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Title: Harper's Young People, April 26, 1881

Author: Various

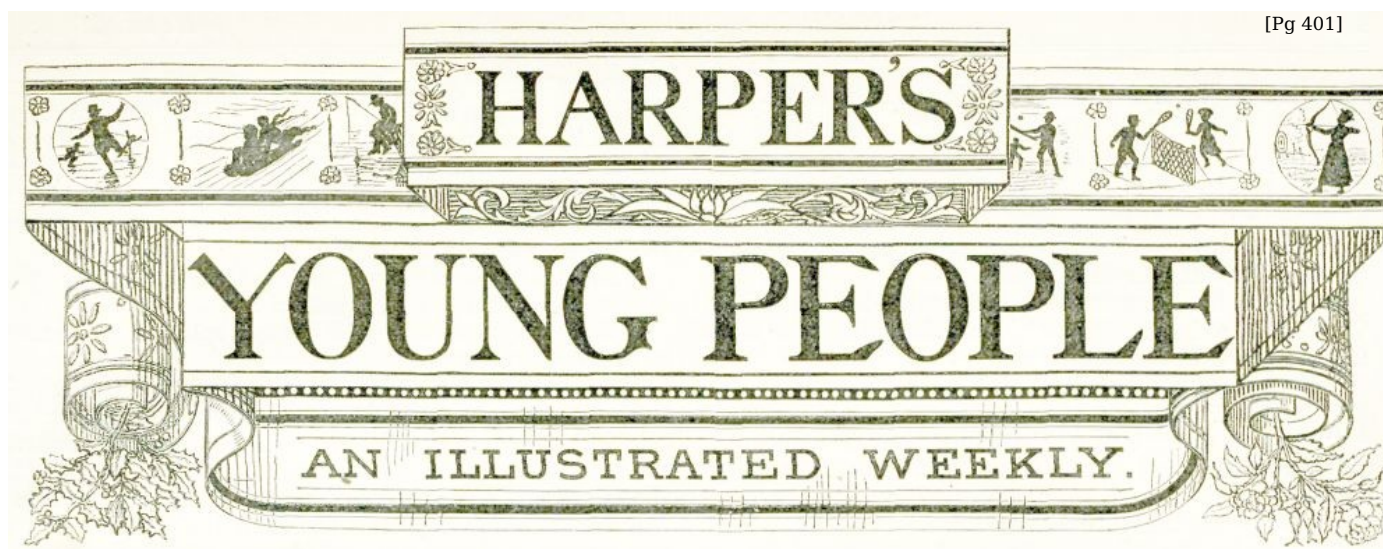
Release date: April 6, 2014 [EBook #45337]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

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VOL. II.—No. 78.
Tuesday, April 26, 1881.

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



SHAD-FISHING ON THE HUDSON.

HOW THE SEINE NET WAS BROKEN.

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BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

"Why, Joe, is that you? Where have you been all day?" asked Ralph Hadley, as he met Joe Manson turning into Hillside Lane.

"I've been to see the rabbit-warren at the goat-house up Hook Mountain road," replied Joe.

"Hello! here comes Scott Otis, with his fish-basket. Wonder what he's after now? Can't be going over to the lake this time in the afternoon."

"Where are you going, Scott?" asked the boys.

"Shaddin'," answered Scott.

"Are you going to haul the seine?" inquired Joe.

"Yes, if the wind goes down, about five o'clock or thereabouts."

"Let's go see them!" exclaimed Joe.

"All right, I'm with you," replied Ralph; and the two boys trudged joyfully along beside Scott, asking many questions as they went.

Down through winding lanes they went, over fences and across lots, and emerged on a broad, open space, commanding a fine view of the Tappan Sea, which was dotted here and there by the bright sails of fishing-smacks and schooners, bathed in the warm afternoon sunlight.

"There they are at work already, getting the seine out," called Ralph, pointing down to the shore, where a group of figures were moving about among the boats.

Down at the water-side was a busy scene. The stony beach was covered with figures and boats. Old fishermen in brown oil-skin suits hurried by with coils of rope and oars slung over their shoulders, while others were preparing the boats, and some were watching for shad signs on the river's surface.

A few paces from the shore stood a machine called a reel. It looked like a huge four-spoked wheel, and from it some men were unwinding the seine net, and stowing it in two large boats.

Near it, under the willows, two old fishermen were engaged in mending some badly torn nets. The boys wondered how they could with their hard horny hands do such delicate knotting and splicing.

"Why, sister Minnie's crochet-work isn't any finer than this!" exclaimed Ralph, examining some of the strands. "I could never learn to do that."

"Oh yes, my boy," replied one of the fishermen, kindly. "If you had worked at it, like me, for over twenty years, I doubt not you would do it just as well."

"What's the matter now?" inquired Joe, as several men ran past them.

"Shad signs, sah," replied a dorky. "There they go after them!" and from a distance up the shore two large boats put off, and rowed slowly out into the river. "And here comes a boat from picking de gill-nets out

yonder."

"What are gill-nets?" inquired the boys, determined to know all about it.

"Dey am nets fastened to poles in shallow water, and de shad, swimmin' along, gits deir heads through easy enough, but when dey tries to back out ag'in, find demselves caught wid de mesh behind de gills."

"Let's go up and see them," said Joe.

"Better stay here, sah," advised the darky. "Dey'll land hereabouts, and you'll have all de walk for nuffin. You see, sah, de tide am slack now, but 'twill ebb presently, and by de time dey gets 'em surrounded dey'll drift about to dis p'int, den we'll see 'em come asho'. Now, you see, dey have drapped de nets; dey am outside ob de school; one boat goes round 'em on one side, and de other goes de other way. See! de nets am all drapped, and de big boat am pullin' dis way wid de shore-line."

In a few minutes the boat grounded, and the men, tossing in their oars, jumped ashore, and laying hold of the ropes, commenced "pulling in." The cork floats could be seen extending away out into the river like a great semi-circle, the upper end of which was also being dragged ashore by a dozen stalwart fishermen, who slowly moved down the beach, keeping abreast of the tide-driven net, and as the lower party were stationary, the two ends were gradually coming together. The men tugged and pulled, but the net came in but slowly.

"In with her lively now!" shouted Scott, running down the beach. "There's a big school in there."

"You're right; she do pull heavy," said one of the men, straining at the ropes.

"This won't do," cried Scott. "It's not coming in half fast enough. We'll have to use the winch, or the tide will carry it on the rocks. Here, some of you, run the rope up to the winch, and start her."

The winch was a rough wooden machine, with two bars like a ship's capstan. Around the barrel the rope was wound, and two village lads ran rapidly round with it. The extra purchase thus obtained brought in the seine much faster.

Both parties were now within speaking distance, and congratulations and jokes passed between them at the prospect of making a good catch.

The lower ropes were carefully managed by two experienced men, so that no fish should escape underneath, and the disturbed water at the "bag" end of the net indicated that a large school was inclosed. So quietly and smoothly had all been done that the fish had not realized they were caught. But now ensued a great splashing and boiling, particularly at one place.

"Must be sturgeon in there!" cried Scott. "Carefully now, or he'll break away."

The net was coming in beautifully, when suddenly a long black body shot up out of the water, and fell back with a tremendous splash, and commenced rushing back and forth, threatening to destroy everything.

"What is it?" shouted Scott. "Sturgeon don't act that way."

"We don't know," replied one of the men. "It's too dark to see what it is."

"You will have to kill it, or we'll lose the catch," yelled Scott. "He's tearing the net now."

At this several dashed into the water with poles and staves, and a lively and confused conflict ensued with the monster, while the shad and other captive fish darted about in the wildest manner, frightened out of their wits at the terrible uproar; and in the shallow water were hundreds poking their cold noses against the net, trying to get out.

"It's a shark, as sure as I'm alive," shouted one of the men, jumping one side as the monster made a rush.

"It can't be," replied another; "they don't run here."

"Never mind; pull up the net," called Scott; "there come the rollers from the night boat."

But it was too late, for with a low, sullen roar the heavy rollers from the Albany night boat came tumbling in, upsetting and twisting the net, and carrying it on the rocks.

"There he goes!" cried one of the men, and sure enough the big fish had torn the net, and was free, and like a flash hundreds of shad followed through the hole he had made, so that scarcely fifty good fish were left in it to reward the fishermen's labors.

"Isn't it too bad?" said Joe to Scott, as he passed by to a bright drift-wood fire under the rocky headland, where the men were drying themselves. "I'm real sorry you lost them."

"It's fisherman's luck," replied Scott, quietly. "We'll hope for better next time."

"What kind of fish was it?" asked Ralph.

"I hardly know. I never saw one like it, or we would have known how to manage it better."

By the fire-light the remaining fish were soon sorted out, and each of our boys was given a fine fat shad for his share of the work; so although they lost their supper, they had a fine feast for Sunday morning's breakfast.

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PLANTING-TIME.

"I've planted a paper of pins in a row;
I wonder when will my pin-trees grow?"
Cried darling Dora, with puzzled eyes,
At aunty's look of complete surprise.

"Planted a paper of pins, my dear?
They'll never come up, though you wait a year—
Yes, you may wait a year and a day,
And down in the ground your pins will stay.

"Roses and lilies and daisies white,
Blossom and flourish in dark and light;
But pins will rust in the planted row,
For out in the garden no pin-trees grow."

"THE TRIBUTE OF CHILDREN."

BY HELEN P. JENKINS.

I am going to tell you, Young People, something about a once famous body of men called the Janissaries. You may pronounce the word as if spelled Yanissaries.

A few hundred years ago, when the nations of Europe were more given to fighting than they are now (though they seem in this day to like it pretty well), the most celebrated soldiers in the world were the Janissaries. At that time armies were not drilled as thoroughly as they are to-day, but so well disciplined, so fierce, and so successful were the Janissaries that their name became a terror throughout Europe.

