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THE LUCK OF THE HORSESHOE.—DRAWN BY W. R. YEAGER.

## TOMMY TUCKER'S HORSESHOE.

BY MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

Tommy Tucker lives on a "farm" in the city of New York, near the Central Park. Some people make fun of Tommy's way of living, and call his place the "sunken lots," and say his family are squatters; but it makes very little difference to Tommy what remarks were made about his home or his people, so long as they were happy. And they were happy for a very long time, so happy that they didn't know what it was to be miserable, and it makes a wonderful difference to be able to tell one from the other. Up to the beginning of this winter they had the longest run of luck on record in any family in that neighborhood. A long while since, a horse had been turned out to die in a lot near the Tucker's. It wasn't such a very old horse, but it was dreadfully sick, and something was the matter with its windpipe, so that Mr. Tucker heard it wheezing away while he was at work on the farm. He had a very kind heart, and always did what he could for poor dumb creatures, as well as those that could tell what was the matter with them; and what with kind treatment and a wonderful skill Mr. Tucker had with animals, that horse came around so that you'd hardly know it from a spirited charger of Mr. Cræsus—a gentleman who lives up in that neighborhood. It grew so strong that it was able to drag a cart-load of vegetables down town to Mr. Tucker's customers, and Mr. Tucker was able to put another lot or two under cultivation. And if the lots were a little rough and sunken, it was very pretty to see them full of "green things a-growing." Up to this last winter there was almost always something to sell, and pretty soon after Mr. Tucker cured his horse he got a cow. She wasn't a first-class cow when Mr. Tucker first traded off some pigs for her, and gave some silver to boot out of Mother Tucker's stocking. What little milk she had seemed to be turned to gall, and even that couldn't be got from her until she was tied to the side of the house; then she would have kicked the whole mansion down if it hadn't been founded on a rock, like the wise man's house Mr. Tucker read about in the Bible. Mr. Tucker and Tommy think there are only two books worth reading in the whole world: one is the Bible, and the other is *Robinson Crusoe*. Tommy hadn't minded depending on his goats for milk, because it seemed so much like Crusoe's way of living; but Mrs. Tucker and Tommy's three little brothers liked cow's milk the best; for one thing, there was so much more of it, and Tommy's three little brothers had such excellent appetites. For Mr. Tucker's wisdom extended to the udders of the cow, and pretty soon she was almost as good as an Alderney cow around the corner, so called, Mr. Tucker said, because she belonged to an Alderman.

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Tommy Tucker's family prospered exceedingly. The horse drew more and more vegetables to market, the cow gave more and more milk, the hens laid more and more eggs, and the cheery chink in Mother Tucker's stocking became more and more musical to the ear, until the last winter set in. Then the Tucker luck, which was proverbial in that neighborhood, suddenly took an evil turn.

First, and worst, Mr. Tucker fell on the ice and broke his leg. You may know it was a particular kind of ice that could bring Mr. Tucker down. It was about a dozen layers thick, and very treacherous. The winter had closed in some time before in a very unusual way. It was bitter cold, day in and day out; the heavens opened, and the snow fell, and opened again, and more snow came down, and kept on opening, and more snow kept falling, until the familiar gullies were all filled up, and the country around there grew white and level and changed, so that Tommy wondered sometimes if the world had lost its reckoning, and stopped turning when it reached the north pole.

And it gave Tommy a dreadful sickly feeling to know that his father's leg *could* break. It wasn't natural to see him lying on the bed in the corner, when he had always been up and doing. Nothing ever seemed so far gone that his father couldn't fetch it around, and it shook Tommy's confidence considerably to see the obstinacy of that leg. Tommy had always gone to bed before his father, and his father had always got up before Tommy, so that it was a new experience to Tommy to see his father down.

It took the heart out of all of them, and everything went wrong. It went on freezing, snowing, and blowing outside; and do what Tommy could, the live stock began to give out. That charity waif of a horse yielded to the weakness in his windpipe again, and sprawled his legs and hung his head in the most ungrateful way; the cow went dry; two of the best pigs got frost-bitten, so that their squeal mingled with the melancholy southing of the north wind around the Tucker mansion; and the hens wouldn't lay an egg for Mr. Tucker, though the doctor had particularly ordered it.

And about that doctor: Tommy used to dread to see him come, for instead of brightening things up, he made them gloomier. He took some of the cheery chink out of Mother Tucker's stocking every time he came, and Mr. Tucker seemed none the better for it, but lay with his face to the wall for hours together, and wouldn't read any book in the Bible but Job; and Tommy's three little brothers went on eating just the same as when milk was plenty and times were good.

The music in Mother Tucker's stocking got away down to the toe; and one morning, when Mr. Tucker had no appetite for anything, and Tommy's three little brothers had an appetite for everything, even their mother's poor share of what was left, Tommy saw the shadow of a big wolf called Hunger prowling around the door-sill, and out he ran and down the road, frightened, and sobbing as if his heart would break. He thought nothing of the poor shivering brutes that were left to his care, or thought they might as well all starve together. Luck was against them; there was no use trying any more; when all at once, over in the middle of the road, he saw through his blinding tears something round and shining. It wasn't a gold piece, nor one of silver, but he plunged through a snow-bank and over a ditch to get it. He dug it out of a chunk of ice, and cut his hands and tore his finger-nails; and his honest little face took the keen and hungry exultation of a miner's just then, though it was neither silver nor gold, but an old battered-out horseshoe.

For all the music in Mother Tucker's stocking hadn't helped his father's leg, but Tommy had heard say that a horseshoe honestly found was the best bit of luck to stumble on in the world.

He warmed the cold bit of metal against his heart, and ran home with it as fast as he could, never stopping until he reached his father's bed.

"Cheer up, Pop!" he cried. "See! Everything'll come right now. I've found a horseshoe."

Poor Mr. Tucker turned to look at it with a sickly sort of smile, but the hope that illumined his boy's face lent a feeble glow to his own.

"Heaven bless the boy!" he said. "I'm very weak, I suppose. But hang it up where I can see it."

Mother Tucker fastened it to a beam over the foot of the bed, having the good cry over it she'd been longing for, and out Tommy ran to see to the live stock.

He rubbed that horse into such a glow that before he left him the wheeze in his windpipe wasn't worth mentioning, and he held his head and legs up in the style of Mr. Cræsus' steed; then he fed the cow, and drove the hens around to the manure heap, where they could keep warm in the steaming side next the sun; and while he was hard at work he heard a terrible racket up the road, and he thought it must be Mr. Cræsus himself shouting and screaming for dear life, while his charger was flying along on the wings of the wind. Tommy dropped his pitchfork, and got there just in time to feel the hot breath from the runaway's nostrils, and make a spring for the bridle. They all went plunging along together a bit, then came to a stand-still, trembling all over, all of them. What was Tommy's delight to find that instead of Mr. Cræsus, it was only their old doctor! He trembled more than his horse, and puffed like a grampus.

"Well done, sonny," he said. "I might have been in a worse plight than your father, if it hadn't been for you. My horse never cut up such a tantrum before."

Tommy knew what it was; it was the horseshoe. Something had to be done to soften that doctor's heart. Tommy plucked up courage to beg of him to take no more music from his mother's stocking, seeing it was away down to the toe.

"Why, no, sonny," said the doctor; "I'll take none out, but I'll put some in."

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After that scare with the horse, nothing would do but Tommy must go around with the doctor to take care of it, and the doctor made a bargain with Tommy that paid him handsomely for three or four hours every day.

When Tommy reached home that night he found his father propped up in bed making a supper off of new-laid eggs. His father said it was driving the hens round on the sunny side of the farm, but Tommy stuck to it that it was the horseshoe. After that it was like the house that Jack built. The hens began to lay; Pop began to eat and get well, and read the Psalms instead of Job; the cow had a pretty calf, and began to give lots of milk; the winter began to break; and the doctor began telling the Tucker family of a noble way of squatting out West that beat their way all to nothing, and how there was lots of land out there considerably better than the sunken lots, and how, instead of watching one lazy horse, that wouldn't run away without there was a providence in it, Tommy might have a whole drove of chargers like Mr. Cræsus', and Mr. Tucker might raise millions of bushels of golden grain, and he shouldn't wonder if Tommy would be President yet, and his three little brothers feeding away at a public crib that never gives out.

Tommy says it's all the horseshoe, but the doctor's made a sum of it in this way:

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Pluck multiplied by Perseverance equals Prosperity. The doctor says the example is to be followed in a general sort of way, but principally by stopping a runaway horse when there's an old coward of a doctor behind him.

## BY LIEUTENANT J. A. LOCKWOOD.

After the hull of a ship is built, she is launched before her spars are put in. This launching is usually done stern foremost; sometimes bow foremost, and, in very narrow rivers, side foremost. The *Great Eastern* was launched side foremost in the river Thames.

Under the general name of spars are included the masts, bowsprit, yards, booms, and gaffs of a ship. It will not be necessary to inform the boys who live near our seaports what masts and yards are; but perhaps some of America's future admirals, who have yet to see their first ship, will be interested in knowing that a mast is a stick perpendicular to the deck, and yards are sticks to which sails are bent, and are at right angles with the masts; the bowsprit is a stick projecting over the bow to carry sail forward.

Each of the three masts of all but very small vessels consists of a number of sticks one above another. The "heel" of the topmast comes a little below the "head" of the lower mast, and is secured by a "cap," a sort of iron band, and a bar, called a "fid." Above the topmast comes the top-gallant-mast, and above that the royal-mast.

At the head of the lower mast of a ship is a platform called the "top." Tops have usually holes in them, called the "lubbers' hole," large enough to permit a man to crawl through. Jack, however, scorns to make use of this hole, preferring to climb over outside by the futtock-shrouds.

Vessels derive their names from the number of their masts and their rig. While all vessels are often included under the general term *ships*, more properly a ship has always three masts, and is square-rigged; that is, she has tops and yards on all three of her masts. The three masts are designated by the names fore, main, and mizzen.

A bark is square-rigged at her fore and main masts, but, unlike a ship, at her mizzenmast has no top, and only fore-and-aft sails.

A brig has but two masts, both of which are square-rigged.

A schooner may have either two or three masts, but carries fore-and-aft sails only.

A sloop has one mast, fore-and-aft rigged.

A vessel's masts are "stepped"—*i. e.*, put in—by means of shears. Shears consist of a couple of spars lashed together at one end and spread apart at the other. They are raised to a nearly upright position, and furnished with tackle for lifting masts in and out of ships.

