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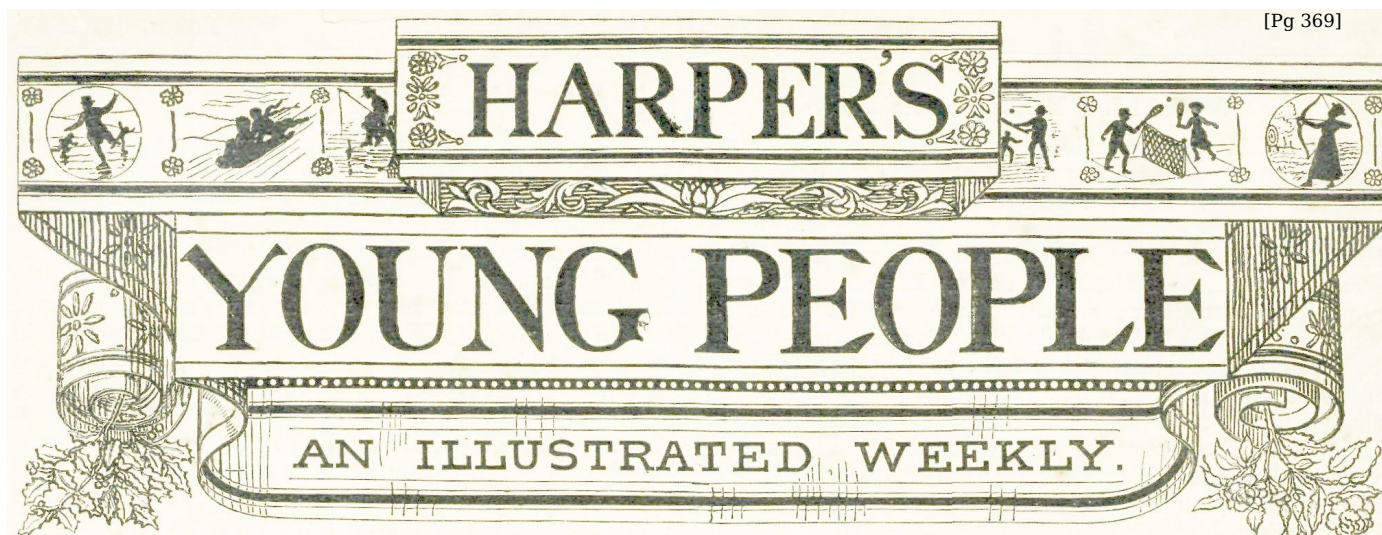
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BABES IN THE WOOD—A TABLEAU.

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## HOW SHALL I MAKE A LIVING?

"What business shall I follow?" is the question every young man and boy asks himself; "how shall I make a living?" and the best answer is, "By learning some useful trade." Nearly all the good men who have succeeded in life have begun in this way. Benjamin Franklin went to Philadelphia from Boston. He was a printer by trade, very skillful and industrious. But when he reached Philadelphia, tired, feverish, and weak, he had only a few pence to spend. He bought three pennies' worth of rolls at a baker's, and as he could not eat them all, carried a part under his arm. As he passed a house in Market Street he saw a young lady on the stoop, who was afterward his wife. He soon found employment at a printer's, and attracted the notice of the neighbors by working late at night when others were asleep. "That young man," they said, "is sure to succeed." He drew business from his rivals, and made money. He studied, and became a fine writer; he never ceased to work. He drew the lightning from the skies with a kite, and he aided in forming our republic. He lived to a great age, in good health, useful to his fellow-men, prosperous, and happy, because he had learned a trade.

George Washington was poor in his youth. He went to a country school, and then learned to be a surveyor. As a boy he was always ready to work, and passed his youth in the wild woods of Virginia measuring land. When he became a man he defended his country and made it free. He was always fond of farming, and passed his later years in that pursuit. The habits of labor and accuracy he had formed in his youth made him what he was. Had he never learned to be a surveyor, he would probably never have been of use to his fellow-men.

Another of these useful Americans was Robert Fulton. Almost every one travels on steamboats or crosses the ferries; but how few remember who it was that first made the steamboat a common thing. Robert Fulton was its real inventor. He became a mechanic when he was a boy, and was never tired of visiting workshops. Afterward he learned to draw and paint, but all his life he was still a mechanic, inventing useful machines. He improved canals, and made boats that moved under water. At last, in 1807, he built the first steamboat that was successful. One night the people on the banks of the Hudson were startled by the sudden appearance of a fiery monster, whose panting breath sounded along the shore. It seemed to breathe out great clouds of fire and smoke. It shook the smooth surface of the water, and sailed against wind and tide. It was evidently a demon. The sailors on board the sloops of Esopus fled from it as it came along: nothing like it had ever been seen before. But it was only the *Clermont*, Fulton's first steamboat, that had begun its trips between Albany and New York. The first voyage was made in about a day and a half; the sloops sometimes spent a week or two in getting to Hudson.

The advantage of a trade is that it exercises the body and makes the mind active. It produces a sound mind in a sound body. Franklin was fond of swimming, and would sometimes float for a long time in the Delaware. He found that he wanted change after setting type. The machine-shop, the engineer's room, or the carpenter's and mason's occupation, probably give sufficient exercise, but even this should be varied. One of the best employments for young men is farming. They may go out to the great West and settle on the rich lands that are offered them by the government, and help to feed the Europeans, or they may take a small farm of a few acres near a city and raise vegetables and fruits. They should first learn how to farm by

beginning early to work for some intelligent farmer. There is no occupation pleasanter than this if well understood, and none that produces a more certain profit. Manufactures of different kinds also offer a sure employment for the young and strong, and stores and counting-houses are everywhere open.

Among the famous inventors are Arkwright, Watt, and Whitney, all of whom were brought up in workshops. Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton; he was a poor workman, laboring at his trade, and at first all his efforts to complete his invention failed. He was very poor, but he was never discouraged, and at last his spinning-jenny was used in every factory in England, and made his fortune. Watt, a young engineer, worked upon the steam-engine until he made it a useful and wonderful machine. From a poor boy he became a member of the once famous firm of Boulton & Watt. Whitney, born in Connecticut, invented the cotton-gin after long labors; it brought American cotton into use at once, and made the nation and Whitney rich together. These are only a few of the remarkable men who have risen to great usefulness in trade. Among the noted citizens of New York nearly every one has been trained in a workshop. Astor, Vanderbilt, Stewart were skillful workmen in their different occupations; Peter Cooper was a careful mechanic. It is easy to see how much better off every young man or boy would be if he had a regular trade.

But he should never forget that at the same time he should get as much knowledge as he can. Knowledge teaches men to be gentle, honest, pure, and bold, and, well used, it leads them to the surest success in life. The boy that learns most is sure to be the most valuable to his employers. It was because he studied mechanics so carefully, as a boy, that Fulton invented the steamboat; because he learned, in his youth, to write well and think, that Franklin became useful to every one. Every boy and young man should spend two or three hours each day in study. He should love history, poetry, and perhaps music, and in his conduct avoid everything that is gross and vile. In this way he is certain to lead a happy, prosperous life, useful to all around him. He will make a good son and father, brother, friend, and citizen.

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## INDIAN CORN: A LEGEND.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

The unwritten and sometimes pictorial literature of the North American Indians abounds with much poetic thought. The creations of their dark minds in meagre language often assume the forms of really beautiful legends, especially those which relate to the origin of created things—thunder, wind, and rain; the sun, moon, and stars; beasts, birds, and fishes; grain, fruit, and flowers; and the races of men. These constitute the fabric of their narrow mythology.

One of these legends tells us that a youth, the son of a sachem living on the borders of one of our great lakes was impelled by a thirst for wisdom to go far into the forest, where hunters seldom trod, to a sunny savanna, to fast and pray in solitude. It was early in May, when song-birds had just returned with the south wind, and were beginning to warble their love ditties.

There the youth built for himself a lodge, and covered it with the odorous sprays of the balsam-fir, leaving a wide opening for the admission of light. He painted his face in sombre colors, and like the old Christian hermits, who sought the favor of Heaven by penitential humiliation in the solitude of the desert, this pious barbarian prince sought light and knowledge in this lonely spot, in humble obeisance of body and soul before the Master of Life. To the Great Spirit he prayed for some bounteous gift for the benefit of his race.

Day and night this youth fasted, until, famished and weak, he lay down in his lodge at noonday, and slept. Toward evening he awoke, and looking up through the opening in the boughs above him into the blue depths of the heavens, he saw descending from the azure vault the form of a beautiful young man robed in a bright green garment, his head adorned with plumes of green and gold colors. Standing at the door of the lodge, this embodied spirit said:

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"Arise, faithful boy, and come forth. Only by wrestling with me can you obtain the coveted blessing which you seek. I am Oneasti [Maize], a child of the Sun, and a friend of mankind."

The weak youth obeyed. The evening sunlight spread a delicious glow over the dark forest and the little prairie, casting long shadows from the woods across the springing grass and the timid flowers, then first beholding the face of their great King and Creator. So soon as the youth touched his celestial visitant, moral strength that gave promise of victory in the contest thrilled his whole being. For an hour they wrestled, when the dusky prince, with bodily strength exhausted, retired to his lodge for repose.

The next day Oneasti again summoned the youth to the wrestling. Greater than before was his moral strength, and Hope bade him persevere. Again, on the third day, did the wrestlers contend, with the same result, when Oneasti said:

"To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last time I shall wrestle with you. You will triumph over me, and gain your wishes. As soon as you have thrown me on the ground, strip off my garments, and bury me on the spot in soft fresh earth. When you have done this, leave me for a while, but come occasionally to visit my grave, and keep the noxious weeds from growing upon it. Once or twice cover me with fresh earth."

Oneasti then vanished, but the next morning he stood at the door of the lodge, and again summoned the young prince to combat. Long they contended. In the struggle the strength of the youth continually increased, until he threw Oneasti on the ground. Then he faithfully obeyed the instructions of his celestial friend. Carefully removing the tender greensward, he laid the body of the vanquished in the earth, and covered it with fresh, well-pulverized mould. Then he returned to his home, his face radiant with joy as the undoubted heir to a great treasure.

