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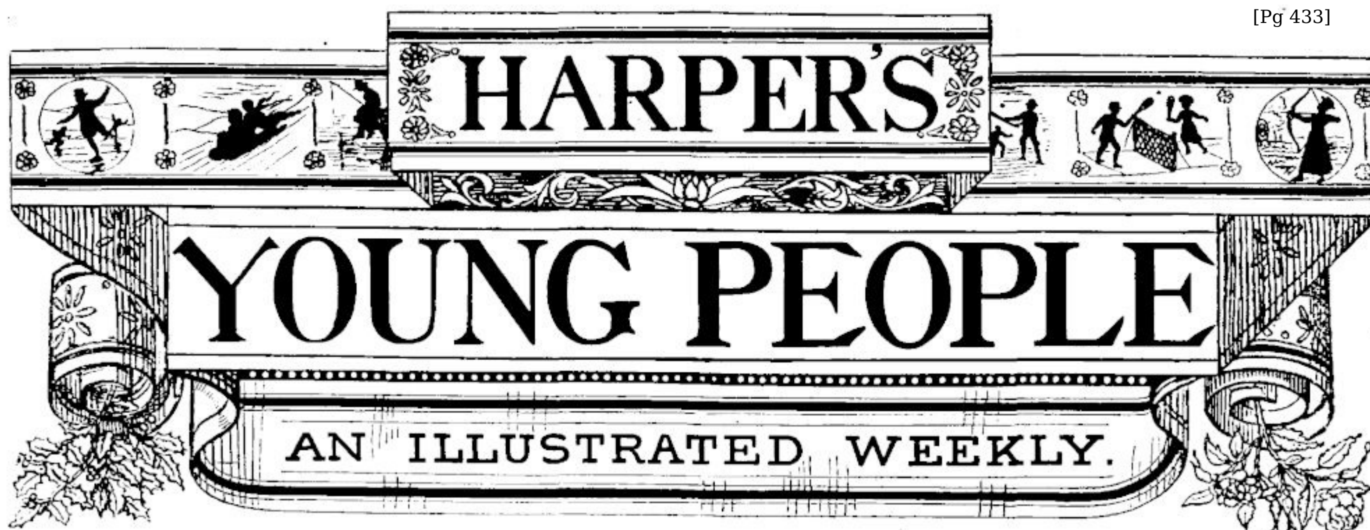
JAMES T. FIELDS'S LAST POEM.
THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."
THE DRAGON-KILLER.
BOB PERKINS'S PARCEL.
MEMPHIS.
SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.
PINAFORE RHYMES.
OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.
THE ELECTRIC TRICK.



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PAUL REVERE AT LEXINGTON.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.

HOURS WITH THE OCTOGENARIANS.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

Between thirty and forty years ago I went on a pilgrimage to places hallowed by events of the great and successful struggle of Americans for freedom and independence.

I there found many things and persons remaining as mementos of that contest. All were hoary with age, and some were crumbling and tottering ruins. All were rapidly passing within the veil of human forgetfulness, for houses, fortifications, battle-fields, and men and women would soon become only pictures on Memory's wall.

From the lips of the venerable men and women whom I saw I heard thrilling narratives of their experience in those days of strife. In hidden recesses of memory and in written notes I preserved those narratives for the entertainment and instruction of the youth of this generation, hoping to be with them to tell the tales myself. Here I am, and I propose to relate to the readers of Young People some of the stories I then received from living lips. I will begin with the story of

The Fifer of Lexington.

Lexington! Concord! What American boy or girl has not heard of these two little villages in Massachusetts, where the first blow was struck for independence, and where the hot flames of the Revolution first burst out, on the 19th of April, 1775? One of my first pilgrimages was to these villages.

It was a bright, sunny morning in October, 1848, when I travelled by railway from Boston to Concord—a distance of seventeen miles northwest of the New England capital. There I spent an hour with Major Barrett and his wife, who "saw the British scamper," and had lived together almost sixty years. The Major was hale at eighty-seven, and his wife, almost as old, seemed as nimble of foot as a matron in middle life. She was a vivacious little woman, well-formed, and retained traces of the beauty of her girlhood.

After visiting the place of the skirmish at Concord, I rode in a private vehicle to Lexington, six miles eastward, through a picturesque and fertile country, and entered the famous village at the Green whereon that skirmish occurred, and where a commemorative monument now stands. After a brief interview with two or three aged persons there, we drove to the house of Jonathan Harrington, in East Lexington, who, a lad seventeen years old, had opened the ball of the Revolution on the memorable April morning with the war-notes of the shrill fife.

As we halted before the house of Mr. Harrington, at a little past noon, we saw an old man wielding an axe vigorously in splitting fire-wood in his yard. I entered the gate, and introduced myself and my errand. The old man was the venerable fifer.

"Come in and rest yourself," he said, kindly, as he led the way into the house.

Although he was then past ninety years of age, he appeared no older than many men do at seventy. His form was nearly erect, his voice was firm, his complexion was fair, his placid face was lighted by mild blue eyes, and had but few deep wrinkles, and his hair, not all white, was very abundant. I took a seat on a chintz-covered lounge, and he sat in a Boston rocking-chair.

"I have come," I said, "to make some inquiries about the battle of Lexington."

"It wasn't a battle," he answered; "only a skirmish."

"It was a sharp one," I said.

"Yes, pretty sharp, pretty sharp," he replied, thoughtfully. "Eight fine young men out of a hundred were killed; two of them my blood-relations."

"I understand you played the fife on that morning," I said.

"As well as I could," he replied. "I taught myself to play the year before, when the minute-men were training; and I was the only person in Lexington who knew how to fife. That ain't saying much, though, for then there were only eight or ten houses in the village besides the meeting-house."

"Did you belong to the minute-men?" I asked.

"I was a minute-*boy*. They asked me to fife, to help Joe Burton make music with his drum for Captain Parker's company. Poor Joe! His drum-head was smashed, and he lost a little finger in the fight. Captain Parker's company was drilled the night before the fight, for Sol Brown, our nearest neighbor, came from Boston at sunset, and said he had seen nine British soldiers in overcoats walking toward Lexington. Sam Adams and John Hancock were at Parson Clark's house, where Dorothy Quincy, Hancock's sweetheart, was staying. Gage wanted to catch and hang 'em, and it was believed the soldiers Sol had seen had been sent out to seize 'em that night. A guard of eight men under Sergeant Munroe (who kept a tavern here) was stationed around Parson Clark's house. A little past midnight Paul Revere—you've heard of Revere—came riding like mad from Cambridge, his horse all afoam, for the weather was uncommonly warm. He told Munroe he wanted to see Hancock. 'He didn't want to be disturbed by noise,' said the Sergeant. 'Noise!' said Revere; 'you'll have noise enough soon, for the regulars are coming!' Hancock heard him, and opening a window, called out, 'Revere, I know you; come in.' He went into the house a moment, then came out, mounted his horse, and started on a gallop toward Concord. Very soon everybody in Lexington was astir."

"Were you on duty then?" I inquired.

"No," he said. "I went to bed at eleven o'clock, and, as all boys should do, slept soundly. My mother (who was a Dunster, and one of the most patriotic women of the time) called out to me at three o'clock: 'Jonathan! Jonathan! get up. The regulars are coming, and something must be done.' I dressed quickly, slung my light gun over my shoulder, took my fife from a chair, and hurried to the parade near the meeting-house, where about fifty men had gathered, and others were arriving every minute. By four o'clock a hundred men were there. We did not wait long wondering whether the regulars were really coming, for a man dashed up to Captain Parker and told him they were close by. The Captain immediately ordered Joe to beat the drum, and I fifed with all my might. Alarm-guns were instantly fired to call distant minute-men to duty. Lights were now seen moving in all the houses. Daylight came at half past four o'clock. Just then the regulars, who had heard the drum-beat, rushed toward us, and their leader shouted, 'Disperse, you rebels!' We stood still. He repeated the order with an oath, fired his pistol, and ordered his men to shoot. Only a few obeyed. Nobody was hurt, and we supposed their guns were loaded only with powder. We had been ordered not to fire first, and so we stood still. The angry leader of the regulars then gave another order for them to fire, when a volley killed or wounded several of our company. Seeing the regulars endeavoring to surround us, Captain Parker ordered us to retreat. As we fled, some shots were sent back. Joe and I climbed a fence near Parson Clark's house, and took to the woods near by. Climbing over, Joe fell upon a heap of stones, and crushed in his drum-head. His hand was bleeding badly, and he found a bullet had carried off a part of his little finger. Eight of our men had lost their lives."

"Where were Adams and Hancock all this time?" I inquired.

"Not far off," he replied. "When the first shots were heard, they were advised to fly to a place of safety, for their lives were too valuable to the public to be lost. At first they refused to go, but were finally persuaded, and retired to a thick wooded hill not far off. Dorothy Quincy went with her lover. They were married in the fall. It is said Sam Adams, hearing the firing on the Green, exclaimed, 'What a glorious morning for America is this!' I have no doubt he said so, for it was just like him."

"You said two of your blood-relations perished in that fight," I observed.

"Yes," he replied; "they were Jonathan and Caleb Harrington. Caleb, and Joe Comer, who lived a mile from Lexington, had gone into the meeting-house to get some powder stored in the loft. They had taken it to the gallery when the British reached the meeting-house. They flew to the door, and started on a run for the company. Caleb was shot dead at the west end of the meeting-house, but Joe, though wounded, escaped. Jonathan had stood his ground with the rest. His house was near the meeting-house. He was in front of his own house when the regulars fired the third time. He was shot in the breast, and fell. His wife, Ruth, stood looking out of the window, with their only child, nine years old, by her side. She saw her husband fall, and ran out to help him. He raised up, stretched his arms toward her, fell again, and was dead before she could get to him. Oh, it was too cruel, too cruel!"

"There were brave men in that little band of patriots," I remarked.

"Brave men!" said the old man, his mild eyes beaming with unusual lustre, "braver men never lived. Not one of them left his post until Captain Parker, seeing it was useless to fight against so many regulars, told them to disperse. There was one man who wouldn't go even then. It was Jonas Parker of this town. He lived near Parson Clark's. He had said he would never run from an enemy, and he didn't. He had loaded his musket, put his hat, containing powder, wadding, and bullets, between his feet, and so faced the regulars. At the second fire he was wounded, and fell on his knees. Then he fired his gun; and, though he was dying, he reached for another charge in his hat, when a big red-coat killed him with a bayonet on the very spot where Jonas first stood. Wasn't that pluck?"

