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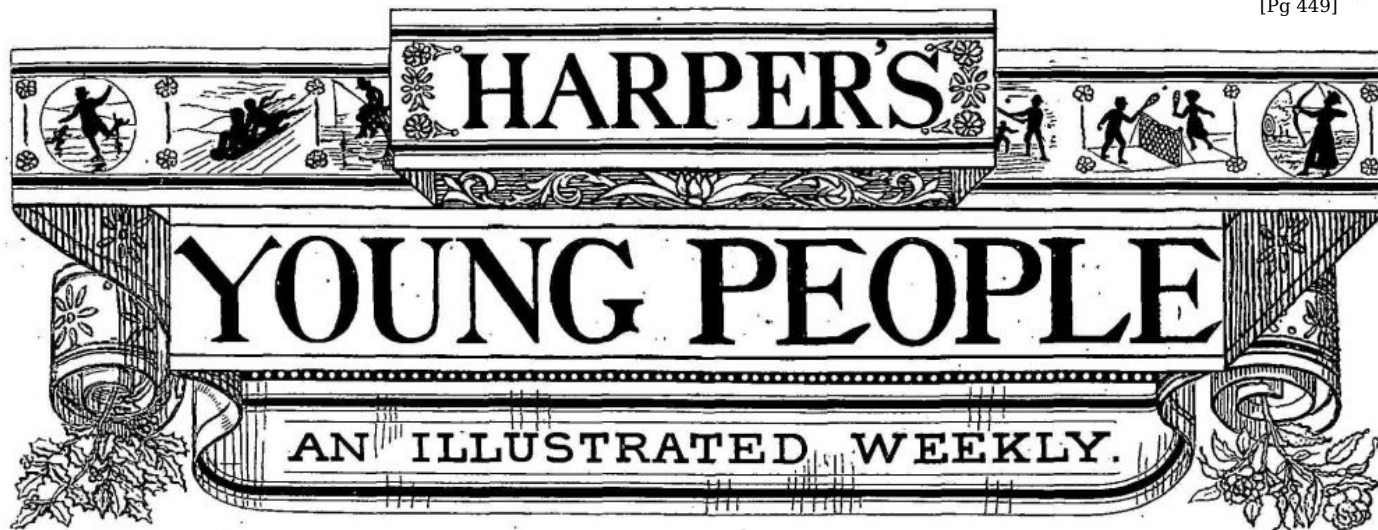
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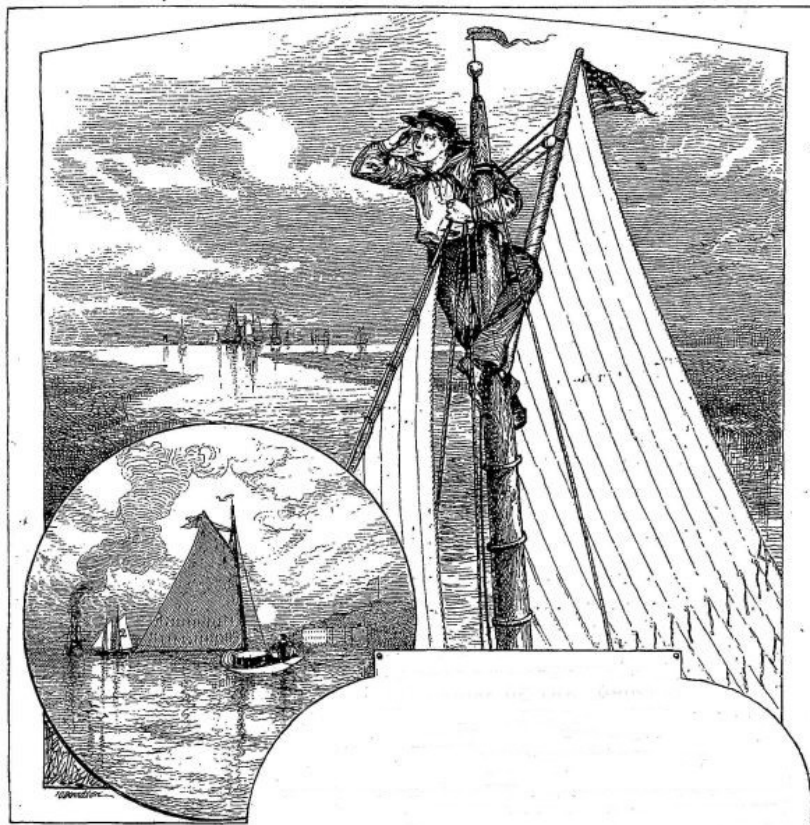
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THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF THE "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

