him. It isn't my fault if he can't slide down a hill without coming apart. However, I've had my last suffering on account of him. The next time he comes apart where I am, I shall not wait to be punished for it, but shall start straight for the North Pole, and if I discover it the British government will pay me mornamillion dollars. I'm able to sit down this morning, but my spirits are crushed, and I shall never enjoy life any more.

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

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAIRY'S STORY.

"I promised you a story," said the little voice, close to his ear again.

"Yes, I know you did; can you tell it now?"

"To be sure I can, if I only have time. I did not bring any of my people to-night; they are helping some of the herb elves. It is a little late in the season, and some blossoms have been slow in opening, so that we have to urge them."

"How?" asked Phil.

"By coaxing and persuasion for some of them; others we have to blow upon quite forcibly."

"I am ready for the story when you are," said Phil.

"It is a wild affair, and one that all children might not care to hear; but to you, I fancy, nothing comes amiss."

"No, I like almost everything," said Phil.

"I shall begin just as my grandmother used to. Once upon a time, in the days of enchantment, there was a dreadful old ogre—"

"Do not make him too dreadful, or I shall have bad dreams," interrupted Phil.

The fairy laughed and flapped her little wings. "Now you must not be afraid; it will all come out right in the end. When I said the ogre was dreadful, I meant he was ugly-looking: we fairies like everything beautiful. Shall I go on?"

"Oh yes, and please forgive me for stopping you."

"This ogre was ugly, with a shaggy head, a shaggy beard, and fierce eyes, and he lived all by himself in a great stone castle on the shore of a large lake. His principal pleasure consisted in tormenting everything and everybody he came near; but if he had any preference, it was for boys; to tease and ill-use them had the power of affording him great happiness. Lazy, loitering little fellows were in especial danger, for he would catch them quite easily by throwing over their heads the nets he used in fishing, drag them off to his castle, and keep them in a dungeon until there would be no chance of discovery, and the boys' parents would think them lost forever. Thus he would gain a very useful, active set of laborers for a stone wall he was building, for so afraid were they of his displeasure, and so fearful that they might be starved, since the only food they received was dried and salted fish, that these boys worked like bees in a hive, only it was a sullen, painful sort of working, for they never sang or shouted, whistled or talked, and they were thin and wretched, and more like machines than boys.

"Now in this lake, on the shore of which was the ogre's castle, was an island, where lived a Princess whom the ogre had bewitched, but who had also regained her liberty, and near whom the ogre could never again come; even to land on her island or bathe in the water near would at once change him into a shark.

"This Princess, passing the ogre's castle in her beautiful swan-like sailing-boat, had seen the unhappy little boys at work on the stone wall; her sympathies had been aroused at so sad a sight, and she determined to wait her chance, and do what she could to relieve them. The chance came one day when the ogre had gone on a fishing excursion, from which he would not return till night. He had given the boys their rations of salt fish, and had commanded them in the gruffest tones to be sure and do an unusual amount of work in his absence, or they should all have chains on again; for when they were first caught he always chained them for fear they might try to escape; but they so soon lost all spirit and all desire for freedom that their chains were removed to enable them to work more easily.

"He had no sooner disappeared in his great clumsy craft laden with seines and harpoons, and baskets and jugs, than a whispering began among the boys, a sad sort of sighing and crying, almost like the whispering of wind in the tree-tops, which changed again to looks and glances of surprise as a beautiful vessel with silken sails floated up to the wharf, and a lovely gracious-looking lady clothed in white stepped from the boat, and came rapidly toward them.

"'Boys,' said she, addressing them in a very soft sweet voice, 'I have come to release you from this cruel bondage; will you trust me, and go with me?'

"'Yes, yes,' came from more than a dozen little tongues.

"'Come, then, at once. Drop your work, get into my boat, and we will be off. We have no time to lose, for your cruel master might possibly change his course and overtake us; then we should be in great danger.'

