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Title: Harper's Young People, April 19, 1881

Author: Various

Release date: April 6, 2014 [EBook #45329]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

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VOL. II.—No. 77.  
Tuesday, April 19, 1881.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.  
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PRICE FOUR CENTS.  
\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

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**"HOW I LOVE YOU, MR. STUBBS!"**

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

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

**BY JAMES OTIS.**

**CHAPTER XIX.**

**MR. STUBBS'S MISCHIEF, AND HIS SAD FATE.**

Toby had begun to realize that he was lost in the woods, and the thought was sufficient to cause alarm in the mind of any one much older than the boy. He said to himself that he would keep on in the direction he was then travelling for fifteen minutes; and as he had no means of computing the time, he sat down on a log, took out the bit of pencil with which he had written the letter to Ella, and multiplied sixty by fifteen. He knew that there were sixty seconds to the minute, and that he could ordinarily count one to each second, therefore, when he learned that there were nine hundred seconds in fifteen minutes, he resolved to walk as nearly straight ahead as possible, until he should have counted that number.

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He walked on, counting as regularly as he could, and he thought to himself that he never before realized how long fifteen minutes were. It really seemed to him that an hour had passed before he finished counting, and then, when he stopped, there were no more signs that he was near a clearing than there had been before he started.

"Ah, Mr. Stubbs, we're lost! we're lost!" he cried, as he laid his cheek on the monkey's head, and gave way to the lonesome grief that came over him. "What shall we do? Perhaps we won't ever find our way out, but will die here, an' then Uncle Dan'l won't ever know how sorry I was that I run away."

Then Toby lay right down on the ground, and cried so hard that the monkey acted as if he were frightened, and tried to turn the boy's face over, and finally leaned down and lapped Toby's ear.

This little act, which seemed so much like a kiss, caused Toby to feel no small amount of comfort, and he sat up again, took the monkey in his arms, and began seriously to discuss some definite plan of action.

"It won't do to keep on the way we've been goin', Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, as he looked full in his pet's face, and the old monkey sat as still and looked as grave as it was possible for him to look and sit; "for we must be goin' into the woods deeper. Let's start off this way"—and Toby pointed at right angles with the course they had been pursuing—"an' keep right on that way till we come to something, or till we drop right down an' die."

It is fair to presume that the old monkey agreed to Toby's plan, for although he said nothing in favor of it, he certainly made no objections to it, which to Toby was the same as if his companion had assented to it in the plainest English.

Both the bundles and the monkey were rather a large load for a small boy like Toby to carry; but he clung

manfully to them, walked resolutely on, without looking to the right or to the left, glad when the old monkey would take a run among the trees, for then he would be relieved of his weight, and glad when he returned, for then he had his company, and that repaid him for any labor which he might have to perform on account of it.

Toby was in a hard plight as it was; but without the old monkey for a companion, he would have thought his condition was a hundred times worse, and would hardly have had the courage to go on as he was going.

On and on he walked, until it seemed to him that he could really go no further, and yet he could see no signs which indicated the end of the woods, and at last he sank upon the ground, too tired to walk another step, and said to the monkey, who was looking as if he would like to know the reason of this pause, "It's no use, Mr. Stubbs, I've got to sit down here, an' rest awhile, anyhow; besides, I'm awfully hungry."

Then Toby commenced to eat his dinner, and to give the monkey his, until the thought came to him that he neither had any water, nor did he know where to find it, and then, of course, he immediately became so thirsty that it was impossible for him to eat any more.

"We can't stand this," moaned Toby to the monkey; "we've got to have something to drink, or else we can't eat all these sweet things, an' I'm so tired that I can't go any further. Don't let's eat dinner now, but let's stay here an' rest, an' then we can keep on an' look for water."

Toby's resting spell was a long one, for as soon as he stretched himself out on the ground, he was asleep from actual exhaustion, and he did not awaken until the sun was just setting, and then he saw that, hard as his troubles had been before, they were about to become, or in fact had become, worse.

He had paid no attention to his bundles when he lay down, and when he awoke he was puzzled to make out what it was that was strewn around the ground so thickly.

He had looked at it but a very short time when he saw that it was what had been the lunch he had carried so far. After having had the sad experience of losing his money, he understood very readily that the old monkey had taken the lunch while he slept, and had amused himself by picking it apart into the smallest particles possible, and then strewn them around on the ground, where he could now see them.

Toby looked at them in almost speechless surprise, and then he turned to where the old monkey lay, apparently asleep; but as the boy watched him intently, he could see that the cunning animal was really watching him out of one half-closed eye.

"Now you have killed us, Mr. Stubbs," wailed Toby. "We never can find our way out of here; an' now we hain't got anything to eat, an' by to-morrow we shall be starved to death. Oh dear! wasn't you bad enough when you threw all the money away, so you had to go an' do this just when we was in awful trouble?"

Mr. Stubbs now looked up as if he had just been awakened by Toby's grief, looked around him leisurely as if to see what could be the matter, and then apparently seeing for the first time the crumbs that were lying around on the ground, took up some and examined them intently.

"Now don't go to makin' believe that you don't know how they come there," said Toby, showing anger toward his pet for the first time. "You know it was you who did it, for there wasn't any one else here, an' you can't fool me by lookin' so surprised."

It seemed as if the monkey had come to the conclusion that his little plan of ignorance wasn't the most perfect success, for he walked meekly toward his young master, climbed up on his shoulder, and sat there kissing his ear, or looking down into his eyes, until the boy could resist the mute appeal no longer, but took him into his arms, and hugged him closely, as he said,

"It can't be helped now, I s'pose, an' we shall have to get along the best way we can; but it was awful wicked of you, Mr. Stubbs, an' I don't know what we're goin' to do for something to eat."

While the destructive fit was on him, the old monkey had not spared the smallest bit of food, but had picked everything into such minute shreds that none of it could be gathered up, and everything was surely wasted.

While Toby sat bemoaning his fate, and trying to make out what was to be done for food, the darkness, which had just begun to gather when he first awoke, now commenced to settle around, and he was obliged to seek for some convenient place in which to spend the night before it should be so dark as to make the search impossible.

Owing to the fact that he had slept nearly the entire afternoon, and also rendered wakeful by the loss he had just sustained, Toby lay awake on the hard ground, with the monkey on his arm hour after hour, until all kinds of fancies came to him, and in every sound he heard some one from the circus coming to capture him, or some wild beast intent on picking his bones.

The cold sweat of fear stood out on his brow, and he hardly dared to breathe, much more to speak, lest the sound of his voice should betray his whereabouts, and thus bring his enemies down upon him. The minutes seemed like hours, and the hours like days, as he lay there, listening fearfully to every one of the night sounds of the forest, and it seemed to him that he had been there very many hours, when at last he fell asleep, and was thus freed from his fears.

Bright and early on the following morning Toby was awake, and as he came to a realizing sense of all the dangers and trouble that surrounded him, he was disposed to give way again to his sorrow; but he said resolutely to himself: "It might be a good deal worse than it is, an' Mr. Stubbs an' I can get along one day without anything to eat, an' perhaps by night we shall be out of the woods, an' then what we get will taste good to us."

He began his walk, which possibly might not end that day, manfully, and his courage was rewarded by soon reaching a number of bushes that were literally loaded down with blackberries.

From these he made a hearty meal, and the old monkey fairly revelled in them, for he ate all he possibly could, and then stowed away enough in his cheeks to make a good-sized lunch when he should be hungry again.

Refreshed very much by his breakfast of fruit, Toby started on his journey again with renewed vigor, and the world began to look very bright to him. He had not thought that he might find berries when the thoughts of starvation came into his mind, and now that his hunger was satisfied, he began to believe that he might possibly be able to live perhaps for weeks in the woods, solely upon what he might find growing there.

Shortly after he had had breakfast he came upon a brook, which he thought was the same one upon whose banks he had encamped the first night he spent in the woods, and pulling off his clothes, he waded into the deepest part, and had a most refreshing bath, even if the water was rather cold.

Not having any towels with which to dry himself, he was obliged to sit in the sun until the moisture had been dried from his skin, and he could put his clothes on once more. Then he started out on his walk again, feeling that sooner or later he would come out all right.

All this time he had been travelling without any guide to tell him whether he was going straight ahead or around in a circle, and he now concluded to follow the course of the brook, believing that that would lead him out of the forest some time.

During that forenoon he walked steadily, but not so fast that he would get exhausted quickly, and when by the position of the sun he judged that it was noon, he lay down on a mossy bank to rest.

He was beginning to feel sad again. He had found no more berries, and the elation which had been caused by his breakfast and his bath was quickly passing away. The old monkey was in a tree almost directly above his head, stretched out on one of the limbs in the most contented manner possible, and as Toby watched him, and thought of all the trouble he had caused by wasting the food, thoughts of starvation again came into his mind, and he believed that he should never live to see Uncle Daniel again.

Just when he was feeling the most sad and lonely, and when thoughts of death from starvation were most vivid in his mind, he heard the barking of a dog, which sounded close at hand.

His first thought was that at last he was saved, and he was just starting to his feet to shout for help when he heard the sharp report of a gun, heard an agonizing cry from the branches above, and the old monkey fell to the ground with a thud that told he had received his death-wound.

All this had taken place so quickly that Toby did not at first comprehend the extent of the misfortune which had overtaken him; but a groan from the poor monkey, as he placed one little brown paw to his breast, from which the blood was flowing freely, and looked up into his master's face with a most piteous expression, showed the poor little boy what a great trouble it was which had now come.

Poor Toby uttered one great cry of agony, which could not have been more full of anguish had he received the ball in his own breast, and flinging himself by the side of the dying monkey, he gathered him close to his breast, regardless of the blood that poured over him, and stroking tenderly the little head that had nestled so often in his bosom, he said, over and over again, as the monkey uttered little short moans of agony, "Who could have been so cruel?—who could have been so cruel?"

Toby's tears ran like rain down his face, and he kissed his dying pet again and again, as if he would take all the pain to himself.

"Oh, if you could only speak to me!" he cried, as he took one of the poor little monkey hands in his, and finding that it was growing cold with the chill of death, put it on his neck to warm it.