The young prince soon returned, and was delighted to see the green plumes of the heavenly stranger springing up from the earth through the soft mould, but contending with unsightly weeds for the privilege of light and air. These incumbrances to growth were removed, and the earth around was kept fresh and clean. In due time the youth was charmed by the vision of a stately plant, taller than himself, surmounted with tassels of flowers of clustered spikes, and bearing delicious fruit incased in sheaths of long leaves, and lined with silk. When the frost season approached, this fruit became hard, golden-hued grain, containing most nutritious food for man and beast. The plant gracefully waved its long leaves and golden tassels in the



autumn wind.

"Come," said the young prince to his parents, on a soft October day, "and I will show you a great blessing from the Master of Life."

They followed him to the sunny savanna, where hoar-frost lay hidden in shaded nooks. They pounded the golden grains, and made cakes from the flour thereof.

"It is *Men-du-min*, the grain of the Great Spirit," said the father.

They invited their friends to a feast on the excellent grain, and there were soon great rejoicings among many nations because of the boon. It was Maize. When Europeans came, centuries afterward, they called it *Indian Corn*. It proved to be as great a blessing to them as it had been to their barbarian neighbors. To-day it is the food of thousands of Christians and pagans, civilized men and savages, from the Gulf of Mexico far toward the frigid zone. It is indeed *Men-du-min*—the grain of the Great Spirit.

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## NEXT SUMMER.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

Beautiful things there are coming this way  
Nearer and nearer, dear, every day—  
Yes, closer and closer, my baby.

Mischievous showers and faint little smells  
Of far-away flowers in far-away dells  
Are coming in April, my baby.

Sly little blossoms that clamber along  
Close to the ground till they grow big and strong  
Are coming in May, little baby.

Roses and bees and a big yellow moon  
Coming together in beautiful June,  
In lovely midsummer, my baby.

Pretty red cherries, and bright little flies,  
Twinkling and turning the fields into skies,  
Will come in July, little baby.

Feathery clouds and long, still afternoons,  
Scarce a leaf stirring, and birdies' soft croons,  
Are coming in August, my baby.

Glimpses of blue through the poppies and wheat,  
And one little birthday on fast-flying feet,  
Will come in September, my baby.

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## EASTER-EGGS.

BY MARY A. BARR.

The giving of an egg as a mark of friendship or love is almost as old as the ark, of which it is a symbol; for the ancients used it as a sign of resurrection, and brought eggs to the altars of their gods as gifts.

Placed on the Passover table of the Jews, it means the destruction of the whole race and its resurrection. The Druids used it in their ceremonies, and the Persians present it at the New Year. A Russian will salute you on Easter morning with "Christ is risen," and offer you his Easter-egg; and what is still stranger, the Mohammedan will do the same. And, my dear little readers, when you break your egg at breakfast, you are doing just what the Greek and Roman boys and girls did centuries ago, for they began the first meal of the day with eggs; and egg-cups resembling ours have been found in Pompeii; only they preferred the egg of the pea-hen or Egyptian goose.

Easter-Monday is the proper time for the presentation of peace eggs, and to prepare them is always a work of love; for if they are given as reminiscences of ourselves, then we should be very careful that they are both tastefully and appropriately made; and if they are intended as a means of instruction (as they first were), then don't be tempted to put Cupids or ridiculously grouped flowers or fruits on what should be plain and yet well done. For instance, I once saw an Easter-egg with a text from the Bible on one side, and a Cupid throwing kisses on the other, and it was painted by a person who ought to have known better.

When you are preparing them, stop and think what will be most suitable for sister Lucy or brother John. An egg with butterflies and flowers would be utterly thrown away on Lucy, who is three years old; she would much rather have one that is striped with many colors. But sister Ann, who is eleven, would prize one with butterflies, forget-me-nots, and rose-buds; while John, who is fourteen, would like his with a horse, dog, bat and ball, bicycle, or almost anything that represents his pleasures.

All these are easily done if you are at all skillful with your brush or pencil, and if not, then you may know of some one who would be glad to make a few cents preparing them for you. I know of one little girl only twelve years old who made seven dollars last year painting Easter-eggs for ten cents apiece.

And there are lots of other ways, too. Eggs boiled in logwood will be a rich purple, and then you may

scratch with a penknife any design you like. You can wrap an onion-skin around them, and they will be beautifully mottled, or a piece of chintz, or anything that is bright-colored and will fade. I have one that was colored with ribbons in this way that is very pretty.

Another way of preparing the eggs is to plunge them into hot water for a few moments, and then to write with tallow a name or draw an ornament on the shell. The egg is then boiled in water containing any colored dye or solution, and the color will not attach itself to the shell in any part which has been covered with grease, and consequently all ornaments will appear white. An egg with a text of Scripture on one side, and the flower that is sacred to Easter-Monday—that is, the star-of-Bethlehem, or marsh-marigold—drawn on the other with tallow, and then dyed purple with logwood, would make a very pretty gift for your Sunday-school teacher.



OLD EASTER-EGG NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Sometimes the surface of the egg is divided into spaces, to be filled up according to the taste and skill of the designer. One may contain the name and age, another a landscape, the third a good wish, the fourth, if you have so divided it, a likeness or flower. In some parts of England eggs simply dyed and dotted with tallow are presented to the Junior Class at college, and in Germany they have a way of adorning eggs with foliage, all in transparent work, which is cut out with aqua fortis. In Rome, the Easter-eggs are carried to the parish priest, who blesses them, and sprinkles them with holy water, and on Easter-day at dinner the cloth is adorned with sweet herbs and flowers, and the first thing eaten are the blessed eggs; they are painted by the nuns, and sold in the streets.

In New York, fancy candy eggs are to be had in the confectioners'; but those we make ourselves are worth twice as much, even if we are not artists enough to decorate them alone, but are forced to use decalcomanie, chintz, or onions.

There are some Easter-eggs that have come down to us in history; and who can be sure that the ones you are making this year may not lead to great things. So, children, be careful that if you give an Easter-egg, it bears no sorrowful or unhappy memory, and that in after-years you will not be ashamed to own it as yours.

Not many of you can give a silver one, as Charles the Second did to one of his favorites, nor will there be many who can make them as beautiful as that shown in the engraving, which is copied from one in the British Museum, that was presented to a lady of high rank nearly two hundred years ago. It was sawed open, the inside of the shell being cleaned and dried, and then lined with gold paper, and decorated with the figures of saints done in silk. It opens and shuts, and is tied together with green ribbons. But if this is beyond your power or skill, you can at least make an Easter offering of your own design that will be much more acceptable to your friends.

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## A PASSING CLOUD.

BY M. J.



A little cloud went slowly sailing  
Across the sunny sky;  
A woful little-wind went wailing  
Through the tree-tops high:  
A sudden sunbeam danced across the shadows,  
And so the shower went by.

A little frown came stealing after  
A gusty little sigh;  
A pearly tear-drop drowned the laughter

Of a merry eye:  
A sudden smile danced in the baby dimples,  
And so the shower went by.

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

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**TOBY TYLER;**  
**OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.**

**BY JAMES OTIS.**

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

**A DAY OF FREEDOM.**

Toby ran at the top of his speed over the rough road, and the monkey, jolted from one side to the other, clutched his paws more tightly around the boy's neck, looking around into his face as if to ask what was the meaning of this very singular proceeding.

When he was so very nearly breathless as to be able to run no more, but was forced to walk, Toby looked behind him, and there he could see the bright lights of the circus, and hear the strains of the music as he had heard them on the night when he was getting ready to run away from Uncle Daniel, and those very sounds, which reminded him forcibly of how ungrateful he had been to the old man who had cared for him when there was no one else in the world who would do so, made it more easy for him to leave those behind who had been so kind to him when he stood so in need of kindness.

"We are goin' home, Mr. Stubbs," he said, exultantly, to the monkey—"home to Uncle Dan'l an' the boys, an' won't you have a good time when we get there? You can run all over the barn, an' up in the trees, an' do just what you want to, an' there'll be plenty of fellers to play with you. You don't know half how good a place Guilford is, Mr. Stubbs."

The monkey chattered away as if he were anticipating lots of fun on his arrival at Toby's home, and the boy chattered back, his spirits rising at every step which took him further away from the collection of tents where he had spent so many wretched hours.

A brisk walk of half an hour sufficed to take Toby to the woods, and after some little search he found a thick clump of bushes, in which he concluded he could sleep without the risk of being seen by any one who might pass that way before he should be awake in the morning.

He had not much choice in the way of a bed, for it was so dark in the woods that it was impossible to collect moss or leaves to make a soft resting-place, and the few leaves and pine boughs which he did gather made his place for sleeping but very little softer.

But during the ten weeks that Toby had been with the circus his bed had seldom been anything softer than the seat of the wagon, and it troubled him very little that he was to sleep with nothing but a few leaves between himself and the earth.

Using the bundle in which was his riding costume for a pillow, and placing the lunch Mrs. Treat had given him near by, where the monkey could not get at it conveniently, he cuddled Mr. Stubbs up in his bosom, and lay down to sleep.

"Mr. Lord won't wake us up in the mornin', an' swear at us for not washin' the tumblers," said Toby, in a tone of satisfaction, to the monkey; "an' we won't have to go into the tent to-morrow, an' sell sick lemonade an' poor pea-nuts. But"—and here his tone changed to one of sorrow—"there'll be some there that'll be sorry not to see us in the mornin', Mr. Stubbs, though they'll be glad to know that we got away all right. But won't Mr. Lord swear, an' won't Mr. Castle crack his whip, when they come to look round for us in the mornin', an' find that we hain't there?"

The only reply which the monkey made to this was to nestle his head closer under Toby's coat, and to show, in the most decided manner, that he was ready to go to sleep.

And Toby was quite as ready to go to sleep as he was. He had worked hard that day, but the excitement of escaping had prevented him from realizing his fatigue until after he had lain down, and almost before he had got through congratulating himself upon the ease with which he had gotten free, both he and the monkey were as sound asleep as if they had been tucked up in the softest bed that was ever made.

Toby's very weariness was a friend to him that night, for it prevented him from waking, which, if he had done so, might have been unpleasant when he fully realized that he was all alone in the forest, and the sounds that are always heard in the woods might have frightened him just the least bit.