"The boys crowded about her, and with a wild cry followed her to her little vessel, and almost tumbled into it in their delight. It was with some difficulty that she kept them balanced, and prevented their falling out; but once packed, there were so many of them that they could not move. The vessel seemed to start of itself; its sails swelled out and spread themselves like wings, and away they dashed over the rippling waves, which rose and fell, and hurried them on their way. The ogre's castle was quickly left far behind, and the tired boys breathed more freely as it disappeared entirely from their view. In another minute they fell fast asleep, and did not waken till the motion of the boat ceased, and they found themselves gliding into a quiet harbor, fringed on each side with lovely shrubs that dipped their beautiful flowers into the calm water. Then the lady bade them follow her as she stepped from the boat on to the soft grass, and led them past fruits and flowers, and winding walks and fountains, up to the dazzling crystal palace in which she lived. Here the boys were halted while she made them this little speech: 'Boys, this is my home, these are my gardens; for a while you will have to remain here. We may have trouble with the ogre, but I want you to have no trouble among yourselves. Kindness, good-humor, pleasant looks and words, must prevail. There must be no envy, no selfishness, no desire to get the better of each other in any way. I demand obedience; if I receive it, all will be well; if I do not, you will have to suffer the consequence. Now I have said all that I need. These flowers, these fruits, are yours to enjoy in moderation.'



APPROACH OF THE SWAN-LIKE BOAT.

[Pg 300]

"As she ceased speaking, she clapped her hands, and a troupe of servants appeared. They led the boys to marble baths, where waters gushed and flowed in liquid beauty, and groves of orange-trees made a dense thicket about them. Here each boy was made sweet and clean, and provided with a suit of white clothes. When they emerged from the baths, they saw before them on the lawn tables filled with the most tempting food—roasted meats, broiled birds, pitchers of milk and cream, biscuits and jellies and ices.

"The utmost order prevailed. Starved as the poor boys were, the grace and beauty of their surroundings made them gentle and patient. At each plate was a tiny nose-gay held in the beak of a crystal bird, the body of which was a finger-bowl. Every plate was of exquisite workmanship. Some had birds of gay plumage; some had fierce tigers' heads or shaggy-maned lions; others bore designs of tools or curious instruments; but that which most delighted the boys was a dish of crystal, an exact imitation of the *Swan*—the *Fairy Swan*—in which they had sailed to this lovely island. It was laden with choice fruits. While the boys feasted as they had never before done in their lives, strains of sweet music became audible; and they could also hear the soft splash of the waves on the shore, or the dripping and tinkling of fountains, as the waters sparkled and fell in their marble basins.

"After they had feasted, the boys wandered off in most delightful idleness to all parts of the island. They climbed the trees, which bore blossoms, fruits, and nuts, all at the same time; they fished in the little coves; they waded in the shallow basins; and nothing would have marred their happiness had not one tall boy, with unnaturally strong and keen vision, declared that he saw the ogre's sail coming in the direction of the island.

"This was terrible, and had the effect of bringing all the boys together from their various amusements, just as chickens run from a hovering hawk. Together they crowded for a moment in mute dismay, unable to speak, to even hide, waiting the approach of their cruel foe.

"Nearer came the sail, and now they could all discern it. Its great clumsy shape, its heavy lumbering action, were not to be mistaken.

"What should they do?

"'Run for the Princess,' said one.

"'Too cowardly, that,' said another; and indeed their good abundant meal had begun to put strange courage in their little hearts.

"'Let's meet him, and fight him,' said one.

"'Let's upset his boat,' said another.

"'How?'

"'By pelting him with stones when he comes near enough.'

"Good!" cried they all; and they began gathering all the bits of rock and pebbles they could find.

"Now came a roar of ogreish rage from the boat as it neared them.

"I'll have ye again!" screamed the ogre.

"Then began the attack—a volley of small stones, nuts, fruits, anything they had in their pockets.

"One of the ogre's eyes was closed, so certain had been the aim of the tall boy who acted as leader.

"But the boat came nearer, and they were very much afraid the ogre would leap from it, when one of the boys whispered:

"I'll go out to tempt him. Once get him in the water, and he's a goner. He'll be bewitched."

"So he off with his jacket, and out he waded, while the others looked on in breathless admiration.