"How I love you, Mr. Stubbs!" he cried again. "An' now you're goin' to die an' leave me. Oh, if I hadn't spoken cross to you yesterday, an' if I hadn't choked you the day that we went to the skeleton's to dinner! Forgive me for ever bein' bad to you, won't you, Mr. Stubbs?"

As the monkey's groans increased in number, but diminished in force, Toby ran to the brook, filled his hands with water, and held it to the poor animal's mouth.

He lapped the water quickly, and looked up with a human look of gratitude in his eyes, as if thanking his master for that much relief. Then Toby tried to wash the blood from off his breast, but it flowed quite as fast as he could wash it away, and he ceased his efforts in that direction, and paid every attention to making his friend and pet more comfortable. He took off his jacket, and laid it on the ground for the monkey to lie upon, he picked a quantity of large green leaves as a cooling rest for his head, and then he sat by his side, holding his paws, and talking to him with the most tender words his lips—all quivering with sorrow as they were—could fashion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## GLACIERS. <sup>[1]</sup>

A glacier is a field or immense mass of ice formed in the deep valleys of high mountain ranges upon which snow seems to be eternal. The snow, however, is not so lasting. Indeed, it is constantly evaporating, returning to the clouds from which it descended; or, remaining exposed to the rays of the sun, or to the influence of a hot southerly wind, it melts and trickles down until it is seized by the cold and congealed into ice. Thus, by means of the millions of drops which melt only to freeze and melt again, and again grow solid, the mass is constantly transformed, and, little by little, the snow so lately fallen upon the summit of the mountain is found to have descended the slopes. Even in the summer these enormous quantities of ice and snow produce a local winter, all the more curious from the contrast, for side by side with the gloomy glacier, with its great gaping crevices, its collection of stones, its terrible silence, flowers are blooming, birds are singing, and fruit ripens. It is like death and life.

The glacier, however, has a life of its own. Though difficult to discover its secret progress, it is in constant motion. Like the avalanche, its work is to carry the rubbish of the crumbling mountains into the plains, not by violence, but by the patient labor of every moment. It is true that glaciers have ages, almost endless, in which to do their work, but slowly as they move, their destination is the sea, where they must one day be swallowed up. Always immovable in appearance, they are really ice rivers flowing in a rocky bed. On its course the solid river behaves very much as would one of running water. It has its windings, its depths and shallows, its rapids and cascades.

But the ice, not possessing the suppleness or fluidity of water, accomplishes, somewhat awkwardly, the movements forced upon it by the nature of the ground. It can not at its cataracts fall in one level sheet as does the water current; but, according to the inequalities of the bottom, and the cohesion of the ice crystals, it fractures, splits, gets cut up into blocks inclining various ways, falling over one another,



**A GLACIER AND CREVASSE.**

becoming cemented together again in curious obelisks, towers, fantastic groups. Even in that part where the bottom of the immense groove inclines with tolerable regularity, the surface of the glacier does not in the least resemble the even surface of the water of a river. The friction of the ice against its edges does not ripple it with tiny waves similar to those of the shore, but fractures and refractures it with crevices intersecting one another in a multitude of fissures or cracks, which, widening out into chasms, become what are known as *crevasses*, and which make travel upon a glacier so dangerous.

Looking down from the edges of these chasms we see layer upon layer of bluish ice separated by blackish bands, the remains of rubbish carried down from the surface, or at other times the ice may be as clear and perfect as one single crystal. What is the depth? We do not know. A jutting crag of ice, combined with the darkness, prevents our glance descending to the lowest rocks; yet we sometimes hear a mysterious noise ascending from the abyss: it is the water rippling, a stone becoming loosened, a bit of ice splitting off and falling down. Explorers have descended these chasms to measure their density and to study the temperature and composition of the deep ice. Sometimes they have been able to do it, without any great risk, by penetrating laterally into the clefts from the rocks which serve as banks to the rivers of ice. Frequently, too, they are let down by ropes. But for one scientific discoverer who carefully and with proper precaution thus explores the

holes of the glaciers, how many unhappy shepherds have been engulfed by these chasms! Yet it is known that mountaineers having fallen to the bottom of a crevasse, though wounded and bleeding and dazed by the darkness, have yet preserved their courage and managed to save their lives. There was one who followed the course of a subglacial stream, and thus made a veritable journey below the enormous vault of ice.

Without descending into the depths of a glacier to study its air-bubbles and crystals, praiseworthy as the courageous effort may be, we can find much to interest us upon its surface.

In this apparent confusion everything is regulated by law. Why should a fissure always be produced in the frozen mass opposite one point of the steep bank? Why at a certain depth below should the crevasse, which has gradually become enlarged, again bring its edges nearer each other, and the glacier be re-cemented? Why should the surface regularly bulge out in one part to become fissured elsewhere? On seeing all these phenomena, which roughly reproduce the ripples, wavelets, and eddies on the smooth sheets of the water of a river, we better understand the unity which presides over everything in nature.

When, by long exploration, we have become familiar with the glacier, and we know how to account to ourselves for all the little changes which take place upon it, it is a delight to roam about it on a fine summer's day. The heat of the sun has given it voice and motion. Tiny veins of water, almost imperceptible at first, are formed here and there; these unite in sparkling streamlets which wind at the bottom of miniature river-beds, hollowed out by themselves, and then suddenly disappear in a crack in the ice, giving forth a low plaint in a silvery voice. They swell or fall according to the variations of the temperature. Should a cloud pass before the sun and cool the atmosphere, they barely continue to flow; when the heat becomes greater, the rivulets assume the pace of torrents; they sweep away with them sand and pebbles, which, meeting little drifts of earth, form banks and islands; then toward evening they calm down, and soon the cold of the night congeals them afresh.

How much more charming are all these little dramas of inanimate nature when animals or plants take part in them! Attracted by the mildness of the air the butterfly flutters on the scene, or the plant, fallen from the heights of neighboring rocks, makes the most of its short time to take root again and display its last little blossoms.

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## **APRIL.**

**BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.**

Frost in the meadow, fog on the hill;  
Bluebird and robin sing with a will.

Up through the brown earth, spite of the cold,  
Comes Lady Crocus, in purple and gold.

Shy little Snow-drop, dressed like a bride,  
Nodding and trembling, stands by her side.

Daffadowndilly slips out of bed,  
With a buff turban crowning her head.

Slim Mr. Jonquil comes on the run;  
"Pray, am I up in time for the fun?"

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## **EASTER-TIME.**

**BY MARY D. BRINE.**

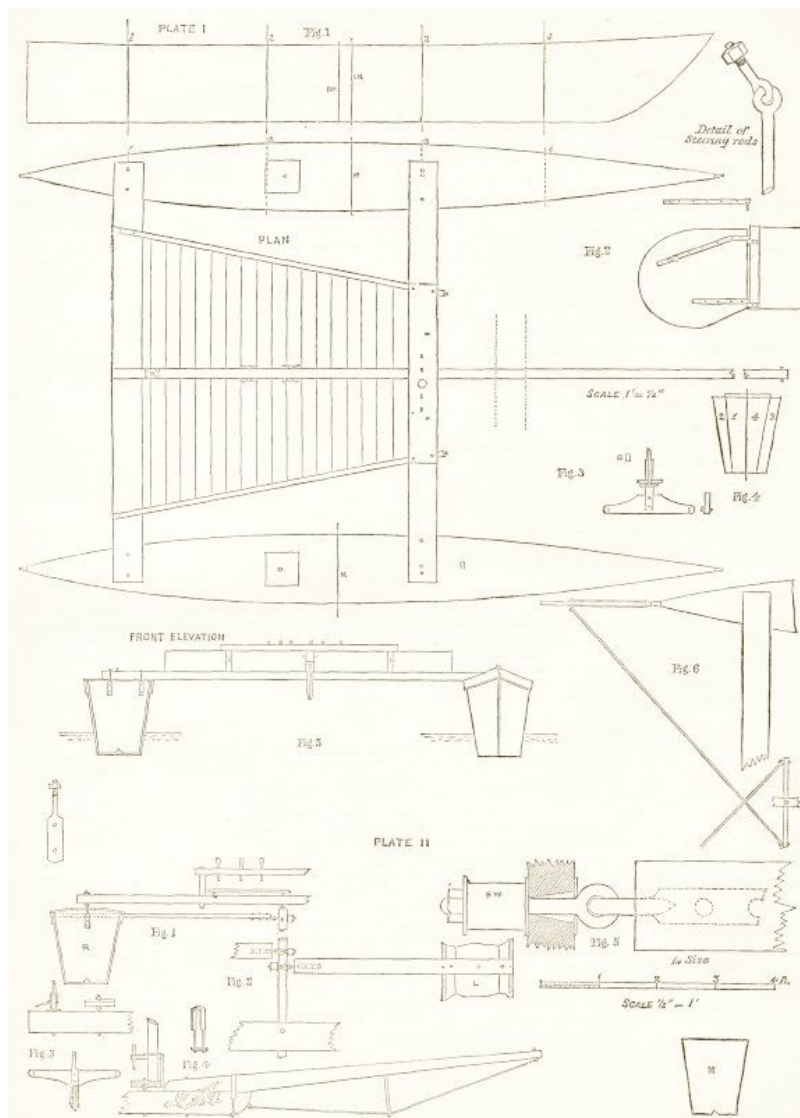
The shadows of winter, so chill and so gray,  
 Have passed from the meadows and hill-tops away;  
 There's a shine in the skies,  
 Born of Spring's merry eyes,  
 And the heart of the Earth grows softer each day.

See how she releases from fetter and chain  
 Her treasures, which spring into freedom again,  
 Till with beauty and bloom  
 And sweetest perfume  
 Is filled every hill-side, and meadow, and lane.

But fairest of all things that blossom and grow,  
 Sweet as the summer and pure as the snow,  
 Is the lily, that tells,  
 Like the glad Easter bells,  
 Once more the sweet story which all hearts should know.

Bloom out, Easter lilies; bloom brightly and fair;  
 Breathe out your pure fragrance upon the mild air;  
 Fling your banners so white  
 Gayly out to the light,  
 For past is the lenten of sorrow and care.