After the masts are stepped and the bowsprit put in, the standing rigging is "set up." The standing rigging consists of strong ropes, called stays, to support the masts fore and aft, and other ropes, called back-stays and shrouds, to lend support sideways. The shrouds on each mast are connected by little ropes placed crosswise, called ratlines, which the sailors use when ordered to "lay aloft." A good sailor is as nimble as a cat on these ratlines.

The running rigging consists of the ropes used in handling the yards and sails, and every rope has a distinguishing name. Halyards are ropes used to hoist yards and sails. Braces are ropes used to swing the yards round by.

To the beginner the names of ropes are apt to be very confusing. Old salts are fond of spinning a yarn about a lad who wanted to go to sea, until he heard that the fore-top-gallant-studding-sail-boom-tricing-line-thimble-block-mousing was the name of about the smallest bit of rope on board ship, when he at once concluded that, such being the case, he could never expect to master the name of the largest rope, and consequently decided to become a farmer.

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## A SONG OF APOLLO.

### A LEGEND OF ANCIENT GREECE.

#### BY LILLIE E. BARR.

After the burning of Troy, to Argos there came  
A soldier aged and weary:  
Naught had he gained in the contest, treasure nor fame,  
So now he lifted his lyre, and day after day  
Stood in the streets or the market, and strove to play.

No one gave him a lepton, no one waited to hear  
A song so ancient and simple;  
Hungry and hopeless, he ceased: then a youth drew near—  
A youth with a beautiful face—and he said, "Old man,  
Now strike on thy lyre and sing, for I know thou can."

"O Greek," said old Akeratos, "I have lost the power,  
With handling of swords and lances."  
"Then here's a didrachmon—lend me thy lyre an hour;  
Thou hold out the cap in thine hand, and I will play:  
Surely these men that are deaf shall listen to-day."

Then, with a mighty hand sweeping the trembling strings,  
Over the tumult and chatting,  
Like the call of a clear sweet trumpet, the young voice rings;  
For he sings of the taking of Troy, and the chords  
Sound like the tramping of hoofs, and clashing of swords.

There, in the market of Argos, is Hector slain,

There, in their midst, is Achilles.  
Breathless, they listen again and again,  
Fill up the cap with coins, and shout in the crowded street,  
"Strike up thy lyre once more, O Singer strange and sweet!"

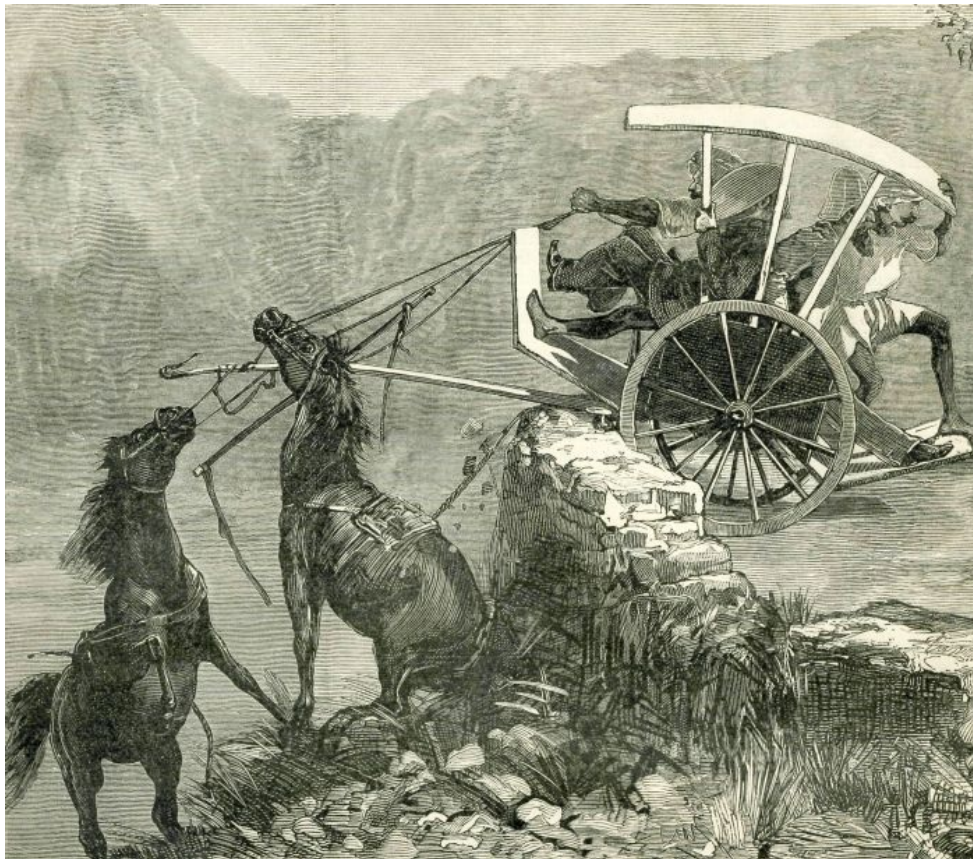
Ah! then came magical notes, soft melodies low;  
The air grew purple and amber,  
Scented with honey, and spices, and roses a-blow:  
And there in the glory sat Love—Mother and Queen—  
And eyes grew misty with tears for days that had been.

Eyes grew misty, hearts grew tender, tender and free:  
Every one gave to the soldier  
Bracelets, and ring, and perfumes from over the sea.  
Then said the Singer, "Now, soldier, gather thy store,  
The hands that have fought for Greece need never beg more.

"Greeks, dwelling in Argos, this is a shameful sight—  
A soldier wounded and begging."  
The Singer grew splendid and godlike, and rose in unbearable

light:

Then they knew it was Phœbus Apollo, and said,  
"Never again in Argos shall the brave beg bread."



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**ACCIDENT ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD, INDIA.**

## **AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN TRAVEL.**

Although there are about ten thousand miles of railroad in Hindostan, the country is so vast, and in many portions of it so mountainous, that much of the travelling is yet performed by old-fashioned methods. We see one of them in the accompanying sketch, and perhaps our young readers will think that there is sometimes as much danger attaching to the "old slow coach" as to the swift-rushing iron horse. The conveyance in our sketch is what is known as a "hill cart," a curious kind of vehicle, with a seat before and behind covered with a leathern hood, hung very low, and possessing two strong wheels. It is drawn by two ponies, whose general pace is a hand-gallop.

The hill roads are narrow and uneven, with sharp curves bordering unpleasantly close to the edge of the "khuds," or precipices, over one of which the ponies in the sketch have taken a flying leap, having been frightened into shying at the remnants of a previous accident on the same spot.

At the best, the occupants of these hill carts have but a sorry time of it. The cart having only two wheels, the pole is supported by a chain fastened to a longitudinal bar across the backs of the animals, after the manner of an old-fashioned curricle, this method of harnessing causing a lurching, bumping motion, sometimes amounting to a perfect series of jumps when passing over a rough bit of ground, the occupants of the vehicle holding on by the rails to maintain their seats, from which, however, they are perpetually being jerked.

There is sometimes a good deal of fun in getting these hill carts set in motion for a start, the ponies

generally having a will of their own, and sometimes not agreeing; one is prepared to start, the other objects, so he is thrashed by the driver; but to make things equal, so is the willing fellow. This unjust infliction causes him to make such a sudden and violent plunge that a trace breaks, which begets much hard language and delay. However, the trace gets mended somehow, and then there is another attempt to start. The cart is pushed on to the heels of the ponies, of which proceeding they show their disapproval by a series of most vigorous kicks. After an interval varying from five to fifteen minutes, the driver, with assistance from behind, finally triumphs, and the start is made, the balky animal having entirely altered his previous views of resistance, and taken it into his head to run madly away with himself, his quieter fellow, the cart, and its contents.

This scene is generally repeated at every stage with each fresh pair of ponies, so the fun of the thing becomes before long rather tiresome.



**GIVING THANKS.**

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

## **TOBY TYLER;**

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

**BY JAMES OTIS.**

#### **CHAPTER XV.**

### **TOBY'S FRIENDS PRESENT HIM WITH A COSTUME.**

During this time Toby's funds had accumulated rather slower than on the first few days he was in the business, but he had saved eleven dollars, and Mr. Lord had paid him five dollars of his salary, so that he had the to him enormous sum of sixteen dollars, and he had about made up his mind to make one effort for liberty, when the news came that he was to ride in public.

He had, in fact, been ready to run away any time within the past week; but, as if they had divined his intentions, both Mr. Castle and Mr. Lord had kept a very strict watch over him, one or the other keeping him in sight from the time he got through with his labors at night until they saw him on the cart with old Ben.

"I was just gettin' ready to run away," said Toby to Ella, on the day Mr. Castle gave his decision as to their taking part in the performance, and while they were walking out of the tent, "an' I shouldn't wonder now if I got away to-night."

"Oh, Toby!" exclaimed the girl, as she looked reproachfully at him, "after all the work we've had to get ready, you won't go off and leave me before we've had a chance to see what the folks will say when they see us together."

It was impossible for Toby to feel any delight at the idea of riding in public, and he would have been willing to have taken one of Mr. Lord's most severe whippings if he could have escaped from it; but he and Ella had become such firm friends, and he had conceived such a boyish admiration for her, that he felt as if he were willing to bear almost anything for the sake of giving her pleasure. Therefore he said, after a few moments' reflection: "Well, I won't go to-night, anyway, even if I have the best chance that ever was. I'll stay one day more, anyhow, an' perhaps I'll have to stay a good many."

"That's a nice boy," said Ella, positively, as Toby thus gave his decision, "and I'll kiss you for it."

Before Toby fully realized what she was about, almost before he had understood what she said, she had put her arms around his neck, and given him a good sound kiss right on his freckled face.

Toby was surprised, astonished, and just a little bit ashamed. He had never been kissed by a girl before, very seldom by any one, save the fat lady, and he hardly knew what to

do or say. He blushed until his face was almost as red as his hair, and this color had the effect of making his freckles stand out with startling distinctness. Then he looked carefully around to see if any one had seen them.

"I never had a girl kiss me before," said Toby, hesitatingly, "an' you see it made me feel kinder queer to have you do it out here where everybody could see."

"Well, I kissed you because I like you very much, and because you are going to stay and ride with me to-morrow," she said, positively; and then she added, slyly, "I may kiss you again if you don't get a chance to run away very soon."