"The ogre looked with his one eye in eager derision; then forgetting his danger, and regarding the boy much as he might do an unwary fish that he would gobble up, he sprang from his boat into the shallow water, preparing not only to snatch the one boy, but to seize them all in a great seine he dragged after him, when suddenly the waves from the centre of the lake began hissing and seething, a tremendous swell set in toward the shore, driving the brave little fellow who had gone out to tempt the enemy completely off his legs, and obliging him to swim to the land, which he had no sooner reached than a great shout from all the boys made him look back, when, lo and behold! there was no ogre, only a great shark, with open jaws and a shining row of teeth, floundering about, and dashing himself in angry transports against the sides of the ogre boat, which he vainly attempted to board. And now could be seen swarms of little fish attacking the great one, darting hither and thither, now at his head, now at his tail, but keeping well away from his open jaws. And the waves began to be colored with the shark's blood. At last, wearied and wounded, with an angry snap of his jaws he dived down, and was seen no more.

[Pg 301]

"Then the boys gave another loud huzza, when, like a broad flash of sunshine, the lovely Princess came among them.

"Boys," said she, "you have proved yourselves brave youngsters. The ogre can never again trouble you. He will be a shark for three thousand years, and he will not care to stay in these waters, with so many enemies about him. Now when you have regained your good looks and strength, I will take you all home. Here is the key of my sweetmeat closet. Run off, now, and have a good time."

"The sweetmeat closet was a large inclosure where grew sugar-almond trees, candied pears, candied plums, and where even the bark and twigs of trees and bushes were of chocolate. In the centre was a pond of quivering jelly. Mounds and pyramids of jumbles and iced cakes abounded. They were too tempting to be long looked at without tasting, and the boys helped themselves gladly.

"A long sweet strain from a bugle called them away from this delightful spot, and on a broad smooth field they found bats and balls, ten-pins and velocipedes—in short, everything a boy could want to play with.

"After this they supped in simple fashion, each boy with only a great bowl of bread and milk. Then to more music they were marched to their beds—downy white nests in a great room arched with glass, through which they could see the moon and stars shining, and where the dawn could waken them with its early light.

"Such was their life for two of the most happy weeks of their lives, and never did boys thrive better. They grew fat and rosy; they sang, they danced, they played. Every time the Princess came among them they shouted with glee, and nearly cracked their young throats in doing her honor. But all fine things come to an end some time. Once more they were packed in the *Fairy Swan*, and away they sailed for the land of reality and for home. The Princess gave them each a beautiful portrait of herself, of the island, and of the *Swan*. And each boy promised that whenever he had a chance to perform a kind action he would do it in remembrance of the gentle courtesy of the Princess. And so ends my fairy story. Good-night, Phil."

"Good-night. Oh, how nice it was! I thank you so much!" and sleepy Phil turned to see the little white butterfly wings skimming out of the window, while a long sweet sigh came from his wind harp, sounding like "Good-night—good-night," again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CHILDREN AT TEA.

BY S. B.

I am very anxious, children dear,
That you should quiet be,
And take care to behave quite well
While I pour out the tea.

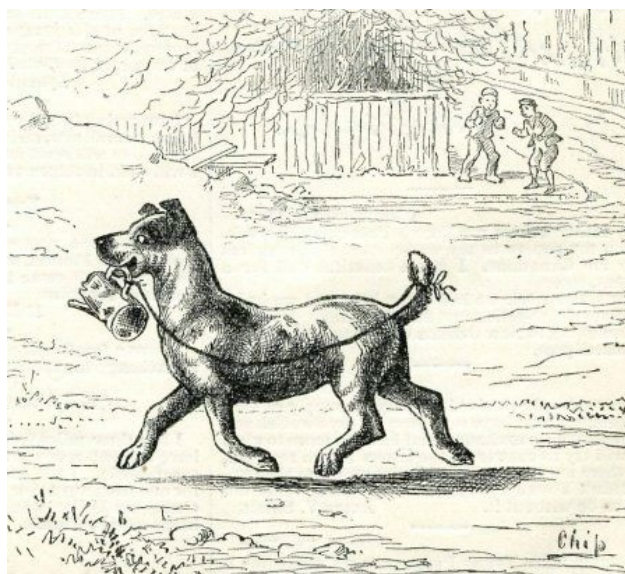
Matilda Jane, I need not scold,
For you behave so well;
You sit so straight, and try your best
To please me, I can tell.

But oh, Belinda, what a sight!
See how she sits awry;
I can not make that child obey,
No matter how I try.

Her hair is always in a furze;
Her dress and sash untied;
She drops her shoes, turns in her toes,
I know not what beside.