"Rare pluck," I answered. "The names of such men should never be forgotten."

"They never will be," replied the old patriot, excitedly. "Their names are all cut deep in marble on the little monument down yonder on the Green—Robert Munroe, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jun., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington, John Brown, and Asahel Porter. Should the marble perish, their names are cut deeper in the memory of Americans."

"You said it was a warm night when Paul Revere rode from Cambridge to Lexington," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "it was a very early spring. Young leaves appeared on the 1st of April. The grass on the village green was so tall on the morning of the 19th that it waved in the light wind that was blowing. At noon that day, when the British were driven from Concord, the quicksilver was eighty-five degrees in the shade, and the door-yards were bright with dandelions. The minute-men made it hotter than that—full a hundred in the shade—for the British before they got back to Cambridge that evening."

"Did you serve in the army afterward?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "father went to the war, and I staid at home to help mother take care of things, for I was the oldest boy. I played the fife sometimes after that when the young men in the neighborhood were training for the fight."

By permission of Mr. Harrington I drew a likeness of him sitting in his rocking-chair; and under it he wrote, with a trembling hand—which he attributed to the use of the axe that morning—

JONATHAN HARRINGTON,

Aged 90, the 8th July, 1848.

His brother Charles, two years younger than he, came in before I had finished the sketch. I could not but look with wonder and reverence upon these strong old men—children of one mother, who had borne five sons and three daughters—who were nearly grown to manhood when the old war for independence broke out. I bade them farewell, received from the old fifer the benediction "God bless you!" went back to the village green, sketched the monument, and called upon their kinsman, Abijah Harrington, who was a lad fourteen years of age at the time of the skirmish. He saw nearly all of the fight. He had two brothers in it, and had been sent by his mother, trembling on account of her sons, to watch the fray at a safe distance, and obtain for her information concerning her brave boys. They escaped unhurt.

From Mr. Harrington's I went to the house of Parson Clark, where I found Mrs. Margaret Chandler, a remarkably intelligent old lady, then eighty-three years of age. She had lived in that house ever since the Revolution, had a clear recollection of events at Lexington on the memorable April morning, and gave me a version of the escape of Adams and Hancock somewhat different from that given me by the venerable fifer. A few more words about the latter.

On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the affair at Lexington and Concord (1850), Jonathan Harrington was invited to participate with his fellow-citizens in the proceedings of the day. In the procession was a carriage containing Jonathan, aged ninety-two, his brother Charles, aged ninety, Amos Baker, aged ninety-four, Thomas Hill, aged ninety-two, and Dr. Preston, aged eighty-four. Jonathan gave as a toast at dinner: "*The 19th of April, 1775. All who remember that day will support the Constitution of the United States.*"

The Hon. Edward Everett made a speech on that occasion, in which he remarked that "it pleased his heart to see these venerable men beside him, and he was very much pleased to assist Mr. Jonathan Harrington to put on his top-coat a few minutes ago. In doing so, he was ready to say, with David, 'Very pleasant art thou to me, my brother Jonathan!'"

Late in March, 1854, when he was almost ninety-six years of age, Jonathan Harrington died, and was buried with public honors. In the funeral procession was a large body of military as an escort, and the hearse was followed by the committee of arrangements, the Governor of Massachusetts, the Lieutenant-Governor and Council, and a vast multitude of citizens gathered from the neighboring towns. After impressive religious services in the church at Lexington, his remains were deposited in the family tomb.

Sacred be the memory of the Fifer of Lexington!

CANARIES AND OTHER CAGE-BIRDS.

I can not remember the time when we had not a canary or a pet bird of some kind. My brother Ned, when he was a boy at home, had a great fancy for canaries and bullfinches, and he had one of the latter which he taught to whistle very beautifully the tune of "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon." The bullfinch's cage hung side by side with that of a canary, and after a time the canary caught the trick of whistling too, and although he could not do it so well as the bullfinch, yet he managed one or two lines very well. When the bullfinch died, the canary gradually forgot the art he had learned, and by-and-by he gave up whistling altogether, though he never forgot how to sing. There are many varieties of canaries, some of them very odd-looking birds indeed. There are bright yellow ones and orange-colored ones, and one family, called Lizards, are of a beautiful green color. Then there are canaries with tufts of feathers on their heads just like little caps; these are called Norwich canaries.

The Belgian canary is a tall bird, with very high shoulders, and its head, instead of standing erect, bends down and hangs forward a long way below its shoulders. It is one of the most interesting things I know to rear a brood of young birds. Mrs. Canary takes charge of the eggs, and sits upon them patiently day by day, whilst Mr. Canary looks after the food for madame, and then sits down by her side, and sings his loudest, sweetest songs to cheer her in her trying, wearying task. By-and-by the time arrives for the young canaries to appear, and then there is a pretty fluster in the nest, I assure you. The cock looks as important as an alderman, and the hen can hardly be persuaded to leave the nest, even for her food. At last the young birds break through the shells, and the first thing they do is to open their big mouths for something to eat. This the happy parents readily and promptly supply, and if all goes well the youngsters soon grow out of their babyhood, and learn to feed themselves.

But things do not always go well, especially if you happen to have a cat or a dog in the house, or, as happened to me on one occasion, both. I had a splendid Norwich canary, with a top-knot, which was the admired of all admirers. He used to sing all day long in my room; but one day, the servant having moved the cage into another room, Carlo and Tom got at it, and frightened my poor pet to death.

Carlo was ashamed of himself as soon as he had knocked over the cage, but Tom was a fierce old cat, and made such efforts to get at the canary that the poor little thing died from sheer fright. I do not like to see birds confined to very small cages, especially where more than one is kept. It is best to give them plenty of air, and room to fly about in.

The best of all is an aviary where they can move as freely as if they were out-of-doors. I know a gentleman who has by kindness got quite a collection of birds to come into his garden and make their homes there without living in confinement at all.

JAMES T. FIELDS'S LIBRARY.

JAMES T. FIELDS'S LAST POEM.

The following poem was written by Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, for Harper's Young People, only a few days before his death, which took place on the 25th of April. It is the last poem that he wrote, and will therefore have an interest for our readers apart from its merit. Mr. Fields was for many years a partner in the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields, afterward, on the death of Mr. Ticknor, changed to that of Fields, Osgood, & Co. On retiring from business, several years ago, Mr. Fields devoted himself to literature, and published several popular books. He was a kind-hearted man, and helped many young men and women, who never went to him in vain for encouragement and assistance. Like the English poet Wordsworth, he believed that men should never mix

"their pleasure or their pride
With suffering to the meanest thing that feels,"

and his last poem shows how strongly he could plead for a poor brute creature in distress.

ROVER'S PETITION.

"Kind traveller, do not pass me by,
And thus a poor old dog forsake;
But stop a moment on your way,
And hear my woe, for pity's sake!

"My name is Rover; yonder house
Was once my home for many a year;
My master loved me; every hand
Caressed young Rover, far and near.

"The children rode upon my back,
And I could hear my praises sung;
With joy I licked their pretty feet,
As round my shaggy sides they clung.

"I watched them while they played or slept;
I gave them all I had to give;
My strength was theirs from morn till night;
For only them I cared to live.

"Now I am old, and blind, and lame,
They've turned me out to die alone,
Without a shelter for my head,
Without a scrap of bread or bone.

"This morning I can hardly crawl,
While shivering in the snow and hail;
My teeth are dropping one by one;
I scarce have strength to wag my tail.

"I'm palsied grown with mortal pains,
My withered limbs are useless now;
My voice is almost gone, you see,
And I can hardly make my bow.

"Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed
Where I may find some friendly straw
On which to lay my aching limbs,
And rest my helpless broken paw.

"Stranger, excuse this story long,
   And pardon, pray, my last appeal:
You've owned a dog yourself, perhaps,
   And learned that dogs, like men, can *feel*."

Yes, poor old Rover, come with me;
   Food, with warm shelter, I'll supply—
And Heaven forgive the cruel souls
   Who drove you forth to starve and die!

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

Author of "The Moral Pirates," etc.

Chapter I.

The boys had talked all winter of the cruise which they hoped to take in a sail-boat during the coming summer, and they spent a great many Saturday afternoons at boat yards and places in New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, where sail-boats are laid up for the winter. They found several cat-boats that suited them very well, and that could be bought at a low price; but they did not find it so easy to convince Uncle John that a sail-boat cruise would be a safe enterprise for boys so young as Tom Schuyler, Jim and Joe Sharpe, and Harry Wilson. They did not say much about it to Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Sharpe, or Harry's father, for, as Joe pointed out, when Uncle John Wilson gave his consent, it would be time enough to speak to them. "If I go now," he said, "and ask father if I can go cruising in a cat-boat, he'll say, 'Most certainly not, my son; boys have no business with sail-boats.' But if Uncle John goes to him, and tells him all about it, he'll be perfectly satisfied, and say, 'My son, I think you had better do as Mr. Wilson suggests.'" Joe was quite right, for Mr. Sharpe, while he knew nothing about boats, had entire confidence in Mr. John Wilson's prudence and judgment; and though he would have been very apt to refuse to give his sons permission to go sailing—on any ordinary occasion—he would have consented to any plan proposed by so careful and trustworthy a man as Uncle John was known to be.

When the sail-boat cruise was first proposed to Uncle John, he was not inclined to think well of it. "You've been Moral Pirates in a row-boat," said he, "and now you want to try Moral Piracy in a sail-boat. To tell you the truth, boys, I don't half like the idea. To manage a sail-boat requires more coolness and judgment than boys generally have, so I don't think the Department will be able to put a sail-boat in commission this year."

It was not until Uncle John found that the water in the bays on the south side of Long Island, where Tom Schuyler wanted to cruise, was in nearly all places too shallow for drowning purposes, that he consented to say that he would "think about" the sail-boat plan. He thought about it for some time without seeing any good reason to approve of it. He told Tom that while it was true that the water in the bay was deep only in certain narrow steamboat channels, a sail-boat might capsize in one of these very channels. Besides, if one of the boys were to fall overboard, the sail-boat could not pick him up as quickly as he could be picked up were he to fall out of a row-boat. "After all," he added, "the real difficulty is that not one of you is accustomed to manage a sail-boat, and that is a difficulty which we can't get over."