"I wish it wasn't for Uncle Dan'l, an' the rest of the folks at home, an' there wasn't any such men as Mr. Lord an' Mr. Castle, an' then I don't know but I might want to stay with the circus, 'cause I like you awful much."

And as he spoke Toby's heart grew very tender toward the only girl friend he had ever known.

By this time they had reached the door of the tent, and as they stepped outside, one of the drivers told them that Mr. Treat and his wife were very anxious to see both of them in their tent.

"I don't believe I can go," said Toby, doubtfully, as he glanced toward the booth, where Mr. Lord was busy in attending to customers, and evidently waiting for Toby to relieve him, so that he could go to his dinner; "I don't believe Mr. Lord will let me."

"Go and ask him," said Ella, eagerly. "We won't be gone but a minute."

Toby approached his employer with fear and trembling. He had never before asked leave to be away from his work, even for a moment, and he had no doubt but that his request would be refused with blows.

"Mr. Treat wants me to come in his tent for a minute; can I go?" he asked, in a timid voice, and in such a low tone as to render it almost inaudible.

Mr. Lord looked at him for an instant, and Toby was sure that he was making up his mind whether to kick him, or catch him by the collar and use the rubber cane on him. But he had no such intention, evidently, for he said, in a voice unusually mild, "Yes, an' you needn't come to work again until it's time to go into the tent."

Toby was almost alarmed at this unusual kindness, and it puzzled him so much that he would have forgotten he had permission to go away if Ella had not pulled him gently by the coat.

If he had heard a conversation between Mr. Lord and Mr. Castle that very morning, he would have understood why it was that Mr. Lord had so suddenly become kind. Mr. Castle had told Job that the boy had really shown himself to be a good rider, and that in order to make him more contented with his lot, and to keep him from running away, he must be used more kindly, and perhaps be taken from the candy business altogether, which latter advice Mr. Lord did not look upon with favor, because of the large sales which the boy made.

When they reached the skeleton's tent, they found to their surprise that no exhibition was being given at that hour, and Ella said, with some concern, "How queer it is that the doors are not open. I do hope that they are not sick."

Toby felt a queer sinking at his heart as the possibility suggested itself that one or both of his kind friends might be ill; for they had both been so kind and attentive to him that he had learned to love them very dearly.

But the fears of both the children were dispelled when they tried to get in at the door, and were met by the smiling skeleton himself, who said, as he threw the canvas aside as far as if he were admitting his own enormous Lilly:

"Come in, my friends, come in. I have had the exhibition closed for one hour, in order that I might show my appreciation of my friend Mr. Tyler."

Toby looked around in some alarm, fearing that Mr. Treat's friendship was about to be displayed in one of his state dinners, which he had learned to fear rather than enjoy. But as he saw no preparations for dinner, he breathed more freely, and wondered what all this ceremony could possibly mean.

Neither he nor Ella was long left in doubt, for as soon as they had entered, Mrs. Treat waddled from behind the screen which served them as a dressing-room, with a bundle in her arms, which she handed to her husband.

He took it, and quickly mounting the platform, leaving Ella and Toby below, he commenced to speak, with very many flourishes of his thin arms:

"My friends," he began, as he looked down upon his audience of three, who were listening in the following attitudes: Ella and Toby were standing upon the ground at the foot of the platform, looking up with wide-open, staring eyes, and his fleshy wife was seated on a bench, which had evidently been placed in such a position below the speaker's stand that she could hear and see all that was going on without the fatigue of standing up, which, for one of her size, was really very hard work—"my friends," repeated the skeleton, as he held his bundle in front of him with one hand and gesticulated with the other, "we all of us know that to-morrow our esteemed and worthy friend Mr. Toby Tyler makes his first appearance in any ring, and we all of us believe that he will soon become a bright and shining light in the profession which he is so soon to enter."

The speaker was here interrupted by loud applause from his wife, and he profited by the opportunity to wipe a stray drop of perspiration from his fleshless face. Then, as the fat lady ceased the exertion of clapping her hands, he continued:

"Knowing that our friend Mr. Tyler was being instructed, preparatory to dazzling the public with his



**ELLA AND TOBY.**

talents, my wife and I began to prepare for him some slight testimonial of our esteem, and being informed by Mr. Castle some days ago of the day on which he was to make his first appearance before the public, we were enabled to complete our little gift in time for the great and important event."

Here the skeleton paused to take a breath, and Toby began to grow most uncomfortably red in the face. Such praise made him feel very awkward.

"I hold in this bundle," continued Mr. Treat, as he waved the package on high, "a costume for our bold and worthy equestrian, and a sash to match for his beautiful and accomplished companion. In presenting these little tokens, my wife (who has embroidered every inch of the velvet herself) and I feel proud to know that when the great and auspicious occasion occurs to-morrow, the worthy Mr. Tyler will step into the ring in a costume which we have prepared expressly for him, and thus, when he does himself honor by his performance, and earns the applause of the multitude, he will be doing honor and earning applause for the work of our hands—my wife Lilly and myself. Take them, my boy, and when you array yourself in them to-morrow, you will remember that the only Living Skeleton and the wonder of the nineteenth century, in the shape of the Mammoth Lady, are present in their works if not in their persons."

As he finished speaking, Mr. Treat handed the bundle to Toby, and then joined in the applause which was being given by Mrs. Treat and Ella.

Toby unrolled the package, and found that it contained a circus rider's costume of pink tights and blue velvet trunks, collar and cuffs embroidered in white, and plentifully spangled with silver. In addition was a wide blue sash for Ella, embroidered to correspond with Toby's costume.

The little fellow was both delighted with the gift and at a loss to know what to say in response. He looked at the costume over and over again, and the tears of gratitude, that these friends should have been so good to him, came into his eyes. He saw, however, that they were expecting him to say something in reply, and laying the gift on the platform, he said to the skeleton and his wife:

"You've been so good to me ever since I've been with the circus that I wish I was big enough to say somethin' more than that I'm much obliged, but I can't. One of these days, when I'm a man, I'll show you how much I like you, an' then you won't be sorry that you was good to such a poor little runaway boy as I am."

Here the skeleton broke in with such loud applause, and so many cries of "Hear! hear!" that Toby grew still more confused, and forgot entirely what he was intending to say next.

"I want you to know how much obliged I am," he said, after some hesitation, "an' when I wear 'em I'll ride just the best I know how, even if I don't want to, an' you sha'n't be sorry that you gave them to me."

As Toby concluded, he made a funny little awkward bow, and then seemed to be trying to hide himself behind a chair from the applause which was given so generously.

"Bless your dear little heart!" said the fat lady, after the confusion had somewhat subsided. "I know you will do your best, anyway, and I'm glad to know that you're going to make your first appearance in something that Samuel and I made for you."

Ella was quite as well pleased with her sash as Toby was with his costume, and thanked Mr. and Mrs. Treat in a pretty little way that made Toby wish he could say anything half so nicely.

The hour which the skeleton had devoted for the purpose of the presentation and accompanying speeches having elapsed, it was necessary that Ella and Toby should go, and that the doors of the exhibition be opened at once, in order to give any of the public an opportunity of seeing what the placards announced as two of the greatest curiosities on the face of the globe.

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That day, while Toby performed his arduous labors, his heart was very light, for the evidences which the skeleton and his wife had given of their regard for him were very gratifying. He determined that he would do his very best to please so long as he was with the circus, and then, when he got a chance to run away, he would do so, but not until he had said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Treat, and thanked them again for their interest in him.

When he had finished his work in the tent that night, Mr. Lord said to him, as he patted him on the back in the most fatherly fashion, and as if he had never spoken a harsh word to him, "You can't come in here to sell candy now that you are one of the performers, my boy; an' if I can find another boy to-morrow, you won't have to work in the booth any longer, an' your salary of a dollar a week will go on just the same, even if you don't have anything to do but to ride."

This was a bit of news that was as welcome to Toby as it was unexpected, and he felt more happy than than he had for the ten weeks that he had been travelling under Mr. Lord's cruel mastership.

But there was one thing that night that rather dampened his joy, and that was that he noticed that Mr. Lord was unusually careful to watch him, not even allowing him to go outside the tent without following. He saw at once that if he was to have a more easy time, his chances for running away were greatly diminished, and no number of beautiful costumes would have made him content to stay with the circus one moment longer than was absolutely necessary.

That night he told old Ben of the events of the day, and expressed the hope that he might acquit himself creditably when he made his first appearance on the following day.

Ben sat thoughtfully for some time, and then, making all the preparations which Toby knew so well signified a long bit of advice, he said, "Toby, my boy, I've been with a circus, man an' boy, nigh to forty years, an' I've seen lots of youngsters start in just as you're goin' to start in to-morrow; but the most of them petered out because they got to knowin' more'n them that learned 'em did. Now you remember what I say, an' you'll find it good advice: Whatever business you get into, don't think you know all about it before you've begun. Remember that you can always learn somethin', no matter how old you are, an' keep your eyes an' ears open, an' your tongue between your teeth, an' you'll amount to somethin', or my name hain't Ben."



# AN ITALIAN SCHOOL.

## A PAPER FOR GIRLS.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

If the young readers of this paper had only known of it in time, some of them might have heard six hundred little Italian children sing the "Carnival of Venice" in the merriest and most charming fashion possible, and they would not have had to go to Italy either.

It was sung in English, a little broken, but very sweet, in one of those out-of-the-way places that many New York and other children have never heard of; so I mean to tell them all about it.

The Italian school is in a very poor neighborhood. You may stand in its porch, and, unless you look up at the blue sky, see nothing pleasant whatever; in one direction, that awful prison-house, the "Tombs," meets the eye; in another, a crooked, shabby street in which dwell half the organ-grinders and monkeys of New York; and everywhere else, miserable, rickety dwellings.



**DRESSED IN HER BEST.**

Inside, however, the school building is so spacious, cheerful, and neat that it seems almost, if not quite, a palace to the scores of little folks who spend their days there, for most of them come from homes so wretched and dreary that it makes one shudder to hear of them.

Imagine a great square room lighted by three long windows; at one end a dozen sewing-machines (for, remember, this is an industrial school, where children work as well as study); in the middle several long low tables, benches, and the teacher's desk; by the side of the wall another long table, piled with bundles and boxes, and at the lower end of the apartment a tall dresser or closet—and you will see the work-room as I saw it.

Thirty or more little girls are seated at their tasks. Let me introduce you to some of them.