The sun was shining directly in his face when Toby awoke on the following morning, and the old monkey was still snugly nestled under his coat. He sat up, rather dazed at first, and then, as he fully realized that he was actually free from all that had made his life such a sad and hard one for so many weeks, he shouted aloud, revelling in his freedom.

The monkey, awakened by Toby's cries, started from his sleep in affright, and jumped into the nearest tree, only to chatter, jump, and swing from the boughs when he saw that there was nothing very unusual going on, save that he and Toby were out in the woods again, where they could have no end of a good time, and do just as they liked.

After a few moments spent in a sort of jubilee at their escape, Toby took the monkey on his shoulder, and the bundles under his arm again, and went cautiously out to the edge of the thicket, where he could form some idea as to whether or no they were pursued.

He had entered the woods at the brow of a small hill when he had fled so hastily on the previous evening, and looking down, he could see the spot whereon the tents of the circus had been pitched, but not a sign of

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them was now visible. He could see a number of people walking around, and he fancied that they looked up every now and then to where he stood concealed by the foliage.

This gave him no little uneasiness, for he feared that Mr. Lord or Mr. Castle might be among the number, and he believed that they would begin a search for him at once, and that the spot where their attention would first be drawn was exactly where he was then standing.

"This won't do, Mr. Stubbs," he said, as he pushed the monkey higher up on his shoulder, and started into the thickest part of the woods; "we must get out of this place, an' go further down, where we can hide till to-morrow mornin'. Besides, we must find some water where we can wash our faces."

The old monkey would hardly have been troubled if they had not had their faces washed for the next month to come; but he grinned and talked as Toby trudged along, attempting to catch hold of the leaves as they were passed, and in various other ways impeding his master's progress, until Toby was obliged to give him a most severe scolding in order to make him behave himself in anything like a decent manner.

At last, after fully half an hour's rapid walking, Toby found just the place he wanted in which to pass the time he concluded it would be necessary to spend before he dare venture out to start for home.

It was a little valley entirely filled by trees, which grew so thickly, save in one little spot, as to make it almost impossible to walk through. The one clear spot was not more than ten feet square, but it was just at the edge of a swiftly running brook, and a more beautiful or convenient place for a boy and a monkey to stop who had no tent, nor means to build one, could not well be imagined.

Toby's first act was to wash his face, and he tried to make the monkey do the same; but Mr. Stubbs had no idea of doing any such foolish thing. He would come down close to the edge of the water, and look in; but the moment that Toby tried to make him go in, he would rush back among the trees, climb out on some slender bough, and then swing himself down by his tail, and chatter away as if making sport of his young master for thinking that he would be so foolish as to soil his face with water.

After Toby had made his toilet, he unfastened the bundle which the fat lady had given him, for the purpose of having breakfast. As much of an eater as Toby was, he could not but be surprised at the quantity of food which Mrs. Treat called a lunch. There were two whole pies and half of another, as many as two dozen doughnuts, several large pieces of cheese, six sandwiches with a plentiful amount of meat, half a dozen biscuits nicely buttered, and a large piece of cake.

The monkey had come down from the tree as soon as he saw Toby untying the bundle, and there was quite as much pleasure depicted on his face, as he saw the good things that were spread out before him, as there was on Toby's, and he showed his thankfulness at Mrs. Treat's foresight by suddenly snatching one of the doughnuts, and running with it up the tree, where he knew Toby could not follow.

"Now look here, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, sternly, "you can have all you want to eat, but you must take it in a decent way, an' not go to cuttin' up any such shines as that."

And after giving this command, which, by-the-way, was obeyed just about as well as it was understood, Toby devoted his time to his breakfast, and he reduced the amount of eatables very considerably before he had finished.

Toby cleared off his table by gathering the food together, and putting it back into the paper as well as possible, and then he sat down to think over the situation, and to decide what he had better do.

He felt rather nervous about venturing out when it was possible for Mr. Lord or Mr. Castle to get hold of him again, and as the weather was yet warm during the night, his camping-place everything that could be desired, and the stock of food likely to hold out, he concluded that he had better remain there for two days at least, and then he would be reasonably sure that if either of the men whom he so dreaded to see had remained behind for the purpose of catching him, he would have got tired out, and gone on.

This point decided upon, the next was to try to fix up something soft for a bed. He had his pocket-knife with him, and in his little valley were pine and hemlock trees in abundance. From the tips of their branches he knew that he could make a bed as soft and fragrant as any that could be thought of, and he set to work at once, while Mr. Stubbs continued his antics above his head.

After about two hours' steady work he had cut enough of the tender branches to make himself a bed into which he and the monkey could burrow, and sleep as comfortably as if they were in the softest bed in Uncle Daniel's house.

When Toby first began to cut the boughs he had an idea that he might possibly make some sort of a hut, but the two hours' work had blistered his hands, and he was perfectly ready to sit down and rest, without the slightest desire for any other kind of a hut than that formed by the trees themselves.

Toby imagined that in that beautiful place he could, with the monkey, stay contented for any number of days; but after he had rested a little, played with his pet a little, and eaten just a trifle more of the lunch, the time passed so slowly that he soon made up his mind to run the risk of meeting Mr. Lord or Mr. Castle again by going out of the woods the first thing the next morning.

Very many times before the sun set that day was Toby tempted to run the risk that night, for the sake of the change, if no more; but as he thought the matter over he saw how dangerous such a course would be, and he forced himself to wait.

That night he did not sleep as soundly as on the previous one, for the very good reason that he was not as tired. He awoke several times, and the noise of the night-birds alarmed him to such an extent that he was forced to waken the old monkey for company.

But the night passed, despite his fears, as all nights will, whether a boy is out in the woods alone or tucked



BREAKFAST IN THE WOODS.

up in his own little bed at home. In the morning Toby made all possible haste to get away, for each moment that he staid now made him more impatient to be moving toward home.

He washed himself as quickly as possible, ate his breakfast with the most unseemly haste, and taking up his bundles and the monkey once more, started, as he supposed, in the direction from which he had entered the woods.

Toby walked briskly along, in the best possible spirits, for his running away was now an accomplished fact, and he was going toward Uncle Daniel and home just as fast as possible. He sang "Old Hundred" through five or six times by way of showing his happiness. It is quite likely that he would have sung something a little more lively had he known anything else; but "Old Hundred" was the extent of his musical education, and he kept repeating that, which was quite as satisfactory as if he had been able to go through with every opera that was ever written.

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The monkey would jump from his shoulder into the branches above, run along on the trees for a short distance, and then wait until Toby came along, when he would drop down on his shoulder suddenly, and in every other way of displaying monkey delight he showed that he was just as happy as it was possible.

Toby trudged on in this contented way for nearly an hour, and every moment he expected to step out to the edge of the woods, where he could see houses and men once more. But instead of doing so, the forest seemed to grow more dense, and nothing betokened his approach to the village. There was a great fear came into Toby's heart just then, and for a moment he halted in helpless perplexity. His lips began to quiver, his face grew white, and his hand trembled so that the old monkey took hold of one of his fingers and looked at it wonderingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## AN ENCHANTED SHIP; OR, THE DUTCH CAPTAIN'S DEVICE.

BY DAVID KER.

"Sail on the starboard bow!"

"What is she?" asked Captain Martin Pieterszoon, looking anxiously in that direction; for in the Eastern seas, two hundred years ago, every strange sail was a terror to the captain of a well-laden Dutch merchantman.

"Can't quite make her out yet," answered the look-out at the mast-head; "looks like a brigantine—very rakish cut altogether."

The Captain's face darkened, and his lips tightened. They tightened still more a few minutes later, when the look-out hailed again, "She's an armed brigantine, bearing right down upon us."

Every face among the crew seemed to *harden* suddenly, but no one spoke. Indeed, what need was there of words? All on board understood in a moment what was before them. They were about to be attacked by pirates, and there was not a single cannon—not even an old musket—aboard the vessel.

It was a terrible moment for them all—more terrible still for the poor Captain. For years he had been toiling and saving, bearing every kind of hardship, and facing every kind of danger, until he made enough money to become part owner of the ship that he commanded. He had made three successful trips in her, and was now going home for good, to settle himself in a snug little house on the great canal at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's only daughter, for his wife. And now, all in a moment, he found himself face to face with a hideous peril, which threatened him with the loss of all he had in the world, and his life to boot.

The crew stood looking moodily at the approaching vessel, which came sweeping over the bright blue sea with its huge white sails outspread like the wings of a swan—a perfect picture of beauty, though it brought death along with it. Some of the bolder spirits were already beginning to mutter to each other that it would be better to set fire to their own ship, and die like men, than be flung into the sea like dogs, when the Captain's gloomy face suddenly lighted up as nobody had ever seen it light up yet, and he burst into such a loud, hearty laugh that the doomed men stood amazed to hear him.

"Cheer up, lads," he cried, still laughing; "all's not over with us yet. Come, knock the head out of that cask of butter, and smear the deck with it—sharp, now!"

The men only stared blankly at him, thinking he had gone mad, and even the stolid mate opened his heavy mouth in amazement.

"Do you hear?" shouted the Captain. "Look sharp, will you? there's no time to lose. Grease the whole deck fore and aft, and the rigging too as high as you can reach. We'll give these rascals a slippery job of it, anyhow."

*Then* the sailors began to understand, and the shout of laughter that broke forth would have mightily astonished the pirates had they been within hearing. In a twinkling the deck was greased until it fairly shone, bulwarks and all.

"Now, boys," cried the Captain, "on with your sea-boots, and put sand on the soles to keep you from slipping, and then each of you take a handspike, and be ready."

The pirate was now so near that they could see quite plainly the rabble of gaunt, sinewy Malays, woolly-headed negroes, and sallow, black-haired Portuguese that crowded her decks. A few minutes more, and she ran alongside, and almost before the two vessels had touched, three wild figures leaped from the pirate's rigging upon the merchantman's deck.

But it was a very unlucky jump for all three. The first man spun across the slippery deck as if it had been a skating rink, and went right out into the sea on the other side. The second tumbled head-foremost down the hatchway into the cook's galley, where the black cook considerably piled a heap of iron pans on him to keep him quiet.



"Aha, Massa Pirate," said he, grinning, "dis ship no de *Flying Dutchman*, him de *Sliding Dutchman*!"