For oh! with the spring-time the Easter is born;  
 Out of darkness and night springs the glad welcome dawn;  
 And Easter bells ringing,  
 Their Easter song singing,  
 With loud jubilates hail Spring's sunny morn.



**WORKING PLANS OF A CATAMARAN.**

**HOW TO BUILD A CATAMARAN.**

**BY F. S. C.**

By this time, boys, you must be pretty well tired of winter sports—ice-boating, coasting, skating, to say

nothing of cold fingers, frost-bitten ears, and red noses. There is no doubt but what you are as much pleased to see the grass looking a little green, and an occasional bud here and there, as older people. You perhaps have wished it might be spring for another reason, that is, to find out what was to be done with your ice-boat. If you remember, at the time the plans came out you were told to take particular care of your craft, as it could be put to good use in the spring. Well, with a few changes your ice-boat is to become a catamaran.

In the first place, you must unrig her. Take off the mast bench, side boards, floor, and stern pieces, and also the runners and rudder; then unfasten the runner plank, and move it back one foot six inches, and bolt it to the keel. Now call on your friend the carpenter, and get a plank of the same dimensions as the runner plank. Bolt that to the keel at the extreme end (one bolt will do). Have cut two pieces of pine plank five feet nine inches long, four inches wide, and one and a half inches thick; place them as in the plan. Replace the mast bench, and bolt it to the forward plank and sides as shown; bolt also the sides to the plank aft.

Perhaps it would have been better to have commenced with the hulls, and left the frame until afterward; but it makes very little difference, as it all has to be done. Now build the hulls. You must get four boards (white pine) twelve feet long, half an inch thick, and eighteen inches wide, not a check or a knot to be found even with a microscope. As you must be pretty well acquainted with the carpenter now, he will take particular pains to get the kind you want. Make the boards as in Fig. 1. At 1, 2, 3, 4 draw lines; cut the sheer line and the bow. The moulds (Fig. 4) 1 and 3 to be made of oak one and a half inches thick, and 2 and 4 of pine one inch thick. Take measurements carefully, as they are intended to remain in place, and not be removed after the hulls are formed over them.

The stern-post and stem are to be made of oak three inches thick, and rabbeted for the sides. Fasten the sides to the moulds with galvanized nails, and to the stern and stem with brass screws.

Square the tops and bottoms of the sides with a plane and straight-edge. But before you nail on the bottom of the hulls, cut a three-cornered piece out of the centre of the lower edge of each mould (see front elevation); this will allow the water to run from one compartment to another; for all boats must leak a little, you know; in fact, it is better for them—it keeps the seams tighter.

The bottom, which should be in one piece, may be nailed on. Put a little white lead on the lower edge of the sides; it will make the joints tighter. You must do the same with the stem and stern. Give the hulls a good coat of paint inside, and fasten bolts to moulds 1 and 3; you will see in the front elevation what they are for.

The deck may be cut and fastened in place; this is to be in one piece, half an inch thick. You may, if you like, put a three-inch ribbon of pine around the hulls. It is not really necessary, but it looks better; it gives more of a finish to it. In case you do this, the deck should lap over the ribbon, so don't cut the deck before you put on the ribbons. Give the hulls a primer of paint. You may now finish the upper frame. It is all done but the flooring. Use for this half-inch pine six inches in width, tongued and grooved; fasten with galvanized nails to the under side of the keel and side pieces. Put the frame on the hulls, and bolt the planks in their places. Now, if you like, you may launch your craft. After the launching let her lie a day in the water, which will give the wood a chance to swell. In the plan you will notice two squares on the decks. These are the hatchways, through which you may sponge out the water in case your vessel leaks; she will anyway the first day she is launched. In the steering gear of your boat you may utilize that which you have on hand, with some additions. In place of the rudder in the ice-boat, get a piece of oak eighteen inches long, with bolts at either end, and fasten to the old iron-work; a glance at Fig. 3 in the ice-boat plans will show you that it is the same. The rudders are to be made of oak one inch thick; the iron bands are intended to strengthen them, as well as to hold the eyebolts. Get the blacksmith to make two half-inch iron rods; these are to connect the rudders with the cross-piece. Fig. 6 will show you the detail.

Slip a small piece of gas-pipe over the rudder-post between the tiller and the keel (see Fig. 3). The tiller, fastened on with a nut on top, will keep the post in position; this is better than a pin running through it.

Hanging the rudder and necessary fixtures, as well as the rigging, had better be done on land; that is, after she has been launched, and hauled up again.

You will need a new mast twelve inches longer than the old one, as well as a new gaff and boom; make them eighteen inches longer than the old ones. The topmast should be four feet long from the mast-head. The mainsail should have a new piece sewed on the leach, eighteen inches long, at the head and foot. The jib should be eighteen inches longer on the foot. The shrouds must be heavier than those used formerly, and be run out to the ends of the plank. No jibstay is needed, but a small rope sewed to the leach will be necessary. The bobstay should run from the end of the bowsprit, thence to the plank under the same, and be trussed in the middle with a piece of oak (see front elevation).

You might make a spreader for the topmast, say of eighth-inch wire, with an eye at either end; run the topmast shrouds through these eyes, and then to where the shrouds are fastened.

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Those parts of the ice-boat which you have not used for this craft put carefully by until the next cold snap, which will doubtless not occur within the coming six months.

Now you are ready, boys, to paint up. Having examined the hulls carefully, and being thoroughly satisfied that there are no leaks, you may get out your paint-pots and go ahead. Draw the water-line mark, and paint the bottoms red, the sides light buff or French gray, and the ribbons black; the deck, the same as the hull; the frame you may varnish, although it would be better to paint it.

Get your boat in the water now, hoist your sails, and, with a fine breeze, take your first sail in your catamaran. You need have no fear of capsizing, but your boat may do what they call "pitch pole," that is, dip its nose into the water, and go completely over. We are in hopes, however, that this one will not act so.

In making the drawings for this catamaran the supposition is that you have an ice-boat, and that you utilize certain parts of said boat in the new construction. New timber is used in whatever radical changes are made, and under no circumstances do you cut any of the old timber, but lay it away until the next cold snap. The construction of this craft from your ice-boat has necessitated a rigid frame-work, preventing the independent movement of the hulls. In a catamaran properly built the hulls should move independently; and for those boys who have not an ice-boat, or prefer, if they have, to lay it aside altogether, additional drawings are made. The changes are only in the manner of fastening the hulls to the frame-work—the arrangement of the keel and bowsprit, an additional mould in either hull, a crown to the deck, and a slight difference in the iron-work and position of the tiller.

The keel, K, of white pine, four inches wide, an inch and three-quarters thick, and eight feet long, runs

twelve inches beyond the after cross-beam; instead of being on top, it is hung underneath the beams, and bolted to them by half-inch links or eyebolts. The ends of the cross-beams are fastened to the moulds in the hulls (Fig. 1 will show you how), with a rubber washer on top; this will give elasticity. You will observe that these are used wherever there are bolts, with the exception of those in the keel. Fig. 2 gives the detail of the stanchions (of oak, one by three inches) for keeping the hulls on an even keel, and at the same time allowing a limited rolling motion; the other end of the stanchion is bolted to an extra mould in the hulls, marked R M and L M. You notice the difference in the positions of the same (see Fig. 1 and plans in Plate I.); Fig. 2, Plate II., explains why. The detail is given (Fig. 5, Plate II.) of rubber washers, links, etc.; this is drawn quarter size. Mast bench of oak an inch and a half thick and six inches wide. If you like, instead of pine for cross-beams, oak can be used, an inch and a half thick, but only four inches wide, and, if it is possible, get them with a slight curve upward.

Instead of nailing the floor to the bottom of the side pieces, lay a four-inch plank of oak on the cross-beams, G, Fig. 1, and fasten the floor to that. Make it three-quarters of an inch thick, instead of half an inch, as in Plate I. This will prevent the floor going through when you happen to get in a rough sea, and your craft gives all over. The side pieces should be bolted to the cross-beams with half-inch bolts, with washers of rubber underneath; one bolt is sufficient in each end of the side pieces, running through the middle of the cross-beams.

With these alterations, in connection with Plate I., there is no reason why you should not have a comfortable craft, and no doubt you will get through the summer creditably, and without a wet jacket from a capsized. As for a "pitch pole," that should not occur, as your craft, when afloat, will be pretty well down by the stern.

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## "LA CHEVALIÈRE BAYARDE."

BY LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

"Oh dear! I wish I lived in the Middle Ages!"

"What's up now?" asked a voice from Tom's sofa, where he lay idly turning the pages of a comic almanac.

"Oh, I've been reading about the Knights of the Round Table, and what lovely times they all had; and I'm tired to death of being just a girl in a Connecticut farm-house, where nothing ever happens."

"Doesn't it, then? I should rather think it had lately."

"Yes, if you mean horrid, uncomfortable things, like mother and father going to Boston for a week, and you taking the chance to lame yourself for life, and Hester's mother capping the climax by sending for her in hot haste. I don't mean stupid, commonplace things; I mean adventures—grand, beautiful deeds of heroism. How I should love to be a heroine! I wish I were Florence Nightingale in the hospital, when the sick soldier kissed her shadow on the wall; I wish I were Joan of Arc, or Grace Darling, or *somebody*; not just Amabel Holroyd. *Holroyd!* how can any one with such a name be romantic? I could be a heroine; I feel I've got it in me. You needn't laugh, Tom."

The door opened quietly, and Meg came in, her bright face a little overcast.

"People never are appreciated by their own families," wound up Amabel, with some heat.

"They know too much about 'em!" said Tom, sententiously. "Hullo, Meggums! what's the row?"

"Bad news," said Meg, trying to smile. "Anastasia Ann's gone!"

"What?" in a duet of dismay.

"Yes, indeed. She said she couldn't stop where it was so lonesome; and though I protested Hester would be back early to-morrow morning, she packed up her things then and there, and went off by the stage when it passed just now. So now we're alone, and no mistake."

"Because you must needs let Seth Binks go to drive Hester, and there isn't a soul within two miles but old Granny Peters! Never mind. I hope robbers will come; I'll defend the house: I should just enjoy it."