The boys still continued to talk among themselves about their desired cruise, without giving up the hope that Uncle John would change his mind, and when spring came something happened that did make him change it. Tom received a letter from his friend Charley Smith, who was in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, saying that he would come and spend the months of July and August with him. Now Charley was a very fine fellow, nearly a year older than Tom. He had been two years at the Academy, and was already a good sailor. Tom immediately wrote to him and asked him how he would like to be captain of a sail-boat, and go on a cruise through the south bays. Charley was delighted with the plan, and wrote to his guardian—for he had no father nor mother—and easily obtained his consent.

Now Uncle John knew Charley Smith well, and thought very highly of him, and when Tom came to him and showed him Charley's letter, he said at once that the Department of Moral Piracy would be glad to put Captain Charles Smith in command of a cat-boat.

"My dear boy," he continued, "I hated to say no when you proposed your plan, and I am as pleased as you are now that I can conscientiously approve of it. Charley is perfectly competent to manage a sail-boat, and if he will take charge of the boat, and you and the other boys will obey his orders, you shall have your cruise if I can bring it about."

And he did bring it about, as Joe said he would. Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Schuyler, and Harry's father all gave their consent when Uncle John explained the matter to them; and when this important business was settled, Uncle John went with the boys to select a boat.

They found one at Gowanus which they all agreed was just the boat they wanted. She was twenty feet long, with plenty of beam, and with room under her forward deck to carry a good deal of cargo. She was only two or three years old, and was perfectly sound and very strong. There was a good copper pump fastened to the after-end of the centre-board trunk, and all she seemed to need to fit her for immediate use was a good coat of paint. The boatman from whom she was bought was ordered to deliver her at Harlem, and the boys went home delighted.

For the next few weeks the boys went to look at the boat at least twice a week, and devoted most of their spare time in drawing up lists of things to be taken with them on the cruise, and to studying the Coast Survey charts of the south shore of Long Island. Tom contrived a plan for making a cabin to be used at night. He had small iron sockets placed at each end of the cockpit so as to hold two upright sticks. Across these an oar was laid for a ridge-pole, and over the ridge-pole was stretched a piece of canvas, the sides of which were tied to rings fastened on the outside of the washboard. In this way the cockpit was entirely

covered, and in the cabin thus formed the boys could lie or sit on the bottom of the boat and keep perfectly dry in the heaviest shower. Of course this cabin, or tent, could be used only when the sail was furled, and the boom hoisted a foot, so as to be out of the way, but it was not intended to use it except at night, when the boat would be at anchor or moored to the shore.

The various lists of stores drawn up by the boys showed that their cruise in the *Whitewing* had taught them what things were necessary and what things were unnecessary for a long boating expedition. Uncle John had cushions made for the seats, not, as he told the boys, because they needed cushions to sit on, but because these cushions could be laid on the bottom of the boat at night and used as mattresses. This particularly pleased Joe Sharpe, who had put down on his list, "Thirty pounds of tenpenny nails for a bed." He said, in explanation of this:

"I'm tired of sleeping on coffee-pots and tin cups, as I used to when we slept in the *Whitewing*, and I thought some good big nails would be a good deal more comfortable. However, if Uncle John supplies mattresses, I'll cross off the nails, for I don't think they would be quite as comfortable as a mattress."

As on their former cruise, the boys decided to wear only blue flannel shirts and trousers, and to take neither coats nor waistcoats. Of course each one had a change of clothes, besides a blanket and a rubber blanket, but Harry's proposal that they should take rubber overcoats with them was voted down. When Uncle John came to look over their lists, he found scarcely a single article which could be spared, with the exception of Tom's cannon. This was an iron cannon about a foot long, and with an inch bore, and the boys were so anxious to take it with them that Uncle John consented, telling them that it might prove useful in the way of ballast should any of their sand-bags be lost overboard.

It was decided not to paint the boat or to name her until Charley Smith should see her. On the 1st of July he arrived in town, and was met by the boys, who instantly carried him to Harlem to show him the boat. They expected that he would be delighted with her; but what was their dismay when, after looking at her for a few minutes in silence, he answered Tom's question, "How do you like her?" by saying, gravely, "I don't like her at all."

"I DON'T LIKE HER AT ALL."

"Why, what in the world is the matter with her?" demanded Tom, while the others looked wonderingly at the young sailor who did not like their beautiful boat.

"Nothing that can't be cured," answered Charley. "The trouble with her is that she's a cat-boat, and a cat-boat is just the meanest kind of boat in the world."

"Can't we turn her into a dog-boat or a horse-boat?" asked Joe. "To tell the truth, boys, I don't believe a cat-boat can be good for much if she is anything like a cat. I wonder if cat-boats can climb back fences and howl?"

"I always thought that a cat-boat was the best kind of sail-boat anybody could have," said Tom. "There's only one sail and three ropes to handle."

"There are two reasons why a cat-boat isn't fit for a cruise where you are liable to meet all kinds of weather," replied Charley. "One is that you can't run before a gale with her. You've no sail except the mainsail, and even if you close reef it and drop the peak, you will sometimes have more sail than the boat ought to carry. Then, when you're scudding, the boom is apt to roll under, and if this happens when it is blowing hard, and there's a good deal of sea on, you'll capsize so quick that you won't have time to put on your overshoes."

"But what good would overshoes do you in deep water?" asked Tom.

Charley smiled, but did not answer him. "The other reason why I don't like a cat-boat is that she won't work to windward with her peak dropped. If you are sailing in a wind, no matter how hard it blows, you must keep the peak up, or you can't keep the boat from falling off. I don't care how many rows of reef-points the sailmaker may have put on the sail, you can't reduce it to more than half its original size if you expect the boat to beat to windward. If a cat-boat is caught in a heavy gale blowing directly off shore, she can't carry sail enough to work into the lee of the land, and she is liable to be blown a hundred miles out to sea."

"What kind of a boat ought we to have, then?" inquired Tom, who did not understand everything that Charley said, but who knew that he must be right.

"A jib-and-mainsail boat, of course," replied Charley. "If you have to scud, you can scud all day under your jib, and keep as dry as a bone, and you can work her to windward with the mainsail close reefed. If you have your jib sheets led aft, the boat can be handled by one man just as easy as a cat-boat. The only thing a cat-boat is good for is sailing in a dead calm on a mud-bank."

"But how can you sail if there's a dead calm?" asked Tom.

"What we ought to do with that boat," Charley continued, "is to step her mast about eighteen inches aft of where it is stepped now. Then we can rig out a bowsprit and put a jib on her. She ought to be lengthened at the stern too, so that we could reach the end of the boom and put in a reef without going ashore to do it."

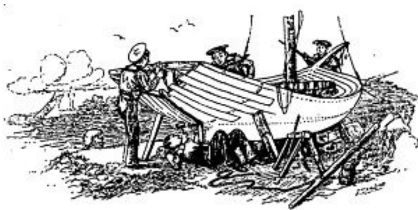
"We might make the bowsprit ourselves," said Tom; "but we couldn't lengthen her ourselves, and it would cost a good deal to get it done."

"I'll undertake to lengthen her myself," said Charley. "It won't cost us anything but the price of a few nails and some pieces of wood."

"How on earth would you go to work?" cried Jim. "Do you mean to saw her in two, put a piece in, and nail her together again?"

"Perhaps," said Joe, "he means to steam her, and then stretch her. If you can bend wood by steaming it, you ought to be able to stretch it."

"I'll show you what I mean if you fellows will only pay attention," replied Charley. "Now here's her transom, this flat board at her stern, where her name ought to be painted. You see it's all above water, and that the end of every plank is nailed to it. Now the first thing to do is to take



BUILDING THE "OVERHANG."

four pieces of joist—I believe that's what carpenters call it—about four inches square, and bolt them to the transom. You want to put them about six inches apart, and they must be just as long as the transom is deep."

"I don't quite understand," said Tom, "what you mean by saying they must be as long as the transom is deep."

"I mean that each piece that you bolt on must reach from the level of the deck, that is, from the top of the transom, to the lower edge of the transom."

"Oh, now I understand," exclaimed Tom.

"Very well. Now you want to take four pieces of inch plank, two feet eleven inches long, and fasten them with screw-bolts to the side of each piece of joist, so that they will extend in a straight line from the stern. To the ends of these planks you must nail a new transom, which will have to be smaller in every way than the old one, because the lines of the boat, when carried out three feet, will approach each other. After you have put braces between the pieces of plank, so as to keep them firm, you must carry out your planking and your deck to the new transom, and there you have your boat lengthened three feet. The lengthened part will be all 'overhang,' but the boat will be all the prettier for it."

"Won't she be very weak?" asked Tom.

"Not if you do the work carefully. The new planking mustn't all begin at the old transom, or she wouldn't hold together; but if you cut every other one of the old planks off at the first timber (rib, I suppose you'd call it) forward of the transom, and fasten the end of the new plank to this timber, and follow the same plan in carrying out the deck planks, she'll be strong enough. We'll leave a hole in the deck for the rudder head to come through, and will have to move the iron rod that the sheet-block travels on a couple of feet further aft. I'd like no better fun than to lengthen her, if you fellows would like to have me do it, and we can get the tools."

The boys were greatly pleased with Charley's proposal. The boat, when lengthened, and sloop-rigged, would, they thought, be a real yacht, and altogether a much more imposing craft than a cat-boat. The matter was laid before Uncle John that night, and he willingly agreed to pay the cost of carrying out Charley's plans. "He is right," said Uncle John, "about the rig, and I suppose he is right about lengthening the boat. He shall have whatever he needs; but I hope you'll all remember that if the Department spends all its money in fitting out this boat, you'll have to turn round and keep the Department in food and clothes for the rest of its days."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRAGON-KILLER.[1]

A STORY OF THE ISLAND OF RHODES.

BY DAVID KER.