The third pirate had leaped on board as fiercely as if he meant to kill the whole crew at one blow; but the only man he hurt was himself, for he hit his head such a whack against the mast that he almost knocked his brains out, and fell down roaring with pain. All this so frightened the other pirates that they thought the ship must be bewitched, and rushing back to their own vessel with a howl of dismay, made off as fast as possible.

For many years after, one of the familiar sights of Amsterdam was a portly old gentleman with a jolly red face, at sight of whom the boys used to begin singing,

"Captain Martin Pieterszoon  
Made his ship a buttered bun,"

and his wife was never tired of showing the huge silver butter-dish presented to him in honor of his repulse of the pirate with a cask of butter.

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## INDIAN CHILDREN.

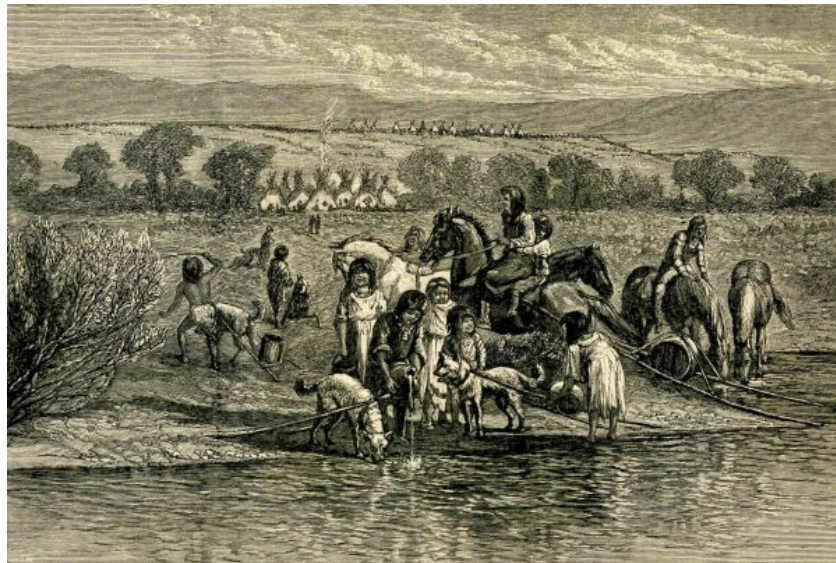
Although Indian children have their games and good times as well as their more civilized brothers and sisters, they also have much hard work to do, and are taught to help their poor tired mothers almost as soon as they learn to walk. One of the principal duties of Indian children is that of supplying their camp or village with water. These camps are always near a river or stream, for of course wandering tribes of Indians can not have wells or cisterns, and from the river the children must carry up to the lodges all the water used in cooking.

In this work they call to their aid their playmates, the dogs, always plentiful in Indian villages. To the collars of the dogs are fastened two long light poles, one on each side, that drag on the ground some distance behind them. On these poles, about half way to the ground, is fixed the kettle or earthen jar that is to be filled with water, and then the dogs are driven down to the river.

Some of the larger boys have ponies, to which they attach heavier poles in the same way that the light ones are fastened to the dogs, and on which they can carry as much as a barrel of water at a time.

At the river-side the children have great fun while filling their various jars and kettles; they duck and splash each other, run, scream, laugh, and often forget entirely that the village is waiting for its daily supply of water, until the shrill voice of some squaw mother warns them that they are neglecting their duty, and if they do not attend to it at once they will have to suffer the consequences.

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GETTING WATER FOR THE VILLAGE—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.

The sketch for the accompanying picture was made in Dakota one bright morning last summer, and represents the children of a Sioux village near Fort Berthold, going down to the Missouri River with their dogs and ponies for a supply of water. These dogs look more like wolves than the dogs to which we are accustomed, and to strangers or those whom they regard as enemies they are very savage, but with their little Indian masters they are very patient, and from them will bear any amount of abuse.

The jars that the children are filling are made by their mothers from the clay of the river-banks, and resemble in shape those borne on the heads of the Egyptian women who carry water on the banks of the Nile.

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## SO VERY STRANGE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

It was the office-boy who heard it all. He told it to the janitor, and the janitor told it to the night-watchman. Both of them said they never heard anything like it.

"Ghosts and spooks and spirits ain't anything to it," said the watchman.

"You ought to know," said the janitor. "You prowl about here all night."

"I never heard a single book say a thing, much less a lot of letters."

Then the office-boy had to tell the whole story all over again.

The letters had come up from the office, and were laid on the desk ready for the editor of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, when the office-boy came into the room. All the letters had been cut open, and lay in a heap on the desk, and the boy was just going to take one up, when he heard a thin, rustling, papery voice speak right out, and say, "Can't you let a fellow out?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, opening the door.

There was no one there. Besides all that, the doors were all unlocked, and any one who wished to do so could get out. The office-boy thought it was very queer, and he went back to the desk and sat down.

"Oh, come now, I say! Do let a fellow out."

The office-boy jumped right out of the chair, and said, "Yes, sir."

Well! Of course you won't believe it. There was nobody there. The office-boy sat down again, and said, in a solemn manner, "I swan!"

"Oh!" cried a very thin crickling voice, "I never expected to come to such a place to hear such dreadful words."

The office-boy blushed deeply, and then began to take the letters out of their envelopes and lay them open on the table ready for the editor. Each time he did so some one said, "Thank you; you're very kind; much obliged," in the politest manner possible.

"Guess these letters come from that beautiful country where all the children say, 'Yes, marm,' and 'Thank you,' and 'If you please.'"

And then the whole thing went on in the most startling way. Every letter had something to say. Talk! Letters talk? To be sure. When you read a letter, does it not tell you something? Anybody can understand everything they say the moment you look them in the face. When the office-boy heard all the letters talking at once, he puckered up his mouth, and tried to whistle, but his lips only made up a round O of surprise. He didn't say a word, but tried to remember what the letters said.

"I came from Chicago, and I want to find a boy or girl who will trade postage stamps for minerals."

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"I've got a new wiggle. I'd show it to you if I could only unfold myself. I'm too stiff. It's awful cold up here, isn't it?"

"Cold? It's nothing to Chicago. I nearly froze to death in the postal car. It's as much as I could do to keep my ink from freezing, and as for the mucilage on the envelope, it was quite stiff, and full of little crackles. I did think it would be warmer in New York."

"It was so warm in Oclahama, Mississippi, when I left, that the ink wouldn't dry."

"I'm nine years old, and I came all the way from Des Moines."

"You ought to be pretty yellow by this time."

"It isn't me. It's my writer. She's a girl, and she says she didn't like the 'Moral Pirates.'"

At this every one of the letters gave a thin groan, and the office-boy sat right up and said, "My!"

The letters didn't seem to mind this singular remark, for they all began to talk at once.

"I've got two Mexican and one Peru stamp, and some sea-shells. I live in Philadelphia, and I'm ten years old."

"Any fellow want some iron ore? I've come from Marietta, Ohio, and I'll exchange it for real Indian arrow-heads."

"Here I've come all the way from Strasburg, in Alsace, with a new puzzle. I'm sure nobody can read it."

"Yes, they can. It's in English."

"We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in Germany. I'm nine years old."

"How can you talk about travelling? I've been shut up in four different mail-bags for nearly two months. I came all the way from Samarang, Java."

"I thought there was a dreadful smell of coffee in the mail-bag," said a letter from Buffalo.

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"Coffee!" said the postal card from Java, in a thin straw-board sort of voice—"coffee! I was made out of grass that grew next to a coffee plantation, and one day, just before I was cut down—"

"Gracious me!" said a piping voice that sounded as if it was made of rice-straw. "Did they cut you down?"

"No! It was the grass. That's before I was born. Well, I was a-saying, before I was interrupted, that—"

"Oh, do let 'er alone," said a note from Detroit.

"Ah!" cried all the letters; "let 'er alone. That will do for Detroit."

"Now I came from Manitoba," said a letter that had a crackling voice, as if the ice was breaking. "There's not a house for sixteen miles, and it's very lonesome in winter. We have plenty of ice and snow, and the thermometer stays down near zero so much of the time that they do say it has cold feet. Sometimes we do not see any one for a week; but we do not care."

Just then the editor came in, and the office-boy jumped up and said, "Good-morning, sir; nice lot of letters to-day."

Perhaps you don't believe this story: it's true, for all that. At any rate, the last part is true; for every day there comes to Harper's Young People a great pile of letters from boys and girls in all parts of the civilized world.



A LITTLE TAILOR

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THE YOUNG ART STUDENT.

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## MY PIG.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I don't say that I didn't do wrong, but what I do say is that I meant to do right. But that don't make any difference. It never does. I try to do my very best, and then something happens, and I am blamed for it. When I think what a disappointing world this is, full of bamboo canes and all sorts of switches, I feel ready to leave it.

It was Sue's fault in the beginning; that is, if it hadn't been for her it wouldn't have happened. One Sunday she and I were sitting in the front parlor, and she was looking out of the window and watching for Mr. Travers; only she said she wasn't, and that she was just looking to see if it was going to rain, and solemnizing her thoughts. I had just asked her how old she was, and couldn't Mr. Travers have been her father if he had married mother, when she said, "Dear me how tiresome that boy is do take a book and read for gracious sake." I said, "What book?" So she gets up and gives me the *Observer*, and says, "There's a beautiful story about a good boy and a pig do read it and keep still if you know how and I hope it will do you some good."

Well, I read the story. It told all about a good boy whose name was James, and his father was poor, and so he kept a pig that cost him twenty-five cents, and when it grew up he sold it for thirty dollars, and he brought the money to his father and said, "Here father! take this O how happy I am to help you when you're

old and not good for much," and his father burst into tears, but I don't know what for, I wouldn't burst into tears much if anybody gave me thirty dollars; and said, "Bless you my noble boy you and your sweet pig have saved me from a watery grave," or something like that.

It was a real good story, and it made me feel like being likewise. So I resolved that I would get a little new pig for twenty-five cents, and keep it till it grew up, and then surprise father with twenty-nine dollars, and keep one for myself as a reward for my good conduct. Only I made up my mind not to let anybody know about it till after the pig should be grown up, and then how the family would be delighted with my "thoughtful and generous act"! for that's what the paper said James's act was.