The next day Charley had the boat drawn up on the shore, and went to work at her, assisted by the other boys. It took two weeks of constant work to lengthen her, but when she was finished, everybody admitted that she was greatly improved.

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The jib halyards and sheets, as well as the throat and peak halyards, were all led aft so that they could be reached by the helmsman without leaving his post. When all the other work was finished, Charley made a gun-carriage for the cannon, and it was lashed to the deck just forward of the mast. Nothing now remained to be done but to name the boat, and this proved to be the most difficult task of all. Each of the boys could think of a dozen names that he did not like, but not one that he really did like. Tom thought that perhaps they could not do better than to call her the *America*, or the *George Washington*, but admitted that both of those names were in rather too common use. Harry said that he didn't much like the idea of calling her the *Red Revenger*, but if they couldn't find any better name they might have to come to it. Charley ridiculed the idea of calling her the *Red Revenger*, since she was not intended to revenge anything, and instead of being red was as white as a ghost. "Then suppose we call her the *Ghost*," exclaimed Joe.

The other boys asked if he was in earnest, said that it would never do to call the boat the *Ghost*, and finally agreed that they rather liked the name than otherwise, on account of its oddity. The end of it was that Joe's suggestion was adopted, and *Ghost* was painted in large letters on the stern.

Three days before the cruise was to begin Jim Sharpe fell down an open cellarway and broke his leg. The boys at first thought of abandoning their cruise altogether, but Jim wouldn't hear of it. He told them to go, and write him letters every few days, and convinced them that he would really feel hurt if they did not go, so they bade him good-by, and set sail from Harlem the following Monday morning, half in doubt whether they ought to enjoy themselves while poor Jim was lying on a sick-bed, where he was to pass most of his vacation.

The breeze blew gently from the west, and the *Ghost*, with the tide in her favor, slipped rapidly down the river under full sail. As soon as the yacht was fairly off, Charley, who was at the helm, divided his crew into watches. The starboard watch consisted of the Captain and Joe, and the port watch consisted of Tom and Harry, the former being in command of it as mate. Each watch was to take charge of the boat in turn, and to remain in charge four hours, except when the *Ghost* might be lying at anchor. The officer in charge of the watch was to steer, while his companion was to be stationed in the forward part of the cockpit, where he could handle the centre-board and attend to the jib sheets. Whenever the officer gave an order, it was to be executed by his companion, and the other boys were to remain quiet unless "all hands" were called. Charley had been in the navy long enough to know that no vessel, however small or however big she may be, can be properly sailed unless every member of the crew knows what his duty is, and how to do it, and refrains from interfering with the duty of other men, unless especially ordered to do so.

The river was crowded with sailing craft and steamboats, and it was no easy matter to steer the *Ghost* so as to avoid collision. Every little while a ferry-boat or tug would whistle hoarsely, and the boys noticed that very often Charley altered the course he had been steering as soon as he heard the whistle. "Do those

whistles mean anything except for us to get out of the way?" asked Harry, presently.

"A long whistle or a lot of little short whistles means 'get out of the road,'" answered Charley; "but when you hear a steamboat give one short whistle, or two short whistles, she is telling you which way she is going to steer. Now there's a tug coming up the river straight at us; you'll hear her whistle in a few minutes, and then I'll know what she's going to do, and which way to steer to keep out of her way." He had hardly said this when the tug gave two blasts of the whistle. "That means she's going to starboard her helm and pass on our right," exclaimed Charley, at the same moment heading the *Ghost* a little more toward the Brooklyn shore.