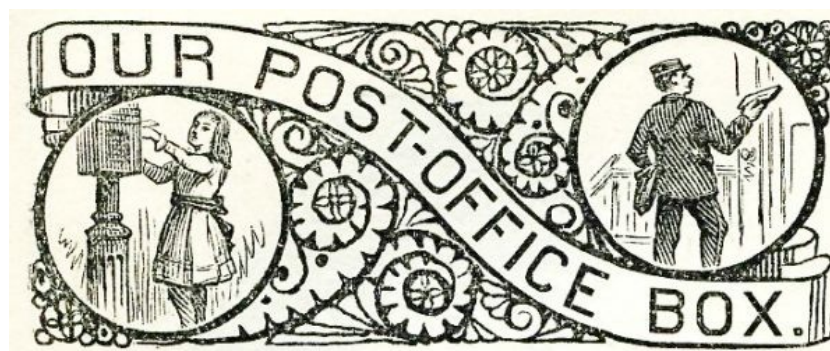
But now for once, Belinda dear,
I trust you will behave;
Not spill the milk, nor spoil your dress—
My trouble try to save.

And then you both shall have a cup
Of most delicious tea,
A piece of cake, perhaps some jam,
And then go out with me.



A WISE DOG.

[Pg 302]



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

I wish to tell the little readers of the Post-office Box about our pony. He is a dear little fellow, and just like a playful kitten. Sometimes Dexter—the pony—will not go the way you want him to. The

other day I was going for Eddie, my brother, and down at our gate Dexter wanted to go one way, and I the other. As he is very hard on the mouth, he turned round to go home again. In doing so he upset the little sleigh, and the box came off, and away went Dexter up the drive and into the carriage-house.

When mamma saw it all through the window, she thought I was hurt, and she sent the man down to the gate. When he got there, all he could see was a heap of buffalo-ropes, cushions, seats, and other things, with a pair of legs sticking out from under them. I was not hurt, and as soon as I could get up I went to the house to be brushed off. I am twelve years old.

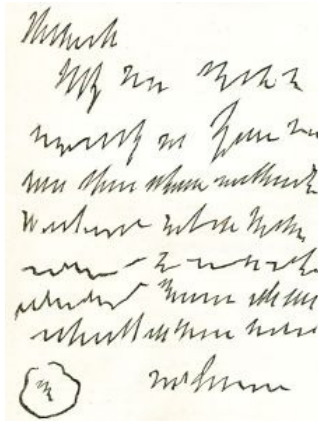
FREDDIE L. T.

TROY, NEW YORK.

I can hardly wait until I get *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I think the story of "Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs" is just splendid. One wet day two little friends came to play with me. Bertha was the fat woman, and I was Toby. I wish you could have seen Allie as our Living Skeleton. We found out that Mr. Treat knew what he was talking about when he said it was much easier to get a fat woman than a skeleton. We had great fun playing tableaux.

MORTON B.

The following letter is not written in Chinese, nor in Sanskrit, nor in any other uncommon language, but is simply a "Baby Letter," written by little four-year-old Bertha S., to Our Post-office Box. Bertha's mother writes that the little girl is sure her letter will be printed, and that the circle in the lower left-hand corner is a kiss for the editor. After that, it wouldn't do to disappoint her, would it?



MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

My father brings me *YOUNG PEOPLE* every week. I keep my papers in my wall-pocket that grandma gave me Christmas. I got a beautiful doll for a present, too.

Christmas week we had snow here, and we had a fine time sleigh-riding and snow-balling.

I am going to New Orleans with papa and mamma for *mardi gras*.

NELLIE O.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

I have already received a sufficient supply of German stamps, and have sent away all my Swedish and Swiss stamps in exchange, and have no more to give.

I will try to answer all the letters I have received, but there are so many it will take me some time.

I think *YOUNG PEOPLE* is lovely, and I would not like to be without it.

ALICE V. SMITH.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

Mamma takes *YOUNG PEOPLE* for me, and I like it very much, especially the story of "Toby Tyler." Poor little fellow, I feel so sorry for him!