Who these soldiers were is a curious and a sad story. They were Turkish troops, but they were not Turks by birth, and that is why the story is a sad one. The Turks came from Asia into Europe about six hundred years ago. They conquered the southeastern part of Europe, which is called Turkey, and little by little, by dreadful fighting, they got possession of Greece, and several states north of it. Finally they took the beautiful city of Constantinople, which the Christians so long and so gallantly defended. The Turks brought with them a religion, a costume, and a government different from any the people in Europe had been accustomed to. They were Mohammedans, while the people of the conquered countries were Christians. You can easily believe that the Christian people did not love the race that had robbed them of their country and their freedom, nor did they submit very willingly to their fate.

Now the Turkish government took a very cunning and cruel way to increase the strength of its own army, and weaken the people they were conquering. It took from the Christian people every year one thousand of their brightest boys to train them for the Turkish army. This is called in history "the tribute of children." Some historians say that all the boys over seven years of age "who promised any excellence in mind or body" were captured by the Turks; but probably the "annual tax of one thousand children" is a more reliable statement. As this "tribute of children" was kept up for over three hundred years, not less than 300,000 noble Christian children were torn from their homes, and their strength turned against their own people. The delicate and deformed and dull were not taken, for the Turkish government wanted to make a body of soldiers the finest in size and strength and courage the world had ever seen; and, besides, the puny and dull boys would never be of much service to the Christians; so it was very safe to leave them with their own people.

Can you think of a meaner way of gaining victories than to kidnap the finest children of a conquered race, so there should be no grand, strong men among them, and then to make these boys, when grown to men, fight against their own flesh and blood? I do not think history records anything more base.

How glad a Christian mother must have been if her boy was pale and puny, or her children were all girls! Do you not believe that parents sometimes hid their boys in the mountains when the Turkish officers were about, or taught them to look sick or silly? I have never read in any books that they did do so, but I do not doubt it myself. Yet it is said that so much care was given to the training of these bright boys, and such honors sometimes conferred upon them by the government, that the very poor people were sometimes willing their sons should go away from them forever to enter the service of the Turks. It seems to me it must have been a dreadful poverty and ignorance that could have made Christian mothers willing to give up their sons to the enemy of their country and their religion.

These boys were taken from their homes so young they soon forgot kindred and country, the religion, and even the language of their fathers. They were usually carried to some portion of Asia Minor, where they were trained severely to abstinence and endurance of all kinds, to fit them for service. Those who proved greatly superior in mind were fitted for places of trust in the government—some were made pages in the Sultan's palace—but those who were strong and large of stature were trained for war. And it was these Christian boys who constituted the celebrated Janissaries, and won such great victories for the Turkish nation for three hundred years, that its influence and power was felt and dreaded throughout the civilized world.

It was the first instance of a "standing army" in Europe. Charles VII. of France is usually considered the originator of the "standing army," perhaps because the Turks were not considered a European nation; but the Janissaries were in existence a century before Charles's time. They were organized in 1329, and Charles was not crowned until 1422.

The Janissaries fought in many important battles and sieges in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They figured in the sieges of the islands of Rhodes and Crete and Malta, and at the famous battle of Lepanto, which you will read about when you are older. They wore, even in fighting, flowing robes and white caps with black plumes, and fought with cimeters. We can believe their flowing robes were somewhat inconvenient in battle, especially at the siege of Malta, where they had to scale high parapets of rocks.

The Janissaries were in the height of their splendid fame during the reign of the Sultan Solymán the Magnificent, in the seventeenth century. After a time this celebrated corps lost its superiority. The "tribute of children" had, after three hundred years, gradually ceased, and the force was kept up by volunteers of any kind. The Janissaries became corrupt and insubordinate, and instead of making conquests for Turkey, they often turned upon their masters, and became more terrible to the Sultans than to the nations around. They deposed Sultans, and murdered Sultans, and made new ones, and Turkey was cursed by the very troops of which she had once been so proud.

Mahmoud II., who was a fierce and daring man, resolved to save his own head, and protect Turkey, by destroying this dreadful soldiery. In 1826 he led the rest of the army against the Janissaries, surprised them, and after a dreadful battle defeated them. Eight thousand were burned in their barracks before they could escape. Fifteen thousand were slaughtered in the struggle to defend themselves. The rest were banished from the country, and became scattered among the armies of Europe. The Janissaries were



THE REPRIMAND.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I'm s'prised at you, Rover! Pray what does this mean?
You're the naughtiest dog, sir, that ever I've seen,
To be teasing poor Kitty, and vexing her so;
Such conduct won't do, sir, I'd have you to know.

Was Kitty mistaken? You chased her in play?
Is that what your sorrowful eyes try to say?
Then puss shall forgive you; but, Rover, my dear,
Do please be more careful. You're *too* rough, I fear.

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

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME AND UNCLE DANIEL.

Meanwhile the author of all this misery had come upon the scene. He was a young man, whose rifle and well-filled game bag showed that he had been hunting, and his face expressed the liveliest sorrow for what he had so unwittingly done.

"I didn't know I was firing at your pet," he said to Toby, as he laid his hand on his shoulder, and endeavored to make him look up. "I only saw a little patch of fur through the trees, and thinking it was some wild animal, I fired. Forgive me, won't you, and let me put the poor brute out of his misery?"

Toby looked up fiercely at the murderer of his pet, and asked, savagely: "Why don't you go away? Don't you see that you have killed Mr. Stubbs, an' you'll be hung for murder?"

"I wouldn't have done it under any circumstances," said the young man, pitying Toby's grief most sincerely. "Come away, and let me put the poor thing out of its agony."

"How can you do it?" asked Toby, bitterly; "he's dying already."

"I know it, and it will be a favor to him to put a bullet through his head."

If Toby had been large enough, perhaps there might really have been a murder committed; for he looked up at the man who so coolly proposed to kill the poor monkey after he had already received his death-wound that the young man stepped back quickly, as if really afraid that in his desperation the boy might do him some injury.

"Go 'way off," said Toby, passionately, "an' don't ever come here again. You've killed all I ever had in this world of my own to love me, an' I hate you—I hate you."

Then turning again to the monkey, he put his hands each side of his head, and leaning down, kissed the little brown lips as tenderly as a mother would kiss her child.

The monkey was growing more and more feeble, and when Toby had shown this act of affection, he reached

up his tiny paws, grasped Toby's finger, raised himself half from the ground, and then, as a more convulsive struggle came, fell back dead, while the tiny fingers slowly relaxed their hold of the boy's hand.

Toby feared that it was death, and yet hoped that he had been mistaken; he looked into the half-open, fast-glazing eyes, put his hand over his heart to see if it was not still beating, and getting no responsive look from the dead eyes, feeling no heart-throbs from under that bloody breast, he knew that his pet was really dead, and he flung himself by his side in all the childish abandon of grief.

He called the monkey by name, implored him to look at him, and finally bewailed that he had ever left the circus, where at least his pet's life was safe, even if his own back received its daily flogging.

The young man, who stood a silent spectator of this painful scene, understood everything from Toby's mourning. He knew that a boy had run away from the circus, for Messrs. Lord and Castle had staid behind one day in the hope of capturing the fugitive, and they had told their own version of Toby's flight.

It was nearly an hour that Toby lay by the dead monkey's side, crying as if his heart would break, and the young man waited until his grief should have somewhat exhausted itself, and then he approached the boy again.

"Won't you believe that I didn't mean to do this cruel thing?" he asked, in a kindly voice; "and won't you believe that I would do anything in my power to bring your pet back to life?"

Toby looked at him a moment earnestly, and then he said, slowly, "Yes, I'll try to."

"Now will you come with me, and let me talk to you, for I know who you are, and why you are here?"

"How do you know that?"

"Two men staid behind after the circus had left, and they hunted everywhere for you."

"I wish they had caught me," moaned Toby; "I wish they had caught me, for then Mr. Stubbs wouldn't be here dead."

And Toby's grief broke out afresh as he again looked at the poor little stiff form of him who had been a source of so much comfort and joy to him.

"Try not to think of that now, but think of yourself, and of what you will do," said the man, soothingly, anxious to divert Toby's mind from the monkey's death as much as possible.

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"I don't want to think of myself, and I don't care what I'll do," sobbed the boy, passionately.

"But you must; you can't stay here always, and I will try to help you to get home, or wherever it is you want to go, if you will tell me all about it."

It was some time before Toby could be persuaded to speak or think of anything but the death of his pet; but the young man finally succeeded in drawing his story from him, and then he tried to induce him to leave that place, and accompany him to the town.

"I can't leave Mr. Stubbs," said the boy, firmly; "he never left me the night I got thrown out of the wagon, an' he thought I was hurt."

Then came another struggle to induce him to bury his pet, and finally Toby, after realizing the fact that he could not carry a dead monkey anywhere with him, agreed to it; but he would not allow the young man to help him in any way, or even to touch the monkey's body.

He dug a grave under a little fir-tree near by, and lined it with wild flowers and leaves, and even then hesitated to cover the body with the earth. At last he bethought himself of the fanciful costume which the skeleton and his wife had given him, and in this he carefully wrapped his dead pet. Not one regret at leaving the bespangled suit, for it was the best he could command, and surely nothing could be too good for Mr. Stubbs.

Tenderly he laid him in the little grave, and covering the body with flowers, he said, pausing a moment before he covered it over with earth, and while his voice was choked with emotion: "Good-by, Mr. Stubbs, good-by. I wish it had been me instead of you that died, for I'm an awful sorry little boy now that you're dead."

Even after the grave had been filled, and a little mound made over it, the young man had the greatest difficulty to persuade Toby to go with him, and when the boy did consent to go at last, he walked very slowly away, and kept turning his head to look back just so long as the little grave could be seen.

Then, when the trees shut it completely out from sight, the tears commenced to roll again down Toby's cheeks, and he sobbed: "I wish I hadn't left him; oh, why didn't I make him lie down by me, an' then he'd be alive now, an' how glad he'd be to know that we was getting out of the woods at last!"

But the man who had worked Toby this sorrow talked to him about other matters, thus taking his mind from the monkey's death as much as possible, and by the time the boy reached the village, he had told his story exactly as it was, without casting any reproaches on Mr. Lord, and giving himself the full share of censure for leaving his home as he did.

Mr. Lord and Mr. Castle had remained in the town but one day, for they were told that a boy had taken the night train that passed through the town about two hours after Toby had escaped, and they had set off at once to act on that information.