"I thought," said Harry, as the steamboat passed between the *Ghost* and the New York shore, "that 'starboard' meant right, and 'port' left."

"So it does."

"Then how did that tug turn to the left when you said she was going to starboard her helm?"

"If I push the tiller over to the left-hand side of the boat, I port my helm; but the boat turns to the right, doesn't she? Well, the tiller is really the helm, and every vessel, whether she is steered with a wheel or not, has a tiller, though it may not be in sight. Now when the helm is pushed or pulled toward the port side, the vessel turns her head to starboard, and when it's pushed toward the starboard side, she turns her head to port. You've got to remember this, for some day if one of you is steering, and I sing out 'port,' you mustn't make any mistake about it."

"I understand," said Joe. "The boat is always to do the opposite of what you tell me to do if I'm steering. When you tell me to 'port,' the boat will turn to the starboard, and when you tell me to 'starboard,' she'll turn to port. It's very scientific, but it is what I call awfully contrary."

"The easiest rule for understanding a steamer's whistle is this," continued Charley. "If she blows one whistle, she means to pass on the port side of you; and if she blows two, she means to pass on your starboard side. Now there are two syllables in starboard, and one in port, and if you imagine that the two whistles spell 'starboard' and the one whistle spells 'port,' you won't ever make any mistake."

After this explanation the boys amused themselves listening to the steam-whistles, and translating them into "starboard" and "port." They soon saw that the steamers, which could tell what they wanted to do, were not half so troublesome as the sailing vessels, and that Charley watched the latter with much greater care than he did the former.

"There ought to be steam-whistles or something of the kind on those schooners," said Harry, presently. "I suppose they do just as they please about running people down."

"Oh no," replied Charley. "There's a set of rules for them too. The captain of that big fellow over there knows that he has the right of way over the schooner with the torn mainsail, and that he must keep out of the way of the one with the three masts, close over there by the shore. It all depends on the course each one is steering; but I'm too busy to explain it just now. If they obeyed the rules, it would be all right, but the trouble is they don't consider that a small sail-boat has any rights, and if we don't want to get run down, we've got to look out for ourselves and keep out of the way. The steamboats would be just as bad, only when a steamboat runs anybody down, somebody is sure to say something about it, and get the captain into a scrape; so they have to be more careful."

The boys were glad when they passed out of the East River, and by way of Buttermilk Channel reached the bay, where by skirting the Long Island shore they were out of the track of steamers and other craft. They had a delightful sail through the Narrows and down the broad outer bay, where there was a long gentle swell that gave the boat a just perceptible roll. About four o'clock they reached the mouth of the little creek which separates Coney Island from Long Island, and found it so narrow and shallow that they began to think it was not navigable for anything larger than a row-boat. Charley allowed the boat to run her bow gently against the shore, and told Joe to keep her from drifting off while he climbed up the mast hoops to see how the land and water lay.

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He came down in a moment or two, and ordering Joe to shove off, steered up the creek. "The tide's out, boys," he explained, "and we can't get through till it comes in again. We'll just run up to a bridge that's close by, and get the mast down, so that we can be ready to pass under it to-morrow morning."

They reached the bridge in a few moments; the sails were lowered, and the *Ghost* made fast to the timbers of the bridge; and then they began to wonder how in the world they were going to be able to get the mast out. They all stood on the bridge and tried to lift the mast, but it was so heavy that they could not stir it. Had the bridge been a few feet higher, they could have taken the throat-halyard blocks and rigged a tackle with which to hoist the mast out, but the bridge was so low that this could not be done. After they had tried their best to lift the heavy mast, Charley told them it was of no use, and that they must have a pair of shears.

"I've got a small pair of scissors," said Tom, "but I don't see how they will help you any."

"A pair of shears," replied Charley, "is two timbers with the upper ends fastened together so that they look like a letter A. If we had a pair of shears ten feet high, we could stand it on this bridge, lash a tackle to it, and hoist that mast right out. That's the way to hoist a lower mast out of a ship."

"I can tell you what's better than a pair of shears, though it mayn't be quite so stylish," said Joe.

"What's that?"