This one, is Jacquolina Magi, a young Neapolitan. What a pretty picture she makes in the sunshine, with her red bodice, massive ear-rings, and that gay kerchief fastened by a quaint brooch!

Only a year or two ago Jacquolina was a barefooted peasant child, and followed her fisherman father to the beach every morning to watch him draw his seine in the beautiful bay of Naples; she remembers gathering the lovely shells, and playing with the long tresses of sea-weed, but thinks she is happier here: is not that strange?

Near her sits Rosa Florio, and beyond her Rosa Casetti, or Rosa Dimple, as the teacher calls her, both working like little bees to finish the blue shirts for which they will receive their pay to-night.

Jacquolina is a pretty brown-eyed girl of eleven, but Rosa Dimple looks positively plain until she laughs; then her great gray eyes light up, and two of the prettiest dimples in the world nestle in her soft round cheeks. All the girls I have mentioned come from the villages or islands in the province and bay of Naples; so does that odd, old-fashioned little maid with her hair done up in a knot at the back of her head. Carmella is her proper name, but the children all call her Carmellouche, she is so full of mischief, and is such a tease.

Her long dress and narrow white apron, and the white kerchief folded so primly around her neck, give her a queer womanly little look that makes one laugh quite as much as her naughty though good-humored pranks.

The Neapolitan children cling together, playing and working harmoniously, though of course they quarrel at times; still, they defend each other so hotly that the little Genoese are quite afraid of them at first.

The North Italian children are much more grave and quiet. Here are a number engaged in a very pleasant employment. You would be greatly interested could you see them. They are the lace-weavers of the school.

Two years ago a lady who can make all sorts of laces heard of these poor young children, and knowing how well little fingers are suited to weaving, kindly lent her own cushions and bobbins for their use, and came down and gave them lessons every week.

Some of the girls, especially the Genoese, were delighted to enter the class, and although they could not work rapidly—that takes considerable practice—they learned very soon to form flowers and leaves for "duchesse" lace.

One little girl was very anxious to enter too, but no one encouraged her; so of course she had nothing to work with. What do you think she did? Give it up? No; being a small genius in her way, she made herself a cushion no larger than a breakfast plate, and cut out a number of little bobbins from pieces of rough wood; then with ordinary spool cotton actually contrived to weave three different stitches.

Luigina Gardella—that is the little genius's name—can now work seventy or eighty bobbins at a time. What do you think of that?

I must tell you also how ambitious another child was. Little Angevini Brizzolari desired to "learn lace" too, but was obliged every day to help her mother at the fruit stand; so she would come in the morning for her



**ROSA FLORIO.**

lesson, and then carry away her cushion and bobbins, and when she was not busy selling bananas and oranges, there she sat weaving lace in the street.



**LACE-MAKERS.**

Little Agostina Valente, bending over her cushion so earnestly, engaged in giving her sister a lesson, has been more fortunate, and is now an expert weaver, frequently working more than one hundred bobbins for a single pattern.

The Valentés were born in one of the mountain villages just outside the beautiful city of Genoa. Their mother will tell you, with sparkling eyes, how, dressed in her best homespun blue and red linen gown, with a fine brooch fastening her yellow kerchief, she used to bring the babies down to see the Carnival.

Neither Agostina nor Carlotta remembers the marble palaces and bell towers, nor when they had the honor of bearing the white palms in the procession on Palm-Sunday, for their memory extends no further than the time when they were in the "big ship crossing the great water."

Look at Agostina. What a quaint, motherly little figure she seems as she weaves! Her face is not pretty, but her great brown eyes are lovely, and there is a sweet gentleness in her expression as she directs her sister. Listen:

"You go wrong, Carlotta. Dis is de way—one, two, three, four; twist as you go. Now pull your bobbins down."

"One, two, three, four," patiently repeats Carlotta; "twist as

you go."

"One, two, three, four; twist as you go. Now, den, pull de bobbins dis way. Dis is for cloth stitch," explains the small teacher. "Now put your pin in dere, Carlotta."

Let us examine Agostina's work. She is weaving a beautiful lambrequin in duchesse lace.

The pattern, traced out on pink muslin, lies smoothly over the large round padded cushion. What a regiment of pins showing their bright heads! And, dear me! here are no less than seventy-two bobbins, each carrying a separate thread. I am sure, if you or I tried to work with so many, we would get them in a precious tangle very soon.

Already more than a yard is woven, and that is no little work when you remember it is over a foot wide. Roses and sprays of leaves joined together by a fine net—work called "brides," and a border with a pearl edge, form the pattern. The little weaver has had more than one stitch to learn. She will tell you about the cloth stitch, in which you must count four; the bar stitch, three; the half stitch; the picot for the edges; and the guipure dot to fill in the centre of the roses.

But here are other little folks, at this long low table, hard at work. Really, some of them are not more than five years old. One would think they could do nothing but play. They can, though, for they are the flower-makers.

Before each lies a pile of brightly colored flower petals, and a small paste pot and brush.

Nannina is making yellow violets, Bianca, white ones, and Pepita, blue. See how deftly their little fingers run the stamens through the centres, touch them lightly with the paste-brushes, then wrap the stems, and fasten them!

Already little clusters are forming, and by four o'clock, when school begins down stairs, there will be ever so many bunches of colored violets such as one sees in the windows of the large millinery shops; but who would think such wee hands could put them together so neatly?

It is now a quarter to four. The teacher bids the young folks put away their work, to be ready for school.

"School at four o'clock!" I hear some little girl exclaim.

It does seem late, but then it is an afternoon, or rather an evening, school. For the last half hour the little ones have been pouring into the large school-rooms below, and now the little machine-workers, the lace-weavers, and flower-makers go down to join them.

In one of the rooms, called the nursery, are sitting about one hundred of the drollest and queerest little boys and girls to be found in our great city; most of them are mere babies of three and four years of age; but they look very solemn as they gaze intently on the young teacher, repeating A B C after her.

I wish you could see some of the funny little jackets and trousers, and the curly heads in their bright kerchiefs. Poor little ones, they think they are real down-right scholars; but the truth is, they are only kept there to be out of harm's way, while their bigger brothers and sisters are learning reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography in the other rooms, as boys and girls do in the primary departments of the public schools.

My young readers know all about that; so I will hasten to tell them about the greatest event that has ever happened in the school—the celebration of its twenty-fifth birthday, or anniversary.

Not very long ago I went to see these little Italian folks, and found them in a great flutter of excitement. All their regular work was put aside, and each girl was



**A LITTLE FLOWER-MAKER.**



**THE INFANT CLASS.**

flags on the walls, and hanging up garlands of greens and flowers, while, below, their companions were taking the heads from several barrels filled with good things, which were handed over to another company of workers to be placed in paper bags.

To make a long story shorter, the next evening at about seven o'clock I went with some friends to the festival. Nearly three hundred children had already arrived, and tramp, tramp, they kept coming up the broad stairs, their heavy little boots making a brave noise. In half an hour the long benches which rose in tiers nearly to the ceiling across the lower end of the room were filled. The gas was not yet fully turned on, but by its dim light I saw the six hundred little heads, and heard—dear me! a flock of crows in a forest could not make such a chatter, I am sure.

But, oh! what a pretty sight it was when the light was turned on, and we saw all the bright coloring of blue ribbons and scarfs and scarlet kerchiefs, the pretty white aprons, and, what was sweeter, dancing eyes and cheeks dimpled with smiling!

After singing a few songs, the children settled down to allow the president of the society to speak.

I am afraid, as far as the scholars were concerned, his remarks were lost, for almost all the wee boys and girls on the lowest tiers fell fast asleep, and many of the bigger ones only kept their eyes open by fixing them on the long tables at either side of the wall. If what they saw there could not keep them awake, nothing could, for there stood toy villages, menageries of animals, tin ships, locomotives, wagons, whirligigs, and regiments of soldiers. Then there were not less than three hundred real wax dolls, looking as if out on a promenade in their silks, satins, and velvets. Think of it, girls—they had real, true golden hair, arranged in the prettiest curls and braids, and even banged over their foreheads, besides having necklaces and ear-rings that shone like diamonds.

Even these and the coming six hundred bags of candies and fruit could not keep them quite awake, for they kept "nid-nid-nodding" until the piano and violin sounded for the "Carnival of Venice." Then you should have heard how the young voices broke forth with,

"Awake! awake! fair Venice now is smiling,  
For now has come the Carnival so gay,"

and how they rose and fell softly in the sweet "Tra-la-la" chorus at the end of each verse.

At last, after a grand chorus in Italian, which woke them thoroughly, down they trotted from the benches, passing in single file, and giving us a fine chance to look at their gala attire.

What droll little women they looked, with their prim braids knotted behind their heads, and fastened with gilt pins; their brilliant kerchiefs, tight waists, neat aprons, and long skirts gathered full over circular bustles, and nearly reaching the floor!

Under the tight, old-fashioned waists of the womanly dresses beat childish hearts; so you may imagine how the dolls were clasped in loving embraces, and such raptures ensued as made candies and oranges a secondary consideration.

As for the trumpet-blowing, the rattle of tin soldiers, and the general snapping and cracking on the boys' side, I simply put my fingers in my ears when I only think of it.

working as busily as possible on a white apron, which she was trimming either with ruffling, pretty edging, or embroidery.

Such a whispering, and running back and forth to consult each other! They were so happy they kept humming snatches of song, until at last the teacher said, very kindly, "Sing away, children, one of your pretty peasant songs." So, merrily enough, the little lasses struck up,

"Ladis, Ladis,  
che le malata  
polenta"—

a song of a young girl who was too ill to eat her "polenta," a favorite dish among the Italian peasantry.

In another room more notes of preparation were sounding. A committee of girls were opening a number of paper boxes with such gestures and exclamations of delight that I could not but peep in to see what was inside of them myself; and there were the loveliest—Well, you will know what when I tell you about the festival. Boys mounted on tall ladders were arranging



**AT THE FESTIVAL.**

**MUCH TOO HIGH.**

**BY MARGARET EYTINGE.**

"Time for your catkins to fly," said the Wind to a Willow-tree that stood just outside of a great city.

You don't know what catkins are? Well, I will try to tell you. The seeds of certain kinds of trees, growing on long slender stems, in little scales overlapping each other, each one tipped with the tiniest of feathers, and the whole somewhat resembling a very small cat's tail. And when they are quite ripe, the Wind comes along and carries them away, dropping them here and there, as he journeys on, to take their chances, which are as one in a thousand, of finding homes and becoming trees.