"There isn't much for them to steal," said Meg, as she smoothed Tom's pillow. Tom looked up with a grateful smile.

"How did you know it wanted that?" he asked. "There's Amabel sighing to be a hospital nurse, but she never thinks of practicing on me."

"Oh, a scalded leg is so commonplace! Now if you had been wounded in battle, there would be some glory about it; but just to tip a hot kettle over yourself—"

"I guess it hurts about as much as if it were glorious," said Tom, thoughtfully. "I say, Meg, Amabel wants to be a Chevalier Bayard, she says."

"That's the very thing I want—'a knight without fear and without reproach.' Brave and blameless! I'll make it feminine, and call myself La Chevalière Bayarde; that's to be my name after this. Be sure you call me by it."

"You must win your spurs first," murmured Tom.

"Just wait till I get the chance. I should like to go about the world helping the distressed and afflicted. I tell you it's in me to be a heroine, or why should I look like one? Heroines don't have snub-noses and freckles: I beg your pardon, Meg!"

"Would you rather be a beauty,  
Or do your duty?"

sang Tom, in that aggravating cracked voice of his. "Never mind, Meggums: if you're not a Chevalier Bayard, you make splendid waffles."

"And I'll go this minute and make some for tea," said Meg, brightening, as she sprang up. "They'll console us for the loss of Anastasia Ann."



Knock! knock! It seemed to Meg she must have been asleep for hours, when she was awakened by a sound of low but continuous knocking at the back door, mingled with smothered shrieks from Amabel's little white bed.

In an instant Meg was beside her.

"Amabel, what is it? what's the matter?" she cried.

"Oh! oh!" gasped a voice half smothered under the blankets. "Don't you hear them? it's the robbers. Call Tom. Lock the door. Cover your head, or they'll shoot you."

Meg's teeth chattered with cold and fright together, as she hurried on her clothes.

"Robbers don't knock at doors," she said. "I'm going to see who is there;" and, despite another agonized shriek from Amabel, up went the window. The robber looked a very small one as he came out from the shadow and looked up. "Why, Jimmie Peters, is that you?" she said. "What's the matter?"

"Yes, it's me," answered the voice of a tiny boy. "Grandmother's took awful bad. Guess you'd better send your Seth for the doctor right away."

"Seth's away, and Tom's leg is very bad. Oh, what shall we do? Could you go?—do you know the way?"

"No, I don't; and I've gotter stay with granny."

"Oh, then, run back quick. I'll see what we can do." And as Amabel had removed the blanket from her head, and was listening, she ventured to say, timidly, "Amabel, somebody *must* fetch the doctor. Would you —*should* you mind coming with me?"

Amabel sat bolt-upright.

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"Meg Holroyd, I believe you're crazy," she said, severely. "Set out on a two miles' walk on a pitch-dark road at three o'clock in the morning? You don't know what you're talking about. I don't believe Granny Peters is so bad, and if she is, we can't help it. What are you dressing for?"

"Somebody must go," said Meg, with brave determination, as she put on her red cloak, and drew its hood about her face. "I'll take Rover and the lantern. Don't let Tom know; he'd go nearly mad. It's awful, but it has to be done." And before Amabel could recover her breath, Meg was gone.

Oh, how dark it was outside! how cold and keen the air! how lonely and ghostly the road through the pines! The little lantern threw but a feeble gleam, and the shadows took such queer shapes! Poor Meg's heart beat fast, and her knees shook, but she pressed on valiantly; and Rover was a comfort, as he kept close to her side, and pushed his nose into her hand now and then as if to reassure her. All through the dusky woods, and along by the dark river, which sounded so weird in the stillness; then over the bridge, and past Farmer Sykes's long meadow, and the saw-mill. With what a thankful heart did Meg see the yellow light of her lantern fall upon the green blinds and white fence of the doctor's house, and feel that the two miles were over!

"I wonder if they'll think I'm a robber?" she thought, as she pulled the bell. But the doctor was more used to nocturnal alarms.

"Somebody wanting me?" asked a brisk voice, as a night-capped head popped out of an upper window. "Is it Jeff Brown or the widow Smalley? Why, bless my soul! it's never one of Holroyd's girls? My dear, is Tom—"

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The fire was not quite out in Dr. Hunter's neat kitchen, and there Meg warmed her toes and fingers while "the chaise" was hastily made ready. It was hard to turn out again when the doctor came to call her; but the two miles was a very different affair now, sitting by his side in the roomy chaise, wrapped in his own great brown coat, and Rover racing along behind. They drove straight to Granny Peters's red cottage.

"Stop till I've seen her, and I'll take you home," said the doctor; and Meg gladly obeyed.

By the dying kitchen fire lay Jimmie Peters, curled up, fast asleep. Meg privately thought if that were the way he had "staid with Granny," he might as well have gone with her to the village; but she kept her reflections to herself, and sat down to wait for the doctor. He was gone a long time, almost an hour Meg thought it must be, and when he appeared it was with a grave face. He walked straight up to her, and took her chin in his big hand.

"Are you a coward?" he asked, looking keenly into her face.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," she answered, meekly. "I was dreadfully frightened in the woods to-night."

"Humph!" said he. "And yet you came. Now look here; I've got to bleed Mrs. Peters, and I must have somebody to hold her arm. There's nobody here but you; but if you're likely to scream at the sight of a little blood, you'd better stay away."

"Oh, I won't scream," said Meg. "Why, of course, if there's no one else, I must;" and with a white face she followed the doctor up stairs. Certainly this was the worst part of all this eventful night. She did not know how hard it would be until she saw the red stream flowing from Granny Peters's arm, while every one of her groans seemed more dolorous than the last. Meg kept her eyes fixed upon one particular stain on the whitewashed wall, set her teeth hard, and gripped the wrist she was holding with a desperate force. Presently, when the doctor informed her by a nod that the work was over, and while he was binding up his lancet wound, she laid the arm down gently, and stole down stairs. She reached the kitchen, where Jimmie still slumbered peacefully; there she sat down with some deliberation upon the floor, and quietly fainted away.

There the doctor found her when he came to take her home, and even after he had deluged her with cold water, and rubbed her hands until they felt quite sore, it was a very bewildered Meg that he lifted into the chaise again.

The sun was bright and golden in the sky as they drove in at the gate. Seth Binks was whistling in the yard, and Hester bustling to and fro in the kitchen; and as they drew up at the open door, there came Tom, hopping on his bad leg, to meet them, with a look of mingled relief and sternness on his kind ugly face.

"Now just look here, Master Tom," said the doctor, before Tom could utter a word. "Don't you dare to scold her, or I'll know the reason. Tell you what, you've a sister you may be proud of." And then and there he told the whole story of Meg's adventures.

"Well done, old Meggums!" was all Tom remarked, as he held out his arms, and the doctor lowered her into them. "I always knew you were the heroine."

"Oh no, Tom," said Meg, with a blush. "Why, I fainted."

"But you waited till there was nothing more to be done, before you indulged in that amusement, it appears," he responded.

And Meg never could quite understand why Tom's very next Christmas present to her took the form of a little silver lace-pin, inscribed in tiny letters of blue enamel with the mysterious words, "La Chevalière Bayarde."

"Haven't you made a mistake, Tom?" she asked, in some perplexity. "The pin is lovely, but that was Amabel's name, you know, not mine."

"You won the spurs," said Tom, laconically; and no other answer could he be induced to give.



"THE INFANT JESUS."—FROM A PAINTING BY CARLO MARATTI.

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT AT EASTER.

Old Winter has gone at last, and left the sun at peace to his work of warming the ground and coaxing out of it the grass and flowers. But Winter was icy cold this year. He staid with us as long as he dared, kept his rough winds blowing, froze all the water he could spy out, and made the snow fall. The snow! It came falling, driving, whirling down, again and again, and so many times again, that the boys shouted themselves hoarse, and snow-balls were as common as sparrows, and commoner too, sometimes, for the sparrows lost one another in the storms. A merry old friend was Winter! He kept the sleigh-bells jingling, and the boys on skates until even eight-year-old chaps learned the "Dutch Roll" and "Eights," and bad boys of all ages played "hookey." He hung more icicles than ever on our eaves and lamp-posts, and loaded the telegraph wires with ice until they broke and fell into tangles at the street corners.

But, oh! the gay parties, the sleigh-rides, the coasting (out of town), and the rollicking games that we had! The nut-crackings, corn-poppings, and candy-pulls! And then Christmas! Was there ever anything brighter than Christmas? Maybe not; indeed, I really *think* not. But hearken, children! The brightest part of it, half of you never saw. You listened to the old birthday story; you looked at the picture of Jesus in the manger, with St. John and the angels smiling at Him; but how many of you thought or wondered what it meant? Why does the Baby look straight into your faces, instead of turning His sweet smile to St. John or to one of the angels? Ah! that is the very bright thing you must remember. Because He was not born for the joy of St. John, or of any one in particular, but for *all* of us—every one—to be the Light of the World. So He smiles out of the picture into the face of whoever looks at Him, with the same love for the poorest little ragamuffin shivering at the corner, or the lonely sick child lying in the hospital, or even the criminal shut in behind prison bars, as for you who have always had loving friends about you to guard and save you from misfortune. If all the children in the world could have that picture, and be told why the Baby looks into their faces so lovingly, they would grow up better men and women. Fewer of them would get into trouble; and when they did, the others would be more ready to help them out. It is well and fitting to show you now, at Easter-time, this picture of the little Jesus. You can have a better chance to think about it than at Christmas, when your toys, your fun, and your frolic make it easier to think of yourselves. It is fitting because we think now of another birth—of the new life *which begins forever!* Easter reminds us how Jesus began that new life; how, after all His long suffering, He rose to the life that is never-ending, and rising, pointed out the beautiful way for us all.

The grass springing up in the parks, buds coming on the trees, the little seeds swelling and bursting in the ground, and sending up leaves and stems, remind us every hour of new fresh life. Out-of-doors with you all! At the close of school, out into the fresh air, and shout for the spring. Spy out the first crocus and dandelion, and see if you can find a single one of all the bird-cottages in the parks "to let." Go into the country on holidays, and look for arbutus; open your eyes wide, and don't let a bit of the beauty escape you.