"Why, a pair of darkies," answered Joe. "I see two colored gentlemen coming down the road who can lift as much as any shears, and we'd better get them to help us."

The colored men were strong and amiable, and they lifted out the mast with perfect ease, and refused any payment. Laying the mast along the deck, the boys went on board the *Ghost*, and getting out the oars, rowed her a little way up the creek, and made her fast for the night by carrying the anchor ashore and planting it in a field.

"Now, boys, we'll have supper," exclaimed Charley.

"Who's going to cook?" asked Tom. "On the last cruise we took turns cooking, just as we did about going for the milk and getting fire-wood."

"By-the-bye, I don't see any fire-wood around here," said Joe, "and I don't see any chance of getting any

milk."

"If the Captain's willing, I'll do the cooking to-night, and get my own fire-wood," said Harry. "We've got some condensed milk, and we can get along well enough with that."

"When anybody volunteers to do a really noble act, he ought to be allowed to do it," said the Captain. "Harry shall get the supper to-night, but after this we'll take our regular turns. I'll read the list of assignments every morning, and to-morrow morning I'll get the breakfast myself."

While this conversation was in progress, Harry was down on his knees hunting for something under the forward deck. Presently he dragged out a package wrapped in brown paper, and about the size of a small butter tub. Then he made a second search, and brought out two bottles, the coffee-pot, and the cups, plates, and other dishes.

The boys watched him with much interest while he unwrapped the mysterious bundle. It proved to be a small kerosene stove. Standing it on the deck out of the way of the boom, Harry filled it with oil from one of the bottles, and lighted the wick. When it was burning nicely, the coffee-pot, full of water, was placed on the stove, where it boiled in a very few minutes. Then, putting the coffee-pot aside, so that the grounds might have time to settle, Harry put a little frying-pan on the stove, laid half a dozen sausages in it, and told the boys to pour out their coffee, for the sausages would be ready for them by the time the last cup of coffee would be ready. He was as good as his word, and the sausages were cooked better—so everybody agreed—than sausages had ever been cooked before.

"Where in the world did you get that stove from?" Tom demanded, as his last bit of sausage disappeared.

"It is a present to us," replied Harry. "Jim's mother sent it to me this morning, but she showed me how to use it two or three days ago. She sent it because poor old Jim couldn't go."

"Poor Jim!" exclaimed Charley. "It's an awful shame he isn't here. We'll write to him to-morrow, and tell him how splendidly the stove works. Why, it will save us all the trouble of getting fire-wood for the whole cruise."

After supper was over, the canvas covering was rigged over the cockpit, the beds were made, and the boys prepared to sleep.

"This cushion is a great deal softer than the coffee-pot and the tin cans were last summer," remarked Joe; "but then we used to wake up early, and now we're so comfortable that we'll probably sleep all the morning. I don't expect to wake up till ten o'clock."

"You'll wake up in exactly two hours," said Charley, "and stand your anchor watch. I don't believe in leaving the boat to take care of herself all night so near to a road as we are. I'll stand the first watch, from eight to ten, and when your two hours are up, you will call Harry, who will call Tom at two o'clock, and we'll all turn out at four. So go to sleep, you fellows, and I'll just put my water-proof round my shoulders, and sit on deck."

Charley was firmly determined to keep awake until ten o'clock, but it was very dull work sitting still for two hours. Besides, there was a very heavy dew, and the young Captain soon found himself growing cold. He thought he would lie down on deck, and draw the water-proof blanket over his head, so as to keep himself warm. He did so, and in a few moments was sound asleep. He woke up about dawn, feeling very cold and stiff, and creeping into the cabin, took a second nap until nearly seven o'clock.

"What do you do in the navy with a man who goes to sleep when he is on duty?" asked Harry, as the crew sat down to breakfast.

"We try him by court-martial, and punish him," answered Charley.

"Then I'd like to know how soon you'll be ready to be tried for going to sleep last night while you were on watch."

"You did sleep, you know, for I woke up twice in the night and spoke to you, but you were regularly snoring," said Tom.

"We're awfully sorry about it," added Joe, "but I can't see how such a crime can be overlooked. It's a dreadful example for a Captain to set, and if it isn't punished, there won't be any discipline at all on this vessel."