Therefore Toby need have no fears of meeting either of them just then, and he could start on his homeward journey in peace.

The young man who had caused the monkey's death tried first to persuade Toby to remain a day or two with him, and failing in that, he did all he could toward getting the boy home as quickly and safely as possible. He insisted on paying for his ticket on the steamboat, although Toby did all he could to prevent him, and he even accompanied Toby to the next town, where he was to take the steamer.

He had not only paid for Toby's ticket, but he had paid for a state-room for him; and when the boy said that he could sleep anywhere, and that there was no need of such expense, the man replied: "Those men who were hunting for you have gone down the river, and will be very likely to search the boat when they discover that they started on the wrong scent. They will never suspect that you have got a state-room, and if you are careful to remain in it during the trip, you will get through safely."

Then, when the time came for the steamer to go, the young man said to Toby: "Now, my boy, you won't feel

hard at me for shooting the monkey, will you? I would have done anything to have brought him to life; but as I could not do that, helping you to get home was the next best thing I could do."

"I know you didn't mean to shoot Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, with moistening eyes as he spoke of his pet, "an' I'm sorry I said what I did to you in the woods."

Before there was time to say any more, the warning whistle was sounded, the plank pulled in, the great wheels commenced to revolve, and Toby was really on his way to Uncle Daniel and Guilford.

It was then but five o'clock in the afternoon, and he could not expect to reach home until two or three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day; but he was in a tremor of excitement as he thought that he should walk through the streets of Guilford once more, see all the boys, and go home to Uncle Daniel.

And yet, whenever he thought of that home, of meeting those boys, of going once more to all those old familiar places, the memory of all that he had planned when he should take the monkey with him would come into his mind, and dampen even his joy, great as it was.

That night he had considerable difficulty in getting to sleep, but he did finally succeed in doing so, and when he awoke, the steamer was going up the river whose waters seemed like an old friend, because they had flowed right down past Guilford on their way to the sea.

At each town where a landing was made, Toby looked eagerly out on to the pier, thinking that by some chance some one from his home might be there, and he could see a familiar face again. But all this time he heeded the advice given him, and remained in his room, where he could see and not be seen; and it was well for him that he did so, for at one of the landings he saw both Mr. Lord and Mr. Castle come on board the boat.

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Toby's heart beat fast and furious, and he expected every moment to hear them at the door demanding admittance, for it seemed to him that they must know exactly where he was secreted.

But no such misfortune occurred. The men had evidently only boarded the boat to search for the boy, for they landed again before the steamer started, and Toby had the satisfaction of seeing their backs as they walked away from the pier. It was some time before he recovered from the fright which the sight of them gave him; but when he did, his thoughts and hopes far outstripped the steamer, which it seemed was going so slowly, and he longed to see Guilford with an impatience that could hardly be restrained.

At last he could see the spire of the little church on the hill, and when the steamer rounded the point, affording a full view of the town, and sounded her whistle as a signal for those on the shore to come to the pier, Toby could hardly restrain himself from jumping up and down, and shouting in his delight.

He was at the gang-plank ready to land fully five minutes before the steamer was anywhere near the wharf, and when he recognized the first face on the pier, what a happy boy he was!

He was at home! The dream of the past ten weeks was at length realized, and neither Mr. Lord nor Mr. Castle had any terrors for him now.

He ran down the gang-plank before it was ready, and clasped every boy he saw there by the neck, and would have kissed them if they had shown much inclination to let him do so.

Of course he was overwhelmed with questions, but before he would answer any, he asked for Uncle Daniel and the others at home.

Some of the boys ventured to predict that Toby would get a jolly good whipping for running away, and the only reply which the happy Toby made to that was:

"I hope I will, an' then I'll feel as if I had kinder paid for runnin' away. If Uncle Dan'l will only let me stay with him again, he may whip me every mornin', an' I won't open my head."

The boys were impatient to hear the story of Toby's travels, but he refused to tell them, saying,

"I'll go home, an' if Uncle Dan'l forgives me for bein' so wicked, I'll set down this afternoon, an' tell you all you want to know about the circus."

Then, far more rapidly than he had run away from it, Toby ran toward the home which he had called his ever since he could remember, and his heart was full almost to bursting as he thought that perhaps he would be told that he had forfeited all claim to it, and that he could never more call it home again.

When he entered the old familiar sitting-room, Uncle Daniel was seated near the window alone, looking out wistfully, as Toby thought, across the fields of yellow waving grain.

Toby crept softly in, and going up to the old man he knelt down, and said, very humbly, and with his whole soul in the words, "Oh, Uncle Dan'l, if you'll only forgive me for bein' so wicked, an' runnin' away, an' let me stay here again—for it's all the home I ever had—I'll do everything you tell me to, an' never whisper in meetin' or do anything bad."

And then he waited for the words which would seal his fate. They were not long in coming.

"My poor boy," said Uncle Daniel, softly, as he stroked Toby's red, refractory hair, "my love for you was greater than I knew, and when you left me I cried aloud to the Lord as if it had been my own flesh and blood that had gone afar from me. Stay here, Toby, my son, and help to support this poor old body as it goes down into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and then, in the bright light of that glorious future, Uncle Daniel will wait to go with you into the presence of Him who is ever a father to the fatherless."

And in Uncle Daniel's kindly care we may safely leave Toby Tyler.



UNCLE DANIEL'S BLESSING.

THE END.

THE FAITH OF THE TWO SHEIKS.

BY LYDIA M. FINKELSTEIN.

There is a passage in the Koran that reads, "When God creates a human being, He also creates his inheritance, which is inalienable, and must come into his possession."

In the Orient, prisoners are allowed by the government only a meagre supply of bread and water—so meagre that unless the relatives supply them with food (which they are permitted to do), the unfortunates frequently die of sheer starvation.

It is the custom for the Orientals, at a time of sickness or any other trouble, in view of some business speculation, also when undertaking a journey, to make a vow that if they are delivered from the trouble, meet with success in the transaction, or accomplish the journey in safety, to provide the prisoners with a certain quantity of food, and often for a stated period of time.

In an Oriental city two Sheiks were once confined in prison for debt. The one, Sheik Kassim, was blind; the other, Sheik Ahmed, was lame. They had made a living, such as it was, in the outside world, by reciting passages from the Koran for the dead, usually at the grave, for which they received payment, either in food or money, from the relatives of the deceased. In prison, however, there were but few opportunities for the two Sheiks to earn anything by their profession.

Sheik Kassim was a true believer, and consequently held to the literal interpretation of the above-mentioned passage of the Koran, asserting repeatedly that whatever God had destined for him, He would send him, without any care or exertion on his own part.

Sheik Ahmed, though a sincere Moslem, had a somewhat different opinion, and believed that although whenever God created a human being, He also created for him a special inheritance, yet at the same time God intended the human being to make some exertions to obtain possession of said inheritance.

It so happened that a wealthy merchant of the city had made a vow to supply the prisoners not only with necessary wholesome and sufficient food, but also with some extra dainties, for the term of seven days.

On such occasions a herald passes through the different departments of the prison, proclaiming, "Ho! all ye poor of the earth that hunger and thirst, come and partake of the bounty and the inheritance from God!" The prisoners are then expected to gather in the prison yard, where the supplies are doled out to them.

Sheik Ahmed, on hearing the invitation, prepared to proceed to the yard, offering to lead Sheik Kassim, who sat reciting passages from the Koran and prayers in a corner of his cell, to the same place, to receive a share of the good things provided by the grateful merchant.

"Nay," said Sheik Kassim, "if I have any inheritance in this supply, Allah will send me my portion to this place," and he resumed his prayers, while Sheik Ahmed, finding persuasions and arguments alike vain, hobbled off to the yard to secure his share of the food which was being distributed, and this scene was repeated for six days.

On the seventh day the merchant walked through all the different departments of the prison to make personal inquiries of the prisoners whether they had received the food he had sent as a thank-offering for his mercies. On seeing the blind Sheik he particularly questioned whether his wants received the proper attention. "My lord," replied Sheik Kassim, "if I have any inheritance in this supply, Allah will send me my portion to this place." Hearing this reply, the merchant immediately gave orders for a liberal supply to be brought to the blind man.

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Later, Sheik Ahmed approached his friend to endeavor once again to convince him of the necessity for making some exertion in order to receive his share of the good things to which he was entitled, but missed through his own inaction. Triumphantly Sheik Kassim related the circumstance of the merchant sending for his portion, and having it brought to the spot from which the blind man had not considered it necessary to move, so great had been his faith that his inheritance, however great or small it might be, would be sent by Allah sooner or later to him.

"That is all very beautiful and very true," replied Sheik Ahmed, "and Allah is good to all His creatures, even the most undiscernible, if they only trust Him; but remember that while you waited, Allah sent you a portion only once, while I, who made the exertion and went, received a portion from His bountiful hand seven times."

THE BUZZARD'S BALD HEAD.

BY A. L. BASSETT.

"Now, chillen, git to bed quick, and don't make no fuss, and I'll tell you a story 'bout Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit."

The promise of a *story* was quite sufficient to insure ready obedience; so the little ones were soon tucked warmly into their beds, and their colored nurse, seating herself on the floor beside them, greatly pleased at the eager gaze of the bright eyes fixed upon her face, began her story:

"Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit had been off workin' all de week, but Saturday dey come home and cleaned up deir house and yard, and got ready for Sunday.

"When ebenin' come, Mr. Fox dressed heself up and went to de rabbit's house.

"Mr. Rabbit,' he says, 'I'm goin' fishin'. Won't you go 'long, Mr. Rabbit?'

"'No,' says Mr. Rabbit, 'I won't go. I generally stays at home Saturdays and rests myself, and den eats as many fish as dem as goes fishin'.'

"Mr. Fox didn't know how dat could be, but he didn't say nothin', and went on by heself to de pond, and cotched a nice string of fish, and den started for home.

"Now Mr. Rabbit, as soon as he thought it was time for de fox to come home, he ran down de path and stretched heself out like he was dead.

"Presently de fox come 'long wid his string of fish. He fa'rly jumped when he seed de rabbit, and den he said: 'Well, if here ain't a nice fat rabbit! I'll go home and put my fish down, and den come back and git him, and to-morrow I'll have a big, fish fry and a rabbit stew for dinner.'