"Take them," said the Willow, and flung them upon his wings, and away he went into the city, letting some fall in the middle of the streets, where they were soon trampled beneath the hoofs of the horses; and some on the sidewalks, where the twittering sparrows found and ate them; and some in the parks and gardens, where a few were fortunate enough to sink into the ground, and the rest perished when came the autumn cold; and one—the last it was—he carried to a bustling noisy square in the heart of the city, on one side of which a tall house, once a fashionable dwelling, but now divided into offices for business men, stood a story and a half higher than its humbler neighbors.

Before this house grew a fine oak, more than a century old, the only tree that had been spared when the square (which had once been a famous pleasure-ground filled with trees) became a business thoroughfare, and it owed its safety to the fact that it had heard the bells ring out our Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776.

In the wide gutter of the sloping roof of the tall house the dust had been accumulating for many years, and mingling with the decaying leaves dropped from the oak, had formed a rich soil, and into this soil the Wind planted the last seed of the catkin. And lo and behold! it took root there, and the next spring two tiny green leaves came up and looked wonderingly about them, to be followed by more green leaves, and still more, until at the end of the summer a slender young tree—not yet high enough to be seen from the street below, but already welcomed by the oak, whose topmost branches waved a little above it, and the birds who stopped ever and anon to rest a while on the gable roof on their way to the country—swayed gracefully to and fro as the breeze passed by it.

And when winter came, the kind old Oak threw over it a covering of leaves, and dropped a withered branch or two upon them to keep them from being scattered when the North Wind was in one of his tempers. And so, snug and warm, the little tree waited for returning spring, and then it burst through its leaf cloak, and went on growing and growing, until it could look down and see all that was passing in the square. And in a few years it became so stout and tall that people began to look up at it in wonder, and its fame spread abroad, and many came from afar to gaze upon the marvellous thing, growing, as it were, in the air. And as it got taller and taller, it began to be prouder and prouder.

"Was ever tree so high as I?" it called to the Oak one day. "I can peep into the chimney; I tower above you, and yet they call you the King of trees."

"If you do," replied the Oak, "it is through no merit of your own. Chance placed you at that dizzy height, which is, to tell the truth, very much above your proper station. But to my mind it were better for you to be held fast by the honest old earth, as I am."

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"Nonsense!" cried the young Willow, bowing to a crowd that had gathered on the other side of the street to look up in amazement at it. "You are envious, old fellow. I should be myself if I were you. Soon I shall reach the sky, while still your head will only touch my feet, and I shall be the friend and companion of the sun, moon, and stars. Never was tree so exalted as I!"

But ah! that very afternoon came a great hurricane. The window-shutters banged, and the window-panes smashed, the sparrows flew screaming to their nests, and the people in the streets were driven like flocks of sheep before the wind. And the young Willow, after battling fiercely a moment or two with the storm, was uprooted and flung down at the feet of the Oak.

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## PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE NEW COMPANION.

Miss Schuyler was a very active, industrious lady, and her time was fully occupied. She had her house and grounds to attend to, her business affairs, her domestic duties, and her poor people—for paradise or fairyland, whichever Phil chose to call his present abode, was not without its poor—and so, during the day, Lisa was mostly with Phil; but he and Miss Rachel had always a pleasant chat after breakfast; and in the evening many a long talk made known to Miss Rachel more of Phil's character than he had any idea of; and the more she knew of the boy, the warmer her heart became toward him, and the more thankful she was that she had been able to do for him just what was wanted, and just at the right time.

Already there was a little color in his pale cheeks, and an eagerness for his meals. He could endure more fatigue, and he suffered less pain. Indeed, Dr. Smith, who lived half a mile off, had promised to send his son, a lad of twelve, down to see Phil in his stead. "For," said he, "Graham does not know one bone from another, and will soon help Phil to forget all about his, or whether they ache or not."

And so Graham Smith, a ruddy-cheeked fellow full of life and spirit, came to see Phil.

It was a warm June day when they first saw each other.

Phil was sketching, and Lisa was sitting beside him sewing. Joe was Phil's model, standing patiently by the hour to be made into studies of heads, arms, trunk, or the whole man.

Suddenly there was a loud bark of welcome from Nep, the Newfoundland dog—who greeted tramps with growls—and Graham Smith came up the garden path, followed by Nep, leaping frantically upon and about him.

He nodded in a brusque way to Lisa and Phil, and without a word bent down over the sketch, gave a long, low whistle, and said, "Isn't that bully?"

"If I knew what bully meant, I could answer you, perhaps," replied Phil, gazing up with admiration at the brown and red cheeks, the clear blue eyes, and the tough, hardy-looking frame of his new acquaintance.

"I'm not sure I can tell you; only you can beat all the boys I know at this sort of work," said Graham. "Where did you learn how to do it?"

"Oh, I have not learned yet; I am only just beginning."

"Haven't you had lessons?"

"No; it comes naturally to me to draw. I wish I could do it better, that's all," said Phil, with a little sigh.

"I wouldn't want to do any better than that," said Graham.

"Oh yes, you would," replied Phil, very much pleased, however, with such heart-felt admiration of his drawing.

Just then Nep made another leap upon Graham, and the two, after a friendly tussle, had a race down to the lake, where Graham tossed a stick, and sent the dog after it.

"That is something *I* can not do," said Phil, as the boy came up to him again, "and yet you do it as easily as I draw."

"What?—shy that stick off on the water? Then you don't play ball?"

"I don't even walk," said Phil.

Graham seemed both astonished and sorry, so he turned it off with: "But you are going to, you know, when you get well—and you can do more than any of us now. Let's go out on the water. May we?" he asked, turning to Lisa.

"Oh yes," said Lisa; and Joe was glad to get the *Flyaway* ready for a start.

Phil was placed in the stern, where Graham promised to show him how to steer. Phil was an apt scholar, and delighted to be of use. Joe addressed Graham as "Captain," and complimented him on the fine feathering of his oar. The lad was a good oarsman, and made the boat respond to her name.

"Where shall we go, mate?" asked Graham of Phil.

"The Captain must give orders," was Phil's reply.

"Have you been down to Point of Rocks?" asked Graham, directing Phil's eyes to a distant promontory.

"No, I have not been so far yet."

"There are lots of water-lilies there."

"Oh, do go there, then! I want some to copy."

"All right. Pull on your starboard oar, Joe; there, that will do. Now we will soon reach it."

It was a lovely little nook where grew the lilies, after they had turned around the jutting stones which gave a name to the spot, and Phil soon had his hands full of fragrant buds. The water was so clear that he could see their long green stems away down to the black mud from which they sprang. They moored the boat, and Graham got out to ramble, returning with ferns and mosses and wild flowers for Phil.

"Now," said he, "if you don't mind, I'm going to have a swim just around the rocks here where the water is deeper and not so full of weeds. I wish you could come."

"So do I," said Phil, watching with admiration every movement of his lively companion. Besides admiration, too, there was a twinge of envy, which he really did not know to be that hateful fault; but it passed in a moment, and he laughed loudly to see Graham's antics in the water.

The bath over, they turned homeward. Miss Rachel was entertaining guests in the parlor. Lisa had gone off for a walk. Graham had to go home, but promised frequent visits; and, as Phil was tired, Joe carried him up and laid him on his bed, putting his mosses on the table, and the water-lilies in an oblong vase which was usually filled with fragrant flowers. The wind harp was there too, and as Phil, with closed eyes, was resting in the half-twilight made by shut blinds, there came from it a little murmur, which grew into a long, sad monotone. He dared not move, and would not speak, but between his eyelids, partly raised, he thought he saw the familiar little winged creature who had comforted and entertained him in his wretched city home.

"How little people know what they are doing when they pull up ferns and mosses in the woods!" said the soft voice. "I was sleeping soundly on the nicest bed imaginable, having travelled far for just a whiff of water-lily odor that I thought might refresh a poor little hospital patient tossing with fever in the city, when with a violent wrench I found myself borne off from my sheltered and dusky resting-place, and tossed into a boat in the blinding glare of the sun. Fortunately I had wrapped myself in some broad grape-vine leaves, and was mistaken for a moth cocoon; else, dear Phil, I had not been here."

"I am so glad, so very glad, to see you again!" murmured Phil, softly.

"And I am so glad you are in the country! You could not have lived long in the city. What are you doing now?"

"Getting well, they tell me."

"Do you ever think of the ones who can not do that?"

"No, I have not," said Phil, in some surprise.

"Ah, there are so many! I see them often—little creatures who are friendless and helpless. You should not forget them."

"It is not that I forget, I do not think of them at all. I suppose I would if I saw them."

"Well, you must think of them, and do something for them. Oh

yes, I know you do not believe you can, but the way will come if you try. All that I do is to whisper soft songs in their ears, or give them a little waft of summer freshness, but it sometimes stops their painful tossing, and brings sleep to their tired eyes."

"I will think; I will try," said Phil.

"That is right," replied the fairy. "Now I will call some of my friends, the flower fairies, hidden in these water-lilies, and you shall see them dance." She clapped her hands softly together, and out of each lily crept a tiny shape of radiant whiteness and lily-like grace, so pure, so exquisite, that they did indeed seem to be the very essence and spirit of the flower. And now began another of those fantastic movements which Phil had before witnessed. Now in wreaths, now apart, and again in couples, they swayed about in an ecstasy of mirth, and the wind harp gave out strains of wild and melodious sound. They nodded to each other in their glee, and Phil could hardly tell whether they really were fairies or flowers, for they looked just as the flowers might when blown about in a breeze. As he gazed, his eyelids began to droop. He was very tired. The music grew fainter and fainter. He seemed to be again in the boat, listening to the water lapping its sides, and Graham seemed to be with him, reaching out for lilies; and then all faded, and Phil was fast asleep.



**FAIRIES IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.**

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ON ROLLERS.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

For a number of years it has been more or less generally known that there were such things as roller skates. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large towns, have had their rinks, while here and there some enterprising boy with skates has made his appearance on the public streets. As a really popular amusement, however, roller-skating was unknown, and the rattle of wooden wheels was an unfamiliar sound on city sidewalks.

How it all came about is one of those queer things that nobody can exactly explain. Some time during the past winter New York suddenly woke up to the fact that her streets were alive with skaters. As the morning drew on toward nine o'clock, boys and girls might be seen, with their satchels on their arms, skating to school, and the concrete walks in the parks were fairly alive with them when school hours were over in the afternoon.