Many, many years ago, when the isle of Rhodes was still unconquered by the Turks, and belonged to the Christian Knights of St. John, a great crowd was gathered one morning in the streets of its capital, before the fortress where the knights and their Grand Master lived. A grave-looking man in the uniform of the Order (a long white frock, with a scarlet cross on the breast) had just issued from one of the gates, side by side with a herald bearing a trumpet. The herald blew three long blasts, and the grave man cried aloud, "Thus saith Helion de Villeneuve, the most noble Grand Master of the Order of St. John: Forasmuch as five knights of the Order have fallen in combat with the dragon [serpent] that dwelleth by the Mount of St. George, this adventure is henceforth forbidden to all who wear the red cross, and he who shall presume to disobey this command shall be disgraced and banished as a rebel."

The faces of the crowd grew blank with dismay as they listened; for this serpent was the pest of the whole island, and had already destroyed many of them. Their only hope lay in the Knights of St. John; and when they heard that even these famous warriors were forbidden to fight for them, they gave themselves up for lost, and went sadly home to tell the bad news to their wives and children.

Amid the throng there were not a few of the knights themselves who seemed quite as ill pleased as the rest, for these dangerous adventures were just what they delighted in, and every man of them secretly hoped to have the glory of delivering the island from the monster that was laying it waste. But the Grand Master's commands were positive, and what could they do? Biting their lips in stifled rage, the brave men turned slowly away—all but *one*.

That one was a tall, noble-looking knight from Sicily, Dieudonné[2] de Gozon by name. He had proved his courage in many a hard battle with the Turks, and was held to be one of the bravest of the Order; and one might see by his set lips and stern eyes that *he* had no thought of giving up the dragon adventure even now.

Long after all the rest had gone he stood motionless in the midst of the empty market-place, with his arms folded upon his broad breast, buried in thought. At length a sudden light broke over his downcast face, and he moved away with a brisk step, as if he saw his way through the difficulty at last.

The next morning De Gozon was nowhere to be found, and some of his comrades said that he had got leave from the Grand Master to go home to Sicily for a while, and no one thought any more about him.

But had they seen what he was doing in the mean time, it would have puzzled them a good deal. The first thing he did on getting home was to make a complete figure of the dragon-serpent with wood and canvas, and to paint it as life-like as he could—scales, forked tongue, fiery eyes, and all. Not much to be done *that* way, you will say, toward killing the monster; but wait a little.

The next thing was to buy two fierce hounds, for whom the killing of a wolf or the pulling down of a full-grown deer (or of an armed man for that matter) was a mere joke. Then he mounted his war-horse, called his dogs, and went right up to the pictured figure of the monster. But at the first glimpse of this hideous creature, uglier and stranger than anything they had ever seen before, the hounds ran yelling away, and the good steed reared so that he all but threw his rider.

This, however, was just what De Gozon expected, and he was not a whit disheartened. He tried again and again, and yet again, until horse and hounds were able to face the horrible figure without flinching. Then he trained his dogs to throw themselves under it, and fasten their teeth in its sides, where the flesh was soft and unprotected by scales; and the dogs learned their lesson readily enough—so readily, indeed, that once or twice they all but tore the figure to pieces. Then the knight thought it time to begin his work, and sailed back to Rhodes again.

The moment he landed, off he set for the Mount of St. George, accompanied only by the two esquires who served him. As he neared the fatal spot, the hills around seemed to grow darker and steeper, and a cloud came over the sun, and the gloomy gorge through which his path began to wind looked blacker and drearier than ever. It was as if he were going down alive into the grave. No sight, no sound, of life; the whole place seemed smitten with a curse. Now, too, he began to see fearful tokens of the monster's presence: here the skull of a horse, there the half-devoured skeleton of a bullock, yonder a heap of rusty armor, mingled with the crushed bones of some good knight who had gone forth upon the same quest as himself, and never come back. Suddenly he turned a sharp corner, and right before him yawned the black mouth of the dismal cavern in which the destroyer had made its den.

Just across the valley, under an overhanging rock, stood a little chapel, now silent and deserted, for those who used to pray there had fled in terror, and the poor old priest who tended it had been devoured by the serpent long ago. Kneeling before the moss-grown altar, the brave man prayed to God to strengthen him in the battle, and help him to destroy the enemy of the land.

Just then his horse started, and sent forth a neigh like a trumpet blast. Out of the darkness of the cavern a huge flat head was rearing itself, with its forked tongue quivering, and its sunken eyes glittering fiercely at the sight of prey.

"Now, my friends," said De Gozon to his esquires, "draw back, and let me try this fight alone. If it be God's will that I should conquer, He can strengthen my single arm to do the work; if I am to die, better that one life be lost than three."

There were tears in the eyes of the strong men as they listened, but they knew better than to dispute their leader's will. They bowed in silence, and drew back, while the knight, couching his lance, charged furiously upon his terrible foe. But the spear slid harmlessly over the slippery scales, and the monster's hot, foul breath and hideous aspect proved too much for the good war-horse. He started back, and neither spur nor call could urge him forward again.

There was but one thing to do, and De Gozon did it. Leaping to the ground, he drew his sword, and renewed the attack on foot. A blow fell—another—yet another. But the good blade which had cloven helmet and turban like pasteboard fell vainly upon the tough, slimy body of the reptile. One lash of that mighty tail, and down went De Gozon, stunned and bleeding, with the terrible jaws gaping over him like the mouth of the grave. The knight commended his soul to God, and thought all was over.

But just then a fierce yell was heard, and in sprang the dogs, fixing their teeth in the monster's undefended flesh with a grip that all its struggles could not shake off. The pain paralyzed it for a moment, and that moment was enough for the fallen knight to raise himself on his elbow and plunge his sword hilt-deep in the snake's exposed side. One mighty quiver ran through every coil of the huge body, and the terror of the island lay dead upon the trampled grass, overwhelming its conqueror in its fall.

Meanwhile the news that another champion had gone forth to meet the dragon had run abroad like wild-fire, and when the fight began, hundreds of trembling lookers-on were watching it from the surrounding hill-tops. There was a groan of dismay when the knight's war-horse failed him, and he had to face the monster on foot. When he was struck to the ground and the huge jaws were seen gaping over him, the in-drawn breath of the terrified crowd sounded like a hiss amid the dead silence; but when the battle ended, and they saw their terrible enemy lying dead before them, up went a shout that seemed to rend the very sky. Strangers embraced each other like brothers; children clapped their hands, and shouted for joy; women hid their faces, and wept aloud; and the whole throng poured downward like a wave into the gloomy valley which they had so long avoided like a plague-spot.

When De Gozon opened his eyes again, he found himself in the midst of thousands of people, who were shouting his name, and blessing him as their deliverer. His ride back to the town, with the dead monster in a wagon behind him, was like a triumphal procession. Every one struggled for a sight of him. Flowers and laurel leaves were showered upon him from the windows. Even the stately Knights of St. John lent their voices to swell the cheering; and so the great procession swept on to the hall of the Order, and into the court where the Grand Master was sitting in his chair of state, with his chosen knights around him.

As soon as the uproar lulled a little, De Gozon told his story in a quiet, matter-of-fact way which showed that *he* had no wish to make much of what he had done. Every one expected to see the Grand Master start up and embrace him; but the old knight sat firm as a rock, and his face was very grim.

"Thou hast done a great deed," said he at last; "but tell me, what is the *first* duty of every true knight?"

"To obey," answered the dragon-slayer, with a faint flush on his sun-browned cheek.

"And how hast *thou* obeyed?" asked the Grand Master, sternly. "Is it not written in our laws that no knight of the Order shall undertake any adventure without the bidding of his chief? *Thou* hast acted not only without my bidding, but against it; and in the ranks of our Order there is no place for one who sets his own will before his vow of obedience. Loose that cross from thy breast, and begone!"

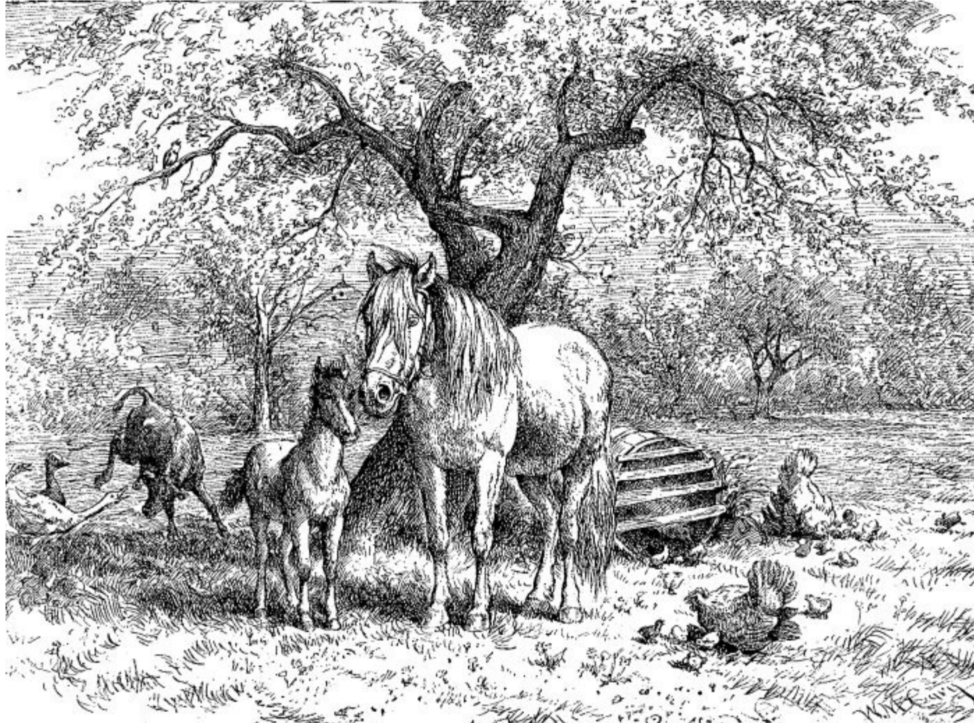
The crowd stood aghast at hearing this terrible rebuke given to their hero, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. For a moment he stood like one thunder-struck; then, without a word, he took the scarlet cross from his breast, laid it meekly at the Grand Master's feet, and turned to depart.

Then the old man's iron face yielded suddenly, as ice yields at the coming of spring. He leaped from his chair, and rushing after the banished man, threw his arms round him like a father embracing his child.