And if you should discover here and there a chance to point out bits of brightness to another whose eyes may be duller than yours, if you should see a way to help some one who is weaker, an opportunity to do any little kindly act for those less fortunate than you, seize upon the chance, and bless it for coming, for that will be the best way your young hands can take to point toward the glorious life which the old story tells us Jesus began on an Easter morning.

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

## PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

### THE FAIRY'S STORY CONTINUED.

Sooner than he had supposed, Arthur heard the soft little twitter of his new friend.

"I have flown really quite a distance, and had the good fortune to see the elf who has charge of these woods. He is very much vexed with you, and will not listen to any excuse; though knowing so little about the matter, I hardly knew what to offer. I pleaded your youth, however, and made bold to promise your good behavior in the future, and while I was speaking one of the lesser elves twitched my wing a little, and whispered:

"'Promise him something he likes as a ransom, and perhaps he will answer your request.'

"'But I do not know what he likes,' I replied. 'Can you suggest anything?' I added, in the same whisper.

"'He is very much in need of some sea-weed. I heard him say the other day that he wanted some iodine, and that he would have to send a party of us off to the sea-shore to get sea-weed, from which we make iodine. Now if your friend can get it, he would be so much pleased that I am sure he would be willing to forgive him, and restore him to his proper condition.'

"After hearing this, I made the offer in your name, and received a favorable reply. You are to get two pounds of sea-weed in less than a fortnight. It is to be laid on the large flat rock which you will see lower down the stream under the chestnut-tree. You are to leave it there, and by no means to remain there, but return here, and your reward will await you."

Arthur thanked the little bird warmly, but inwardly despaired of accomplishing anything so difficult.

The little bird hopped restlessly about. "You will try to do this, will you not?" she asked.

"Of course I will try," said Arthur, rather ashamed, and striving to put a bold face on the matter. "I will try, but I do not know exactly what to do first."

"Streams run into rivers, and rivers to the sea," twittered the bird.

"'Yes; but I hardly think frogs swim in deep water. I will have to contrive a boat or a float of some sort."

Just then a huge trout sprang up after a fly, and missed it. Quick as a flash the little bird darted up, caught the fly, dropped it into the trout's open mouth, and twittered something unintelligible to Arthur. He heard, however, a curious sound of words from the trout.

"Jump on my back, jump on my back, and be off, alack!"

"Go," said the bird, quickly.

Arthur made a bound, and found himself on Mr. Specklesides' back in an instant.

"Good-by," sang the little bird, loudly, for already the trout had flashed away into a dark pool beneath a cascade, where the falling waters made a deafening noise. In another instant he made another dart, and, quick as lightning, they were in broad shallow water. Again they were whirled from eddy to eddy, and already the stream had widened into a little river. The bending trees, the weeds and grasses, were mirrored in its cool depths, as now with long steady stroke the trout swam on.

Suddenly another shape darkened the glassy surface of the water. It was the figure of a man in slouched hat and high boots, and long tapering rod in hand. He seemed to be quite motionless, but far out near the middle of the stream, just where the trout was swimming, danced a brilliant fly. A leap, a dash, and then began such a whirling mad rush through the water that Arthur knew he would be overthrown. The trout had seized the fly, and the fisherman, rapidly unreeling his line, waited for the fish to exhaust himself. Before this was done, however, Arthur was thrown violently off the trout's back, and by dint of desperate efforts reached the shore, where for a long while he lay motionless.

When he revived he found himself in long sedgy grass, well shielded from observation. The trout was nowhere to be seen, and Arthur knew that it was idle to search for him. Poor fellow! his fate had found him, and no doubt he was lying quietly enough now in the fisherman's basket.

"'Streams run into rivers, and rivers to the sea,' and I must look for some other method than the trout's back."

He hopped about wearily, ate a few flies, and then, quite worn out, fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was dark. Fire-flies flashed about him brilliantly; stars beamed so brightly that they

seemed double, half above in the sky, and half below in the water. From some overhanging boughs came a dismal hooting.

"Hush!" cried Arthur, impatiently. "Why do you want to spoil the night with such wailing?"

"I have lost three lovely little owlets," was the response. "Darling little fluffy cherubs! Never had an owl mother three such beauties!"

"Where are they?" asked Arthur.

"Devoured by a horrible night-hawk," sobbed the owl.

"Where has the night-hawk flown?"

"Far down the river after prey."

"Why do you not go after him, and punish him?"

"It is too far, and I am too sorrowful."

"You have no spirit. I would peck his eyes out were I in your place."

"Ah! you are young and strong and brave."

"Take me on your back, and we will fly after him."

"Come, then, and do battle for me, noble friend."

Down flew the owl, and up jumped Arthur quickly on its back, inwardly wondering how a frog could be a match for a night-hawk, but quite resolved to aid the poor owl if he could. With a delightful sense of freedom and glorious liberty, such as he had never before even imagined, they rose high above the tree-tops.

The moon had now risen, and the air seemed transparent silver.

Keeping near the border of the river, which had greatly widened, they emerged from one forest only to enter another.

The wild cries of loons saluted them. Herds of deer, cooling themselves in the water, glanced up with startled gaze as they passed.

A dark bird flapped low over the water as a fish leaped from the waves.

"It is my enemy," whispered the owl.

"Pursue him," returned Arthur.

"My heart sinks within me; the memory of my owlets subdues all revengefulness. Though I should make him suffer, it would not return to me my children."

"But if we kill him, he can do no further mischief."

"True, true; but he is a fearful fellow. What weapons have you with which to meet him?"

"None but my eyes and legs; a frog is a poor despicable wretch under such circumstances. Our weight together might sink him. You must fly at him with one tremendous blow, get him down in the water, and all the fish will assist to punish him, for all owe him a grudge. Or stay: fly close to him, and I will leap upon him; the weight will surprise and annoy him, and you must then make a dash for his eyes. Pluck them out if you can; it will be worse than death for him."

"Barbaric torture! But the memory of my owlets hardens my motherly heart; it pulsates with tremendous force; their loss is the world's loss. I hasten to the combat."

They swept down low as the hawk swooped for fish; Arthur sprang upon its back; the owl darted at the creature's eyes, and with a furious blow, first at one, then at the other, made her enemy sightless. The hawk, with a cry of pain, fell into the water. Instantly an enormous fish dragged him beneath, and it was only by wonderful dexterity on the part of the owl and of the frog that the latter was unhurt. He nestled once again amongst the owl's soft feathers, and they sought the shore.

"Now how shall I repay you, my brave friend?" asked the owl, as Arthur leaped upon land.

"I do not wish for any reward," replied Arthur.

"Nevertheless, you will not refuse to grant a sorrowful and stricken mother the little balm which her grateful spirit seeks in the return or acknowledgment of so vast a favor as you have conferred upon me."

Arthur thought a moment, and then told the owl of his journey and errand to the sea-shore. "Perhaps, as you are so famous for wisdom, Mother Owl, you may be able to give me some advice which will assist me to get the sea-weed, and return as speedily as I can," he said, as he finished his narration.

"I will consider," replied the owl, bending her searching gaze toward the earth. After a few moments' reflection, in which she rolled her luminous and cat-like eyes about, ruffled her feathers, and uttered a few soft "to-whit to-whoos," she murmured: "I have it. Seldom do I require to deliberate so anxiously, but parental anguish has clouded my active brain; the recent combat, also, has exhausted my nervous system. I have the happy thought at last, though, and you shall be assisted. We will fly to the nest of an old friend, a celebrated kingfisher. He lives not far from here; he knows the coast well, and will aid us. Come, mount upon my willing back, and we will fly at once."

This was no sooner said than done. They flew swiftly over the now broad expanse of water rolling in a powerful stream, bordered by a wild and harsh-looking forest. A few tall and leafless trunks



**THE OWL TELLS HER SORROWFUL STORY.**

in a cluster contained, high among the bare boughs, a huge nest. From it, aroused from his sleep, sullenly flapped a large bird.

"Wait a moment, my friend," called the owl, in her most beseeching manner. "I have a favor to ask. I wish to appeal to your intelligent, geographical, topographical, and comprehensive intellect for guidance. You know the coast; lead us to it before the dawn of day."

"A most unwarrantable request, upon my word," was the answer, in a gruff voice. "Why should you thus disturb my slumber, and demand of me this journey in the night?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE EASTER BUTTERFLY.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

George and Ella were in the garden, helping to gather the last of the fruit from the big apple-tree under which they had played all the summer. One large red apple fell on the walk, and rolled away under the gooseberry hedge, and Ella knelt down to look for it. But as she was about reaching under the bushes, she suddenly started back with a scream. "Oh, Georgie, such a horrid, *horrid* caterpillar!"

George, who hated caterpillars, and thought that they did a great deal of harm in gardens, took up a stick to kill this one. But Aunt Kate, who was looking on, checked him. "Stop, George; let us see what he is doing."

It was a very large and very ugly caterpillar, hanging to a twig of the gooseberry bush. He was curled up in almost a circle, and moving his head busily from side to side. A great many fine threads were twisted all around him.

"He is trying to get out of that cobweb," said Ella.

"No; he is making the web himself," said George, looking closely. "See how he is spinning out the threads, and winding them round himself."

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, quietly, "he is spinning his shroud. Don't disturb him, and to-morrow we will come and see what he has done."

So next day they came again into the garden, and looked under the gooseberry bush. But instead of the caterpillar, they found, hanging to the twig, a little dry brown case, or cocoon, which George said looked very much like the stump of an old cigar.

"He is in there," said Aunt Kate. "That is his coffin."

"Why, Aunt Kate! a caterpillar burying himself in a shroud and a coffin?"

"Yes; he has spun himself a fine silken shroud, and fastened himself up in a coffin."

"Is he dead?" asked Ella.

"You would think so if you could see him. He is nothing now but a little hard dry shell, which neither moves nor breathes. He can neither see nor hear."

"Then he must be dead," said George.

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"No, not dead; there remains a spark of life in the little dried-up body. By-and-by, when the right time comes, you will see him burst out of that shroud and coffin, but not as an ugly caterpillar: he will be a beautiful butterfly with lovely wings."