The next day I went to Farmer Smith, and got him to give me a little pig for nothing, only I agreed to help him weed his garden all summer. It was a beautiful pig, about as big as our baby, only it was a deal prettier, and its tail was elegant. I wrapped it up in an old shawl, and watched my chance and got it up into my room, which is on the third story. Then I took my trunk and emptied it, and bored some holes in it for air, and put the pig in it.

I had the best fun that ever was, all that day and the next day, taking care of that dear little pig. I gave him one of my coats for a bed, and fed him on milk, and took him out of the trunk every little while for exercise. Nobody goes into my room very often, except the girl to make the bed, and when she came I shut up the trunk, and she never suspected anything. I got a whole coal-scuttleful of the very best mud, and put it in the corner of the room for him to play in, and when I heard Bridget coming, I meant to throw the bed-quilt over it, so she wouldn't suspect anything.

After I had him two days I heard mother say, "Seems to me I hear very queer noises every now and then up stairs." I knew what the matter was, but I never said anything, and I felt so happy when I thought what a good boy I was to raise a pig for my dear father.

Bridget went up to my room about eight o'clock one evening, just before I was going to bed, to take up my clean clothes. We were all sitting in the dining-room, when we heard her holler as if she was being murdered. We all ran out to see what was the matter, and were half way up the stairs, when the pig came down, and upset the whole family, and piled them up on the top of himself at the foot of the stairs, and before we got up Bridget came down and fell over us, and said she had just opened the young mather's thrunk and out jumps the ould Satan himself and she must see the priest or she would be a dead woman.

You wouldn't believe that, though I told them that I was raising the pig to sell it and give the money to father; they all said that they had never heard of such an abandoned and peremptory boy, and father said, "Come up stairs with me and I'll see if I can't teach you that this house isn't a pig-pen." I don't know what became of the pig, for he broke the parlor window and ran away, and nobody ever heard of him again.

"I'd like to see that boy James. I don't care how big he is. I'd show him that he can't go on setting good examples to innocent boys without suffering as he deserves to suffer."

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## MY MOTHER'S DÉBUT.

BY B. A. N.

"Tell you a story?" said dear old grandma. "Dear me! dear me! I think I've told you all I know. Shall I tell you 'Cinderella' over again? or—"

"No, no, grandma," says a chorus of voices; "tell us something about when you were young."

"Well, if you wish, I'll tell you about my mother's first party. It was a winter night, and mother was to go at eight, and that was considered very late; but Uncle Robert, who was to take her, couldn't get home before. Her dress was beautiful—a peach-colored satin, with lace on it already a generation old, and the hair-dresser was to come out from town to arrange her hair, and she was to take with her Abigail, our poor half-witted maid, to put on the finishing touches after they arrived.

"Now Abby had, as some poor weak-brained creatures have, a passionate admiration for anything particularly bright and showy, and she had one treasure which she guarded as the apple of her eye. It was a very large bow of arsenic green, golden yellow, and tartan plaid, fastened in the centre by a huge buckle of green and white glass. She also adored mother.

"Well, the eventful night came, and mother at last was dressed and ready. They say she looked beautiful, and she *was* a very handsome woman in her day, my dears. The satin gown went on just right, and did not even ruffle the powdered hair, and mother, Abigail, and Uncle Robert departed in the sleigh at eight precisely.

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"When they arrived they were ushered up stairs to uncloak. Just as mother turned to go down stairs, one of the maids came running in and said, 'Miss Dolly, Mr. Robert has forgotten a very important message he was to give Mr. Grey, and he says he will come back as soon as he can, and for you to go down.' It was rather hard to make her first entry alone, but still mother mustered up courage and went down. The host and hostess received her very kindly, and she was soon enjoying herself very much. There was only one drawback to her happiness: wherever she passed, the people slightly turned, looked rather surprised, and then hastily looked away, in vain trying to repress a smile. At last mother began to get seriously worried, and running up stairs, asked Abby what the trouble was. 'Why, nothing, Miss Dolly,' said she; 'it looks beautiful.' So mother, satisfied, went down again. But now it was worse than before. Audible titters and looks of surprise greeted her wherever she turned, until from excitement and vexation she was ready to cry; so you may imagine it was not long after Uncle Robert came before they were on their way home.

"As they entered the parlor poor mother dropped her cloak, and sinking into a chair, was on the verge of a deluge of tears, when a burst of laughter from the assembled family made her spring to her feet, pale with anger. What are you laughing at?' she demanded. 'I never was treated so before. I never knew there were such rude people in the world.' And fairly overcome, she sank down and cried as if her heart would break. And then, in the midst of sobs and laughter, grandmother moved forward and unpinned from the middle of my mother's back Abby's green bow, to which was added a long string of artificial pansies! The poor girl had felt hurt that she could do nothing for mother's first party, so when they arrived she had added this decoration, thinking she put the crowning touch to the costume.



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

## PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A PAIR OF CRUTCHES.

Aunt Rachel's plan was entered into most heartily by both boys, and Graham became so much interested as to act as express agent on his own account, going to the city with what he called his first load of berries and flowers; but on his return was so silent and uncommunicative that Phil asked him if anything had gone wrong.

"Don't ask me to tell you what I saw," said he, in reply. "It was more than I could stand." Then, as if sorry for his short answer, he added: "It was the most pitiful thing in the world—such a lot of little pale faces all together! and when I came to give them their share, as the lady in charge told me to do, I cried right out like any baby—there, now! But you have no idea how they brightened up, and how glad they looked when they took the posies. I don't want to go again, though, unless Miss Rachel asks me to. I shall see those poor wizened little things as long as I live. I am going to sell all my pets this fall, and give the money to St. Luke's Hospital, and I shall sell every egg my chickens lay, for the same purpose."

After that Phil asked no more questions, but worked harder than ever at his drawings, and as the season advanced, and flowers and fruit grew more abundant, they were able to dispatch a basket twice a week.

Every day was filled with new life and pleasure. Increasing strength alone would have been a source of happiness, but in addition to this Phil had the benefit of Aunt Rachel's loving-kindness, Lisa's nursing, Joe's good offices, and Graham's pleasant, friendly attentions. Then he was learning constantly something new, with eyes and ears, from the book of nature, with all its wonderful pictures, and from the other books allowed him.

Driving behind old Slow Coach and floating on the lake in the *Flyaway* were some of the delights, and when more visitors came, and two charming young cousins of Aunt Rachel made the house resound with melody, Phil thought his happiness complete. But a new surprise was in store for him, when, after repeated consultations, and measurements, and whisperings, a huge parcel was brought to his room, and Aunt Rachel and Lisa took off the wrappings. Neither of them looked particularly joyful as a pair of stout crutches made their appearance, but their faces changed wonderfully when Phil gave a cry of glee, and said, hilariously, "Now I can walk! now I can walk!"

He was eager to use his new helps, but it took a longer time than he had imagined to get accustomed to them, and it was many weeks before he could go down the garden paths (followed by Nep with much gravity, as if Phil were in his especial care) with desirable ease.

Coming in from one of these rather tiresome attempts one warm morning, and hearing music and voices in the parlor, Phil strayed into the dining-room, which was darkened and cool, and fragrant with fresh flowers. He lay down on a lounge, with his crutches beside him, and was listening to the pretty waltz being played in the other room, when he thought he saw a tiny creature light upon one of his crutches. Supposing it, however, to be a butterfly, he watched it in a sleepy, dreamy fashion, until it approached more nearly, and these words startled him:

"You do not know me," said a tiny voice, rather reproachfully.

"What! is it you, my dear little wind fairy?" he asked. "I never dreamed that I should see you again. How did you get here?"

"Blown here, to be sure, as I always am, only I have to pilot myself, or what would be the use in having wings? I came on some thistle-down this time, for I wanted to have another peep at you, and I have had hard work to follow you in here, I assure you; but the vibrations of that lovely music helped me, and here I am. Do not talk—let me do it all. I never have much time, you know, and I want to thank you for your goodness in taking my advice, and helping some of my little sick friends. You do not begin to know what good you have done—nobody does; but doing good is very like the big snow-balls that children make in winter—a little ball at first, but as they roll, it grows bigger and bigger, almost of itself, until it is more than one can manage. So it has been with your kind action: many have imitated it, and flowers come now to the hospitals by the bushel. Not only children, but grown people, sad with suffering, have been cheered and benefited. And you too are growing strong: how glad I am to see it! Your cheeks are tinged with just a delicate bloom, and you have grown taller. Ah, the country is the place for you children! I saw one of your sketches in the hospital the other day, hung under a little cross made of moss; it was a water-lily, and out of it was stepping some one who looked like me. The child who owned it said it came to her tied to some roses. She did not know I heard her; she was telling a visitor, and she said it made her happy every time she looked at it. That was a pretty thought of yours. This is my last visit for a long while. I am to be sent off to fan her Royal Highness, the Queen of Kind Wishes, when her coronation takes place. She lives in her palace of Heart's Ease in a faraway island. I am to sail part of the way in a nautilus—one of those lovely shells you have seen, I dare say."

"No," said Phil, "I never saw one. And so you are going away—"

"Never saw a nautilus!" interrupted the fairy, as if afraid Phil was going to be doleful over her departure. "It looks like a ship, for all the world, and it *is* a ship for me, but it would not hold you—oh no! not such a gigantic creature as a boy;" and the fairy laughed aloud.

"Dear me!" said Phil; "no more visits, no more fairy stories. What will I do?"

"Shall I tell you just one more story before I say good-by?"

"Please do."

"Well, shut your eyes and listen."

Phil obeyed, and the fairy began:

In the days when fairies had much more power than they now have, there lived in a little house on the edge of a wood haunted by elves and brownies a boy named Arthur. He was a bright, handsome lad, but a little lazy, and much more fond of pleasure than of work; and he had a way of flinging himself down in the woods to lounge and sleep when his mother at home was waiting for him to come back with a message, or to do some little promised task. Now the fairies knew this, and it displeased them; for they are as busy as bees, and do not like idleness. Besides, as one bad habit leads to another, Arthur, in his lounging ways, would often do great damage to the fairies' flower beds, switching off the heads of wild flowers in the most ruthless fashion, and even pulling them up by the roots when he felt like it.