"Come back, my son," he cried, "and take up again that cross which none is worthier to wear. He who in his

hour of triumph could bear without a murmur such a reproof as mine, deserves to be not only a knight of our Order, but its head; and when it shall please God to call me, I shall be well content to have *thee* my successor."

And a very few years later De Gozon did succeed the old warrior as Grand Master of the Order, and is still remembered as the best and kindliest chief who ever ruled it. If you ever go to Rhodes (as I did a few years ago), you will see there, unless the Turks have destroyed it, an old tomb, quaintly carved, bearing this inscription, "Here lies Dieudonné de Gozon, the Dragon-killer."



A MAY PARTY.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.

THE KNITTING BEE.—Engraved by J. Tinkey, from a Painting by G. H. Story.

BOB PERKINS'S PARCEL.

A STORY FROM CHICAGO.

BY A. A. HAYES, JUN.

A good many boys who read this story may live in Chicago, or have made a visit to that great Western city, but those who have never been there must hope to see it some day. It lies on one of the great lakes, so much like the ocean that one can hardly believe that he has not been transported, on the back of the Enchanted Horse, over a thousand miles of land, and is looking at the broad Atlantic. Certainly that is what young Bob Perkins thought as he entered the city one pleasant morning about ten years ago. He had come from New York with his father, who had business in Chicago which would probably detain him for a year or more, and had therefore taken his family with him to reside there. They left New York at night, and Bob saw Niagara Falls for the first time as the train crossed the famed Suspension-Bridge the next day. In the morning he had seen the Falls of the Genesee at Rochester, and been told of the useless feat in which Sam Patch lost his life, saying that "some things could be done as well as others," and then leaping to his death. He was thus better prepared to appreciate the splendid achievement of which his father told him as the train, weighing many, many tons, rolled slowly across the bridge hung by wire cables over the roaring and foaming rapids. It seems that when Mr. Roebling, the engineer, made known his plans, people declared that they were foolish and dangerous, and that such a bridge could not be made safe enough to support carriages, much less a train. He did not argue with them, but he did something which, while quite convincing to the public, showed a rare faith in his own skill and care. When he had stretched one wire across, he suspended a basket on it, and in this basket he, his wife, and his child were drawn from bank to bank.

Next morning, when Bob had dressed himself and looked out of the window of the sleeping-car, he saw the waves dashing up from Lake Michigan high enough to wet the wheels of the train as it ran swiftly along the shore. A few minutes more saw him in the station, and with that day his life in Chicago began.

The city seemed even busier to him than New York. The people moved faster through the streets, and were apparently more absorbed in the pursuit of their various occupations. It was early autumn, and very dry, as the summer had been. Bob heard his father say that the farmers were complaining greatly of the want of rain, and when he rode out on the prairie, everything looked yellow and parched. He preferred to walk along the shore of the lake, and out to the mouth of the river, where he could see the lumber vessels coming in from Wisconsin and Michigan, and enjoy the cool breezes.

One Sunday evening, while reading, he heard the bells ring, and, like almost all boys, wanted to run to the fire. His father told him that he himself would like a walk, and that they might go a certain distance, but would probably find that the fire was extinguished. Bob remembered, however, that the wind was blowing hard when they were coming home from church, and then it suddenly occurred to him that in that absence of rain of which he had heard, the wooden buildings so common in the city must be as dry as tinder. When they turned the corner of the street, both uttered a cry of surprise. The sky was all aflame, and dense clouds of smoke, in which cinders were thickly mingled, were driven by the wind over their heads.

"I do not think that it is near my office, Bob," said his father; "but it seems a great conflagration, and we had better find out if it is likely to spread."

They walked rapidly toward one of the bridges over the Chicago River, and crossed it. As they passed on they met a gradually increasing throng, apparently fleeing from the fire and seeking a place of safety. The smoke and cinders grew more plentiful, and the sky was now lit from horizon to horizon. At last they reached the office, and Mr. Perkins opened it with his key. Everything inside was quiet and undisturbed; but he felt a strange degree of alarm, none the less acute because somewhat vague. He almost mechanically opened his safe, and stood looking at its contents, and mentally wondering whether it would preserve them in case of the advent of the flames. Even while he was thus engaged, the noise outside grew louder and louder. Crowds were heard hurrying through the street, and many were crying and shouting. Bob went to the door and opened it, only to shrink back almost in terror. The burning cinders had been blown over to the street where the office was, and the block had taken fire.

Mr. Perkins saw in a moment that his office must be destroyed, and that he had not even time to save all the contents of his safe. He hurriedly selected a few documents, wrapped them up in a paper, and gave them to Bob, telling him to carry them in his hand, and be sure not to let them pass from his possession. Then, with a caution to keep close to him, and hurriedly closing the safe, he started again for his house. They were compelled to go a long distance around, and even then reached their destination with much difficulty. Mr. Perkins, as they passed along, had carefully observed the course of the flames, and made up his mind that they would reach his house, as they had already reached his office. He proceeded at once, therefore, to send his family to the residence of some friends in the country, again cautioning Bob about the parcel of papers. Then he called some men to his aid, took as much furniture as possible out of his house, and sent it in carts to one of the parks. As the last cart started, the flames caught the eaves, and he looked back to see them enveloping what had been a pleasant home. There was no time for regrets; he only hurried his driver along, hoping that he would reach a place where his effects would be secure. All in vain: he saw them consumed in their turn, and he was finally compelled to seek protection himself under a bridge, where he passed the rest of that terrible night. In the morning he joined his family at the house whither they had gone. The calamity which had happened was so great that none of them quite realized it. In a few hours not only had their beautiful city been laid in ashes, but their pretty home, Mr. Perkins's place of business, and much of their property had been likewise destroyed.

"Well," at last remarked Mr. Perkins, "I am glad of *one* thing. I secured a good many valuable mortgages, railroad bonds, and notes of hand, and wrapped them in a package, and gave them to my careful Bob to keep, and I know that he has them now."

"Yes, papa," cried Bob, with a glowing face. "The parcel never left my hands except for a few minutes, when I laid it on the piano while I was helping mamma put her jewels in a bag. Here it is;" and he handed his father a paper parcel. Mr. Perkins opened it, and took out—half a dozen sandwiches![3] To such a state of excitement had the terrible events of the night brought every one that poor Bob never knew when he exchanged the precious bundle of documents for the parcel of provisions which his thoughtful mother had put up.

Bob staid in Chicago, which, as every one knows, has been rebuilt, and is handsomer than ever. Perhaps his name can be found in the directory; but if any one should meet him who has read this story, it would be well not to allude to either parcels or sandwiches.

MEMPHIS.

Memphis was one of the oldest of the world's great cities. It was built on the banks of the Nile when all Europe was a savage wilderness, and its inhabitants barbarians living in huts and caves. The great city grew up under the rule of the Pharaohs to be a scene of busy trade, almost as thickly peopled as London or New York. To-day its site can scarcely be traced. But four thousand years ago Memphis was a city of palaces and temples. Pharaoh was lodged more splendidly than Louis XIV., and Cheops provided himself with the most magnificent of tombs. One of the Memphian temples is thus described: "He seemed to be in Memphis, his native city; and entering the temple of Isis, saw it shining with the splendor of a thousand lighted lamps; all the avenues of the temple were crowded with people, and resounded with the noise of the passing throngs." The inner shrine was supposed to be the residence of the goddess. To Memphis, perhaps, came Joseph, the gentle Jew, to become the ruler of the land. There came his brethren and the Israelites to buy corn. Here the Jews passed their four centuries of captivity; from its palaces they bore off the jewels and gold of the Egyptians; from its memorable shore they set out on their march; from the gates of Memphis the furious Pharaoh followed with chariot and horse, to perish in the treacherous sea.

Nowhere can be found more striking incidents than are connected with this desolate narrow part of the shore of the Nile. Moses, perhaps, floated in his basket near by, and won his life with the smile of infancy, always irresistible. It was the scene of the plagues, of the terrible darkness, of the years of plenty and the years of want. It nourished in splendor and wealth for a period that makes the age of most cities seem trivial. New York is more than two hundred and fifty years old, London about nineteen hundred: Memphis flourished for more than three thousand years. It has passed away, but one of its labors can never apparently perish. Cheops, one of the Memphian Kings, built the largest of the Pyramids, and near it are several others not much less in size. A Pyramid was no doubt a royal tomb. Various explanations have been given of the origin and purpose of these wonderful buildings. Some suppose them intended for astronomical purposes; others suggest that they were designed to mark the dimensions of an inch, and fix the system of computing distances. But history and tradition assert that they were the tombs of the Memphian Kings.

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE E. McDOWELL.

Chapter I.

"I'm getting to quite like papa's present," said Susie Kingman, as she thoughtfully turned over a leaf of her *Silent Comforter*, "though I *did* want a ring awfully, and expected one as much as could be; but then this is much better, for it teaches me something. I've learned ever so many verses already, for it's the first thing my eyes open upon in the morning, and every time I come into the room I unconsciously read over the text for the day. Let me see—yes, to-day is the 20th." And having put back the leaf numbered nineteen, she read, "'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.' 'In honor preferring one another,'" she repeated, musingly—"'in honor preferring one another.' I don't exactly see what that means. I believe I'll look in the Commentary before I go to breakfast, for if it's to be my verse for the day, I ought to understand it at the beginning."

The breakfast bell rang as Susie descended the stairs, so she hastened into her father's study, and taking from the book-case the volume she wanted, turned over the leaves until Romans, xii. 10, was reached.

"Yes, here is an explanation of the very words, 'In honor preferring one another.'" And she read, half aloud: "'The meaning appears to be this: consider all your brethren as more worthy than yourself, and let neither grief nor envy affect your mind at seeing another honored and yourself neglected. This is a hard lesson, and very few persons learn it thoroughly.'"

Susie paused with her finger on the words, saying: "I hope I shall be one of the few that learn it. I just wish I had a chance to show that I felt glad to have some one honored; but"—less confidently—"I don't know as I would care to be *neglected*. No, that would be a great deal harder." Then exclaiming, as she read on, "Why, this writer says the very same thing: 'If we wish to see our brethren honored, still it is with the secret condition in our own minds that we be honored *more* than they.'" Susie slowly closed the book, saying, "It's perfectly clear to me now"; then as baby's voice heralding the approach of the others was heard on the stairs, she hastily replaced the book and joined them.