I have a mud-turtle that I like about as well as Toby did Mr. Stubbs. I brought it from the country last August. Its shell is about as large as a silver half-dollar. We keep it in a glass dish of water, with sand and pretty stones at the bottom, and a piece of quartz for it to sun itself on. It has

refused food ever since last October, until yesterday, when we gave it some raw beefsteak, and it ate it greedily. In the summer we feed it on wiggles and flies. I have named it Topsy, and it is very tame. It has slept a good deal of the time this winter.

CARRIE O.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—The Sacramento River has broken the levee entirely. I am five years old, and mamma has taken me away from school because I am sick, and I have forgotten how to read.

In Sacramento there are lots of flowers. Only one rose-bush is in bloom in the back yard. There are little fingers on the bushes that make them hold to the lattice.

I went down to see the big river with my papa. I stood on a steamboat. I thought the boat was moving, but it was only the big drift and the water passing us. I saw the great, enormous chains that the anchors are fastened to. They made me think of the great, enormous squids that pull down the boats to the bottom of the ocean. That's all. [The above was written by Ottie's mamma from dictation, without change of a word.]

HENRY OSCAR B.

If any of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will send me a collection of United States postage stamps, I will send in return a collection of Java postage stamps.

A. VAN HEEL,
Samarang, Java.

We were at Avon Springs last summer, and while there we found some petrified shells and other fossils. We dug them from under a stratum of rock five or six feet below the surface of the earth, where they had lain for ages. I will exchange some of them for any kind of ore, sea-shells, or other curiosities.

EMMA HUNT,
59 South Ninth Street, Brooklyn, E. D.,

N. Y.

I want to tell you what a nice time I had one day in January. It was a very stormy Monday. I went to school; and although it is a very large school, only about one hundred scholars came, and in my room there were only eight. We did not have any classes, but spent the time in guessing words; that is, the letters of a word were given out all mixed up, and we had to guess the word they would spell. One easy one was oobk, which spells book. This is a very nice game.

I will exchange fifteen Connecticut postmarks (no duplicates), for fifteen of any other State except Michigan, Wisconsin, and New Jersey.

WILLIE E. HILL,
32 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.

A few days ago we went into a beautiful cave that is on the farm of one of our neighbors, and got a great many nice stalactites and stalagmites. One of the stalactites is almost transparent, and in all of them there are beautiful crystals. We saw some stalagmites over twelve inches high. In one place the roof of the cave is covered with fossil shells. We tried to break some off, but could not get any whole ones.

We have a large collection of curiosities, and would be glad to exchange with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE for relics, minerals, or curiosities of any kind.

HARRY R. BARTLETT and BROTHER,
P. O. Box 8, Greensburg, Green County,

Ky.

I am trying to make a scrap quilt, and I would like to have scraps from different parts of the United States. If any little boy or girl will send me a nice package of silk scraps, I will send in return Texas mosses, grasses, forest curiosities, six different kinds of acorns, or snail-shells.

NINON G. HARE,
Lynchburg, Harris County, Texas.

I am trying to get a collection of postage stamps. I have a scroll saw, and can make many pretty things. If any one will send me twenty-five foreign stamps, I will send in return two easels I have made.

E. M. WRIGHT,
Bremen, Marshall County, Ind.

I have some postmarks, some silver ore, some shells from Florida, and a pretty stone—I do not know where it came from—which I would like to exchange for coins.

FREDERICK PFANS,
11 Beaver Street, Newark, N. J.

I have a few Greek newspapers which I would like to exchange for Indian arrow-heads and relics.

CHARLES WARREN,
1577 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I live three miles from nine Indian mounds, and I have a great many arrow-heads, and twenty-seven spear-heads. I will exchange a rock from Missouri for one from any other State, and my brother will exchange an Indian stone hatchet for six stone arrow-heads or spear-heads.

WILLIAM REEL,
Baden P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

I have just been reading *YOUNG PEOPLE*. A friend of mine and I take it together. We live near each other, and often go to the beach to gather shells and mosses. In the spring we have a great variety of wild flowers. I would like to exchange pressed wild flowers, sea-mosses, and shells from the Pacific coast for a moss-agate, a bunch of cotton just as it is picked with the seeds in it, or any other curiosity from the Central or Southern States, or the Atlantic coast.

CAROLINE BALDWIN, Santa Cruz, Cal.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

German postage stamps, for minerals, fossils, or ores.