THE ENCHANTED FROG AND THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

One day he had been indulging this whim without any motive, hardly even thinking what he was doing, when he began to feel very strangely: a slight chill made him shiver; his eyes felt as if they were coming out of his head, his legs as if they were getting smaller and smaller; he had an irresistible desire to hop, and he was very thirsty. There was a rivulet near, and instead of walking to it, he leaped, and stooping to drink, he saw himself reflected in its smooth surface. No longer did he see Arthur; no longer was he a mortal boy. Instead of this, a frog—a green speckled frog, with great bulging eyes and a fishy mouth—looked up at him. He tried to call, to shout, but in vain; he could only croak, and this in the most dismal manner. What was he to do? Sit and stare about him, try to catch flies, plunge down into the mud—charming amusements for the rest of his life! A little brown bird hopped down for a drink from the rivulet; she stooped and rose, stooped and rose, again and again.

A great green tear rolled down from the frog's bulging eye, and splashed beside the bird's drinking-place. She looked up in alarm, and said, in the sweetest voice imaginable,

"Can I do anything to assist you?"

"I am sure I don't know," croaked Arthur, hoarse as if he

had been born with a sore throat.

"But what *is* the matter?" persisted the little brown bird, as more green tears splashed beside her.

"The matter is that I am a frog, I suppose," said Arthur, rather rudely.

"Well, what of that?" still said the little bird. "Frogs are very respectable."

"Are they, indeed; then I'd rather not be respectable," said Arthur.

"You shock me," said the bird.

"I don't wonder; it has been a great shock to me," responded Arthur.

"What has?" said the bird.

"Being a frog," replied Arthur.

"Have you not always? Oh no; I presume you were once a tadpole; all frogs are at first."

"Indeed I never was a tadpole," said Arthur, indignantly; and then, it seeming somewhat a funny idea to him, he began to laugh in the hoarsest, croakiest *kerthumps*, which brought him to his senses again. Then he added, to the little brown bird, which fluttered about him in some agitation, "No, I never was a tadpole—I was a boy named Arthur a few moments ago."

"Aha!" twittered the little brown bird, "I see now: you have been bewitched."

"I suppose so," said Arthur; "and I would gladly be beswitched into a boy again, if that would do any good."

"I must try and see what I can do for you. I am very busy repairing my nest—it was injured in the last storm; but I will go as soon as I can to see one of the herb elves, and find out what is to be done. You must have displeased them very much."

"You are very kind," replied Arthur, taking no notice of the latter words.

"Oh no, not at all; it is a pleasure," said the little brown bird.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Arthur, roused into politeness by the pleasant manners of his little friend.

"You might gather some twigs or moss. Oh no, it would be all wet, and I should have great bother in drying it," said the little housekeeper. "I am equally obliged, but you had better just stay quiet and keep cool till I return;" and she flew softly away.

"I can keep cool enough," repeated Arthur; "when one's legs are in the water, it would be pretty hard to do anything else."

It seemed dreadfully long to wait, when all he could do was to wink, and yawn, and gobble flies, and yet lounging in the woods and killing flowers had never seemed tedious when he was a boy.

He tried to go to sleep, but was in too great a bewilderment to quietly close his eyes in slumber, so he gazed at the brook, and wondered when the little brown bird would re-appear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## PINAFORE RHYMES.—(*Continued.*)

[Pg 381]



Yee-Lee, the Chinaman,  
Goes walking down the street,  
With paper sun-shade, and a dress  
That reaches to his feet.  
Oh what a funny sight is he,  
That yellow Chinaman, Yee-Lee!

His eyes are slanting little slits,  
So that he can't see straight;  
His head is polished till it shines  
Just like a china plate;  
And pussy thinks he's very kind  
To let his pigtail drag behind.



The wind asked the children  
To dance on the green;  
But the fiddler and fifer  
Were not to be seen.

So the wind whistled for them  
A gay, merry tune,  
But so fast that the children  
Grew tired very soon.

"Oh, we must stop dancing!"  
Cried each little child;  
"The tune that you whistle  
Is so very wild!"

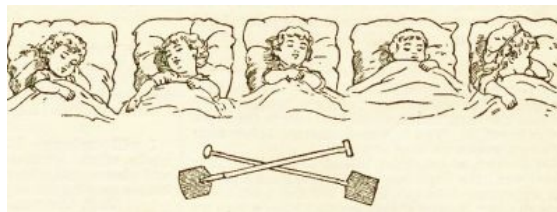
That made the wind angry;  
It rose very high;  
And their hats and their sun-shades  
Were blown to the sky.



A merry group,  
With spades in hand,  
Building wee houses  
Of yellow sand.

They dig and delve  
The livelong day;  
But even children  
tired with play.

On pillows soft  
Their heads they lay,  
While the wee houses  
Are washed away.



What is the matter with Princess Maude,  
All alone in her tower?  
She sits forlorn in her little chair,  
And cries to herself by the hour.

We'll carry some flowers to Princess Maude,  
And a basket of apples and pears;  
We'll call her to open the window wide,  
For we can't go up the stairs.

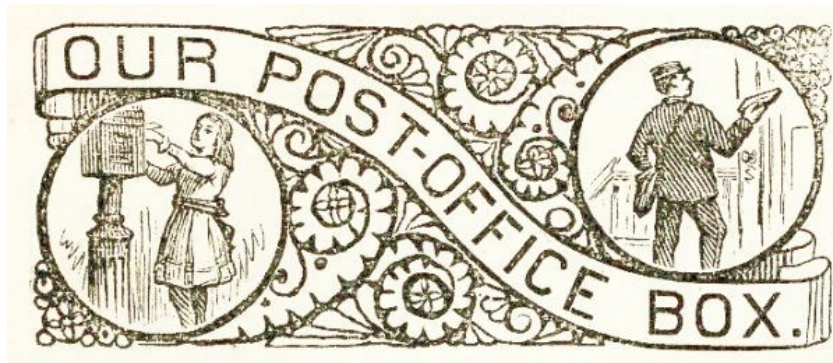
Throw open your window, Princess Maude,  
It is only Charlie and me;  
The cat and the dog are fast asleep,



And there's nobody here to see.



Dear Mary Angelina Jane,  
You will be sorry to be told  
My doll was left out in the rain,  
So that she caught a dreadful cold.  
She's better now, the doctors say,  
Though I'm afraid of a relapse.  
And now no more from me to-day—  
I'll write some other day, perhaps.



[Pg 382]

I am a little colored girl just seven years old. This is my first letter. I live near our white folks, who have taught us to read and write, and who let us read their copy of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. We read the letters in the Post-office Box, and I thought I would ask the little people to send me some of their old books, or anything to help a little girl learn. I am too poor to buy any books, and the ladies can not get them for me.

Please put this letter in the Post-office Box.

HANNAH McDANIEL,  
Lincolnton, Lincoln Co., N. C.

We hope little Hannah will write to us again, and tell us of the favors which we are confident she will receive from many of our young readers, of whose kind and generous hearts we have on different occasions had gratifying proof. We are sure they will not allow the appeal of this poor little colored girl to pass unnoticed.

BUTTERNUT LAKE, WISCONSIN.

My sister and I are delighted to have *YOUNG PEOPLE* again. We could not get along without it. We received the back numbers all safe before the snow blockade set in. The big snow-storms below shut us in two weeks without any mail.

We live on a beautiful inland lake, about fifty miles from Lake Superior. Our house is on a peninsula extending into the lake. We can look down through the "Narrows" into another lake, where we can see a beautiful island. The lake is full of pike and muskallonge, some of the latter weighing forty pounds. We have such beautiful trees here! Our pets are a big Newfoundland dog named Leo, and a Norwegian cat named Eric. Leo will stand on his hind-feet and beg, and go in the water for sticks. We can soon watch for the hepaticas.

FANNIE T. M.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

Our school takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and on Friday afternoons our teacher reads us a story from it, and after hearing it we have to write it out in our own words. The last we wrote about

was "Cleopatra's Needle."

Our County Superintendent advised all the other schools to take YOUNG PEOPLE, so that the scholars might have something nice to read.

Our teacher has read "Toby Tyler" to us, and we are very much interested in it.

I wish every boy and girl in the United States could have YOUNG PEOPLE to read.

HARRY B. M.

---

DENMARK, KANSAS.

We came here from Pennsylvania almost two years ago.

There are lots of prairie-wolves out here. They come right up to the house at night after chickens. We have two dogs. One is a shepherd dog, and we have named him Wolf, because he looks so much like one. The other is a little rat terrier named Candle. One night the wolves came round the house, and the dogs ran out after them. Pretty soon we heard a dreadful yelping. We went out, and found one of the wolves had Candle in its mouth, and our Wolf was fighting like everything. When they saw us, the wolves dropped Candle and ran away.

My brothers and I and the dogs caught fifteen rabbits this winter. There are just lots of them out here.

There is very little timber here, only along the creeks. It is mostly cottonwood and elm. We live between two creeks, ten miles from town, and thirty miles from the railroad. Our school-house is two miles away. It has been very cold here this winter, with deep snow. We have to go three miles for the mail, and I generally go on horseback. We can hardly wait for Tuesday, for that is the day we get YOUNG PEOPLE.

ROBERT E. L. N.

---

CROW AGENCY, MONTANA.

There are about three thousand Indians around here. It is quite a show to see them dance. They have a large drum made of skin, and they paint and dress very queer. They are beginning now to come in after their annuities. When they are distributed, the employés haul them out in wagons, and the Indians sit around in rings, and each chief orders some of his men to receive the things and distribute them.

The winters here are very cold. They are much colder than in California, where I used to live. I am thirteen years old.

VOLNEY B. K.

---

ILION, NEW YORK.

I think that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper that I ever saw. It is welcomed alike by old and young in our household. We are all very much interested in "Toby Tyler," and we all laugh at the trials and troubles of Jimmy Brown.

My father taught school this winter, and I did not miss a day during the term. Now I am tending a sugar bush with my grandpa. We have a hut made of boards to shelter us when it storms; and it is rare fun to see the sap seethe and hiss in the great square pan which is set over the "arch," as the fire-place is called.

L. C. A.

---

MURFREESBOROUGH, TENNESSEE.

YOUNG PEOPLE is very interesting. I think "Phil's Fairies" is just beautiful.