An hour later she might have been seen on her way to school, taking a last look at one of her lessons as she walked along, and so occupied with her book as not to notice a group on the school steps waving handkerchiefs and beckoning her to hasten. At last, as she still read on, the eager girls, too impatient to wait until she reached them, with one accord darted down the street to meet her.

Josie Thorp playfully snatched away her book, exclaiming, "No more studying for *you* until you've heard the news!"

"How can you speak so disrespectfully to her Majesty?" laughed another; at which the rest, following the last speaker's example, made low courtesies to the bewildered Susie, who a moment before had been deep in the grammar rules.

"What do you mean, girls?" she wonderingly stammered, looking at Sadie Folger, who was kissing her hand in mock solemnity, and then at the others, still courtesying and saying, "Your Majesty." "Seems to me you're in fine spirits for Friday. I believe you've all got excused from composition class. Tell me. What is it? Has Mr. Gorham given us a holiday?"

"Better than that!" they exclaimed, in one voice.

"Don't keep me in suspense," pleaded Susie.

"It's too good to keep," said Sadie; "but still, girls, we must tell it by degrees." Then, to Susie, "Well, we're

going to have a May party!"

"A May party! Splendid! Who—"

"And," broke in one of the others, wondering if Susie's face *could* look any brighter, "*you* are to be our Queen."

"Your Queen! Are you in earnest!" she cried, her eyes dancing with delight. "Whose party is it, and how do you know I'm to be Queen?"

"Because we're all going to vote for you," they answered, ignoring the first part of the question. So Susie repeated,

"But whose party is it? who is getting it up?"

"All the teachers. We left Mr. Gorham talking to Miss Page and the rest. They had a meeting at half past eight, and we five happened to be here early; so after they had decided the matter, they told us one or two things, and before recess Mr. Gorham will tell the whole school."

"But," said Susie, a trifle doubtfully, "then it's not certain I'm to be Queen?"

"Just as good as certain," said Stella Morris; "for the choice is between Florence Tracy and yourself. Mr. Gorham says you stand exactly the same—three marks against each—and that the way to decide it will be by vote this afternoon."

"I am sure you'll have every vote," said Josie, confidently, "for we scarcely know Florence Tracy. She's *so* quiet, and doesn't seem to care for anything but study. Not that I dislike her at all, for she's always pleasant enough; but still—*she isn't like you*," and she took Susie's arm in undisguised admiration.

"I AM SURE YOU'LL HAVE EVERY VOTE."

Susie was an acknowledged favorite, and it is needless to say she enjoyed this school-girl homage. Others had joined the group since they commenced talking, and each in turn had said, "You are sure of *my* vote, Sue."

"Thank you all," she answered, looking around gratefully. "I'm half in a dream. It seems too good to be true."

"I've just been having another talk with Miss Page," called Sadie, bounding down the walk. "She knows more about it than any of the others, I guess, for she saw a May-day celebration at some place on the Hudson last summer. Every one in the school is to take part. The primary class are to dance round a May-pole; and then there are to be garland-bearers and maids of honor, so we'll all be something; but of course Susie will have the highest honor."

Susie's happy look of a moment before was gone. That word *honor* had set her to thinking.

"What is the matter?" asked Sadie, mistaking the cause of her changed expression. "Don't you want us to be in it?"

"Want you to be in it! Of course I do," cried Susie. "You must think me a monster of selfishness. I only wish you could all be queens."

"We are satisfied to be your subjects," said Sadie, putting her arm around Susie, as they all started by twos and threes for the school, as the bell was ringing.

"I wish I'd never seen that verse," thought Susie, not heeding Sadie's chatter, as they went up the walk. "It's just going to spoil the whole thing."

"Here comes Florence Tracy," remarked Sadie, as a carriage stopped at the foot of the walk, and a young girl alighted. "Do you know, Susie, I don't believe she has a good time at all, if she does drive to school, and live in the handsomest house in town. I fancy her uncle isn't very kind to her, for she never seems very happy. Just look: don't you think she has a sad face?"

"I don't know," answered Susie, anxious to change the subject. "Isn't the parsing hard for to-day? Miss Page gives such long lessons."

But Sadie was far too interested in Squire Tracy's spirited horses, with their gilded harness, to turn her thoughts to discussing the length or difficulty of any lesson.

"Wouldn't I like to jump in!" she exclaimed. "It's just the morning for a drive." Then, in a lower tone: "Strange that Florence never asks any of the girls. There's room for four, yet every afternoon she goes for hours all alone."

"Hush!" cautioned Susie; "she's right behind us."

Florence joined them with a good-morning, and the three went up the steps together, Susie and Florence stopping a moment on the porch to talk over a troublesome sentence in the parsing.

"I know she didn't hear you," said Susie, in answer to Sadie's anxious question as she passed her seat, "for she is as pleasant as can be."

"Perhaps she *would* invite us," said Sadie, striving to make amends for her hasty speech, "if the Squire would let her. Poor girl! I really pity her."

Susie took her seat, and glanced across to Florence's. "She *does* look sad," she was forced to acknowledge; "but then deep mourning makes almost every one look so. Sadie is always getting up things to make one uncomfortable;" and she tried to busy herself in arranging her desk, and so forget the sad face opposite. "I'm sure she has everything money can buy." Here Conscience asked, "But are you not really far richer, with a loving father and mother, and a bright happy home?"

"Yes," thought Susie. "I wouldn't exchange places with her for all her pretty things, though I did think yesterday I'd give anything for that watch she wore. But then think of baby! How cunning she was this morning!—worth more than all the watches in the world!" and Susie almost felt the little arms about her neck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PINAFORE RHYMES.—(*Continued.*)

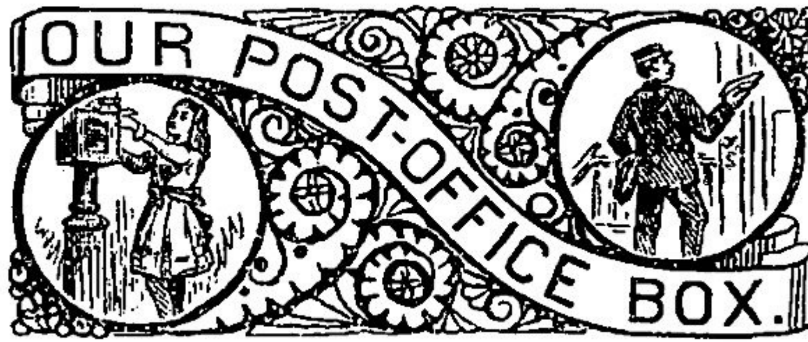
I'm glad to see you all so gay
On little Trottie's third birthday;
She's happy as a little queen,
And wants her presents to be seen;
She's got a doll that laughs and cries,
Opens her mouth, and winks her eyes;
A silver bird with painted wings,
And lots of other pretty things.
And all of us are very gay,
Because we have a holiday.

Through the sparkling, dewy grass
  To the water's rim,
See my downy duckies run
  For a merry swim.
Mother duck, as well as I,
  Knows they can not drown,
And the water will not even
  Wet the yellow down.

Our Johnny has a fishing-pole
That reaches up so high
That I'm afraid 'twill make a hole
Right through the clear blue sky.

It reaches up so very far,
If he'd come out at night,
And go a-fishing for a star,
He'd catch one, so he might.

They sat in the circus, all six in a row,
And thought that they never had seen such a show;
They laughed at the clowns and their comical tricks,
And all went home a-laughing, that party of six.



We offer a few suggestions to our young exchangers, which we hope they will read and remember. In the first place, be very careful to prepay postage on letters and packages, otherwise they will be sent to the Dead-letter Office. The correspondent to whom they are directed will be notified, but he is not obliged to send for them unless he wishes to do so. If he does not, you will blame him for not answering you, when the fault is wholly your own. Many of our correspondents find this matter of sending to the Dead-letter Office for unpaid packages very burdensome, and we see no reason why they should do it. As it is through the carelessness of the sender that the postage is not paid, the loss and the trouble should fall on him.

When you send specimens of minerals, pressed flowers, or any other natural curiosity, mark each distinctly, stating the name, if you know it, and the locality where it was found.

Always be sure to give your full address, distinctly written; and do not neglect to pay attention to the suggestion to note down the letters you receive, which we gave you in the Post-office Box of No. 78.

If you have only a very few specimens to exchange—perhaps only one arrow-head—we would advise you not to ask for an exchange through Young People, for you will receive a large quantity of letters, and as you have but one thing to dispose of, you will be in trouble, and very sadly out of your spending money, which will all go for postage, because if boys and girls send you things you have asked for, you must return them unless you can send a fair equivalent.

This matter of postage you must also consider before you enroll your name among our exchangers. A good many boys and girls have been compelled to withdraw their names because their allowance of pocket-money would not begin to cover the postage on the answers they had to write.

What you can do is this: If you have one arrow-head, or a very few stamps, or pressed flowers, which you wish to exchange, watch in the Post-office Box until you find the name of some boy or girl who offers just what you wish, for just what you have to give. Then you can write to the correspondent and arrange a pleasant exchange without any trouble, and without subjecting yourself to big postage bills, or to the task of writing to scores of applicants that your stock is exhausted.

Wakefield, Massachusetts.

The canoes we have built here after the directions given in Young People for April 27, 1880, have, without exception, been successes. They all weigh somewhere in the vicinity of fifty-five pounds, and are exceedingly graceful in shape. Within three weeks after the publication of the directions in Young People two canoes were in preparation in our town, and in three months a fleet of seven canoes was fully equipped and prepared. These canoes can be made inside of seven dollars.

At first we obtained spruce, and laid our keelson, which any boy can make in one afternoon with a good splitting saw. Of the ribs, nine were of soft wood, and three of hard. For slats to stretch over the frame-work, we used the strips of wood which come around hay bales. These we soaked and planed. After fastening these to the bow and stern, also to the ribs, and having made the frame-work for the deck, we were ready for the canvas. This having been carefully tacked to the keelson and gunwale, was oiled, and then painted. Then, having finished the well, we fastened the keel over the canvas along the keelson and the bow and stern, and added another coat of paint.