"Why, Aunt Kate!" they both exclaimed, in surprise.

But Aunt Kate was standing with a dreamy, far-away look in her blue eyes, and a soft sweet smile on her lips. George said she looked as though she saw the air full of beautiful butterflies. And at that Aunt Kate smiled, and kneeling down, tied a bit of silk thread around the little cocoon, and took it gently off the twig. "It shall hang on a nail in your room," she said to Ella, "and in the spring we shall see what will happen."

So all through the winter the poor caterpillar, in his shroud and coffin, hung on the wall, near the ceiling, where he might be out of harm's way. More than once George and Ella were tempted to take the cocoon gently off the nail; and feeling how light it was, and how it rattled with a dry, hollow sound, they could not believe that any life remained in it. But Aunt Kate told them to have faith in what she said, until they should see with their own eyes.

On Easter-eve the children were seated before the fire, coloring eggs. Aunt Kate was explaining to them that the festival of Easter was in remembrance of our Lord's resurrection from the tomb.

"It was wonderful, when He had been three whole days dead," said Ella, solemnly.

"Yes, but we shall all rise from our tombs as our Saviour did," said George; "Mr. Danton told us so last Sunday. I know it must be true. But, Aunt Kate, it seems such a wonderful thing to believe."

"Do you believe, George, that that poor dried-up insect on the wall there will ever come out of its tomb a beautiful creature with wings?"

"I don't know," said George, doubtfully. "He seems too dead ever to come to life again."

"I believe he will, because Aunt Kate says so," said Ella; and Aunt Kate smiled.

"That is having faith," said she.

Next morning was Easter—Sunday—a bright, lovely day, almost as warm and bright as summer.

"Auntie," cried Ella, rushing into the room with her hands full of white and yellow crocuses, "see what I have found in the garden! These dear flowers poking their little yellow heads out of the ground, and looking as if they were staring around to see if spring had come. Isn't it wonderful how they could come up out of the dirt so clean and bright?"

"So the little dry balls which have lain all winter in the cold dark ground have come to life again," said Aunt Kate. "But now put them in water, and let us go to breakfast."

Ella went into her own room, which was next to Aunt Kate's, to get a little blue china vase for the flowers. But in a moment she called out: "Oh, auntie, come and see! There is a hole in the cocoon!"

Sure enough, when Aunt Kate came, she saw that a large hole had been made in one end of the cocoon, and that it was empty.



**THE BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY.**

Then she looked carefully all over the room, and while she was doing so, Ella suddenly gave a cry of wonder and delight. On the window-seat in the bright sunshine was a large and beautiful butterfly, lightly balancing himself, and slowly waving his gold and purple wings to and fro.

"Oh, Aunt Kate, can that be our ugly caterpillar turned into such a beautiful butterfly?"

"Yes, this is the poor ugly worm which once crawled on the ground, and did nothing in all its life but search for food. He has broken his tomb, as you see, and come forth a lovely winged creature, to fly in the air, and rest upon flowers, and sip dew and honey from their fragrant blossoms."

"How he trembles!" said Ella; "and why does he wave his wings so?"

"He is getting them ready for flight. And perhaps he trembles from joy to find himself what he is."

"Auntie," said Ella, in a low voice, and with a very grave look, "do you think we shall be as beautiful and as happy when we come out of our graves, and find ourselves angels with wings?"

"No doubt of it," Aunt Kate replied, softly. "A thousand times more beautiful and happy."

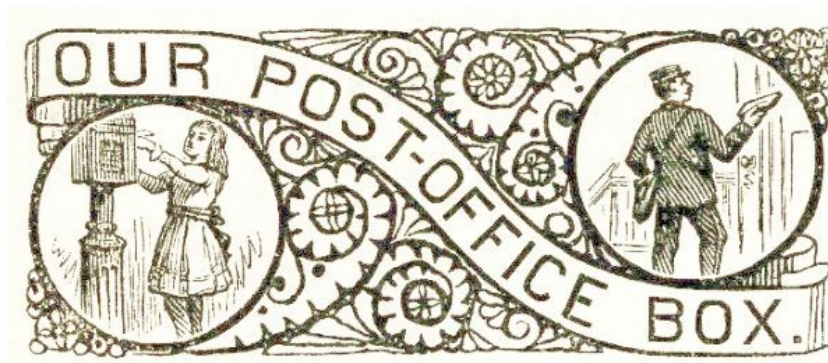
"If we are *good* while we are caterpillars."

"Yes, if we are good."

Ella stood a long time looking at the beautiful insect. Her heart was full of a solemn wonder and awe at this great miracle, as it seemed to her.

"If the caterpillar could have known," she said, "while he was a poor ugly worm, that he would some time be a beautiful butterfly, I think he would have been glad to bury himself up in that coffin. And, Aunt Kate, it seems strange that he should have come out of his grave on Easter-day, our Lord's resurrection day.<sup>[2]</sup> Perhaps it was to teach Georgie and me an Easter lesson. George will believe it now."

Just then the butterfly slowly lifted himself on his wings, fluttered around in a circle, and settled quivering and trembling on the crocus blossoms. So they left him there while they went down to breakfast.



The offers for exchanges from our correspondents have come in so fast of late that we have been obliged, for the present, to place a large portion of them on the third page of the cover, in order to make room for letters, answers, and puzzles, which fill the two pages allotted to the Post-office Box.

NEW YORK CITY.

We children have just had a box of odd things from our auntie, who lives in Cuba, and I thought the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to hear about it. It was a great big box, and the first thing we saw when papa took off the cover was a lot of sugar-cane. It looked very hard and dry, but when papa cut off the outside, how nice and white the inside was! We sucked the juice, and it was sweeter than sugar. Then papa took out a bundle done up in yellow paper, and marked, "Open carefully." It was full of *pinol*, which is a kind of corn meal made by the country people in Cuba. They roast the corn, and then grind it fine, and mix it with brown sugar. They eat it just that way, and sometimes they wet it with milk, and make little cakes. Auntie wrote that the school-boys in Cuba take a mouthful of *pinol*, and then try to say *fou-fou* without blowing out any meal. We tried, but the meal, which tastes very nice, was like dry powder, and we couldn't do it.

There was a little box full of what we always called guinea-peas, but which are called *pepusas* in Cuba. They are a bright red pea, with a little black spot on one side. Auntie always writes a description of everything, and so we know that these grow on bushes, like our hazel-nuts. The bushes are covered with husks, which crack open when they are dry, and show a whole bunch of *pepusas* inside.

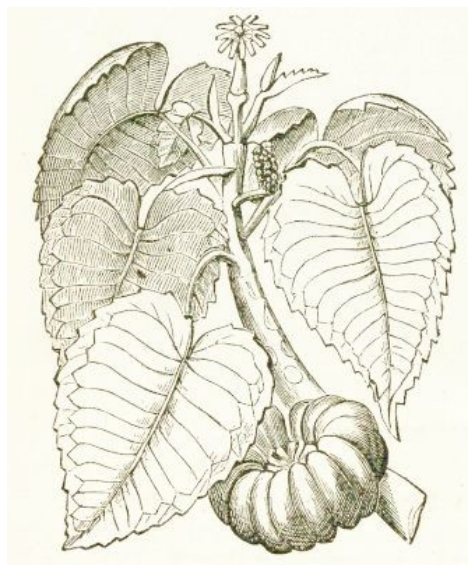
There were so many candied fruits that I couldn't tell about half. There was one very curious, which they call *marañon* in Cuba, but papa says in Jamaica it is called cashew. The fruit is yellow and red, and is shaped something like a pear. The curious thing about it is that the seed, which is a kind of nut, is outside the fruit, and hangs on the lower end. If this nut is roasted when it is fresh, it is nicer than a chestnut.

There were a great many *corojo* nuts in our box, and we have enough to play with for a year; for we are going to do just like the Cuban children—carry them in our pockets, and use them for marbles until we are tired of them, and then crack them and eat the meat. They are a small, round, green nut, and the meat is like a tiny piece of cocoa-nut. The *corojo* nuts grow on a palm-tree, and hang in great bunches right under the crown of glistening green leaves.

My letter is growing too long, but I must tell about something auntie sent us a year ago. There is a very beautiful tree, which grows all through the Cuban woods, which they call *salvadera*. In Jamaica they call it the sandbox-tree, because they get the pretty, fluted seed cases, and make sand-boxes of them. If they are

picked just at the right time, they last for years. If they are left on the tree, they ripen until they are dark brown, and then they fly open with a bang, and send the seeds in all directions. You can hear them sometimes in Cuban woods popping on every side, like hundreds of pistols.

Well, last year auntie sent us a very handsome sand-box, all varnished, and mounted on a wooden stand. We stood it on the mantel-piece. One evening we were all sitting in the parlor, when some one, as it seemed, fired off a pistol right in the room. Papa ran to the door, thinking it was in the street, and we children all crept close to mamma, and got hold of her dress. Pretty soon papa came back, looking very much puzzled, for the street was all quiet. He came and stood in front of the fire, wondering what the noise could have been, till all of a sudden he began to laugh and point to our sand-box. There stood the wooden stand, but every bit of the box had disappeared. We found it afterward in little pieces scattered all over the room. I suppose it had been picked too dry, and the heat of the fire had finished it.



THE SAND-BOX.

HALLIE J. R.

The sandbox-tree is one of the most beautiful growths of West Indian forests. As we are sure our little readers will like to see a picture of the seed case which "flies open with a bang," we take the accompanying illustration from *A Christmas in the West Indies*, by Charles Kingsley, published by Harper & Brothers.

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SOUTH SALEM, NEW YORK.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number, and find it very entertaining.

I have no brothers, and only one sister. She is married, and has gone as a missionary to far-off India. She has been there more than a year. In her last letter she said they were camping out in a grove of three or four hundred orange-trees. She has oranges, lemons, bananas, custard-apples, mangoes, and other fruits growing in her own garden, and a great many flowers too.

I go to a good district school a mile and a half from our house. We have had twenty-nine scholars all through the winter.