The policemen knew long ago what was their duty in the case of bicycles, and they looked with great suspicion upon this new species of vehicle; but as no orders were issued from head-quarters, nothing was done about it, and now boys, who never willingly come within half a square of a policeman when on foot, skate defiantly past under his very nose, and are not cuffed over the head, even if they deserve it.

The other day the writer saw a little tot, with an absurdly small pair of skates on her tiny feet, all alone in one of the parks. So little was she that quite a crowd of the passers-by stopped to look, half fearful that she might fall and hurt herself. So little, that it is doubtful if she fairly knew how to walk, and yet she managed to scuffle along the concrete, evidently thinking it great fun, and neither falling down nor running over any one of the numerous pedestrians.

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**A POPULAR AMUSEMENT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.**

To those who have visited the great rinks this street skating seems a rather awkward performance. The fact is, the notion of ice-skating has so firm a hold on the feet and legs of American youth that, unless they are told otherwise, they try to "strike out" as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, and consequently they lose half the fun of roller-skating, and make it awkward and laborious, whereas it ought to be one of the most graceful and easy of movements.

The skilled roller skater moves by swaying the body rather than by pushing with the foot and leg. A kind of sliding step is taken, the weight being thrown somewhat forward, the step is repeated with the other foot, and so with sliding steps, one after another, the body swaying gently from side to side, as the weight is thrown on one or the other foot, the skater moves easily forward. The moment striking out begins, all ease and grace vanish, and the skater presents the appearance of a windmill in active motion as to arms, and is, to say the least, ungrainy as to the rest of the person.

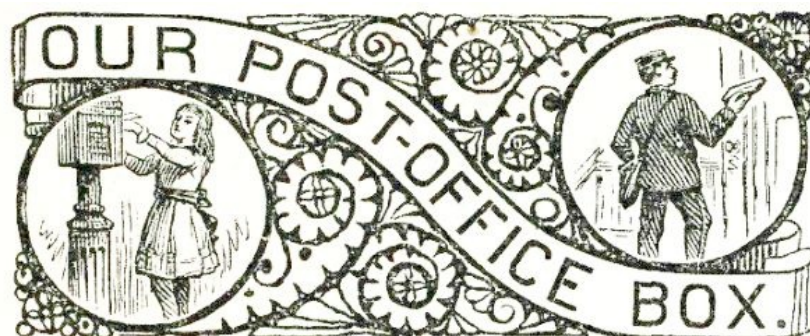
The writer does not wish to be understood as saying that roller skates can be made to go up hill without rather more striking out than is needed on the floor of a rink or on a level sidewalk; but depend upon it, the swaying motion is the thing to be aimed at by every one who desires to become a good skater; and if skating is worth learning at all, it is worth learning well.

There are various patterns of skates; those most generally used having four wheels, two at the toe and two at the heel. The best are fitted in such a way that the irons to which the rollers are attached can move a little from side to side. These are considerably more expensive than those with firm roller fixtures. The cheaper sort, however, are the most popular, and answer every purpose of ordinary work.

Our artist has shown the interior of one of the large rinks in this city, where, on a fine afternoon or evening, the scene is indeed charming and full of interest, even to those who do not skate. The gently swaying, swiftly gliding forms of ladies and gentlemen, of girls and boys, moving gracefully round and round the large floor, arrange figures for dancing, and, barring the accidents that happen to awkward beginners, all goes on as easily and smoothly as clock-work. The professional attendants are ready to assist and instruct learners; there is generally a band of music on hand, and everything is done to make the rinks safe and pleasant resorts for all.

Nevertheless, the sidewalks are the great popular rinks. On Murray Hill and along the fashionable streets, little Miss Millionaire may be seen practicing on her rollers, attended by her French maid, and the pavements of the lower wards are not unacquainted with the rattle of rollers. A dozen newsboys or boot-blacks may "chip in" and invest in a pair of skates, to be enjoyed by each in turn, or by two of them at once, each having the jolliest kind of a time with one skate apiece, and one of the city parks for a rink.

At last city boys and girls have an out-of-door sport in which they have the best of their country cousins. The country is far ahead of the town for the enjoyment of life in general, but when roller skates are in order, some kind of a floor or pavement is necessary, and the skate has yet to be invented that can be used comfortably on country walks.



[Pg 334]

All exchanges, puzzles, and other communications for the Post-office Box should be addressed to the Editor of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, N. Y. Puzzles must always be accompanied by complete answers, and by the full name and address of the sender. They must be free from slang and from obsolete words.

Exchanges are printed in the Post-office Box free of charge.

The addresses of exchanges should be written very clearly, in order to avoid the possibility of mistakes. The name of the county, as well as that of the town and State, should be given, as in some instances the names of towns are repeated in different sections of the same State.

The exchange itself should be very clearly expressed, so as to leave no doubt of the writer's intention. The article to be exchanged should be mentioned first, in all cases. Thus, if you have minerals, and wish to obtain postage stamps for them, you should write, "Minerals, for stamps." This is the way the editor understands the offers; but in some cases it has proved that the youthful exchanger means just the opposite, and wishes to obtain minerals instead of giving them. Now remember this: the article you possess is to be named first, and your offer must be clearly expressed. Read it over carefully before sending it, to be sure that no little words are omitted so as to change the meaning of the sentence.

No offers to buy or sell curiosities or other articles will be published in the Post-office Box or Exchange Department. Such offers can only be received as regular advertisements.

We would also request our young friends to be considerate, and not send repeated requests for exchange. If the space given to the Post-office Box was elastic, we could make room for them all, but as it is limited, we must give the preference to those whose names and addresses have not already appeared.

A large number of boys, after a few weeks of exchange, find their stock of stamps, minerals, or other curiosities, exhausted, but they continue to receive packages from different localities. Now if any one has nothing to return, and no reasonable expectation of getting anything, he should faithfully send back to the owner everything for which he can give no equivalent. This should be done in every case, whether the articles be stamps, postmarks, minerals, or any other curiosities. In this way, although the correspondent

may be disappointed, the exchanger will maintain a character for honesty and fair-dealing, and will be remembered with pleasure.

All exchanges which the editor considers unfair or unwise will be omitted.

The editor regrets that, owing to the great increase in the number of letters received, it will be impossible hereafter to acknowledge those favors which are not printed. We trust our little correspondents whose letters are omitted will not be disappointed at not seeing their names in print, but that they will persevere in writing. Their turn will be almost sure to come in time, and they will be better pleased to see their letter in full than to find their names merely in a long list.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Last Saturday afternoon papa took mamma and my little sister Millie and myself to Coney Island. A good many children will think it is a funny time of the year to go to a beach, and we thought so too; but we wanted to see the wreck which had been washed ashore there, so I teased papa until he said he would go.

When we got there it did not seem a bit like winter. The snow was all gone, and the sun was shining as bright as summer, only it looked funny to see only a few people walking up and down in the places where we had seen such crowds.

We walked along on the sand, looking at the blue, quiet sea, and we could hardly believe that only a little while ago the water had been full of struggling, drowning men, and the great waves rushing ashore and tearing everything to pieces. It was an Italian vessel that was wrecked. She came all the way across the ocean, and just as she was within sight of New York she struck on a big sand bar about two miles from Coney Island beach. The night was very dark and stormy, and the big waves tore the ship all to pieces. The captain and all the sailors but one were drowned; that one clung to a piece of the wreck, and the tide carried him toward Coney Island. The people who were watching at the life-saving station there saw him away off in the water, and they got the life-boat into the surf, and rowed out, and brought him safe on shore. I guess the poor man was glad when he found himself on land among kind people.

The piece of wreck to which he clung was washed up on the beach afterward. It is a piece of the deck, with a broken mast sticking in it. I climbed all over it, and put my arms round the mast right where the poor sailor had clung, but mamma said I could not tell anything about how it would seem to be clinging that way all alone on the dark, stormy sea, expecting every minute to be washed off and drowned.

After we had seen the wreck, we walked along to see all the mischief the ocean had done in the winter. The nice plank walks in front of some of the big hotels, where Millie and I used to run races last summer, are nothing but a heap of broken boards and big logs. We saw lots of big barrels mixed up with the broken stuff, and papa said they were a part of the freight of the wrecked ship, which the waves had washed on shore.

It does not look now as if we could have any fun at Coney Island next summer unless we stay right on the sand, but papa says they will build everything up again before warm weather.

HERBERT D. N.

---

SLATE MILLS, VIRGINIA.

A long time ago I wrote a letter for YOUNG PEOPLE, but was afraid it would be dropped into the waste-basket, and did not send it. Since that time I have read so many letters from boys and girls that I thought you might put mine in your good little paper. I think it is so nice to have a paper where we young folks can talk to each other. I am thirteen years old, and live among the mountains of Virginia. We have a grand view of the Blue Ridge from our house, and a small stream flows at the foot of the cliffs near us. We boys have splendid times in the summer, fishing and swimming, and we have had good skating this cold winter. I have caught a great many rabbits, and sometimes a 'possum gets into the trap. One of the colored boys caught about twenty-five musk-rats last summer and fall. We sell the skins to the country store, and generally get powder, shot, and fish-hooks in exchange.

The big snow that we have had this winter has been very destructive to the game. It has been very hard on the partridges, for it gives the hawks such a good chance to pick them up, as they can see the birds so far on the snow. I have seen some rabbits that were shot lately, and they were very poor and lean. I expect many of them starved to death. The deep snow was so unusual in this part of the country that we got tired looking at the white fields. But we had some good sleigh-rides, and lots of fun coasting. The snow was so heavy on the trees and bushes, and especially on the pines and other evergreens, that it bowed them over so that they had a very singular appearance, particularly in the moonlight, and one could imagine the shapes of animals, people, etc.

I must tell you old Uncle Joe's experience. He is an old colored man that we all think a great deal of. He is very small, not bigger than I am, and is very superstitious, and imagines he can see all sorts of things at night, especially when he has been listening to ghost stories at the store.

Uncle Joe started home rather late one night, and I expect the stories had been more weird than usual. While passing through a lonely glen, just as the moon came up over the tree-tops, the old man began to see sights. No doubt the bushes, trees, and rocks had a queer look, and all kinds of queer things put in an appearance. If all the curiosities he thinks he saw could have been got together, Joe would have had quite a respectable menagerie. Uncle Joe insists upon it that he saw them all, and at first sight would have turned back, but he had gone so far into the show that when he turned around "it looked *wus behind* than it did *befo*," so he kept right on, and "he don't



know how he ebber got home." He said "he could hardly keep his hat on, his har ris up so," notwithstanding he had two cotton handkerchiefs, a pair of socks, and some other things, in his hat.