P. C. HENNIGHAUSEN,
143 Sharp Street, Baltimore, Md.

Foreign postage stamps, for Chinese and South American stamps, or for coins.

KEARNY MASON,
2119 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Twenty-five foreign postage stamps (no duplicates), for ten United States department stamps.

Street,

W. W. BRADEN,
445 East One-hundred-and-eighteenth
New York City.

Foreign postage stamps, for curiosities.

LEWIS PIERSON,
57 Third Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Postage stamps, for minerals. Correspondents are requested to label all specimens.

R. T. ANDREWS,
214 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cowries, scallops, cockle-shells, Chinese coins, stamps, and postmarks, for quartz crystals, gypsum, hematite, copper, lead, or graphite. Correspondents will please label specimens.

E. V. SHEERAR,
Wellsville, Allegany County, N. Y.

Stamps, for minerals, ores, Indian relics, or old and rare American coins.

JOHN E. HODGES,
153 South Paca Street, Baltimore, Md.

Stamps from Egypt, Iceland, Ceylon, St. Helena, Persia, Ecuador, and other foreign countries, for United States stamps.

N. C.

JOHN L. CASPAR,
P. O. Box 8, China Grove, Rowan County,

Stuffed birds.

HARRY GREENE,
8 Myrtle Street, Boston, Mass.

Two Cape of Good Hope stamps, for two Mexican stamps.

EMMA K. GRIFFIN,
Fond du Lac, Wis.

A stone from Massachusetts or New Jersey, for one from any other State except Missouri; soil of New Jersey, for soil of any other State; or specimens of mica, for any kind of ore.

F. L. FOSTER,
Fairmount Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

Postmarks and stamps, for stamps.

City.

WILLIAM M. WHITFIELD,
235 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York

Old issues of United States postage stamps and postmarks, for foreign stamps.

EDITH L. SMITH,
Glenburn, Lackawanna County, Penn.

Foreign postage stamps, shells, and other curiosities, for others.

G. H. SMITH,
Care of Mr. J. B. Wright,
Columbus, Muscogee County, Ga.

Stones from Missouri, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, for stones from any Southern or Western State excepting Georgia, Illinois, Colorado, and Minnesota.

FRED P. HALL,
238 Warren Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Rare Indian relics, for minerals and stamps.

NELLIE SUGDEN,
49 West Fifty-third Street, New York

City.

United States and foreign postmarks, for stamps.

SAMUEL J. LUTZ,
Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio.

Twenty-five postmarks, for two foreign postage stamps.

FRANK RIGGS,
P. O. Box 107, Watseka, Iroquois County,

Ill.

United States revenue stamps and postmarks, for foreign stamps; or a stone from Kentucky, for one from any other State.

HARRY PULLIAM,
275 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

A printing outfit, for a scroll saw or a good printing-press.

FRANK RAWIE,
Canton, Stark County, Ohio.

Postage stamps.

STAFFORD R. SOUTHWICK,
131 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York

City.

Foreign postage stamps and foreign and United States revenue stamps, for old United States or rare foreign stamps.

[Pg 303]

BRYANT WILLARD,
Newport Barracks, Newport, Ky.

Fifteen Michigan postmarks and eight of other States, for one Chinese postage stamp.

ARTHUR K. WILLYOUNG,
147 Park Street, Detroit, Mich.

Two specimens of California wood, for every set of twenty-five postmarks.

H. M. H.,
60 West Rutland Square, Boston, Mass.

Postage stamps. Swedish and Danish stamps especially desired.

WILLARD FRANCIS,
258 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Asbestos and United States internal revenue stamps, for fossil fern and gold ore.

LYMAN NEWELL,
Slater National Bank, Pawtucket, R. I.

Sandwich Island or Canadian stamps, for other foreign stamps.

M. D. AUSTIN,
1199 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Stamps of British Guinea, Newfoundland, France, Norway, and Hong-Kong, for stamps of Honduras, Peru, Persia, Brazil, and Mexico.

FRANK H. NICHOLS,
341 East Indiana Street, Chicago, Ill.

Minerals, forest woods, stamps, and sea-shells, for new specimens of the same. Minerals preferred.

Mass.

CHARLES R. FLETCHER,
144 Cambridge Street, East Cambridge,

Postmarks and foreign postage stamps.