LUCIE N. P.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I have a pair of roller skates which I skate on every afternoon. They are the easiest kind to skate on. You just have to move a little, and they roll along as easy as possible. I read an article in *YOUNG PEOPLE* about roller skates, and I thought it was splendid. I have a little sister named Minnetta, and I let her skate. It is real amusing to see her, as she is just learning.

ROSALEE C.

---

WEST NEWTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy five years old. I have a papa and mamma, and a sister Jessie, who is nine years old. And I have a sister and brother in heaven. My aunt is here, but she is sick now, and I have to keep real quiet, and can't beat my drum any. We live on the railroad, and I can see the cars nearly all the time.

My papa is a minister. I do not go to school, but I recite to my papa. I read, spell, and recite arithmetic. I can print, and I can write some.

FRED R. P.

---

IRVINGTON, NEW YORK.

I wish some correspondent of the Post-office Box who lives in a maple-sugar region would tell me how much sap it takes to make a pound of sugar.

G. H.

---

PORT ORANGE, FLORIDA.

I have come all the way from Kentucky to Florida, and I have had such a nice time that I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about it.

It was snowing hard when we left Louisville on the 16th of February, and when we reached Palatka, three days afterward, people were sitting out under the orange-trees in summer dresses. We felt as if summer had really come when we saw green peas and strawberries on the table.

I saw an alligator that was twelve feet long. There are plenty of little ones for sale. A young lady in our hotel has one for a pet.

There are a good many curiosity stores in Palatka, and all of them are full of stuffed birds. In one is a large panther which was killed near the town.

On our way here from Orange City we came through several cypress swamps. The cypress-trees had tall ferns growing at their roots, and different kinds of air plants were fastened to them all the way up to the top. One of the swamps was so deep that the water came up into the bottom of the wagon, and spoiled our lunch.

This is a lovely place. The Halifax River is just in front of the hotel. The water is salt, and papa says it is really an arm of the sea. We take a sail-boat and go across the river, a mile and a half, then we walk a little way, and come to the Atlantic Ocean, where we find pretty shells and go in bathing.

There are lots of fish here, and oyster beds all along near the shore. I am keeping a diary of my Florida trip, and write in it every day myself. I am eight years old.

ETHEL A.

---

CANTON, NEW YORK.

Here is something that may amuse some little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Cut out a number of very small paper dolls, not over half an inch long, and lay them in a row on the table. Then take a ribbon, and rub it over your head quickly several times. Then hold it directly over the dolls, and they will all rise up.

ANNIE W.

---

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS.

It is nice here in the summer-time, and we have many pretty flowers, but in the winter it is so cold that people get sick, and sometimes they have to go to Florida, and stay until the cold weather is over.

I have a large Esquimau dog, and sometimes I harness him to my sleigh, and have a good ride with my little sister.

In the summer I go fishing over to Brush Hill Creek. I catch as many as fifteen bull-heads and half a dozen sunfish, and that makes a very good meal for my Esquimau dog.

CHARLES R. JONES.

---

HINSDALE, NEW YORK.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is the nicest paper published. We go to Chautauqua every year. Last summer I saw YOUNG PEOPLE there, and I thought so much of it I asked papa to take it for me, and he did.

I have been very sick this winter with diphtheria, but I am well enough now to go to church and to school again. My papa is a Methodist Episcopal minister. He has two little ponies, and I ride one of them. I am twelve years old.

DORA J.

---

PORTLAND, CONNECTICUT.

My finances are nearly in the same condition as those of Percy L. McDermott. I get a dollar monthly, papa pays all my postage, and mamma gives me ten cents for keeping my stamp box out



of the way when I am not using it. Although papa is a great advocate of neatness, he is interested in stamp collecting, and rejoices with me when I get a new specimen. He always asks me to get the box down when he is at home; mamma never hints at such a thing. She is content to leave the box, stamps, and all put aside unless I agitate the subject. I do not go to school. Mamma teaches me at home. I study in the morning by myself, and it is very hard to keep my mind from wandering, especially as the kite season is in its height, and we are having such mild spring weather.

I take orders to manufacture kites, free of charge, from small boys in the neighborhood, who will cut toward their hands. In this way I drive a thriving business, but mamma gets more and more particular with my recitations as the season advances. I study geography, grammar, arithmetic, geology, French, drawing, and music, and mamma holds to the point that a spelling and reading lesson can not be studied too well. All this takes time, and can not be done in a minute.

I sympathize greatly with Percy in his awful fix, as he expresses it, as I too have a great many letters to write, and a geological research on cryolite to make for a professor. (That research is the "last feather on the camel's back.") I am one of Percy's correspondents, but freely forgive him for not answering my letter, and when in future years he is nominated for the Presidency of the United States, I will never mention the stamp exchange to a single soul.

I wish it was in my power to alleviate the sufferings of Jimmy Brown. As it is not, I hope he will continue to write his sad experience to YOUNG PEOPLE. I am sure he will get sympathy from us all.

I live opposite Middletown, which truly is a "forest city." We have a fine view of the Meriden Mountains, the Great Hills, and the Connecticut Valley, which with its noble river is considered by strangers, as well as ourselves, the most beautiful and fascinating scenery in the world.

In winter the ice-boats of the Wesleyan students, sleighs with spirited horses, and little boys and girls coasting with sleds, make our river even more picturesque than the far-famed Neva of Russia, while in summer tugs, schooners, and yachts pass each other on its surface, the sailing vessels looking like white-winged sea-birds on the water. To-day it is clear and calm, and the water looks like silver. A few days ago the ice was rushing and ploughing its way to the Sound.

ALTA R. A.

---

WASHINGTON COURT-HOUSE, OHIO.

I have a hen with seven young chickens, and it is so cold I have to keep her in a box in the kitchen. My chickens were hatched on March 28. I would like to know if any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE had any little chickens this spring hatched earlier than mine.

I sympathize with Percy McDermott. I had so many letters, after my offer of exchange was printed, that it kept me awake nights thinking where I could get arrow-heads enough to supply all the boys in the Eastern States.

If Percy McDermott and Jimmy Brown would come along, I will go with them and get Toby Tyler and his monkey, and we will all go to the Rocky Mountains.

EMMER E.

---

I wish to notify correspondents that I have no more coins to exchange, but I will exchange ores and minerals of different kinds, petrified wood, curiosities from the Mammoth Cave and from Colorado, Indian arrow-heads, shells, and foreign postage stamps, for all kinds of American coins.

WILL B. SHOBER,  
Cumberland, Md.

---

We have many ancient artificial mounds in this part of Illinois, which contain pottery, stone pipes, axes, and other things, and the Indians while here used them for burial-places, but always would say they did not know who built them, but that it was not any of their race, but another people. There are persons yet living here who talked with the Indians about the mounds before they went away, fifty years ago. These mounds appear to have been burial-places for both the people who built them and for the Indians. They certainly contain Indian relics, and they also contain many other things, such as stone axes, and oval, concave, convex, and curiously formed stones, which the Indians declare they never used. Most of the bluffs along the Illinois River contain relics, and not long since I saw a skeleton on one of the highest ones, which had become partly exposed. It was of gigantic size.

I will exchange pieces of Indian or Mound-Builders' pottery, and arrow-heads, for sea-shells and ocean curiosities.

A. W. TAYLOR,  
Mount Sterling, Brown Co., Ill.

---

I would like to exchange a portion of a genuine Sioux scalp-lock, with a piece of ermine attached, given me by a Crow chief from Montana, for foreign postage stamps, especially those of Ceylon, Africa, and Brazil.

W. S. CANFIELD,  
1224 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington,

D. C.

---

DETROIT, MINNESOTA.

I have received over thirty applications for Swedish coins, and could only answer four. Those who have received no answer will please wait until I secure more coins.

JAY H. MALTBY.

---

I am going away, and can not exchange any longer with the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I would request those correspondents who are still owing me a return exchange to send to me as soon as possible.

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

---

Annie Wheeler, Danville, Virginia, notifies her correspondents that she has no more foreign stamps to exchange.

---

I feel very sorry for Eddie S., and some of the other little boys and girls, because they are sick, and can not run about. I wish I could send them something. I am glad they can take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, for it is such a beautiful paper to read.

I will exchange stamps, postmarks, pressed ferns, sand in bottles, and pretty stones and fossils, for specimens of ore, ocean curiosities, stamps, any interesting curiosity, or pieces of silk for a quilt.

NELLIE RITZ BURNS,  
Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Penn.

---

I am in the same fix as Percy L. McD. I did not have many stamps to start with, and in less than a week they were all gone, and still the letters come faster than I can answer them. I have no more stamps for exchange, but I would like to exchange specimens of wood from Kansas, for wood from the Eastern States or California, or for stamps.

I have three brothers. We have lived in Kansas several years, and we like it very much here. We are surrounded by Indians, but they are peaceful and somewhat civilized. They dress much like white men. Some of them have fields, and hire white men and negroes to work for them. One family has a good piano, and the daughter is well educated, and plays nicely. They have ponies which they trade, or sell very cheap. The ponies are quite small, and very gentle.

The Indian children play ball, and shoot arrows, and race with their ponies. The bats which they play ball with are very curious. Those the big Indians use are about four feet long. They are made of hickory, and at one end the wood is bent around and tied with narrow strips of buck-skin. One throws the ball, and the others all rush to catch it in the bat, and hit a long pole. Whoever hits the pole wins the game. When they play ball they dress in Indian costume, and paint their faces, and stick feathers in their hair.

GEORGE LINSKOTT,  
Holton, Jackson Co., Kansas.

---

I would request correspondents to send me scraps at least two inches wide, so that I can cut a diamond of that width.

I wish correspondents would write their name and address, or at least put initials on the outside of packages, for so many letters, postal cards, and packages all come together, that often we can not tell who each particular package is from. We try to compare the handwriting, but can not always succeed. If any one who has sent me a package and received no return will let me know by a postal card, I will answer at once.

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

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ROME, ITALY.

I am a subscriber of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it very much. I am a Boston boy, and have been in

Europe nearly two years. I am collecting postage stamps, and would like to exchange a Greek, French, or Italian stamp for an African one.