We all laughed heartily at the poor old man, and asked him if any of the ghosts spoke to him or molested him in any way. "Now, honey," he would say, "you can jest have your jokes wid de old niggah, but sure as you're born, dem was sure enough ghostzes wot I seed—ghostzes of people, ghostzes of animals, and varmints, and elephants, and all sich."

The next night quite a lot of us went to the glen to see if the show was still on exhibition, or, like other affairs of the kind, had flitted in the night. But sure enough we could make out some resemblance to various animals, but not quite so plain as Uncle Joe made them out. Papa went with us, and he made a sketch of the old man travelling through the dark hollow.

---

ERNEST C. P.

---

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—I'm in an awful fix. I don't believe Jimmy Brown felt any worse or any more discouraged with life after his father laid him across that old chair than I do now.

I hear grown-up people talk about writing to the papers when things go wrong, so I'm going to try it, though that's the way I got into trouble.

First of all, we children had scarlet fever. It didn't hurt much; but mamma kept us shut up in two rooms for five weeks, and of course we had to do something.

After fixing my stamp-book all up, I had about twenty duplicates, so I wrote to YOUNG PEOPLE requesting exchanges. A day or two after, I was greatly delighted when a dozen letters were handed me, all containing stamps. I went over them, selected what I wanted, and returned the rest, with those asked for. In about four days all my duplicates were gone; still the letters and stamps kept coming from far and near. Hardly anybody sent anything I wanted, so I had to send dozens upon dozens of replies, containing stamps.

Now my income is just twenty-five cents a week; and when it came to paying postage on from five to ten letters a day, at three cents each, I couldn't find any rule in my arithmetic to make it come out right.

Now that I am going to school, and haven't much time to write, there has a fresh lot started in from Omaha, San Francisco, Denver, and a lot more of those places with uncivilized names.

I'm an awful slow writer—the perspiration just rolls off me doing this—and it will take me a month to answer them all, as I have only Saturday; and papa shakes his head, and says things will be twice as bad when the mails begin to arrive from Europe, Asia, and Africa, not to mention all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans; and mamma sighs, and says if I keep the stamps so long, people will think I am dishonest, and when I am nominated for President of the United States, all these things will be brought against me.

Now I want to say, Mr. Harper, that I think all this is a good deal your fault. If you hadn't sent your paper all over creation, I'd never have had all this trouble, and I wish you'd please stop printing so many copies, for with no Saturdays and no pocket-money, a boy might 'most as well be dead; and if the Hottentots and all the rest begin sending stamps, I shall be ready to go with Jimmy Brown and his dog and monkey.

Sorrowfully yours,  
PERCY L. McDERMOTT.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I contribute to the Young Chemists' Club a very pretty experiment, called the Alaska Landscape: Dissolve one pound of nitrate of lead in one gallon of water; filter; then drop in four ounces of muriate of ammonia. Stand it in a place where it will not be disturbed, as it can not be moved without injury.

C. R.

---

MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS.

My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the best paper I ever read.

I wish the Young Chemists' Club would send a recipe of their ink. This is a specimen of mine, but I have had very poor success. It is very pale, and does not flow well from the pen.

FRANK M. P.

---

SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eight years old, but I am not strong enough to run about as much as other children, so I pass many hours with my YOUNG PEOPLE. I have been busy the whole morning making

a puzzle to send, and I think it is quite as much fun as guessing those sent by the other children. I had to use my geography, and the big dictionary with pictures in it, and I learned how to spell some new words. I have never been well enough to go to school, but mamma says I learned as much making the puzzle as I should if I had spent the morning in a school-room.

EDITH M. W.

---

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.

I wish to tell the Post-office Box about my little sister. She is not quite two years old. The other day she asked mamma for some cake. Mamma told her it was all gone; but on looking in the closet she found some small pieces, which the little rogue ate, and pulling mamma's dress, said, "I want some more *all gone* cake."

She is always applying quotations from little verses and songs, of which she can sing more than a dozen. Yesterday she threw her little china kitten on the floor, saying, "Jack fell down and broke his crown"; then she fell down herself, and said, "Jill came tumbling after."

I hope every reader of YOUNG PEOPLE has such a darling little sister.

JOSIE BELLE A.

---

EASTON, MARYLAND.

My brothers and myself enjoy reading YOUNG PEOPLE. We think Toby Tyler's "Mr. Stubbs" is a most remarkable monkey.

Papa tried some pretty experiments for us this winter. He took some glasses and partly filled them with water. Then he covered the water with raw cotton, over which he sprinkled grains of wheat. In a short time the wheat came up very tall and beautiful, falling over the sides of the glasses.

Then he put a sweet-potato in a glass jar half filled with water. Very soon it put out a great many slender sprouts, which we trained up on strings. The vine is flourishing now, and we say we have potatoes growing in this cold winter weather.

EMMA E. J.

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The Young Chemists' Club still continues to be a success. At a recent meeting, Professor S— was present, and gave us a very instructive lecture upon the products of coal-tar, of which I give a brief abstract to the readers of Our Post-office Box: The most wonderful product, from the manufacture of coal-gas is coal-tar—a most unpromising-looking substance, but containing much of interest and value. By distilling coal-tar we get many more new products. By continuing the process of distillation, a dead oil is obtained, which is very valuable, as it yields carbolic acid, a great disinfectant, and creosote, which is used extensively to protect wood-work exposed to the weather.

[Pg 335]

We thank YOUNG PEOPLE for its kindness toward us, and we are trying to pay it back by taking an active interest in it.

We would like more experiments from the readers, and would also like to know of some good books on chemistry.

I would be pleased to correspond on scientific subjects with those young chemical students who have requested my address.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON,  
President of Young Chemists' Club,  
293 Eckford Street, Brooklyn, E. D.,

N. Y.

---

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have a little brother Carl, who was two years old this month. Mamma has been reading "Toby Tyler" to sister and me, and Carl must have been listening more sharply than we thought, for last night, just as supper was over, he laid his head against the back of his high chair, and said, "Little Toby Tyler sleepy; little Toby Tyler wants to go up stairs."

We think both Carl and YOUNG PEOPLE are splendid.

C. O. M.

---

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

I have just read the paragraph concerning birds' eggs in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 70, and I think it is by far the best thing that has appeared for a good while. If the poor little birds

could only speak, I know they would thank YOUNG PEOPLE from morning until evening. Boys and girls, let us all protect the little birds, and agree not to kill them or rob their nests.

"STARRY FLAG."

---

EVANS MILLS, NEW YORK.

I entirely agree with YOUNG PEOPLE on the question of birds' eggs. I think it is a heartless, cruel thing to rob a bird's nest, and if all the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE will think it over quietly, I am sure they will all feel as I do.

M. F. C.

---

1881.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT, *February 27,*

I wish to notify correspondents that my stock of coins is exhausted.

ALFRED S. KELLOGG.

---

ALBANY, NEW YORK, *February 26, 1881.*

I have disposed of all my copper cents of 1802. Exchangers will please take notice.

FRANK P. HUESTED.

---

Since my request for exchange was published, I have sent away all my moss. I hope those correspondents who wrote last will excuse me for not answering their letters. I have some crests and monograms, which I will give for minerals or ocean curiosities.

Canada.

VAUX CHADWICK,  
44 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario,

---

I like YOUNG PEOPLE better every day, especially the Post-office and exchange department. Since I requested exchange, I have increased my collection from ninety to nine hundred. I will now exchange postmarks, for foreign and United States postage and revenue stamps.

C. H. McBRIDE,  
Rexford Flats, Saratoga County, N. Y.

---

I live on Chautauqua Lake, about five miles from Fair Point. We have a very fine view of the lake here, which I would appreciate more if I did not see it all the time.

This spring I shall collect shells and stones from the lake, and curiosities, different kinds of woods, flints, arrow-heads, and other things, which I would like to exchange for curiosities from other States, or for stamps.

P. A. BUTTS,  
Bemus Point, Chautauqua County, N. Y.

---

I have heard that autumn leaves, especially maple, are very beautiful in the United States, and if any little girls will send some to me, I will send them some postage stamps in return.

Australia.

GERTIE ROLIN,  
Redmyre, Sydney, New South Wales,

---

Is there room in the Post-office Box for another little boy? If there is, I want to come and say that I think YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid.

My papa has a fish-pond here, and raises brook trout. The young trout are nearly all hatched now, and there are some funny ones among them. Some have two heads and one tail, but these do not live after they lose their sac. How many of the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE ever saw a trout that still had its sac on?

I would like to exchange some flints from old-fashioned guns, and Mississippi carnelians, for Florida moss, sea-beans, or ocean shells or curiosities of any kind.

CARL MOLL, Tunnel City, Wis.

---

The boys around here are collecting everything. A boy and myself are collecting ores, minerals, stamps, and other curiosities.

I will exchange a stone from Michigan for one from any other State.

GEORGIE P. CODD,  
26 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

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The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Canadian coins, for foreign or United States coins. Or flower seeds, for the same, or for postage stamps, postmarks, or anything suitable for a collection of curiosities.

WILLIE B. and EMILY CLARK,  
P. O. Box 79, Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.

---

Foreign coins, Austrian, Turkish, and Russian especially desired.

A. F. HUNSBERGER,  
Inland, Summit County, Ohio.

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Sixty postmarks, for twenty foreign stamps.

H. C. JAMISON,  
735 First Street, N. W., Washington,

D. C.

---

Postmarks and stamps, for Indian relics or other genuine curiosities.

WALTER J. LEE,  
357 East Fifty-third Street, New York

City.

---

New York and Pennsylvania postmarks, and postage stamps, for Indian arrow-heads.

CLARE WILLARD,  
Alleghany, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.

---

Minerals and curiosities, for coins bearing date before 1816.

RALPH T. PICKETT,  
744 West Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

---

Postage stamps. A Mexican stamp, for one from Denmark, Iceland, Japan, or China.

PERCY CHRYSTIE, High Bridge, N. J.

---

Persimmon seeds, for minerals, shells, or curiosities of any kind.

FRANK BRYAN,  
Papinsville, Bates County, Mo.