"We haven't any yard-arm, so we can't hang you very well," continued Harry; "but we might give you six dozen lashes, and then put you in irons, if that would suit you."

"You're forgetting one thing, boys," said Charley. "A Captain isn't required to stand an anchor watch, and has the right to sleep all night if he wants to. I can't be punished for going to sleep, but all three of you can. You have no excuse for not coming on deck when it came your turn, and I ought to punish every one of you, but I shall pardon you this time. Only mind you don't let it happen again. Now if you have got through breakfast, the port watch will clear up the deck and then go below, and the starboard watch will weigh anchor, and get out the oars."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MISTRESS DOROTHY DINKLE.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Young Mistress Dorothy Dora Dinkle
Lifted her doll with her brow in a wrinkle.
"It's charming to be a mamma," thinks she,
"But I fear there's too much of *this* dolly for me!"

But young Mistress Dorothy Dora Dinkle,
While holding her child smoothed her brow from its wrinkle.
"I've discovered," said young Mistress Dora, said she,
"After all, there is none too much Dolly for me."

TOM'S CARNIVAL.

BY F. D. MILLET.

'Twas a great pity that Tom couldn't keep a diary, for his life was full of lights and shadows. He was by nature much of a Bohemian, equally at home in the hovel and in the palace, but far preferring the free life of a vagabond to the formal existence in high society. Tom was a shaggy black terrier, and the way I made his acquaintance was by pulling him out of the dirty canal in front of my house in Venice one chill morning in autumn. He was as draggled and wretched a dog as ever was seen. He was in good flesh, but smeared with mud, and quite worn out by a long swim and his struggles to scramble upon the *riva*, or landing-place. I gave him a place near the fire on the stone platform in the kitchen, and he curled up and steamed and slept until he was dry and rested. He showed from the first great fondness for me, as the one who had saved his life, and for three or four days was modest, respectful, and obedient. Later, he developed habits of willfulness and disobedience. So, you see, he wasn't altogether a model dog; if he had been, perhaps his history wouldn't have been half so interesting.

Our house was the last house on the broad canal San Marco, and its position near the public garden—the only green spot of any size in Venice—made it a pleasant home for animals as well as men. Tom had for companions a little white Spitz poodle, Jerry; a black and white long-haired terrier, whom we called Harry; and Dick, the cat, who lived on terms of unhappy intimacy with the three dogs, and alternately romped and fought with them. Whenever we went away in the gondola we always took the happy family along, and as such a menagerie is uncommon, even in Venice, our boat made a great sensation wherever we went. This public exhibition soon told on the manners of our pets, and they got into bad ways of posing and showing off whenever they were looked at. Perhaps that is why we used to think them uncommonly sagacious animals.

It was two or three months after Tom's rescue that I found out his history. One of the maids of honor from the king's palace saw him in our gondola, and claimed him. She had given him to her gondolier to be cared for during the cold weather somewhere on the main-land, but he had played the part of the cruel uncle in the story of the babes in the wood, and had thrown the dog into the water, intending to drown him, and still to draw his pay for his keeping. Tom recognized his mistress at sight, and seemed to say, "I know you, but times are different now." She, finding him more fond of us than of her, gave him to us, on the condition that we should bring him to the palace once in a while to visit her. What a dog of Tom's nature must have suffered in the quiet, gloomy old palace I will not try to tell, and will only venture to write down a single chapter of his life with us.

It was the morning of the second day of carnival before we made any preparations for joining in the sport. As Tom's costume was the only one in our party decidedly original and unconventional, I will describe that alone. We kept, in the attic of the house, a number of the pigeons for which Venice is famous—in fact, a part of the great flock which assembles daily in the Piazza San Marco to receive food from the city officials lodged at night in our dove-cote. We selected a pair of fine white ones, killed them, plucked all the large feathers, and dipped the quill end of each one in a little dish of melted sealing-wax. In a few moments we had quite a large pile of them. We seized upon Tom, who was watching the operation in anticipation of a generous meal off the bones, heated each little wax tip of the feathers in a candle-flame, and stuck it to his shaggy coat, beginning at his head, until he was like a feathered porcupine. On his long ears were rows of broad feathers which bristled defiantly whenever he raised the angles. Around his neck was a ruff of tail feathers, and his whole body was tagged with them so thickly as to nearly hide his black hair. His tail when straight looked like the feather ornament that an Indian chief wears down his back, and when it was tightly curled over his back was like a corkscrew of feathers. His face and lower part of