LILLIE W. HOUSE,
85 Whitney Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Postage stamps.

Penn.

CHARLES UHLER,
Mechanicsburg, Cumberland County,

United States postmarks, for stamps.

EDDIE EARL,
P. O. Box 714, Leominster, Mass.

Ocean curiosities, for soil from any State excepting Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Streets,

HARRY LEWIS, care of J. W. Barton,
Northwest Corner of Front and Market
Philadelphia, Penn.

Stones from the Great Lakes, for foreign postage stamps.

WAT H. T. MAYO,
Hague, Westmoreland County, Va.

Ten rare foreign stamps, for ten Brazilian stamps. No duplicates.

Ind.

IKE HAMMOND and FRED CROSE,
Lock Box 152, Greencastle, Putnam Co.,

Old United postage stamps, for foreign stamps, Indian arrow-heads, or other curiosities.

ELBERT E. HURD,
Lempster, Sullivan County, N. H.

Foreign stamps, old United States copper one-cent and half-cent coins, for foreign coins, postmarks, and curiosities.

CHARLES GRUNER,
79 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soil from Massachusetts, for soil of Ohio.

EVERETT CRANE,
Weymouth, Norfolk County, Mass.

Foreign postage stamps, for minerals and Indian relics.

GARRY B. POST, care of George R. Post,
New Britain, Hartford County, Conn.

Minerals, for sea-shells, agates, and curiosities of all kinds; or lichens, moss, pressed ferns and flowers from Illinois, for moss, ferns, and flowers from other States and Canada.

MARY LOWRY,
Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Ill.

Spar, fossils, stamps, and postmarks, for ocean curiosities. Thirty varieties of foreign stamps, or twenty stamps and twelve foreign postmarks, for a box of sea-shells and a star-fish.

OSCAR RAUCHFUSS,
Golconda, Pope County, Ill.

American copper coins.

ED SWEET,
Wellsville, Allegany County, N. Y.

Postage stamps, for stamps, curiosities, and Indian relics.

FRANCIS B. WHEATON,
55 Park Street, Providence, R. I.

Asbestos and mica, for foreign stamps, especially from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, or Newfoundland.

WILLIE BOGARDUS,
1455 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

A stone from Illinois, for a stone from any other State or Territory.

BLYTHE HENDERSON,
101 Third Street, Peoria, Ill.

Foreign and United States War Department stamps, for rare and old coins, a ten-cent piece of 1879, stamps, shells, copper or zinc ore, or stones and soil from any State except Wisconsin.

CLARE B. BIRD,
Jefferson, Jefferson County, Wis.

United States postage stamps, for the same or foreign stamps.

CLINTON F. HICKS,
Pine River, Waushara County, Wis.

Twenty-five rare and old postmarks, for twelve foreign stamps.

BAKER BROS,
P. O. Box 5, Comstocks, N. Y.

Soil of Ohio, for that of any other State.

Ohio.

HARRY LAURIMORE,
Lock Box 6, Greenville, Darke County,

CARRIE E.—The book you inquire about is not contained in the "Franklin Square Library." The only answer possible to your other question was given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 15, February 10, 1880.

T. H. P.—The line, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," occurs in a poem entitled "The School-boy's Address," which is given in old Readers. The following paragraph in reference to the authorship of this poem has been kindly written by Mr. Benson J. Lossing, with whose name the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE are familiar:

"The School-boy's Address,' in Bingham's *Columbian Orator*, beginning, 'You'd scarce expect one of my age,' was written by David Everett, principal of the New Ipswich (New Hampshire) Academy, in the winter of 1791, previous to his entrance to Dartmouth College. It was written for a favorite pupil, Ephraim Hartwell Farrer, and was spoken at a school exhibition at the academy that same winter.

"At the centennial celebration of the founding of New Ipswich, in 1850, Mr. Farrer, then a white-haired man sixty-six years of age, was called upon to respond to the toast, 'Rev. Stephen Farrer, the first pastor of New Ipswich: The memory of the just is blessed.' Mr. E. H. Farrer was a son of the venerable pastor. When he arose to respond, his first words were,

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage.'

"These words he had spoken just fifty-nine years before."