---

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

EUGENE HUTHSTEINER,

An ounce of soil from New York or New Jersey, for five foreign postage stamps (no duplicates).

City.

WILL ODELL,  
221 East Eighty-sixth Street, New York

---

Curiosities of all kinds.

LLOYD WARREN,  
520 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

---

Pebbles and shells from Lake Michigan, and soil from Illinois, for any other curiosities.

Chicago, Ill.

A. J. O'CONNOR, 363 Rush Street,

---

CARRIE B. H.—A verse is, properly, one line of poetry; a stanza is a set of verses. The former term is frequently but incorrectly used in place of the latter. Thus,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers"

is a verse, and the following is a stanza,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream;  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem."

---

W. PRENTISS D. AND OTHERS.—A mistake was made in the scale of the plans for making a sail-boat in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 66, owing to the failure of the artist to allow for the reduction of his drawing. As it stands, instead of one inch equalling one foot, the general scale is a scant nine-sixteenths of an inch to one foot. That for figures 3, 6, 7 is one-eighth of an inch to one foot, and that for the completed drawing is nine-thirty-secondths of an inch to the foot. This would give a boat twelve feet long.

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If Frank R., of Oxford, Ohio, and Fred W. A., of Delaware, Ohio, will add the county to the addresses they have given, their requests for exchange will be printed.

---

J. E. B. B.—No such advertisement ever appeared in any paper, for no such offer was ever made by the United States government.

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WILLIE F. W. AND ROSA M. B.—Some numbers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, Vol. I., can be obtained of the publishers, but not a complete set.

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STARRY FLAG.—United States twenty-cent pieces were coined in 1875, and also during the three following years. The largest coinage was in 1876, and the smallest in 1878.

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[The names of those sending a complete list of answers to puzzles in one number of *YOUNG PEOPLE* will in future be printed in italics.]

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bessie B. Anderson, Maggie Berry, Cortlandt F. Bishop, "Car. O. Liny," R. O. Chester, Maud M. Chambers, H. M. C., Willie Curtis, E. A. Cushing, Jun., George Pierre C., R. H. Davidson, "Dollars and Cents," George P. Deacon, Daniel Dowdney, E., C. Gaylor, E. W. Halsey, Frank Haines, Albert H. Hopkins, Alice C. Hammond, *Isobel L. Jacob*, Clara L. Kellogg, Howard B. Lent, "*L. U. Stral*," G. W. Needham, "North Star," Hattie A. P., John Phillips, Mattie P., "*Pepper*," Howard C. Rouzer, Willie F. Robertson, Harry R. Romer, Alice M. Sheppard, "Starry Flag," G. A. Sahlin, Alice E. Thorp, W. I. Trotter, Louis Treadwell, Dora N. Taylor, Charles Westcott, Lucile W., Willie F. Woolard, George E. Wells, "Young Solver," Henry M. R.

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# PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

## No. 1.

### DOUBLE ENIGMA.

In grumble, not in smile.  
In roofing, not in tile.  
In blockade, not in siege.  
In sovereign, not in liege.  
In trouble, not in sorrow.  
In give, but not in borrow.  
In evasion, not in shift.  
In keepsake, not in gift.  
Two pretty birds are we;  
We love our liberty.  
Please leave our nests in peace,  
Or our merry songs will cease.

SARAH ANN.

---

## No. 2.

### GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS.

A bay on the Gulf of Mexico. The capital of one of the United States. A city in Russia. A mountain in Morocco. A lake in Brazil. A river in Scotland. In the Thames. A cape on the north coast of Africa. A river in France. A city in Illinois. A lake in Switzerland. A city in Austria. A town on the St. Lawrence River. Centrals read downward—A river in the Southern portion of the United States.

LADY BETTY.

---

## No. 3.

### WORD SQUARES.

1. First, crimes. Second, fanciful. Third, to stop. Fourth, quieted. Fifth, certain things possessed by many readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

STARRY FLAG.

2. First, a beginning. Second, one who makes harmony. Third, a plant. Fourth, a substance exuded from trees. Fifth, an English river.

DOUBLE U. CAYENNE.

3. First, a girl's name. Second, sour. Third, a strong current. Fourth, a garden.

CARRIE M. P.

4. First, also. Second, always passing. Third, a Turkish prince. Fourth, a lake.

L. A. D.

---

## No. 4.

### NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a modern invention composed of 13 letters.  
My 8, 10, 6, 4, 9, 3 is not square, but round.  
My 2, 7, 11, 12, 5 is of no use to the blind.  
My 13, 7, 1 is to fasten.

OSWALD.

2. I am a useful domestic utensil composed of 11 letters.  
My 1, 3, 9, 8, 10, 11 is a number of animals.  
My 2, 3, 8, 5 is a kind of grain.  
My 6, 7, 4, 10 is to select.

GEORGE H.

3. I am a celebrated character of ancient romance composed of 10 letters.

My 6, 5, 7 is very troublesome.  
My 8, 9, 4 is what a little girl gives her dolly.  
My 8, 5, 10, 1 is to listen.  
My 1, 3, 2, 4, 8, 7 was a follower of my whole.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 70.**

**No. 1.**

Eagle.

**No. 2.**

F l o r i d A  
 R a n d o M  
 E r i E  
 E n d e a v o R  
 D e l h I  
 O l y m p i C  
 M a r t h A

Freedom, America.

**No. 3.**

1. Iowa. 2. Vermont. 3. Colorado. 4. Delaware. 5. Nile. 6. Tagus. 7. Don. 8. Denver. 9. Washington. 10. Halifax. 11. Leeds.

**No. 4.**

M  
 M O P  
 H E N R Y  
 M A R T I A L  
 P L A N K  
 E N T  
 A

**No. 5.**

Massachusetts.

**HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.**

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

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

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

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

HARPER & BROTHERS,  
 Franklin Square, N. Y.

**THE OWL.**



**Fig. 1.**



**Fig. 2.**

Get a pea-nut with as large a top to it as possible, like Fig. 1. Paint or mark with your pen a round spot as you see it represented, and make little marks on the shell to indicate feathers. To represent the wings, all you need is a small piece of common tissue-paper, which you must cut the shape of Fig. 2, and spatter with ink; this is pasted on the back of your pea-nut.



Fig. 3.



The eyes are made with a little round piece of silver or white paper and a black bead, through which you stick a pin (Fig. 3), and then stick into the pea-nut at the black spot. You must now get a little twig, and fasten the pea-nut to it by running two pins through the branch; thus you will be able to make a very fair specimen of the owl tribe.

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## THROWING A LIGHT.

BY E. M.

I am considered rather a dark feature in the landscape, yet I am a cheerful little flower, always yellow and gay, and there is a proverb about me in England which says, "When — is out of bloom, then kissing is out of season"; so you see I must be in bloom nearly all the time, yet I have no blossom, only stiff dark branches. I have neither branches nor bloom; I am thick and hairy. I grow on every way-side, yet am an ornament in a garden; would be singularly out of place in a garden; am found only after much toil; have no value, and can be had for the picking, yet some varieties of me are so valuable that only the very rich can own me. I am dark green, bright yellow, yet to see me either yellow or dark green would amaze all who trade in me, for I am white, brown, black, and gray, yet to see me any of these colors would equally astound other owners of me, and certainly the way-side pickers, though I do not vary in color according to clime. I am tall and stiff; I am lowly-minded, and cling to the ground. I stay where I am put, but as to staying, why, to find me, there must be a lively chase, and often danger encountered. I am solely for ornament; I am for ornament, use, and protection. An article of clothing, yet death must come before I can be appropriated; when dead, I am utterly valueless save to be burned; it would be a waste to burn me, yet I am only valuable after death. I am as Nature made me; she takes care of me in a natural state; but in a natural state, ere men have cared for me, I am serviceable only to animals. How they can use me I can't imagine, as I am not eatable, and they do not need fires, yet without me they can not live. I am prickly, I am soft, I am warm. I have no temperature; I am of use as a shade; I am used to protect from cold; I cost nothing; I am a luxury; but in all my shapes and uses I am attractive to the eye.

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## THE ANGRY ALPHABET.

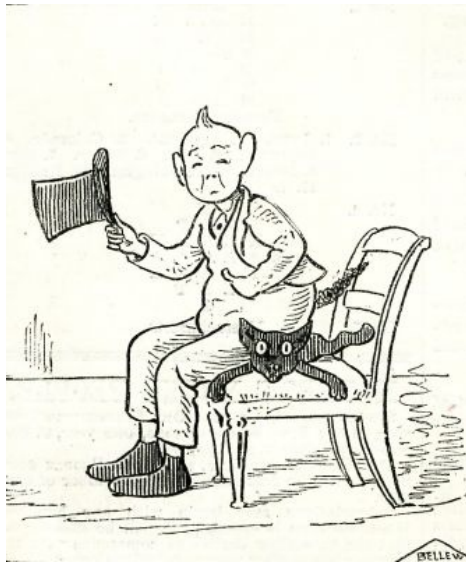
Lazy Mary Ann Dees  
Never dotted her *i*'s nor crossed her *t*'s:  
So the letters resolved they would give her no *e*'s,  
And they fed her on pods without any *p*'s,  
And frightened her well with a swarm of *b*'s,  
And at last they banished her over the *c*'s  
To the kingdom of fogs that is known as Queen *V*'s.

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**Japanese Kite-Flying.**—In her interesting book on Japan, Miss Bird writes as follows about kite-flying: "This afternoon has been fine and windy, and the boys have been flying kites, made of tough paper on a bamboo frame, all of a rectangular shape, some of them five feet square, and nearly all decorated with huge faces of historical heroes. Some of them have a humming arrangement made of whalebone. There was a very interesting contest between two great kites, and it brought out the whole population. The string of each kite, for thirty feet or more below the frame, was covered with pounded glass, made to adhere very closely by means of tenacious glue, and for two hours the kite-fighters tried to get their kites into a proper position for sawing the adversary's string in two. At last one was successful, and the severed kite became his property, upon which victor and vanquished exchanged three low bows. The boys also flew their kites while walking on stilts—a most dexterous performance, in which few were able to take part."

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An elegant person named Small  
Once went on some ladies to call;  
He took off his hat, and sat down on the cat—  
This awkward young person named Small.



There was a small boy they called Ned,  
Who found a great cow in his bed;  
Then he shouted, "Oh! how, did this horrid old cow  
Get into poor Teddy Zoo's bed?"

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

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