TOM.

his legs were the only portions that we left undressed. He seemed twice his natural size when his costume was completed, and certainly acted as if he fully felt his apparent greatness. Before he was dressed he looked at our gaudy costumes with surprise, not unmixed with fear, but when he was feathered out he became one of us at once. He capered about, barked loudly, looked impatiently out of the window, and the moment the door was open, he scrambled into the gondola.



TOM ATTRACTS ATTENTION ON THE GRAND CANAL.

When we left the *riva*, Tom climbed upon the prow, and balancing himself on the highest part, excitedly sniffed the air. As our house was somewhat off the populous canals, we did not meet any boat until nearly half way to the Piazza San Marco, the central square of the town. Then we began to overtake gondolas of all sizes hurrying toward the piazza, crowded with jolly maskers. At the sight of Tom everybody shouted with delight, "Un' can' che fa carnevale!" (a masquerading dog), and in less time than it takes to tell it our own gondola, with Tom fairly dancing with excitement at the prow, was the centre of a shouting multitude. Oars were splashing, maskers shrieking and clapping their hands, and gondoliers straining every muscle to bring their overladen boats alongside. Rarely was any old carnival hero landed with greater enthusiasm than was Tom in his grotesque costume, and it is worthy of note that he jumped ashore without his usual involuntary bath. On the *riva* he lifted his small paws very high as the crowd of maskers made room for him, and he pranced away, leading the party to the palace.

In the apartment of his former mistress Tom made a great success, and posed triumphantly on a sofa until we led him away to visit other friends. Everywhere he was the hero of the day, and companies of maskers, fairly intoxicated with mirth, followed his footsteps from one side of the city to the other, only too glad to find something to laugh at. Tom's pride kept him up for hours, and he never lost his presence of mind for a moment. A more thoroughly wearied and self-satisfied dog was never seen than he was when he tumbled into his corner that evening.

I wish I could record new triumphs of this canine king of carnival, but fidelity to fact compels me to tell how disobedience was the cause of his fall. The kitchen fire was simply an open fire of wood, like a camp fire, built on a raised stone platform about as high as a table, and a yard and a half square. We often left dishes standing on this platform, and it was strictly forbidden any one of the animals to get up there on the pain of immediate and severe punishment. When I came into the kitchen the morning after Tom's triumph in carnival, his glory was indeed departed: All the feathers on one side were burned and shrivelled up; those around his shoulders were torn off, and his tail ornaments alone remained uninjured. A hollow in the ashes very near the fire showed where the little wretch had passed the night. I confess I hadn't the heart to inflict my usual whipping, although he had broken a salad bowl and a decanter. But I determined to give him the penalty for a crime of the second degree, and with as much firmness as I could muster made him follow me

into the attic, where I intended to confine him for an hour or two in a closet—a punishment he dreaded almost as much as a whipping. The attic was a dark one, so I took a candle, and at the top of the stairs set it down at a safe distance from a cotton curtain which covered a row of garments hung upon pegs. While I was going across the attic to open the closet door, the interior was suddenly illuminated by a brilliant flame. Turning around, I saw the whole curtain in a light blaze. To tear it down and trample out the fire was the work of an instant, and the smoking plume on the end of Tom's tail showed the cause of the fire. He had swung his plume into the candle, and then under the curtain, while he stood there sadly wagging his tail. Of course I could not punish him after this ridiculous accident, and I gathered the singed animal in my arms, carried him down into the kitchen again, and shut him up there with his three companions, while we went away to enjoy the close of the carnival sports.