NATTIE L. FRANCIS,  
Care of Brown, Shipley, & Co.,  
London, E. C., England.

---

I have an Indian bow which I would like to exchange for a collection of minerals. There are four arrows that go with it. Three are common arrows, and the fourth is an arrow used for shooting fish. The bow is wrapped with sinews, and is a very good shooter. It shoots about one hundred yards.

FRANK REEL,  
Hawk Farm, Baden P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

---

I will exchange eighteen "registered envelope" stamps, formerly used on registered packages and rare, a Japanese "Five Sen" stamp, and 1-cent, 2-cent, 3-cent, and 6-cent stamps of United States Treasury and Post-office departments, for any curiosities except stamps. Correspondents will please inform me by postal card what they are willing to exchange.

HORACE N. HAWKINS,  
P. O. Box 18, Huntingdon, Carroll Co.,

Tenn.

---

Here is a very simple recipe for a beautiful yellow ink. Put a handful of hickory bark into one pint of water, and boil for about an hour. Then strain the liquid, of which there should be about a third of a pint, and add a little alum.

I have sand from the Kansas River at Topeka—the capital of Kansas and the centre of the United States—and some small shells from the Pacific coast, that I will exchange for curiosities suitable for a museum. Minerals and specimens of wood from other countries especially desired.

I will also give fifteen foreign stamps for fifty old United States stamps and envelopes. Correspondents will please mark all specimens plainly.

G. GRIFFIN, JUN.,  
Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas.

---

I think *YOUNG PEOPLE* is just splendid. What a good lesson we boys can learn from "Toby Tyler!" I would not like to go with a circus.

The skeleton of a huge mastodon was found here this winter by some men digging a ditch. Its horns and tusks were nine feet in length. One tooth weighed six pounds, and its lower-jaw measured three feet to the point where it began to curve upward. Our geological professor said the animal measured twenty-six feet in length with the tusks.

I will exchange geological specimens of Illinois for curiosities from any other State or Territory.

PERCY W. HALL,  
East Lynn, Vermilion Co., Ill.

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INQUISITIVE JOE.—The railroad you inquire about is a narrow gauge. The gauge of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was fixed by George Stephenson at 4 feet 8½ inches. Roads have been built 7 feet, 6 feet, 5 feet 5 inches, 5 feet, 4 feet 9 inches, 3 feet 6 inches, 3 feet 3½ inches, 3 feet, and 2 feet, but the very broad and very narrow gauges are losing favor, and 4 feet 9 inches is the standard, 6 feet being generally known as broad gauge, and 3 feet 6 inches as narrow gauge, though anything over 4 feet 9 inches is broad, and anything under is narrow.

---

LODESTAR.—The height of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, is 68 feet 11 inches from base to apex, its volume is 2678 cubic feet, and it weighs about 186 tons. It is about eight feet square at the base, and five feet where it assumes the shape of a little pyramid at the top. The pedestal on which the obelisk stands is 6 feet 10 inches high and about nine feet square.

---

E. L. H. AND L. L. M.—The United States coins about which you inquire are not rare, as the coinage of the years you specify was very large. On account of their age they are sold by dealers in coins at a small advance on their face value, this advance being more or less, according to the condition of the coin.

---

L. C. M. S.—Wood-lizards live upon flies, bugs, and small insects of various kinds; they will also eat raw meat cut into very small pieces. They are perfectly harmless, and are quite easily tamed. It would be almost impossible to give any especial directions for taming them; like any wild creature, they can only be domesticated by careful and persistent kindness, gentle treatment, and the slow process of becoming familiar with their owner's presence. They can be kept in a box made with sides of glass or wire netting, and a piece of wire netting over the top. The floor should be covered with dirt and dried grass and leaves. It is well to put a little water in a shallow saucer into the cage, for though the lizard does not drink a great deal, he sometimes takes a bath. Lizards sometimes become very tame, and can be taught to perform many amusing tricks, though of course this depends entirely upon the patience and skill of the teacher.

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### DOUBLE ENIGMA—(*To Zelotes*).

In sweet-potato, not in vine.  
In cheap whiskey, not in wine.  
In grinning monkey, not in fool.  
In turner's lathe, but not in tool.  
In pantry shelf, but not in pie.  
In growing corn, but not in rye.  
In knight's weapon, not in lance.  
The whole two useful garden plants.

BOLUS.

---

### No. 2.

#### TWO HALF-SQUARES.

1. A fountain. A musical instrument. A characteristic of April. A river in Europe. A denial. A letter from Washington.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

2. A current. An entertainment. To raise. The head of a useful grain. A preposition. A letter.

G. B.

---

### No. 3.

#### HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

[Only one vowel is used in forming this puzzle. It occurs twelve times.]

A city in South America. A savory dish. Something often used by boys. A letter from Cuba. An animal. Quadrupeds. Fruit. Centrals read downward—one of the United States.

LEON.

---

### No. 4.

#### EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a tangle, and leave a horse. 2. Behead pleasing, and leave a necessity of life. 3. Behead a fruit, and leave to exist. 4. Behead closed, and leave a small dwelling. 5. Behead happy, and leave a boy.

NORTH STAR.

6. Behead a stream of water, and leave a bird. 7. Behead a country, and leave another country. 8. Behead a country, and leave distress. 9. Behead a river in South Africa, and leave a kind of stove. 10. Behead a cape of North America, and leave a weapon. 11. Behead a gulf on the coast of Africa, and leave a lair of wild beasts.

WARD A. P.

12. Behead a belt, and leave a number. 13. Behead a hard substance, and leave a sound. 14. Behead not fresh, and leave a story. 15. Behead elevation, and leave a number. 16. Behead a mineral, and leave tardy. 17. Behead an elevation, and leave not well.

LODESTAR.

---

### No. 5.

## ENIGMA.

My first in just, but not in right.  
My second in strength, but not in might.  
My third in streak, but not in line.  
My fourth in yours, but not in mine.  
My fifth in present, not in prize.  
My sixth in peaches, not in pies.  
My seventh in low, but not in high.  
My eighth in grieve, but not in sigh.  
My ninth in tomb, but not in shrine.  
My whole is found in Palestine.

MAY E. T.

---

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 74.

#### No. 1.

Cleopatra.

#### No. 2.

BAL TIC  
AL OES  
LO AN  
TEN  
I S  
C

#### No. 3.

H P  
CAP TI E  
HAVRE PIANO  
PRY END  
E O  
  
N  
HAL  
NATAL  
LAR  
L

#### No. 4.

Rabbit-skin (*Baby Bunting's*).

#### No. 5.

P yramiD  
L yr E  
A loo F  
I mag E  
Natha N  
T oa D  
I schi A  
F alco N  
F ores T

Plaintiff, Defendant.

---

A Personation, on page 352—Robert Bruce, King of Scotland.

---

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. H. Allen, Jun., Jemima Berston, Willie Brainard, C. F. Bishop, Clare B. Bird, Joshua Crane, Jun., A. C. Chapin, A. E. Cressingham, E. A. C., S. Cassie Ennsforth, Foran, Guylhope, Nolan, Mullen, Minon, and Smith, Marcella Street Home, Lena Fox, Fannie Grimes, William Hadley, Banks Hudson, Isabel, *Isobel L. Jacob*, C. L. Kellogg, "Lodestar," *J. McClintock*, Percy McDermott, Minnetta and Rosalee, Phebe O'Reilly, H. H. Romer, H. O. Resdue, Bella T. Smart, Grace Stone, "Stars and Stripes," "Starry Flag," Willie T. Smith, Oliver C. Sheppard, G. P. Salters, F. Voorhees, Charlie W., *Charles Westcott*, Willie F. Woolard.

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## HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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

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HARPER & BROTHERS,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

[Pg 400]



### COMING TO TERMS.

BY W. T. PETERS.

"Oh, Confectionery Lady, what have you good to-day?"  
"All sorts of cakes and candies, my gentle sir, I pray;  
We have peppermints and bolivars and luscious jujube bars,  
We have lollipops and ginger-nuts and chocolate cigars."

"Oh, Confectionery Lady, you are very, very high,  
And you offer me so many goods, I don't know which to buy.  
I've a penny and a jackknife and a pair of tangled strings,  
And I'm sure I wish to purchase a variety of things."

---

### THE GAME OF ADJECTIVES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

One person is sent out of the room, while the remainder of the players select some adjective. Upon his return he asks in turn of each player some question, in reply to which the person addressed must designate the adjective chosen, without mentioning it. This reply must answer the question definitely, and at the same time fully express the nature of the adjective. The adjective chosen must, of course, be of a strongly descriptive character, and the game gives an opportunity for much ingenuity and skill in the answers, which are very amusing, especially when the question happens to be in direct opposition to the usual tone of the adjective. The person who gives the answer by which this adjective is detected is obliged to go out of the room in his turn, while the other players select another for him to guess. When ready, they call him in, and he begins by asking first the player who sat next the last guesser, and thus each one replies in turn, and all have an equal chance.

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**Wolves in Europe.**—There are two kinds of wolves in Europe, the common wolf and the black wolf. The former is found in the wilder parts of France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Italy, but becomes every year more scarce. In almost every Department of France where wolves are found there is a society which offers a reward for every animal killed, varying in the amount according to the age and sex of the creature. Long ago the common wolf infested Great Britain. In the times of the Saxon Kings they were a terrible plague. King Edgar, about the year 972, used to pardon criminals who had committed certain crimes, on condition of their producing a specified number of wolves' tongues. Many of you have read the

story of the Welsh Prince Llewellyn and his faithful dog Gelert. Prince Llewellyn had missed his child, and while looking for him, found Gelert covered with blood. He imagined that Gelert had killed the child, and in a moment of wild frenzy killed the dog. Afterward he found the child safe asleep, and a gaunt wolf lying by his side, dead. The faithful hound had killed it to save the child. The remorse of the Prince lasted all his life, and the lovely spot in Wales where Gelert was buried is still called Beddgelert, which means "the grave of Gelert."



**AN EASTER MEDLEY.**

**FOOTNOTES:**

[1] From advance sheets of *The History of a Mountain*. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Published by Harper & Brothers.

[2] A fact.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, APRIL 19, 1881 \*\*\*

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