"So Mr. Fox he went on down de path, and de rabbit he jumps up and runs through de woods and gits ahead of him, and stretches heself out ag'in like he was dead. When de fox come 'long and seed him, he give a bigger jump dan before, and says: 'If here ain't another nice fat rabbit! I'm 'most home now, so I'll lay my string of fish down by dis rabbit, and go back and git de other rabbit, and to-morrow I'll have a big fish fry and *two* rabbit stews.' Mr. Fox laid his fish down by de rabbit, and went back to look for de other rabbit.

"As soon as he was gone, up jumped de rabbit, and took de fish, and ran off as fast as he could go, and went up a hollow tree.

"Presently de fox come back, 'cause he couldn't find no dead rabbit whar he left it, and—dar now! his fish was gone, and Mr. Rabbit was settin' up in de hollow, eatin' fish, and throwin' de fish bones down to him fast as he eat de fish.

"Den de rabbit hollered out, 'I say, Mr. Fox, didn't I tell you I stays at home and rests myself, and den eats as many fish, *if not more*, dan dem dat goes fishin'?'

"De fox was so mad he didn't know what to do wid heself. He danced 'round de tree, and barked at de rabbit, and said, 'I'll pay you for dis, Mr. Rabbit!'

"Pay me *now*, Mr. Fox.'

"Presently a buzzard came flyin' by, and de fox called him, and told him how de rabbit had stole his fish.

"Mr. Buzzard, will you stay here and nuss dis hollow till I go to de house and get a chunk of fire to smoke de rabbit out?'

"Mr. Buzzard said, 'Yes'; so he come down and set close to de hollow to nuss it till de fox come back.

"Time de fox was gone, de rabbit peeped out of de hollow, and said, 'Dat you down dere, Mr. Buzzard?'

"And de buzzard said, 'Dis is me.'

"Mr. Buzzard, dey tell me you is got gold eyes. Is dat so, Mr. Buzzard?'

"I s'pose so, Mr. Rabbit.'

"Mr. Buzzard, I never seed any gold eyes in my life. Won't you jes' put your eyes up to de hollow so I kin see 'em?'

"Den de buzzard he got up and put his eyes to de hollow, and de rabbit throwed a whole lot of fish bones and trash in his eyes, and fill his eyes *full* of trash and fish bones. So de buzzard had to fly down to de ground and set down wid his back to de tree to pick de trash and fish bones out of his eyes. Den Mr. Rabbit he jumped down, and away he was gone through de woods long 'fore de fox come back wid de fire.

"When Mr. Fox come wid his chunk of fire, he set to smokin' de hollow right away. 'Is he up dere, Mr. Buzzard?'

"He was up dere de last time I seed him,' said de buzzard; and he kept pickin' de trash and de fish bones out of his eyes.

"De fox smoked and he smoked, but de rabbit didn't fall.

"Is he up dere, Mr. Buzzard?'

"He was up dere de last time I seed him;' and de buzzard kept pickin' de fish bones and trash out of his eyes.

"Den de fox he smoked and he smoked, but de rabbit didn't fall, and—den he run to de buzzard, and *scratched all de skin off his head*, and ever since den all de buzzards been bald-headed.

"But de buzzard he didn't tell no lie; de last time he seed de rabbit he was up dere, sure enough. He couldn't see after de rabbit throwed de fish bones and trash in his eyes, and he wa'n't goin' to tell de fox dat he was a fool like *he* was. Now dat's all de story: you go to sleep directly."

"Oh, please tell us some more! tell us some more!" cried the children, as wide awake as ever.

"I never seed sich chillen! You never gits tired. Well, I will tell you one little piece of po'try, and den if you is good, to-morrow night I'll tell 'nother story 'bout de fox and de rabbit."

"Tell us the poetry, please do," cried all the children at once. "Don't go before you tell us the poetry."

"Bless me! you won't give me time to draw my breff. I never seed sich chillen. Now listen, and den don't say 'nother word to me dis night, for I's gwine. I ain't gwine to fool here wid you all no longer. Here is de po'try:

"De squirrel he hopped from limb to limb,
De ole har sot and look at him;
De ole har say unto heself,
"Dat squirrel don't mind he kill heself."

"Dar now, I's gwine. I ain't gwine to tell you no more nohow."



GULLIVER SAILING HIS YACHT FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE COURT.

GULLIVER AMONG THE BROBDINGNAGS.

Probably most of our readers are familiar with Dean Swift's tales of the travels of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, and will remember that among other wonderful countries, he visited that of the Brobdingnags—a race of giants eighty feet in height. Those who have read of his remarkable adventures in this country will at once recognize the accompanying picture as that of Gulliver sailing his yacht for the amusement of the King of the Brobdingnags and his court. Gulliver is made to tell the history of his yacht as follows:

"The Queen, who often used to hear me talk of sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, 'If I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in.' The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the Queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the King, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by the way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the Queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I used often to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the Queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased."



THE YOUNG CONVALESCENT.

POLYPOD'S CAT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Her real name was Mary; but there never was such a family for nicknames as the Dyers. Why they ever called pretty Nelly, the oldest girl, "Norken," instead of her royal name Eleanor, nobody could tell; or sober John, "Jinky," or Alice, the "big little girl," as Mary called her, "Pob" and "Phœbus"; but they did, and there are a great many things in this world one has to take as they are, without rhyme or reason. But she always was called Polypod by all the family; and when a stranger said, "*What* is your little girl's name?" whoever he asked only said, "Mary," and laughed.

Polypod was a dear little soul, as rosy and jolly and loving as a child could be; but sometimes she wanted a playmate. Nelly taught her every day, the school was so far off; and Jinky and Pob always took their dinner when they went, and were too tired or too grown up to play with Polypod when they came home at night; so she racked her brains for amusement. The Dyers lived on a great farm, and back of the house was a hill covered with woods. Polypod had a wild garden, as she called it, under the edge of these woods, where she planted all the pretty wilding flowers, adder's-tongue, squirrel-cups, Dutchman's-breeches, spring-beauty, Quaker-ladies, wet-root, jack-in-the-pulpit, columbine, blue and white violets—everything she could find, except trailing arbutus, which she could not make grow at her pleasure any more than other people can. Then she had a play-place in the big wood-shed for rainy days; a house furnished with broken crockery and nutshells, and inhabited by squash dollies and ladies made out of hollyhock petals. She could stay here all summer whenever she was tired of her garden, or it rained; but in winter was the hard time. She had her rag doll Miss Rosalinda Squires, to be sure, but there was no place to play except in the kitchen or the sitting-room, and Grandpa Dyer always sat by the sitting-room stove asleep, or smoking his pipe, or trying to read the newspaper; he did not like little girls; he was too old, and they made such a noise. Then everybody else was in the kitchen, and mother kept it so awfully clean! All Polypod could do was to go under the dinner table with Rosalinda and play they were living in a cavern, or shut up in jail; for when the leaf was down, and the brown cover on, they found it naturally quite dark under that table.

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"Oh dear!" she said, one day, "I do wish I had somefing or somebody to p'ay with me."

Nelly came into the room just as she spoke, and heard her. It never had occurred to anybody in that house that Polypod could be lonely before. She was a little thing, and they all loved her, but they didn't stop to think much about her. If she had warm clothes, plenty to eat, and a dolly, why shouldn't she be satisfied?

"Why, child," said Nelly, "haven't you got the doll?"

"Yes, I've got her, an' she sits there an' sits there, Norken; she don't go a 'peck, she don't talk a singal wingal mite, not the very leastest word. I wish somefing would make her mad an' strike, she keeps so still;" and Polypod heaved a deep sigh as she looked at Rosalinda with melancholy disapproval.

"Mother," said Nelly next day, "can't Polypod have a kitten? The child gets lonesome for something to run about and play with her."

Polypod's eyes sparkled under the table where she was just putting Rosalinda to bed with the measles and scarlet fever—maladies she had herself experienced, and knew how to treat.

"I don't know," answered mother, stopping on the door-sill to consider. "She might for 't I know, but I'm afraid 't would get into the keepin'-room and plague grandpa. I guess 'tain't best to resk it; she can play with Dolly;" so she shut the door behind her, and Nelly went out into the shed.

"Danpa's real mean an' horrid," sobbed Polypod, making a very bad face at the wall behind which he sat, the better to express her hurt feelings. She did not know how tired old folks are, how their bones ache, and their eyes get dim after they have lived and worked so long and so hard; and poor grandpa could not remember how he felt when he was a rosy naughty little boy himself. He did not think of much now but how to keep warm and quiet, and not have anybody push against his chair, or hit his lame foot that lay up on a carpet stool all the time. No wonder he did not like kittens, they jump about so everywhere!

But before spring came grandpa died one day, and there was a funeral. Nobody cried much: grandpa was too old to cry for; they all knew—all the grown-up people—that he must be glad not to ache any more, and he had been pretty cross, poor old man. The day of the funeral Polypod noticed her mother putting some black ribbon on Nelly's felt hat, and trying on to her own head a new black bonnet.

"What is you putting that ugly black bow on to Norken's bonnet for, muvver?" she asked.

"It's mourning, Polypod; people wear black when their folks die."

"What for?" curiously inquired the child.

"Oh, well, I s'pose to show they feel bad."

"I don't feel bad one mite," said Polypod, thoughtfully. Her mother in her busy hurry did not hear this comment, or Polypod would have been reproved, no doubt. But nobody puts black on so small a child for the loss of a grandfather, so Polypod made no more remarks.

The next week Nelly came into the sitting-room where the child had for once established herself in a corner of the old chintz-covered sofa.

"Polypod," she called out, "what do you suppose I've got in my apron?"

Polypod did not stop to guess; she jumped down and peeped in at a corner.

"Oh, Norken, a real live kitty! Oh! oh! oh! My vely own kitty?"

"Yes, you little goose," laughed Nelly; she could not comprehend what a wonderful and delightful treasure the kitten was to her little sister.