It was almost dinner-time when we returned with two friends to dine. As I opened the door Tom sprang upon me, overjoyed to see me. I noticed at once a suspicious odor of fish about his whiskers, and saw that he was puffed out like a toy balloon. In the kitchen the mystery was soon solved. Giovanni, the gondolier, who, after the Venetian custom, filled the post of cook, carriage-horse, and man-of-all-work, had learned to make some American dishes, and, to surprise our friends, had made a number of fish-balls for one of the courses at dinner, and had placed them on a high shelf over the sink. Now Tom had persuaded the cat to climb up and throw down the fish-balls, which were neatly arranged on the heavy chopping board. Cats are very fond of fish, and I dare say it did not take much eloquence on Tom's part to induce Dick to perform this feat. And all I found of the fish-balls was a few that were flattened on the stone floor under the board. Tom, Dick, Jerry, and Harry had all gorged themselves, and were in a stupid state in consequence. There was nothing to do but to put them out on the *loggia* in front of the house, and there on the cold stone platform they shivered and whined and scratched the door all through dinner.

If there was any one rule in the house more for the good of the pets than any other it was that the dogs should not run away. In Venice there is a large tax on dogs, and they must wear both collars and muzzles. Neither of our dogs would endure a muzzle for a moment, and so we were in constant fear of their falling into the hands of the public dog-catcher, the *coppa cani*. Wherever this man goes, the report of his movements precedes him, and dogs unlicensed and unmuzzled are hurried into safety until he is gone. We, of course, feared his approach as much as any one else, and the absence of any one of the dogs caused great anxiety in the house.

On the afternoon in question, after a leisurely dinner, we went out on the *loggia* to see the pets. Tom was not among them. He had climbed over the parapet, and made his escape through the ship-yard next door. This last trick quite exhausted my patience, and I had a heavy rod in pickle for him. Darkness came on, but the truant did not appear, and we were all afraid that the *coppa cani* had found him. At last, about eight o'clock, I took a turn on the *loggia* to whistle once more for the runaway, and I heard a most piteous moan that seemed to come out from under the house. We all went out and searched, and finally found that the sounds of distress came from a small sewer that emptied into the canal directly under the corner of the house. I jumped into the water, which was only waist-deep, waded round, and rescued Tom from where he was clinging to the brick-work of the sewer mouth. He had tried to return through the ship-yard, but had found the gate shut, then, knowing that if he barked at our door he would get a whipping for running away, he planned to jump from the *riva* of the street to our *loggia*, and to trust to a skillfully assumed look of innocence to deceive me and save his skin. The distance to jump was fully four feet, and he fell into the water, as he deserved. What was left of his carnival costume when I rescued him would not have feathered an arrow.

And what became of Tom? Why, of course the *coppa cani* got him at last. All his actions pointed to his probable fate. When I left Venice I placed him in charge of Giovanni, who was very fond of him. But the life of a gondolier at a ferry was wanting in just those luxuries which made Tom's life with us attractive and agreeable. His vagabond habits grew very fast on him, and Giovanni found it impossible to keep him in the gondola. At last one bright day in summer he was flung into the dark cabin of the dog-catcher's dirty boat, and no more was seen of him.

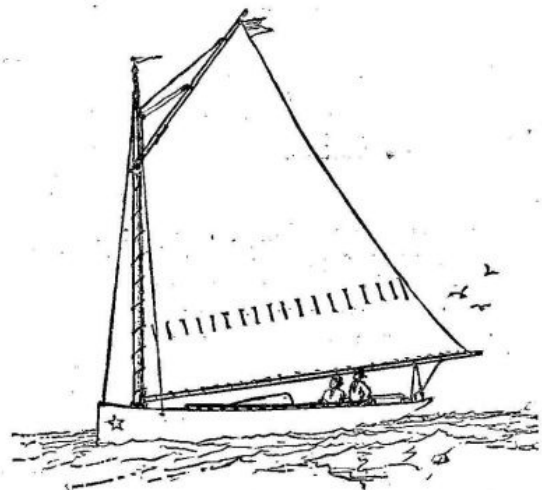
Tom had his vices, but they were very human ones; I have told few or none of his virtues, but they were remarkable.