I went to the mountains in North Carolina last summer, and mamma and I went to a mica mine and got some specimens. They are very beautiful. I heard the explosion, and I saw the mica and rock come up in a barrel, which was hoisted by a windlass worked by a donkey.

Besides the thin transparent pieces of mica, we gathered some specimens of white and green rock with little shreds of mica glistening in them. They are lovely. I am seven years old.

CLAIRE F. H.

---

I find YOUNG PEOPLE so interesting that I can not do without it. The boys here rush for it as eagerly as if the news-room were a candy stand.

I would like to exchange some good books (no novels) for the works of Oliver Optic or Harry Castlemon, or for other good books. I have a large library. I only desire books bound and in good condition.

Those wishing to exchange will please send me the title and name of author of the book, and I will send the same of any volume I am willing to give for it.

ALEXANDER A. REEVES,  
Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas.

---

I will exchange a book entitled *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, in good condition, for Miss Alcott's *Eight Cousins*. Correspondents will please write before sending the book.

PLEASANCE MILLER,  
Chicorica Park, Raton, Colfax Co., New

Mexico.

---

I will exchange Idaho minerals for well-bound books of an instructive character. Correspondents will please send a list of books they wish to exchange before sending me any package.

J. P. CLOUGH, Junction, Lemhi Co., Idaho.

We hope that these exchangers who wish to obtain books will meet with success and fair dealing, as we regard the exchange of books, if well conducted, as one likely to prove both pleasant and beneficial.

---

I would like to exchange a Baltimorean self-inking press for a good scroll-saw. My press is a new one. I will also give two boxes of old English and two of plain type for some patterns and saws.

VANDERBILT OLMSTEAD,  
1558 Broadway, New York City.

---

I will exchange little cakes of nice maple sugar with any little girl, for shells or sea-moss. We make a good lot of sugar here.

I am nine years old.

EDNA WHEELER,  
Williamsville, Windham Co., Vt.

---

I live in Nagasaki, Japan. I was born here in an old temple. I have a little sister seven years old. I am always so glad to get YOUNG PEOPLE! I watch anxiously for every mail to come, that I may read the new stories.

I have a great many pressed flowers and ferns, which I would like to exchange, with any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE, for curious flower seeds, Indian arrow-heads, or other curiosities.

J. PROVOST STOUT, Nagasaki, Japan.

---

I am a Southern girl, and I love YOUNG PEOPLE as well as any of the Northern children. I live at our country-seat at a place called "Locust Grove." It is very dear to me, and very beautiful. It has been one of the coldest winters we have had in many years. The snow has been more than a foot deep in many places, and it staid on the ground three weeks.

I would like to exchange crochet patterns with some of the many little girls who write to the Post-office Box. I crochet a great deal, and I would like some new patterns.

LUCIE E. FOSTER,  
Louisburg, Franklin Co., N. C.

---

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

"Wee Tot" Brainard wishes to say that she has nearly one hundred letters now lying unanswered, and she asks her correspondents to be patient, and they shall all receive attention. Her cabinet of curiosities is really very fine. There are beautiful things from all parts of the world, and others are constantly coming.

"WEE TOT'S" PAPA.

---

I will exchange a specimen of the rock from which Michigan stucco and plaster are made, for any curiosity except stamps. The plaster beds are near here. To make the plaster they blast the rock,

and break it and grind it.

BEN C. ROBINSON,  
91 Prospect Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

---

Perhaps some of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to know how I am getting a collection of pressed leaves, flowers, etc., for they are very interesting as well as pretty.

My Leaf Album, as I call it, is a blank-book about four and a half inches wide and seven and a half long, and it opens at the end. But I think that a larger book would be better, because it would hold some large leaves.

I put the leaves on one side of the paper only, and fasten them in with a tiny touch of gum mucilage, and beneath each I write the name, date, where picked, and often a few words relating to something that occurred. For instance, below one leaf in my album I wrote: "Elm leaf. May 22, 1880. Picked from the tree on which we had our swing, at the Sunday-school picnic, near the lake, five miles north of L—."

When I pick a leaf or flower I put it in a book to dry, arranging it carefully, and with it I put a slip of paper, on which I write the name of the leaf or flower, the date when picked, etc., so as not to get my specimens mixed. Then when they are real dry, I put them in my album.

Among the flowers in my album I have some potato blossoms, and they are very handsome. They keep their bright colors when dry. I think a great deal of my leaf album, and it is much admired by every one.

I will exchange pressed leaves and flowers, for pressed flowers from other States, and especially from foreign countries.

To go safely through the mails they should be placed between two thicknesses of card or paste board. I also have some foreign postage stamps, and I will give ten for ten department stamps; or fifteen foreign stamps, or the same number of postmarks, for a half-cent of 1849, or two of any other date.

A READER OF "*YOUNG PEOPLE*,"  
P. O. Box 915, Emporia, Lyon Co.,

Kansas.

---

William and Jennie Otterson, Bennet Creek, Idaho, wish to notify their correspondents that they can not exchange any more Indian arrow-heads.

---

Lucy Sharp, Bridgeton, New Jersey, gives notice to correspondents that she has no more ferns to exchange.

---

L. H. Nelson, Philadelphia, notifies his correspondents that he was burned out, and is forced to withdraw from our exchange list.

---

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Postmarks, for Indian relics and other curiosities.

THOMAS PAGE,  
P. O. Box 817, Williamsport, Penn.

---

Oregon land-moss, barnacles from Puget Sound, and white coral from the Pacific coast, for sea-moss, sea-weed, and shells.

MOLLIE C. VOORHEES,  
Woodburn, Marion Co., Oregon.

---

Old issues of United States stamps, for foreign stamps.

JOHN B. CHAMBERLINE,  
69 Middle Street, Gloucester, Essex Co.,

Mass.

---

Ivory nuts, for Indian arrow-heads.



WILLIE SHORT,  
Woodlawn Heights, New York City.

---

Stamps or postmarks, for minerals or cowries.

WALTER S. STILLMAN,  
P. O. Box 966, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

---

West India shells, foreign stamps, and United States postmarks, for Indian arrow-heads and other relics.

WILLIAM TODD,  
2111 Spring Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

---

Choice minerals, for Indian arrow-heads or other Indian relics.

C. F. TEED,  
508 Roe Avenue, Elmira, N. Y.

---

A printing-press, for a collection of stamps (no duplicates).

J. V. L. RANHARD,  
P. O. Box 371, Brookline, Mass.

---

Limestone, for Indian relics or curiosities; or a specimen of silver ore, for one of copper or lead.

Penn.  
HARRY S. ROBINSON,  
Care of Dr. O. F. Harvey, Wilkesbarre,

---

Stamps or postmarks, for stamps.

Texas.  
E. R.,  
P. O. Box 125, Sherman, Grayson Co.,

---

Foreign and United States stamps, for stamps from Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Cuba, and South America.

ALEX. SELKIRK, JUN.,  
132 First Street, Albany, N. Y.

---

Pieces of tamarack, red cedar, and hickory, for bird's-eye maple and red or yellow birch.

LEON H. TAYLOR,  
Manchester, Delaware Co., Iowa.

---

Postage stamps and postmarks, for ocean curiosities and minerals.

WALTER S. RUSSELL,  
Cooperstown, Otsego Co., N. Y.

---

Stamps from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and other countries, for stamps or coins.

W. G. LANGDON,  
5 Stanhope Street, Boston, Mass.

---

Indian arrow-heads, for minerals or sea-shells.

ARTHUR B. CARR, Henryville, Ind.

---

Specimens of poplar, maple, oak, hickory, bass, cottonwood, walnut, elm, box, and elder, for other woods, or for stamps or curiosities. Please label specimen.

[Pg 383]

FRED L. PARCHER,  
Marysville, Nodaway Co., Mo.

---

Mica, silver ore, or stones from Keuka Lake, for an Indian arrow-head, or minerals.

HARRIE D. WATSON,  
P. O. Box 434, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

---

A few French stamps, and some old issues of United States stamps, for United States Navy, War, Interior, or State departments, or for foreign stamps.

R. G. W., P. O. Box 367, Norwalk, Conn.

---

Postage stamps, for a stamp album. Correspondents will please state how many stamps they would require for album.

T. J. ANDREWS,  
290 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

A set of five German or Bavarian stamps, for two stamps from the Cape of Good Hope, Mexico, or South America.

EVERETT S. TREAT,  
Station M, New York City.

---

Forty foreign stamps (no duplicates), for twelve United States department stamps.

N. Y.

W. F. FRATCHER,  
Union News Co. Stand, Dépôt, Utica,

---

Silver ore, for foreign postage stamps. Correspondents will please write name and value on back of each stamp.

City.

VERNON CHESLEIGH,  
14 Carmine Street (in store), New York

---

Three Mexican stamps, a five, ten, and twenty-five, for an Asiatic stamp.

JAMES L. MILLER, P. O. Box 141,  
Mamaroneck, Westchester Co., N. Y.

---

Asbestos from Pelham, Massachusetts, or quartz crystals from Diamond Mountain, Rhode Island, for shells, ocean curiosities, malachite, or copper ore.

FRANK W. COOKE,  
P. O. Box 54, Amherst, Mass.

---

Indian arrow-heads and specimens of meteoric rock, for Indian relics, ores, ocean curiosities, coins, or anything suitable for a museum.

Foreign and United States stamps, coins, and autographs of noted men; or stones from Kansas, and a few relics from the Chicago fire, for a genuine Indian bow and arrows.

ELMER S. CUNNINGHAM,  
Champaign, Champaign Co., Ill.

---

Two Austrian stamps, for two Danish stamps.

York City.

E. A. CAMPBELL,  
216 East Twenty-seventh Street, New

---

Twenty-five foreign postage stamps (no duplicates), for a star-fish, sea-weeds, or Indian relics.

ALEX. STRONG,  
Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

---

Postmarks, buttons, or soil of Pennsylvania, for stamps, coins, or curiosities.

EDGAR F. JORDAN,  
2129 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

---

White and red coral and a piece of Fort Marco, St. Augustine, Florida, for African, Asiatic, or European stamps.

HOWARD HOOKER, North Crescent Avenue,  
Avondale, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

---

Foreign postage stamps, for United States internal revenue stamps. No duplicates.

O. H. BRUCE,  
Piedmont, Mineral Co., W. Va.

---

Twenty-five good foreign stamps, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp.