Polypod was not lonely any more; she hugged her precious kitty with all the tender passion of her warm little heart, she paddled out to the barn in all weathers to get it new milk, she taught it all sorts of tricks, it slept on her bed at nights, played hide-and-seek with her in the day-time, knocked Rosalinda Squires down from her silent state every time it found that neglected lady anywhere, and made things lively generally in the Dyer house. Even Pob and Jinky, solemn as they were with age and learning, could not help laughing at kit's tricks, and father Dyer, tired, and wet, and hungry as he might be when he came in from doing the chores, owned gruffly that, "That 'ere kitty's the spryest of all the critters I ever *did* see."

This was great praise from father, the most silent of men generally, and so little given to expressing his feelings that Polypod could not remember that he ever kissed her but once, and that was the day grandpa died.

Great was his mistress's joy when kit caught his first mouse; she did not like mice; but oh! how she cried and scolded when he fetched in a young robin panting, quivering, bleeding, its beautiful eyes dark with death. Polypod was almost ready not to love kit any more, but the tender little heart soon forgave her darling on the wistful plea that he was "only a kitty."

When Polypod's treasure was only a year old, one day he was missing; nobody could find him. He had taken to sleeping in the shed under the floor, and Jinky had made a bed there for him, to please his little sister, by taking up a board of the floor, and putting down an armful of hay and a bit of carpet. Kit liked this much; he had become a great hunter, and he could range the woods on moonlit nights after squirrels and winter birds, and then seek his retreat for a morning nap, going in from the outside through a hole in the rough stone foundation of the wood-shed. But he always came in for his breakfast; and to-day when Polypod called, there was no answer. Bobbin, as she had named him, did not come running to the step, his tail high in air, the end curved like a fish-hook, his ears forward, and his yellow eyes shining; nor did he come all day. It had snowed very hard the night before, and perhaps he had gone into a neighbor's barn, they thought; when it cleared up he would come trotting in as usual. But he did not. Day after day went by; somebody asked the neighbors, to no purpose, if they had seen the cat; somebody else trudged over to the lonely barn, two miles away, where they stored the surplus hay, but Bobbin was not there. Polypod cried till her eyes ached.

"Mercy me! don't take on so, child," said mother; "there's cats enough, dear knows. Pa'll fetch ye another kitty the next time he goes to the 'ville."

"Muvver! I want *my* kitty!" Polypod indignantly answered.

In about two weeks from Bobbin's disappearance a heavy rain and thaw set in: drifts disappeared, the earth was brown again, and out from that hole in the stones crept—who but Bobbin! thin as a shingle cat, eyes big as saucers, feeble, staggering, rough: but Bobbin! Now Polypod sobbed for joy; she would not let anybody touch him; she made him a flannel bed, and fed him with a tea-spoon till his voice came back, and he purred a faint song of gratitude. Polypod loved him now better than ever; and as his loose skin filled out, and his beautiful dark gray coat, dashed and striped with black, regained its gloss and depth, his attachment to the child seemed to increase; he followed her everywhere, into the woods after the first shy blossoms that laid off their gray furs and smiled up at the sun, down into the swamp edge to pick cowslip greens for dinner, into the lots for wild strawberries, and even up on the ledge for red raspberries; if anybody wanted Polypod, they said, "Where's the cat?" Mother looked on him with much favor now, for he not only rid the house of mice and rats as well as ever Whittington's cat could have done it, but he also caught all the little green or striped snakes that lurked in and about the old garden, which mother "could not a-bear!" It was very pretty to see him toss the coiling, squirming creatures high up in air, and then watch them with his handsome head cocked aside, and his paw held up ready for a pat as soon as they moved, or another toss. He never ate them, which pleased Polypod, for she felt as if she never could kiss him again after he had swallowed a snake.

It was in the late autumn that Bobbin most distinguished himself, however. Polypod had been quite ill; a touch of fever, the doctor said. She had been taken out of her tiny bedroom opening from mother's into the spare chamber up stairs, and put into that big old-fashioned bed that had a tester and white dimity curtains at the corners. One night Nelly had given her her medicine, and set down the tallow candle on the light

stand, drawing the curtain to keep the light out of Polypod's eyes, when she was called down stairs to see one of the neighbors.

Half an hour after, as she was talking very busily, Bobbin came running into the room and began to walk round her, pull at her dress with his paw, go to the door, come back, rub against her, look up at her with great asking eyes, and at last mewed so impatiently that the neighbor said, "What upon earth ails that cretur? Seems as though he wanted suthin real bad."

"Oh! I guess he wants to get up into Polypod's room," said Nelly; "he sets by her dreadfully; but I was real sure I left him on to the foot of her bed, and I know I shet the door."

"Mebbe you'd better let him go up," suggested the visitor, who found Bobbin's importunity rather distracting to a very important conversation he wanted to begin.

So Nelly opened the door, and Bobbin rushed up the front stairs, and began to mew loudly at the top.

"I did shut the door, certain sure," laughed Nelly, going up to open it, and turning quite pale at the smell of fire, and then at the sight of Polypod calmly asleep in the bed, though the end of one pillow and the dimity curtain next the light stand were blazing and smoking away with a good-will.

Polypod might have burned or smothered to death but that Nelly had left the window over the shed roof open a little way when she went down, the night was so unusually warm; and probably Bobbin, seeing something wrong, had gone out here, jumped off the shed roof, and, making his way into the front door, gone to the first person he found for help. Now this is a true story, or I shouldn't dare to tell it. And thanks to Bobbin, and the visitor, who came tearing up when Nelly screamed, "Oh, George!" and pulled down the curtain very quickly, and stamped on it, there was no great harm done; for Polly's dose of skull-cap tea kept her quiet even when she awoke with the noise.

But nobody ever saw a cat so admired and well treated as Bobbin was after that. Nothing in the Dyer house was too good for him; and when, that same winter, he was chased by a dog of the tin peddler's, and fell into the well, from which he was fished out next day dead and dripping, Polypod's heart was broken. It was small comfort that Jinky dug a neat little grave under the Bell pear-tree, and put up a shingle head-stone, with the tender inscription:

"Here lies Bobbin,
Pretty as a robin,
Smart as a whip.
Why did he slip,
Sad to tell,
And get drowned in the well?"

This was all good, as far as it went, but Polypod cried harder and harder. At last she went to mother.

"Muvver," she piteously sobbed, "ca-can't I have a b-black bonnet to w-w-wear to meetin'?"

"Land alive, child! what under the canopy do you want a black bonnet for?"

"Why, you s-said folks w-wore 'em when any-b-body they loved was d-dead, to show they was s-sorry, and I'm aw-awful sorry 'bout Bobbin; more'n I ever w-was before—ev-ever so much!"

Mother upset the churn, and spilled the buttermilk on the spot. It was a hasty movement did it, but anything was better than to have dear little Polypod see her smile. She compromised for a black bow on the child's hood, on the ground that nobody in meeting was acquainted with Bobbin, and if the bow was noticed it might be thought that some distant relative of the family was dead. Polypod could only sob, "W-well, I don't c-care so vely much. I fe-feel real b-black inside."

Dear Polypod! may she live to grow up in the faith that it is better and truer than any depth of outward mourning to rend the heart, not the garments—in her own quaint phrase, to "feel real black inside!"

THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

They were a very young couple, and as soon as they were married they tried to find a place where they could begin housekeeping. After looking about for some time, they found a lovely house, sheltered from the north and open to the south. It was a pleasant, airy spot, and quite sunny, so they decided to move in at once. Everything went beautifully in the new house until the third day, when, to their great alarm, they woke early in the morning, and found the sun rising in the south. This was very curious, for they had read in their school-books that "if you stand with your face to the south, the sun will rise on your left hand, and set on your right hand." Yet there was the sun rising as plain as could be in front of the house, and they knew the house faced south. However, the sun came up in the most natural manner in the world, went up to the middle of the sky at noon, and went down among some beautiful clouds at night in the north.

Next morning something still more wonderful happened: the young people slept quite late, for the sun rose behind the house, and they did not know it was morning until he was shining brightly.

"My dear," said the husband, "this is very singular. The sun rose in the north, and I suppose it will set in the south."

So it did, for they both watched it go down in front of the house.

"Never mind," said the wife. "I dare say the sun knows the way, and I'm very sleepy. I think I'll go to bed."

Then for a week the sun rose every day in the north, and set in the south, as if it were quite the proper thing to do. Then came a still more wonderful day: the sun rose in the north; but while the family were at dinner in the front parlor, it gave a jump and went clear round to the south, and set at night in the old-fashioned way.

"My love, I think the sun behaves in the most surprising manner. I hope there is nothing wrong with it."

"Oh, I hope not, I'm sure," said she, "for father could not afford to give us a mantel clock for a wedding

present, and I have to depend on the sun. It would be very distressing if it should get out of order."

The next morning the sun rose in the west, and before it had been an hour high, it gave a big jump and ran round to the east, and then went calmly in the old way, as if nothing had happened. The young people were, of course, greatly surprised, and were much pleased to see it go down in the west, just as it used to do before it fell into such bad habits.

The next day the little wife went home to see her mother, and told the family all about it. They said it was very strange, but they had not noticed anything wrong with the sun. At night her father went home with her, and when he came in sight of the house, he sat on the fence and laughed so heartily that he nearly fell off. When he went home he told all the folks about it, and they had a good laugh over the young people who went to housekeeping in a *ventilator*.

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THE YOUNG COUPLE AND THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

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

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAIRY'S STORY CONCLUDED.

The owl replied softly, telling her errand, praising the bravery of the frog, and evidently pleasing the kingfisher with the news of the death of his enemy the night-hawk.

"I will go," he answered. "I do not pretend to be chivalric; I should prefer to sleep; nevertheless I will go. Rise, follow me. I expected to breakfast at home; now we will get some sea-food."

"He is always thus," whispered the owl, as Arthur and she rose high in the air. "He is a wonderful naturalist, a student of ichthyology, has a vast and profound fund of knowledge, but a great gourmand, always considering what he will eat; but he is reliable; we may trust him."

They sailed now high, now low, over ravines and gulfs, until the continuous murmur which had accompanied them deepened into the steady, solemn roar of the ocean. Great crags, broad sands, and huge waves tossing their white crests now met their eyes.