While this was drying, the paddle was made, and then we were ready for our trial trip. It was with fear and trembling that we carefully lowered our canoes into the water, and then, with still greater anxiety, stepped into them. Imagine our delight when, instead of keeling over, as we had feared, our boats sat as evenly and nicely as any we had ever seen. That day was a joyous one, and I can tell you we didn't lose the opportunity of being on the lake whenever we could. Two of us enjoyed a long trip, and a greater number are planning one for this coming summer.

I think almost any boy, with the proper tools and plenty of care, could make a canoe inside of a month. I hope this account of our success will stimulate some to make the attempt.

S. A.

South Royalton, Vermont.

I am a little boy of six years. I have no brother, and only one sister. She is teaching lots of little girls and boys in Iowa. I want to see her very much. I print letters to her, and she writes to me, and sends me lots of pretty things.

I wish the children that write letters for the Post-office Box would come and play with me. I am sorry for the sick ones, and for the one whose brother perished in the snow last winter while he was hunting in Canada.

I have good times making and eating maple sugar.

I have live sheep and two lambs of my own, and we have ten pretty calves. I get the eggs every night, and I shut up the turkeys.

The school-house is very near, and when school commences I shall have some boys to play with me. I am going to carry my Young People to school, so as to let the scholars see it.

Leon D. L.

Mountain House, California.

My home is a large public-house, and our nearest neighbor lives a mile away. We have beautiful scenery here in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and now the snow has gone, the wild flowers are coming up everywhere.

There are mines very near our house, and my grandpa has a saw-mill.

We have a governess with us all the time. I am nine years old, and I have a sister eleven, and a little brother. We have a post-office and a telegraph office. I can telegraph some, and my sister can send and receive messages.

Not only my sister and I read Young People, but also all the big folks here, and they thought "Toby Tyler" was just splendid.

Ida C.

Lakeville, New York.

I am the oldest of three boys. I have a little sister, who looks at my Young People, and reads it in her baby way, and kisses all the pretty pictures.

I live at the foot of Lake Conesus. It was named by the Indians, and the word in their language means "beautiful waters." There are three steamers and two sailing yachts on the lake.

My papa has moved to his farm this spring. He has just bought a span of fine young horses, and if any of Harper's Young People will come to see me, I will give them a ride.

Harry F. W.

Bleak House, Illinois.

I am a little girl seven years old, and I want to write to Young People.

It has been such a long winter! We think it is time for spring. The snow-banks are thawing to-day (April 10), and this morning the birds were singing, and a prairie-chicken went boo-o-o-o.

I live on a farm, and when my uncle William goes into the woods, I go with him, and ride back on a load of wood, and I see squirrels, and acorns, and moss, and hawks' nests in the tops of the trees.

I have a little sister in Scotland. She is eleven years old. She writes me nice letters. She has seen London and the Queen's palace. Santa Claus brought her a doll, and she has named it Grace Anastasia.

Dudie A. C.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

I like "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies" best of all the stories in Young People.

I am twelve years old. My mamma died five weeks ago, and left me with my sister and papa. I have been an invalid all my life until now, when I can run as fast as any little girl.

The flowers are all in bloom (April 14), and everything is so green and lovely!

Laura B.

Downieville, California.

We have had a warm, pleasant winter here. I found the first buttercup on the 8th of January, and now (April 10) there are quantities of buttercups and wild pansies, and a few days ago I found two wild larkspurs. This time last year the snow was between four and six feet deep.

I have a dear little kitten named Frisky, and she deserves her name, for a more playful little thing I never saw. She loves to play with a ball of yarn. Sometimes she will get angry with it and kick it, then she will hug it, then she will bite and kick it again. We have another kitten named Beauty. He is not so playful as Frisky, but sometimes she will coax him to play, and if you could only hear the noise they make when they chase each other across the floor, you would think they were two little mules instead of two little cats. I often call Beauty "Professor," because he is such a serious

kitten. He will sit still and stare at a thing so long, and he has such very big round eyes!

Mary A. R.

Chicago, Illinois.

I am nine years old. I go to Lincoln School. I want to tell Young People about our temperance meeting we have every Wednesday afternoon. We call ourselves the Band of Hope, because our teacher says we are the hope of the nation. She reads to us how alcohol hurts the brain and the health, and does not allow one to be a strong man. Then we have singing, and say the Lord's Prayer. Before we go home the young ladies give us papers. From sixty to seventy boys meet every week. We are going to try to have a reading-room for the bigger boys.

I hope all the children will read this letter, and I want lots of boys to have temperance meetings, as we do.

James McD.

Waterbury, Vermont.

In Young People No. 77, G. H. inquired how much sap it takes to make a pound of maple sugar. My papa has a sugar orchard of three hundred trees, and has made seventeen hundred pounds of sugar this year. He says it takes from fourteen to twenty quarts of sap to make a pound of sugar.

M. H. M.

Cold Spring, New York.

I want to tell the boy in Ohio that I had ten chickens hatched on the 11th of March, seventeen days earlier than his.

Fred D. M.

We acknowledge a package of letters from the scholars of the Marcella Street Home, Boston Highlands. These little fellows who write to us are from seven to twelve years old. We are very glad to hear from them, and gratified to see from their neat and correctly written letters that they are profiting by the kind attention of their teachers. We thank them for their expressions of pleasure in Young People, and like to know that they spend so many happy hours reading its stories, working out the puzzles, and learning pieces from it to speak in school. We print two of the letters, and are sorry we have not space to print them all.

Marcella Street Home, Boston, Mass.

I am a little boy eleven years old. All the boys here have been very much interested in the story of Toby Tyler. I think his lot is something like ours, for we are all poor boys without homes; but there are many things to make it a happy home for us here.

We have four beautiful school-rooms, pleasant teachers and officers, and a kind Superintendent.

At noon we leave our school-rooms, and fall in line to march into the dining-hall, and afterward we go to a large play-room, where we play.

In the evening we come again to the school-rooms for half an hour. We have silent prayer, and take off our shoes, and march out into the dormitories for the night.

I like holidays, for then the boys have a good time and a big dinner.

George Johnston.

I am a very small boy. I am eight years old, and I have been at the Marcella Street Home four years. We have just moved into our new school-room, and it is so very pleasant and so sunny! There are nine windows in it, seven blackboards, with nine drawings on them made by us boys, and two gas jets with Easter-eggs on them, and seven plants. Don't you think it must be nice?

We have sixty-four boys in our school, and all have new desks. How good our Superintendent is to us! We have two radiators, two numeral frames, and three spelling frames, and lots of blocks that the babies play with.

I like the story of Toby Tyler, and think he is smart. I hope he will never run away again. I like the puzzles too. My teacher told us that smart boys answer your puzzles, so we try, if we *are* in the lowest room.

Joseph Minon.

We have received many correct answers to puzzles from these ambitious little students, and hope we shall hear from them again and often.

Soldiers' Orphan Home, Knightstown, Indiana.

I am a little girl twelve years old. My father and mother are both dead. I have been here at the Home nearly four years. I was here when it burned down; but it has been rebuilt more beautiful than ever. My teacher and governess are very kind to the children. We have three ranks of boys, and one rank of girls. There are four little boys here who wear dresses yet. We have a dog that has been here twelve years. We are all happy, and I shall be lonesome when the time comes for me to leave.

Hattie E. R.

I live on a farm three miles from the post-office. I went on horseback for the mail yesterday. I had a nice ride. A short distance from our house is a high hill, and from its summit is one of the grandest views in Northern New York State.

Right at the base of the hill live some little friends of mine. They are getting a collection of minerals and insects, and I am making a collection of woods. I have one hundred and twenty-five different kinds. I would like to exchange elm, bass-wood, maple, and ash, for black walnut or cottonwood. Please label specimens.

Clair W. Austin,
Copenhagen, Lewis Co., N. Y.

I wish to exchange foreign stamps, fossils, minerals, and other specimens, for minerals, fossils, shells, sea plants, corals, or other ocean curiosities, arrow-heads, spear-heads, and other genuine Indian relics, or any good curiosities. Correspondents will please label every specimen distinctly, and state the locality where it was found.

I wish to give notice to those who are exchanging with me that my address is changed.

Louis D. Orrison,
1206 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Edna Wheeler, Williamsville, Vermont, wishes to notify correspondents that she can not exchange any more maple sugar for shells and mosses.

Robert T. Parke, Downingtown, Pennsylvania, desires to withdraw his name from our exchange list, as his stock of coins and other articles for exchange is exhausted.

If the correspondent who sent me stamps in an unsealed letter, and wished arrow-heads in return, will favor me with his address, I will answer him. I also request the addresses of others who have sent me things and have received no answer.

Russell S. Janney,
Rainbow Box, Marietta, Washington Co., Ohio.

I wish to say to correspondents that my stock of Chinese coins is exhausted. I will now exchange peacock coal, minerals, stamps, and postmarks, for sea-shells, sea-moss, and arrow-heads or other Indian relics.

Willard Barnes,
Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

A printing-press and outfit in good order, for a stamp-book but little used.

James Nelson, Jun.,
Mount Vernon, Westchester Co., N. Y.

A Newfoundland stamp, for a petrified shell.

Archie C. Niven,
Care of Rev. T. M. Niven, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

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

James A. Parker,
Williamsport, Penn.

Florida moss and iron ore, for fifteen postage stamps from Japan, Spain, Cuba, Newfoundland, and other foreign countries.

H. Leonard Potts,
P. O. Box 18, Pottstown, Montgomery Co., Penn.

Soil of Long Island, New York, for the same from any other State.

Samuel D. Pine,
Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.

A specimen of tourmaline, for minerals or Indian relics; or some stamps, for a curiosity.

John G. Reevs,
P. O. Box 720, Yonkers, N. Y.

Stamps from Russia, Montevideo, Argentine Confederation, Chili, Brazil, and Germany (no duplicates), for other foreign stamps. Those of China, Italy, and France especially desired.

M. B. Rauch,
713 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

Ten postmarks, for one stamp, either a United States 90-cent Agricultural, Executive, or Justice Department, Cape of Good Hope, Western Australia, Persia, or Egypt.

Harry B. Rood,
Poultney, Rutland Co., Vt.

Foreign stamps and insects, for insects.

Arthur R. Torrey,
1 Hubbard Avenue, West Cambridge, Mass.