N. Y.

GEORGE S. SCHILLING,  
104 South Third Street, Brooklyn, E. D.,

---

Minerals, stamps, and postmarks, for minerals and stamps.

ELLISTON J. PEROT,  
Morton Street, Germantown, Penn.

---

Full sets of War, Interior, Navy, and Post-office department stamps, for rare old United States envelopes. High values especially desired.

D. C.

H. W. PRATT,  
1212 New York Avenue, Washington,

---

New York State minerals, for specimens from any other State.

N. Y.

H. H. PIFFARD,  
P. O. Box 136, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson,

---

Postmarks, for curiosities or Indian relics.

ALLIE MAXWELL,  
68 Eighth Street, Hoboken, N. J.

---

A set of fancy card type for amateur printers' use, for one hundred and fifty foreign stamps (no duplicates).

ISAAC A. W. MORAN,  
175 East 113th Street, New York City.

---

Thirty-one postage stamps, a green-colored mineral, a specimen of copper ore, and a piece of Pulpit Rock, for a copy of the rules and regulations of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

H. McKEAN, Jackson, Amador Co., Cal.

---

An Indian arrow-head and two pieces of pottery, for twenty foreign postage stamps.

Wis. EDDIE GORDON, Beaver Dam, Dodge Co.,

---

We are very sorry to say that one of our young correspondents has sent us as an original composition for YOUNG PEOPLE a puzzle which was published some time ago in another paper. By so doing he has forfeited our confidence, and we shall be obliged to exclude his name from our columns for the future.

---

J. H.—Amati violins in perfect condition have brought a price as high as \$1500, while poor ones have been sold for \$300. At a recent sale in London some very good ones brought prices ranging from \$800 to \$900. There are only a very few specimens of genuine Amati violins in this country.

---

We acknowledge, with thanks, a beautifully written "prize letter" from a little girl, pupil in a public school in Howard City, Michigan; and also a package of twelve letters from the boys and girls of a primary school in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. We regret that we have no room to print these favors. They are all neatly written and prettily expressed, and even could we print the best one from our little friends in Pittsburgh, we would not know which to choose. Our young readers will be pleased to know that every one of these Pittsburgh school-children is deeply interested in the adventures of Toby Tyler, and full of sympathy for his misfortunes.

---

LEWIS B. M.—The set consisting of seven stamps, including stamped envelope, is worth about twelve cents if cancelled. A set of the same, uncanceled, can be bought for sixty cents.

---

EDMUND S. H.—Russian merchant vessels have the right to pass out of the Black Sea through the Dardanelles, but ships of war are not allowed to pass without a firman from the Porte.—Servia is an independent principality. Roumania is also independent, and until very recently has had the same form of government as Servia, but by a vote unanimously passed by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, Prince Charles of Roumania has become King. Bulgaria is a vassal of the Porte.

---

GUSSIE S.—Jimmy Brown is alive, and is not an old man.

---

KARL C. W.—See answer to C. N. C. in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 67.

---

R., VIRGINIA.—Your stamp was issued at Memphis, Tennessee, in 1861, and, if in good condition, is now worth about one dollar, as it is rare. The letters you can not make out are *ay*.

---



ALICE N. B.—The name given by the English to the Indian who caused the death of King Philip was Alderman. His Indian name is not given in any history. He was one of the followers of King Philip; but when Philip killed his brother because he had advised the King to listen to proposals for peace, he vowed revenge, and going to the English, offered to show them where Philip was concealed. Captain Church immediately started for the swamp near Mount Hope with a party of armed men, guided by Alderman. Philip's wigwam was surrounded, and the chieftain himself was shot as he was attempting to escape through the forest. It is a matter of dispute whether the bullet which pierced the heart of Philip was fired by Alderman, the Indian, or by Caleb Cook, the Plymouth soldier who stood by his side, but the deed is generally attributed to Alderman.

---

**PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.**

**No. 1.**

**ENIGMA.**

In girl, not in boy.  
In grief, not in joy.  
In rags, not in silk.  
In cream, not in milk.  
In foot, not in toe.  
In fast, not in slow.  
In ramble, not in roam.  
In Africa my home.

PERCY.

---

**No. 2.**

**EASY WORD SQUARES.**

1.—1. Refreshing in summer. 2. A girl's name. 3. An ancient ruler. 4. Adjacent.

EMILY.

2.—1. A metal. 2. A girl's name. 3. A mineral substance. 4. Moist.

GEORGE W.

---

**No. 3.**

**NUMERICAL CHARADES.**

1. I am the classic name of a European peninsula composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is to examine carefully.  
My 5, 6, 7 is a loud sound.  
My 9, 8, 7 is a kind of wagon.  
My 5, 10, 11, 4, 3 is a character in mythology.

WILLIE P. C.

2. I am composed of 9 letters, and am a character well known to readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

My 3, 8, 7, 5 encircles.  
My 9, 6, 8 is a kind of grain.  
My 1, 2, 4 is a trifle.

OLIVER TWIST.

3. I am a wonderful natural curiosity in the United States composed of 11 letters.

My 10, 11, 6, 5 is to prohibit.  
My 4, 9, 3, 1, 2 is a sweet word.  
My 8, 7, 2, 6 is what school-girls like to do.

M. C. H.

---

**No. 4.**

**FRAME PUZZLE.**

```

*      *
*****
*      *
*      *
*      *
*      *
*****
*      *
*      *

```

Make this frame of four words of ten letters each. The intersecting letter at each corner is A, and the words signify: foreign; to institute; to scourge; a substance containing iron.

BOLUS.

**No. 5.**

**TRIPLE ENIGMA—(To *Starry Flag*).**

In vindictive, not in spurn.  
 In incense, not in burn.  
 In grains, but not in rice.  
 In nutmeg, not in spice.  
 In savage, not in free.  
 Three goddesses were we  
 Worshipped in Greece and Rome,  
 And Olympus was our home.

DAME DURDEN.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 73.**

**No. 1.**

Grosbeak, Bobolink.

**No. 2.**

APPALACHICOLA  
 TALLAHASSEE  
 ASTRAKHAN  
 MILTZIN  
 PATOS  
 TAY  
 H  
 BON  
 SAONE  
 CHICAGO  
 NEUCHATEL  
 KLAUSENBURG  
 RIVEREDULOUP

**No. 3.**

VICESSTART  
 IDEALTUNER  
 CEASEANISE  
 EASEDRESIN  
 SLEDS TRENT

KATEITEM  
 ACIDTIME  
 TIDEEMIR  
 EDENMERE

**No. 4.**

1. Electric light. 2. Coal-scuttle. 3. King Arthur.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alice N. Blood, Ray B., *Hugh Burns*, *Boys of Marcella Street Home*, Alice Cantine, Howard Cleveland, R. O. Chester, "Dollars and Cents," "Ed. I. Torial," John C. Gabel, Edward Gude, Henry Gottlieb, J. L. Hastie, Jun., Willie Hartwell, Eddie S. Hequembourg, Frank Haines, Alice M. H., "L. U. Stral," "Lode Star," "Milwaukee," *Percy L. McDermott*, May and Fannie, "Pepper," A. P., Harold N. Pleis, Edith Ross, "Starry Flag," *Howard J. Van Doren*, Willie F. Woolard, "Young Solver."

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## 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.*

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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.



[Pg 384]

## THE STUCK-UP BOY.

A ravenous boy at Manassas  
Once ate so much cake and molasses  
That he (living in clover)  
Grew sticky all over,  
So that various things, from old letters to corks,  
Spoons, bread-crumbs, and scissors, raised biscuits, and forks,  
Stuck to him like brothers,  
Burrs, beggars, or mothers,  
Until every one yelled,  
"He's the stuckupest boy that we ever beheld."

---

## LEAD AND ITS USES.

The uses of lead are numerous: it is employed in making the fine kinds of glass, enabling them to bear the sudden changes of heat and cold better; also to give glass a proper degree of weight, and render it more easy to be cut without breaking. Lead gives to glass a greater power of refracting the rays of light, and confers upon it a higher polish.

A mixture of lead with tin forms *pewter*, and the same metals in different proportions make that useful article to plumbers and others, *soft solder*.

Lead, in the condition of sheets, has long been employed for the preservation of the bodies of great personages, and is in common use for coffins.

You have often seen the thin sheet-lead with which boxes of tea, imported from China, are lined. The manufacture of this by the Chinese is very simple. The lead plates are not rolled, as from their extreme thinness might be supposed; nor even hammered, as the appearance of the surface might indicate; but actually cast at once in the state in which we see them. Two men are employed; one of them is seated on the floor, with a large flat stone before him, and with a movable flat stone stand at his side. His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible filled with melted lead; and having poured a sufficient quantity on the slab, the other lifts the movable stone, and placing it suddenly on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured on in a similar manner, and a like plate formed, the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough

edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are afterward soldered together for use.

Large quantities of lead are used for the manufacture of shot and bullets. The smaller kinds of shot are made by pouring the metal from a considerable height, in consequence of which it separates into globular masses of different sizes, which cool during their descent, and in the water into which they fall.

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## CHARADE.

My first is truly the first  
Among persons of every degree;  
My second composes my whole,  
And without it my whole can not be.

Yet unless from my second my whole  
Is separate wholly and free,  
My whole can never exist.  
Now read you this riddle to me.

---

## LONDON BRIDGE.

"London Bridge is falling down,  
Falling down, falling down—  
London Bridge is falling down,  
So farewell, my lady.

"You've broke the locks, and stole my gold,  
Stole my gold, stole my gold—  
You've broke the locks, and stole my gold,  
So farewell, my lady.

"Then off to prison you'll have to go,  
Have to go, have to go—  
Then off to prison you'll have to go,  
So farewell, my lady."



"LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN."

### DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME.

One may often see in our city streets a group of children, two standing with uplifted hands while the others pass between, and chanting, in a tune of their own, the foregoing words. At the conclusion the hands are dropped around a comrade, and he is asked to choose between the two leaders, who have decided upon names—as, "a gold church," and "a silver castle"—and placed behind his choice. At last all are caught. Then comes the "tug," often a very unequal and amusing contest.



THE "TUG."

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, APRIL 12, 1881 \*\*\*

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