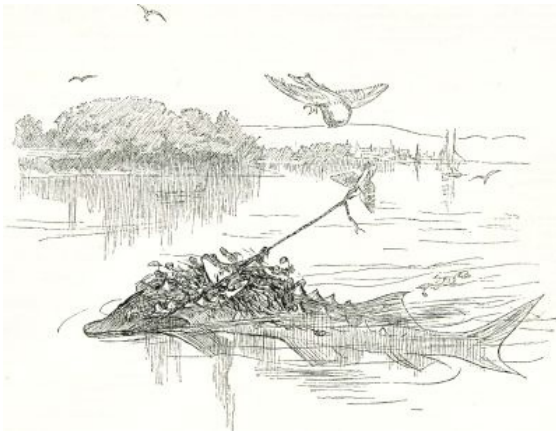
The soft faint gray of early dawn lit the heavens. The kingfisher perched himself on the top of a rock, and watched the seething waves with a steady and keen outlook. The owl fluttered down to the long line of breakers, and bade Arthur notice the immense quantity of sea-weed fringing the rocks in all directions.

"Now how to carry it back is the question," said Arthur, rather dolorously.

"My friend, have no fear," said the owl. "Go to work bravely, and gather all you can, then we will arrange to transport it. Hasten, however, as much as you can."

Arthur hopped about zealously. He was half deafened with the thunder of the waves, half blinded with the dashing spray, half drowned with the salt-water pouring from every cliff and cranny of the rocks. Still, he tore and clutched at the sea-weed, dragging it in masses larger than his own frog body to where the owl waited for him on the beach in a sort of grotto hollowed out by the waves. There they piled it until they both were assured they had the proper quantity. Then the owl flew to a promontory and hailed the kingfisher. Arthur, quite worn out, fell asleep. When he awoke, he found himself most strangely placed.

So soundly had he slept that the owl and kingfisher, having completed their arrangements for the removal of the sea-weed, had removed Arthur also, and he woke to find himself on the back of an enormous sturgeon, with sea-weed under him, over him, and about him. Tightly about the



MAKING THE STURGEON USEFUL.

sturgeon was bound an old rope, which the kingfisher had procured from the remains of a wreck on the rocks, and in which he had entangled the sturgeon; this rope the owl and kingfisher took turns in holding, keeping the sturgeon near the surface of the waves by its check upon his movements, which were very bold and rapid. Thus, by the double force of flying and swimming, Arthur was carried with immense speed into the quiet waters of a bay, from which they had emerged on arriving at the ocean.

From the bay they sailed up into the river, and were coursing rapidly on to its narrower surface, when the sturgeon suddenly gave a great leap, very nearly throwing Arthur and his precious load off his back.

The owl screamed, the kingfisher shouted hoarsely, but tightened his hold upon the rope, while the sturgeon dashed madly on.

Again he made another frantic leap, whereupon the kingfisher gave him a thrust with his beak, to which the sturgeon replied:

"The current is becoming too shallow; I can go no farther. I *must* have air. How can you expect me to go up this trout stream? have you no mercy for such a beast of burden as you have made me?"

"Forward again!" shouted the kingfisher, tightening the rope again.

Arthur felt the sturgeon shiver, and was conscious that his movements were weaker. Another leap, and he burst the rope; but as he jumped, he tossed his load of sea-weed high in the air; it fell, and Arthur with it, on a rock.

The owl gave a long, dismal cry, the kingfisher swept madly away after the sturgeon, and Arthur, bruised and sore, lay panting on the rock. For a long while he could do nothing. The owl went off in search of food, promising to return at night-fall. The day wore on. Arthur, weak with hunger, tried to devour some of the sea-weed. It was too bitter and salt. Leaning over the edge of the rock, he saw a shoal of tiny fishes playing hide-and-seek in the eddies of the stream. He clutched at one of them, and devoured it. Never had he tasted a sweeter morsel. He caught another, and another, until his hunger was fully appeased. Evening came again; the moon shone early; Arthur was awakened from a long nap by the hooting call of the owl, which said,

"Here I am again, my distressed friend."

At the same moment the kingfisher swooped down on them, and stood tilting and flapping his wings on a corner of the rock. "Now," said he, "as I am a bird of my word, and have promised to help you, we will proceed to business. This sea-weed is dry, as you see, and very much lighter. You, Mrs. Owl, can easily carry it, while I will take your young friend Mr. Frog. Let us be off at once, you, madam, directing the flight."

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The kingfisher and Arthur then heaped the sea-weed upon the owl, and Arthur, clambering on the rather oily back of the kingfisher, was once again going over the tree-tops.

Before morning they had reached the desired spot, the flat rock under the chestnut-tree, placed the sea-weed upon it, and, hardly waiting for thanks, the kingfisher left them.

Arthur thanked the owl warmly, assuring her of his deep gratitude. To which the owl replied: "You have done me quite as good service, and my thanks are quite as due to you. I return to my empty nest a desolate mother, but never shall I forget your generous sympathy. Possibly I may find consolation, but should I ever raise another brood, it could never equal the beauty of my lost darlings. Alas! we feathered creatures have great trials: we toil diligently for our families, build nests at great cost of time and effort, often to see them swept away by the winds; or, our nests lasting, and unattacked by enemies, many a young bird is thrown to the earth by the violence of storms, and comes to an untimely end through starvation. Sympathy, therefore, we appreciate; it helps us to bear our sorrows with becoming fortitude. Never shall I forget your gallantry, my friend; the thought of it will cheer many a solitary hour when all the world is asleep. I bid you farewell." So saying, the owl flapped her wings, and was gone.

Arthur hopped away from the chestnut-tree to the place where he had lost himself. It was early morning, but he was wearied, and slept in spite of all his anxiety. When he awoke he was no longer a frog, but a very hungry boy. The noonday sun was shining, and at his side hopped a little brown bird. It twittered gladly, as if congratulating him, but not one word could he understand. Before this adventure he would have probably frightened it away, but now he reached out his hand softly and stroked its feathers, then seeking berries, he placed them where the little creature could feast upon them. It peered at him with its bright little eyes, and even perched upon his shoulder. Never again did Arthur idly destroy any living creature of the woods—not the humblest weed or flower, bright-winged insect or speckled egg. Nor did he loiter again when sent upon errands. The elves thereafter left him in peace.

"Good-by, dear Phil; I am off now. This is my last story."

"Where am I? Has the music stopped? Was it my wind harp—my poor little wind harp?"

"Why, Phil, your wind harp is broken. Did you not know that it fell from your window last night?" said Lisa, coming into the dining-room.

"No. I wonder if I shall ever see the wind fairy again?"

"Dreaming again, Phil?" said Lisa.

"You always think I dream, Lisa, whenever I speak of fairies."

"Do I, dear? Well, you must get ready now for Graham; he is coming to take you out on the lake. Miss Schuyler will not be home to dinner, and we three are to have ours on Eagle Island."

Phil went up stairs and gathered together the broken pieces of his wind harp. He folded each piece up carefully in paper, and put them all away. "No more fairy stories," he said to himself. "Well, I suppose I am getting beyond them, and must put up with sober facts; but they are not half so nice," he said, with a sigh—"not half so nice." Then he took out his sketch-book and pencils, and prepared for work.

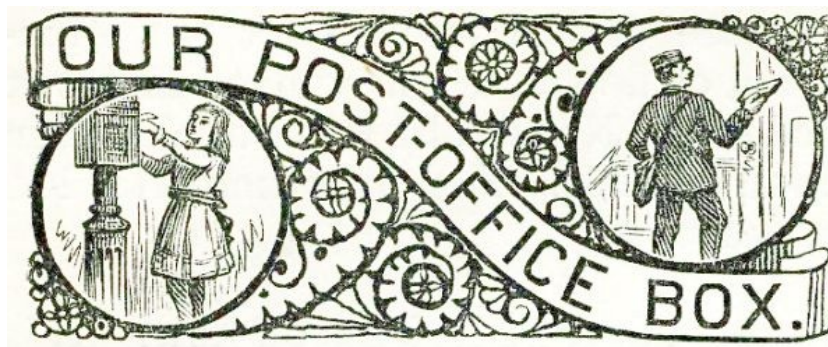
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AN ORPHLING.

MR. KULLCHAW. "Good gracious, children, you must not think of bringing such a forlorn-looking cur as that in the house!"

FANNY. "Oh, but, Papa dear, when he is washed and mended, I think he'll look real nice, and we can exhibit him at the Dog Show."



[Pg 414]

NEW HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Last summer our big cat caught a rat. It was one of the largest rats I ever saw. The cat did not eat it, but left it on the lawn dead. The next day we noticed the rat did not look nearly as large, and upon going to it, we saw that it was half buried, and was being slowly pulled down by something. On looking closely, we discovered several large black beetles, spotted with yellow, working under the rat; and in thirty-six hours from the time it was left there, they buried it all out of sight except a little bit of its tail.

Can any one tell me why the beetles did this?

HALLIE A. S.

The beetles which buried the rat belonged to the family of carrion beetles known as *Silphidæ*. They live in the ground, and have feet fitted for digging. They eat all kinds of filth and dead animals, and on this account are sometimes called scavengers. Those whose work relieved your lawn of the dead rat belonged to the branch of the *Silphidæ* family called burying or sexton beetles. The instinct of these bugs is very remarkable. They scent a dead mouse or any small animal from afar, and at once proceed to secure the prize. If the ground where it lies is rocky, and too hard for their little feet to work in, an army of them fasten on the body, and drag it to a softer place. Then they work underneath, as you saw them do, until they sink their prey, and can cover it away from the air and sun, which would soon dry it, and make it unfit for their food. The sexton beetles lay their eggs in the little dead body they have buried, so that when the tiny grubs are hatched, their food is all ready for them. The common carrion beetles have strong teeth, and can

eat almost any animal substance, no matter if it is very hard and dry, but the sexton beetles can only eat very soft things, and their little grubs would die had not Nature, who cares for the least of her children, endowed them with this wonderful instinct to provide suitable food and protection for their young.

DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I have had my first volume of *YOUNG PEOPLE* bound, and it makes a very nice book. On page 496 of that volume is a picture of the Indians killing Major Waldron here in Dover. I live just across the river from where his house was, and I can see the place from my windows. We do not have any Indians here now, but I saw some once in a show, and they were savage-looking fellows.

BURTON T. S.

RATON, NEW MEXICO.

We live in the Raton Mountains. We call our home Glenwood. It is a beautiful place, especially in the summer. It is situated at the mouth of two cañons. We have a great many beautiful wild flowers and ferns here, and we press a great many for winter decoration.

We have two pet calves. Their names are Rose and Graceful. They are very gentle. Rose always comes to the door to wait for her milk, and if she does not get enough, she will go around to another door, and wait until she gets more. We have only to take a pan in our hands, and she will trot after us all over the place.

I think *YOUNG PEOPLE* is delightful, and it is very pleasant to think that from the Atlantic to the Pacific thousands of little readers are delighted with the same stories, and welcome the coming of this little paper with the same eagerness.

ELLA G. R.

NEAR RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

About a week ago my papa came home in the evening and told us that a nice horse had fallen and broken her leg on the Reservoir Drive, and that the owner would have to shoot her. The next morning we saw the poor horse limping up the road on three legs, and the rain was pouring down. We all felt so very sorry, and papa had her brought into our stable and fed. When he looked at her leg, he thought it could be cured. He went to see the owner, who said papa might cure her if he cared to take the trouble. Papa has put her leg in splints, and bound it up with oakum and strong bandages, and it is doing nicely. It will have to be kept in splints for four weeks. I will write and tell *YOUNG PEOPLE* when our horse is well. We are going to call her Experiment. I am seven years old.

BESSIE K. N.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

DEAR *YOUNG PEOPLE*,—I write to tell you about my home. It is situated on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, thirty miles from Saratoga; the name of it is Comstock's. It was founded by my great-grandfather in 1849.

There used to be a great many Indians around here, and a number of arrow-heads have been found in a muck bed at the end of our meadow. A woman living on the mountain, about a mile from us, found an arrow-head firmly stuck in a piece of fire-wood which her husband had cut. Near by there is a cave dug in the solid rock, most likely the work of Indians. Near it there is a hole in the solid rock, about two feet deep and nine inches across, where they used to pound corn. Up a creek not far from our house a cannon full of gold coin (so tradition says) was sunk by Burgoyne's army when they went from Skenesboro' (now Whitehall) to Fort Edward, and almost every summer people come to drag for it. Once they hooked on to something very heavy, which, as they had but one horse, they could not pull up. Many people thought it was the cannon. There was a battle fought at Port Ann, four miles south of Comstock's, in the French and Indian war, and even now people sometimes find old coins there under the stones.

GEORGE C. B.

GLEN HAVEN, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and a subscriber to this delightful little paper ever since it was published. I do not know how I would get along without it. I have a little niece with blue eyes. She is seventeen months old. When she comes to our house, she says "Dood-day" to everybody. She always wants to see the pictures in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, but she is too little to read. This is my fourth letter to Our Post-office Box. All the others must have gone to the "waste-basket." I do hope this will not go there too.

AMY L. O.

LISBON, IOWA.

After teasing mamma a long time, she has consented to let me write again to Our Post-office Box. She thinks it may be a case of PXP=P (see *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 73), for this is my third letter, and I haven't seen any in print yet. I am almost nine years old. I am very much interested in Toby Tyler. I hope he will get home all right, and that his uncle will give him all he can eat. I read *YOUNG PEOPLE* out loud to mamma and grandma. I have a little sister Georgie.

PET W.

NEAR PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I wrote a long time ago to Our Post-office Box, but my letter wasn't printed; but mamma always says, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." If we lived in some distant place I could write a more interesting letter, although our hills are never without interest.

Three of us children can read "Toby Tyler," and when we saw the picture of him running away with his monkey, we all gave a shout. We hope Mr. Otis will keep on writing about Toby Tyler until he gets to be a man, so we will know all about him. I am glad he got away, because he is not a bad boy; but he might grow up to be one if he staid with the circus.

MARY P.

I will exchange some madrone berries, a piece of manzanita wood and bark, and a few sugar-pine nuts, for ocean curiosities.

The manzanita is a shrub. It sometimes grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, but is generally about five feet high. It has small pink and white blossoms, and the berries, when ripe, are very sweet, like sugar. The bark is very thin, and is red. The wood is red when dry.

The madrone is a tree. It has small white blossoms, and in the autumn it has bright red berries. It is an evergreen.

ELVA C. WHEELER,
Grant's Pass, Jackson Co., Oregon.

I am a little Dutch girl, and an orphan. I live with my grandmother, who is very kind to me. I am a cousin to the little Lockman girls, who wrote to *YOUNG PEOPLE* from Muskoka, and who lost their brother last winter. They are here on a visit. They were very glad to come, after living there in the backwoods so long.

I am making a silk quilt, and I would like to exchange pieces with any of the little girls who take *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

ANNIE SHUPE,
Mohawk, Brant Co., Ontario, Canada.

We wish to tell the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* about a pet we have in our house, and they must guess what it is. Our pet is quite large. It has four legs, but it can not walk. It affords us a great deal of pleasure, and occupies a great deal of our time, although it sometimes gets badly out of order—so bad that we have to send for a man, who only attends to such patients as our pet, to come and put it right again.

Please, Mr. Editor, don't tell any one, but our pet is our i_n_.

We will exchange a stone from Iowa, for one from any other State.

IRIS AND MYRTLE BROCKWAY,
Concord, Hancock Co., Iowa.

Some time ago I received a letter containing four stamps from a boy who wished gold ore in return. I have lost his address, and wish he would be so kind as to send it to me again.

DWIGHT MARFIELD,
Circleville, Pickaway Co., Ohio.

So many boys and girls are in trouble on account of losing addresses that we would advise them to procure a small blank-book, and write down names, addresses, and what has been sent by that particular correspondent. This entry should be made as soon as the letter is received. When it is answered, make a little mark against it with a blue pencil, which will show you that it has been duly noticed. A little care of this kind will save you a great deal of trouble, and assist you in forming methodical habits, which will be of

service to you when you are men and women, and have more important business to attend to. Here is a letter from another correspondent whose affairs are evidently in confusion:

All children who have written or sent boxes to me, and have received no answer, will please write again.

DELLIE PORTER, Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

I regret to say that sickness has caused me to delay answering many postals for the exchange of curiosities. I am now sending off what I have, and as I will go to Hot Springs again this summer, I will get what I can for my new friends.

W. H. HOWLAND.

As my supply of amethyst is exhausted, I can not make any more exchanges. I have received a little box of stamps, which I will return if the sender will forward me his or her address.

HARLOW C. CLARKE, Hastings, Minn.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Florida moss and Indiana postmarks, for foreign coins or Indian arrow-heads.

Ind.

CHARLIE BEEMER,
P. O. Box 395, Muncie, Delaware Co.,

Twenty-five postmarks, for three foreign stamps.

FRANK F. BUTZON,
Watseka, Iroquois Co., Ill.

Five postmarks for every foreign stamp, European excepted.

H. D. BATES,
Care of R. B. Bates, Racine, Wis.

An ounce of soil from Indiana, for the same from any other State.

HARRY D. BAUGH,
718 Walnut Street, Evansville, Ind.

Seven New England postmarks (no duplicates), for 2½ p. claret and 4 p. blue Dominica stamps, of the issue of 1880.

City.

JOHN R. BLAKE,
26 West Nineteenth Street, New York

Stamps from England, France, Greece, Denmark, and the Netherlands, for Russian, Chinese, Portuguese, Turkish, or South American stamps. Almanacs over one hundred years old, for ocean curiosities or rare stamps.

JOHN L. BENITZ,
Uniontown, Fayette Co., Penn.

Coins, boxwood, and shells, for coins and curiosities.

HERBERT CARR,
P. O. Box 1112, Brockton, Mass.

Pieces of Hell Gate rock blown up by General Newton's little girl, two years of age, shells from Fire Island, and postmarks, for Indian curiosities, specimens of wood, and minerals.

MAUD M. CHAMBERS, Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

Minerals, for minerals, ocean curiosities, or Indian relics.

JAMES D. KEYES,
926 Ninth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Zinc or iron ore, some other minerals, or some South American postage stamps, for curiosities, especially from the ocean.

R. B. KIPP,
13 Grant Street, Newark, N. J.

Minerals, coins, stamps, postmarks, and curiosities.

IRVIN P. KNIPE & BRO., P. O. Box 219,
Morristown, Montgomery Co., Penn.

A collection of three hundred stamps from more than fifty different countries, for a good velocipede. Each stamp is on the centre of a white card.

JOHN LAWRENCE,
40 Washington Square, New York City.

A stone from New York State, for one from any other State except Ohio and Pennsylvania.

N. Y.

C. N. LORD, Smithville, Jefferson County,

Foreign stamps and coins, for United States Department and Central and South American stamps.

JOHN W. LENNOX,
275 Navy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An old issue three-cent stamp for a common fifteen-cent. Eight United States stamps and two foreign, for seven War Department stamps.

Conn.

J. H. MONROE,
P. O. Box 208, Guilford, New Haven Co.,

Five postmarks, for one foreign stamp. Three postmarks, for one United States stamp, old issue. Two United States internal revenue stamps, for one foreign stamp. A one-cent War Department stamp, for any other official stamp.

LUTHER AND FRANK MOHR,
Mohrsville, Berks Co., Penn.

Crystals, and hot-house flower cuttings, for sea-shells.

SCHELE DE VERE MCCONNELL,
Center, Cherokee Co., Ala.

Four different postmarks, for one foreign stamp.

SAMUEL K. SMITH,
Mohrsville, Berks Co., Penn.

Four postmarks for each, foreign stamp. Only present issues desired.

Penn.

J. W. SIDDALL, JUN.,
213 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia,

Postmarks, for stamps.

G. R. SIDDALL,
3958 Myrtle Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Five foreign stamps, for one United States Department stamp. Fifty foreign stamps, for a two-dollar or five-dollar State Department. One hundred foreign stamps, for a ten-dollar or twenty-dollar State Department.

CHARLIE E. STURGISS,
Marietta, Ohio.