Stamps from Bavaria and Denmark, for United States department stamps.

Dan Talmage,
Bound Brook, N. J.

Specimens of garnet rock, kyanite, or limestone, for postage stamps, or other minerals.

Louis Treadwell, Redding, Fairfield Co., Conn.

Ocean curiosities, fossils, old coins, and other curiosities, for Indian relics.

William A. White,
Sag Harbor, Suffolk Co., Long Island, N. Y.

United States and foreign stamps, for sea-shells, Indian relics, ore, coral, or other curiosities.

Johnnie Wood,
188 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Minerals and curiosities, for United States department and revenue stamps, and foreign postage stamps.

George E. Wells,
P. O. Box 466, New York City.

Ten foreign stamps, for fifty postmarks (no duplicates).

Anne H. Wilson,
Clermont, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Stamps.

Charlie E. Wheeler,
Chesterville, Franklin Co., Me.

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

P. C. H.—In most book establishments the printing is done from stereotype or electrotype plates, taken from the type pages. In the first process one or more pages are placed in an iron frame, and from these a mould is taken in plaster of Paris. Type-metal—a composition mainly of lead and antimony—is poured into this mould, forming a cast of the face of the type. These casts, or "plates," are planed down upon the back to a regular thickness, and from them the printing is made precisely as from the types themselves. In electrotyping, a mould of beeswax, coated with black-lead to give it a metallic surface, is forced by a powerful pressure upon a page of type, producing a perfect fac-simile. After receiving another coating of black-lead, the mould is placed in a tank filled with a solution of sulphate of copper, into which enter the poles of a galvanic or electric battery, the mould being connected with the positive pole, the negative pole being attached to a plate of copper. In an instant a thin film of copper appears on the "black-leaded" surface of the mould. This increases in quantity until it has acquired the thickness of a sheet of stout paper. The upper surface of this "shell," when taken from the mould, is a perfect fac-simile of the face of the original page. This thin shell would be crushed flat by the immense pressure of the printing-press. It must be "backed up" with type-metal. This metal will not, even when melted, adhere firmly to a sheet of copper, but it will adhere to tin, and melted tin will adhere to copper. A sheet of tin-foil is laid upon the back of the copper shell, which is secured in a shallow iron tray, and heated. Melted type-metal is then poured over the plate, filling up every depression, and forming a solid backing, firmly soldered to the shell. The plates are then shaved down to the proper size, and are ready for the press.

Rebecca D.—There are several works on the Egyptian Pyramids, but all of them are too scientific and learned to be interesting to young readers. If you live near a library which contains encyclopædias, you will find in them all that you would care to read at present about their age and probable origin and purpose. The largest and most interesting are at Jeezeh, about twelve miles from Cairo, and seven from the banks of the Nile. Learned men differ in regard to the time when they were built, as well as for what use they were intended. Some calculations place the date at about 2170 years B.C., and while some scholars hold that these enormous structures were intended for royal sepulchres only, others suppose that they were built for astrological purposes. Although erected in the childhood of the human race, the masonry of the Pyramids is far superior to that of modern times. The joints of the casing-stones, that still partially cover the sides, are so close that the thinnest paper can not be inserted in them.

B. T. H.—As allegory is a figurative representation in which a story or a picture signifies something more than its literal meaning, it is the privilege of an artist to call his ideal picture "Temperance," "Fortitude," or anything else he pleases. Probably the pictures you saw were given those names because to the artist's mind they represented the characteristics of those particular virtues.

A very large number of our little correspondents have sent us poems on spring and the fresh grass and flowers. We can not print any of them, but we thank them for their favors. Their fancies are all pretty, and we are glad to see that boys and girls are such close observers of Nature, and that they love her changing moods well enough to write her praises in verse.

The editor thanks Tillie S. for her pretty Easter-egg, with its kind wishes.

G. S. H.—Long Island is a part of New York State, and is included within its boundaries. It may properly be said to be in New York State.

Nelse W., W. L. W., R. C. Orr, and Others.—The coins and paper money you inquire about are interesting as curiosities, but have no great value. United States cents and half-cents of an early date are usually sold for from ten to thirty cents, according to date and condition. The only coinage upon which any special value is placed is that of 1799, which was so small that but few perfect specimens now remain in existence. It is not always the age which determines the value; for instance, a cent of 1810 is worth considerably more than one of 1798. If you live near any large public library, and can consult the Mint Reports of different years, you can find out whether the coinage of that year was large or small, and in that way determine if your specimen be rare or not. Every mail brings us questions concerning the value of coins, which we can not answer, partly because the descriptions, as a rule, are not sufficiently accurate, and also because the value depends very much on condition, and that we can not know without a careful examination of the coin in question. If any of you have old coins, the best thing is to keep them and look upon them as curiosities, without seeking to know their money value, which is arbitrary at best, as every dealer or collector to whom you might take them will offer you a different price.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from W. Aiken, R. Burke, J. Cott, J. Reagan, and P. Riley, Marcella Street Home, "A. B. C," *Courtland F. Bishop*, Charles S. Bingham, A. E. Cressingham, R. O. Chester, Bernie Collins. Frank C. F., Ernest Frankel, E. L. Hunt, Willie Hartwell, Frank Hayward, William B. Hadley, W. E. J., Samuel Kridel, Beth D. L., "*L. U. Stral*," Otis J. Loomis, H. B. Lent, Charles F. Meyer, Percy L. McD., F. Nichols, Bessie and Edith Nesbitt, "Pepper," Charles H. P., Ned Robinson, John Richardson, "Starry Flag," G. P. Salters, T. W. Siddall, *Howard J. Van Doren*, Maude Wilson, "Will A. Mette."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

Additional. Surrounded by water. Wrath. Fodder. In spring. A decree. A song. An architectural term. Innocent. Centrals—A useful Southern product.

C. W. S.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In chains, but not in bands.
In hearts, but not in hands.
In hoping, not in sighing.
In laughing, not in crying.
In mountain, not in valley.
In trifle, not in dally.
In castle, not in tower.
In rain, but not in shower.
My whole a graceful flower.

Owlet.

No. 3.

DIAGONALS.

Across.—A metal. Taste. Toil. A model. A part of a cask. Diagonals.—From left to right, a cape of the United States; from right to left, islands west of South America.

Will A. Mette.

No. 4.

HALF-SQUARES.

1. A dreary place. A vegetable substance. A river in Europe. A title. A preposition. A letter from Tennessee.
2. Advantage. A bird. Something useful in a kitchen. A marsh. A preposition. A letter from Montana.

R. F. L.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In wan, but not in pale.
In wind, but not in gale.
In game, but not in play.
In wagon, not in dray.
In light, but not in dark.
In wren, but not in lark.
In spade, but not in rake.
The whole the children like to make.

Polly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 77.

No. 1.

Parsnip, Spinach.

No. 2.

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S P R I N G  S T R E A M
P I A N O    T R E A T
R A I N      R E A R
I N N        E A R
N O          A T
G            M
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No. 3.

```
C A R A C A S
  S A L A D
    B A T
      B
    R A T
  L A M A S
B A N A N A S
```

No. 4.

1. S-nag. 2. F-air. 3. O-live. 4. S-hut. 5. G-lad. 6. B-rook. 7. P-Russia. 8. S-pain. 9. O-range. 10. B-arrow. 11. A-den. 12. Z-one. 13. S-tone. 14. S-tale. 15. H-eight. 16. S-late. 17. H-ill.

No. 5

Jerusalem.

NOTICE.

The publishers will furnish Harper's Magazine, beginning with the June Number (which is the commencement of Volume LXIII.), and Harper's Young People, beginning with Number 80, published May 10, 1881 (containing the first installments of the new serials)—the two periodicals together for one year—on receipt of FIVE DOLLARS.

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The Volumes of Harper's Young People commence with the first Number in November of each year.

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Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money-Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

"MISTER, PLEASE PULL THE BELL FOR ME."

THE ELECTRIC TRICK.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

At a noted game club in Boston this little trick was introduced by the writer to show how easily the keenest intellects can be puzzled when off their guard. Three substances are first chosen with great care—one animal, one mineral, one vegetable. After each has been subjected to the closest examination to discover that but one kingdom is represented in its composition, they are laid, side by side, the mineral toward the north, after some pains have been taken to discover the points of the compass as nearly as possible. The attention of the company is then called to the subject of electricity in the human body, and after each has spoken of his powers in that direction, such as the common ones of lighting the gas with the finger, or by giving shocks or causing sparks after rubbing the feet on a thick carpet, etc., the operator says, "I am about to try a simple experiment of this kind, and to judge which of these three substances was touched by any one gifted with magnetic power." He then closes his eyes, while some one touches one of the substances, and then he remarks, "I am perfectly willing to let you do this for yourselves if you are able: just rub your finger very hard on the carpet, and judge by a faint tingling sensation which of those three articles was last touched." After some hesitation, he lifts up the substance last touched, and repeats the experiment until all are satisfied. Many imaginative people think that they feel a faint sensation, and if they happen to select the right article, are much elated, and it is very funny to see several sensible people on their knees rubbing the carpet with their forefingers to feel the faint tingling of electricity.

This trick was played for weeks without discovery, so the author was ashamed to tell that the scientific mystery was owing to a confederate, and that a quiet and demure lady signified the article which had been touched by giving an almost imperceptible cough as his finger touched the right one; and to make it more difficult of detection, when two had been touched without the signal, he of course knew that the third was the right substance for him to select.

CHARADE.

If my first is my second,
    'Tis sure to be fleet;
If my second's my first,
    It is not fit to eat.

And what is my whole
    Will depend upon whether
My second and first
    You fit rightly together.

If my second comes first,
    'Tis an animal; but
If my second comes second,
    Why, then, 'tis a nut.

So if it's an animal,
    Then you may back it;
But supposing it isn't—
    I leave you to crack it.

THE PAN OF FLOUR.

He would pull the Cloth.

Result.

"Look at dat Chile! His own Farder wouldn' know 'im!"

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The name of dragon is often applied to large serpents by the old chroniclers. The knight's exploit, which was performed in 1342, may perhaps have given rise to our modern legend of St. George and the Dragon.—D. K.

[2] God-given.

[3] Fact.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, MAY 10, 1881 ***

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