ALICE B.—You will find a description of a very simple way to make snow-shoes in a letter from May C. T. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 65. The best snow-shoes are a light frame-work covered with a netting of stout thongs, but these would be difficult for you to obtain, and you could not make them yourself.

F. S. K.—The poet Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. He studied at Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine, graduating in 1825. Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, and some others who afterward became distinguished literary men, were his classmates. After leaving college he spent several years in Europe, and on his return, in 1829, became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College. In 1835 he again visited Europe, and one year later became Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University. He made his home in the historic Cragie House, once Washington's head-quarters, which he soon purchased. Longfellow resigned his position at Harvard in 1854, but still continues to reside in the historic mansion in Cambridge. Honorary degrees have been conferred upon him by the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, and his name is dear to the heart of every American.

I. CHASE.—The letter from your Prince Edward Island correspondent published in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 62 probably explains your trouble.

C. U.—A five-kreutzer German stamp is worth about two cents, United States currency.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jimmie F. Burns, Lila Baker, A. E. Cressingham, Richard Owen C., C. D. Chipman, W. K. Crithens, R. H. Davidson, Linda and Susie Egbert, Philip S. Gillis, Jesse S. Godine, Carrie and George Hall, Frank H. H., Charles Jefferson, Norman D. Lippincott, William A. Lewis, Andrew E. P., "Red Lion," "Starry Flag," Louis K. Sayre, "L. U. Stral," I. W. Trotter, "The Dawley Boys," Eva J. Turner, Howard J. Van Doren, Bennie C. Woodward, Edith M. Wetmore, J. Anthony Walker, Willie F. Woolard, "Young Solver."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first in old, but not in new.
My second in toll, not in curfew.
My third in enemy, not in foe.
My fourth in pack, but not in stow.
My fifth in quarrel, not in fight.
My sixth in heavy, not in light.
I am renowned in ancient song
For something most absurdly long.

T. H.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

composed of 14 letters.

1. I am a famous place in the Western part of the United States,

My 3, 7, 13, 5 is a twig.
My 7, 2, 14 is a trifle.
My 5, 2, 11, 8 is a small burrowing animal.
My 9, 4, 6, 12 is a curtain.
My 1, 10, 5 is a tropical vegetable.

WILLIAM A. L.

2. I am an English bird composed of 8 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is one of the cereals.
My 6, 7, 8 is a part of the body.

CARRIE E.

3. I am a flower composed of 6 letters.

My 2, 5, 1 is a verb.
My 3, 6, 4 is a boy's name.

W. I. T.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first is to be disordered in mind.
My second is a letter of the alphabet.
My third is an illuminating agent.
My fourth is a public conveyance.
My whole is found on the map of the Eastern Hemisphere.

WILLIE L. K.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An East Indian tree. Worthless. The ancient name of a country in Europe. A fish. A river in Germany. Birds belonging to the thrush family. Primals and finals spell the name of a country.

HUGH.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

First in mend, not in patch.

Second in knob, not in latch.
Third in boat, not in raft.
Fourth in brig, not in craft.
Fifth in sail, not in mast.
Sixth in second, not in last.
My whole is a Southern city gay,
Upon the shore of a lovely bay.

C. P. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 68.

No. 1.

DACTYL
ADORE
COZY
TRY
YE
L

No. 2.

CONTR O V E R S Y
I N D E L I B L E
O M N I B U S
F A V O R
D E N
B
A R T
G U A V A
G A R N I S H
I N V E C T I V E
T H O U G H T L E S S

No. 3.

Leadville.

No. 4.

A Valentine.

No. 5.

Mango.

WIGGLES.

On the following page are a few of the best ideas of Wiggle No. 17, given in No. 65. We hope that our young contributors whose Wiggles are omitted will not be greatly disappointed at not seeing their names published, as has been customary. More than five hundred answers to this Wiggle were sent in, and to publish all the names would require more than a column of the Post-office Box space. Therefore the editor has decided that hereafter no names shall be published save those whose Wiggles are used. Three "Wigglers"—Joe Ulmer, Ada Allen, and O. M. W.—hit upon our artist's idea, and sent in correct answers to Wiggle No. 17. If these three will send their full names and addresses to the editor, they will hear of something pleasant from him. Will "B," who gave a correct answer to Wiggle No. 16, also send his or her name and address?

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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

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

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

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

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project

Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain

freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.