Butterflies.

Ohio.

CHARLOTTE WOOD,
Care of J. J. Wood & Co., Columbus,

Zinc ore, for foreign postage stamps.

City.

MARY WHITE,
132 East Forty-fifth Street, New York

One French or English stamp, for every ten common United States stamps.

JULIE WICKHAM,
338 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

A few War and Treasury Department stamps, for stamps from China, Spain, Egypt, and the Argentine Republic.

D. C.

WILLIE WALKER,
1011 M Street, Northwest, Washington,

[For other exchanges, see third page of cover.]

ROBERT C. K.—Your specimen is a piece of bark of the white birch.

EVELYN A. AND ELISABETH DE YONGE.—Your pretty wiggles had so very far to travel—one all the way from Oregon, and the other across the sea from Holland—that they arrived too late for insertion. A very graceful lily introducing the wiggle, drawn by Theodora B, a little invalid girl of ten years, was also too late in making its appearance.

NEWTON C.—Directions for the care of rabbits have already been given in YOUNG PEOPLE, in the Post-office Box of Nos. 25, 31, and 54.

ALICE M. AND A. L. D.—Roller skates may be bought or ordered at any hardware store, or at any place where common skates are sold. The price varies according to the finish of the skate, but none of them are expensive. They can only be used on a smooth surface like city pavements, or a well-made floor.

LISE B.—There is no prettier way of celebrating the festival of May-day than the old-fashioned English custom of raising a May-pole covered with wreaths of flowers and green sprays, and choosing a Queen for the day. In ancient times every village in England observed the May-day pageant. A sort of bower or arbor was built on the green where the May-pole was raised, covered all over with flowers, and there the young girl who had been chosen Queen sat in great state, a wreath of flowers for a crown, and looked on while her subjects danced and played. It must have been rather tiresome to sit there and do nothing but look on, while the others were enjoying themselves with pleasant games, but it was thought to be a great honor to be chosen Queen, even for a day, especially as it was always the prettiest girl in the village who was selected.

As we have no Kings or Queens in this country, you might modify the festival, and when your father takes you and the other little girls out for your May-day picnic, you can leave out the Queen. Some of the boys in your party can easily raise a May-pole in some green spot, and you can decorate it with wreaths and flowers, just as the boys and girls of England did in the olden time. It will be a very pretty sight, and you can have your picnic spread around it on the soft grass.

A very pretty effect is sometimes made by tying stout cords to the top of the pole before it is raised, and covering them with vines, wreaths, and flowers. Afterward these cords are stretched out on all sides, and securely fastened to pegs driven into the ground, thus forming a sort of bower.

If you are fond of archery, you can imitate another old English May-day custom by playing the game of Robin Hood. The game is too elaborate to be followed exactly, but you can have bows and arrows and targets, and by dividing into two parties you can have very pleasant sport in trying your skill. In England the best archer represented Robin Hood, and the second best Will Stukely, both renowned men in the old ballads for their skill in the use of the bow. Then there was Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, and other characters, about whom you have read in the Robin Hood legends, who took part in the game; but it would take too much space to describe them all here, and you can get along just as well without them.

All May-day sports of the olden time were celebrated out-of-doors, and all had the same general character. Grown people as well as the young joined in the merry-making, and the whole day was given up to rejoicing that the reign of winter was over, and the season of soft airs and beautiful flowers had come again.

We have received a large number of puzzles on topics suited to the Easter holiday, some of which were excellent, but they all, without exception, arrived too late for insertion at the proper season. We accordingly acknowledge them with thanks, and with regrets that we can not print them.

Z. G. S.—Your stamps of different colors are different issues, the rose being that of 1868, and the blue of some years previous. If your stamp-book is large, and allows spaces for these different issues, it is interesting to keep both.

E. M. W.—Try the recipe for mucilage given in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 68. Spread it first on your stamp, and allow it to dry; then wet it slightly, and paste the stamp in your book. The leaves wrinkle because you use too much paste, and wet the paper more than is necessary.

MURRAY R. U.—Any change you desire will be made, but you must send your old as well as your new address, and both must be very distinctly written.

JESSIE A.—Read the answer to Adele M. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 36, Vol. I.

ALICE C.—The little foreign girl you inquire about would, we are sure, prefer leaves pressed and varnished, so as to preserve their color.

E. B. A.—Many thanks for your favor, but as it is not new, we can not print it.

MAY AND JUNE.—1 and 2, French Republic; 3, German; 4, Sandwich Islands; 5, German (Bavarian). These stamps are all very common, and can be bought in New York city for a few cents.

NED NEMO.—The address of the editor of the little paper has been changed, and we do not know the new one.

BELLE AND CARRIE N.—There are so many dialogues and charades that it is difficult to select for you. It would be good practice for you to follow the example of Ida B. D., whose letter you will find in the Post-office Box of No. 63; that is, choose some story you all like, and arrange your own dialogue. If you have any brothers who could take part, a very pretty play might be made of "Mildred's Bargain."

A CONSTANT READER, TENNESSEE.—1. Music copied by hand pays letter postage. 2. Interesting as a curiosity; we do not know its market value. 3. Yes, if genuine. 4. No.

WILLIE F. C., ANNIE L. W., AND OTHERS.—You will find by referring to *The Life and Career of Major John André*, by Winthrop Sargent (published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston), that on page 312 it is stated that on the day preceding André's capture "seven young men, including Paulding, had agreed to waylay the road in quest of spoil, three of whom—Isaac Van Wart, David Williams, and John Paulding—kept the ambush, while four watched from a hill-top lest the light-horse should come on them unawares." Then, if you turn to page 315, you will find that when André prayed them to lead him to an American post, they set forth toward their comrades on the hill, Paulding leading the horse on which the captive was mounted. As the parties drew together, the guide informed Yerks, the chief man of the remaining four, of their capture.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Claude S. Burr, Bessie Bolton, Maud M. Chambers, Clara E. Commons, J. I. Crane, R. O. Chester, Alice C. Hammond, Charles W. Hanner, L. A. Jones, Howard B. Lent, Beth D. L., "L. U. Stral," Percy McDermott, G. Massa, George M. McClure, Bessie H. Moore, C. H. Nichols, "Pepper," Torrance Parker, C. A. Q., Percy Ryan, Herbert M. Rogers, "Sir Finly," Gilbert P. Salters. John and Alice S., "Starry Flag," John W. Stout, W. I. Trotter, "Will a Mette."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

First in meat, not in bone.
Second in pebble, not in stone.
Third in meal, not in corn.
Fourth in stem, not in thorn.
Fifth in girl, not in boy.
Sixth in hoop, not in toy.
Seventh in paper, not in book.
Eighth in turn, not in crook.
Ninth in youth, not in change.
The whole a noted mountain range.

EUGENE S.

No. 2.

PYRAMID.

Across.—Fifty. A wager. Kindness. A sailor. Down.—One thousand. A note in music. An obstruction. A boy's name. A weight. A note in music. A letter.

PEPPER.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a familiar proverb composed of 20 letters.
My 16, 6, 8, 11 is a bird.
My 1, 19, 6, 7, 20 is a man's name.
My 2, 18, 4 is not old.
My 9, 8, 5 is an unruly crowd.
My 10, 17, 13, 3, 14 is refreshing.

My 11, 1, 15, 14 is an insect.
My 12 is a vowel.

G. D. L.

2. I am composed of 10 letters, and am an ancient British Prince who bravely opposed the Romans for nine years, but was at last defeated, and carried captive to Rome.

My 1, 2, 3 is a vehicle.

My 4 is a vowel.

My 5, 7, 8, 6, 9, 10 is a plant.

F. B. W.

3. I am composed of 7 letters, and I once caused the death of a celebrated Greek.

My 1, 2, 3 is to confine.

My 4, 5, 6, 7 is to fasten.

ANNIE B.

4. I am a city in Europe composed of 10 letters.

My 6, 2, 3 is a dance.

My 1, 7, 10 is a tin vessel.

My 6, 4, 5 is in every farm-yard.

My 3, 9, 8 is often used by shoemakers.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 75.

No. 1.

Across.—1. Nail. 2. Nest 3. Yawn. 4. Love. 5. Lone. 6. Ague. 7. Lane. 8. Sate. 9. Many. 10. Lord. Zigzags.—New England.

No. 2.

ONT ARI O
NOI SES
TI MI D
ASI A
RED
I S
O

No. 3.

Z UNI
URE S
NEVA
I SAR

No. 4.

E ccentri C
M ement O
E ntertai N
R hetori C
S tucc O
O sca R
N aia D

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MAKING WILLOW WHISTLES.

[Pg 416]

MIRTHFUL MAGIC.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

MIND-READING.

This curious trick, like most good ones, is very simple in plan, although some skill is required to perform it well. After a few learned remarks on the occult science of mind-reading, the performer requests each person in the room to write a word or short sentence on a slip of paper, and to place it in a hat which stands on the table. He then takes his seat behind the hat, and draws out one of the papers, and presses it against his forehead, covering it from view with the fingers of each hand, which touch each other. After anxious thought, he reads it, and proceeds to draw and read aloud each slip in turn, laying each one on the table behind the hat, until all have been taken out, when they are handed together to the company for examination.

This trick, when well performed, causes the greatest surprise and astonishment, and its manner of performance was for a long time kept secret. It consists in inventing a word for the first slip, and glancing at its true contents when laid on the table behind the hat. The words on the first paper are read for the second, which is glanced at also, and its contents read for the third, and so on until the last one has been placed on the forehead, in removing which it is concealed in the hand and dropped into a side pocket, or mixed with the rest, which are seldom examined carefully enough to discover its absence or that of the contents of the first slip.

This very easy and effective trick may be of use in showing the young how easy it is for seeming impossibilities to be performed, and thus to put them on their guard against being too easily deceived by the evidence of their own senses, or trusting too much to the skill of pretenders who promise to foretell future events, of which neither they nor their hearers can have the least knowledge.



IS HE ON THE STREET OR IN A SKATING RINK?
THAT IS WHAT THIS OLD GENTLEMAN WILL WANT TO KNOW IN ANOTHER SECOND.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, APRIL 26, 1881 ***

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