HOW TO SAIL A SMALL BOAT.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS.

Boat-sailing is attended with far less hazard than is at first generally supposed. When proper care is taken, this refreshing sport affords more real enjoyment than almost any other amusement. It imparts strength, vigor, and health, and is in every respect a prudent exercise. And when we consider how little study and practice it takes to attain the necessary skill to handle a boat with safety, we wonder that there are not more sailing-masters among the young people.

There are two classes of small boats, depending upon their respective *rigs*, in most common use in harbors, rivers, and lakes—*cat-boats* and *sloops*; the former carrying but one sail, secured to a mast placed forward in the "eyes" of the boat, while the latter has a jib in addition to the mainsail. These types are shown in the cuts, but often other sails are used, particularly in racing, and when a good deal of speed is desired. We will deal with the simplest forms, and shall describe the *sloop rig*—one used quite as often as any other—bearing in mind that the principles of true seamanship apply equally to all boats. The first step is to acquaint one's



CAT-BOAT.

self with the spars, sails, rigging, and a few terms. By reference to the diagram we find represented—

m m, the *mainmast*, which is encircled by a number of hoops, to which the *mainsail* (A) is secured. These hoops enable you to freely hoist the sail.

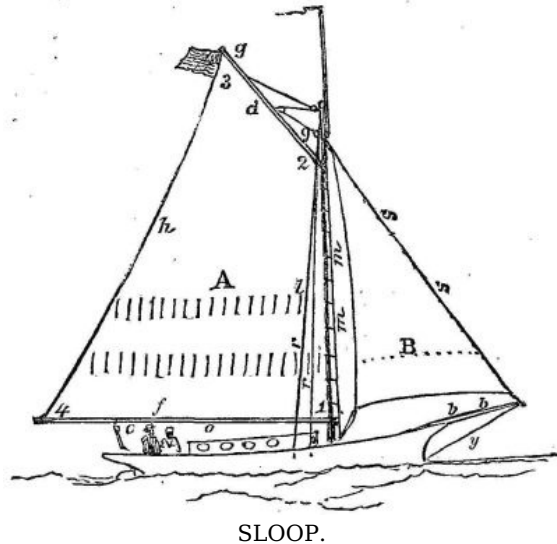
b b, the *bowsprit*, which supports the mainmast by means of the *jibstay* (*s s*), which leads to the mainmast head, and on which the *jib* (B) is hoisted.

o o, the *boom*, which extends the foot of the mainsail.

g g, the *gaff*, which extends the head of the mainsail.

y, the *bobstay*, an extension of the jibstay, and the chief support of the spars.

r r, the *shrouds*, which help to sustain the mast.



Now each part of a sail has a name, as follows: the *luff* (*l*) is that part which extends along the mast; the *after-leach* (*h*) is that part which is stretched between the gaff and boom; the *head* (*d*) is that part fastened to the gaff, and the *foot* (*f*) is the part secured to the boom. The four corners are, in general, called *clews*, and are divided into *tack* (1), *nock* (2), *peak* (3), and *clew* (4). The jib has a luff or hoist, head, foot, and leach, but only three clews.

The *reef-points* extend across the sails, and are pieces of small rope sewed into the canvas for the purpose of "shortening" the sail, when lowered, by passing and tying the ends under the boom or along the foot.

The mainsail is set by *throat* and *peak halyards*, which reeve through small blocks on the gaff, down along the mast to the deck. They are usually separate, but on small boats are combined in one rope for the sake of convenience.

The jib is hoisted by *jib-halyards*, which reeve along the jibstay, through a block at the mast-head, and down on deck.

The *main-sheet* is a long rope fastened to the boom, double or single, according to the size of the boat, and is used to trim the sail. This is the rope which requires most attention, and is the key to boat-sailing. The *jib-sheets* are ropes fastened to the clews of the jib, led "aft" on both sides, and are used to trim down the sail with the wind.

A boat is said to be on the *starboard* or *port tack* according as the right or left side is presented to the wind. The *weather* side is the one toward which the wind is blowing; *lee* is the opposite of weather.

Close-hauled, or *full-and-by*, means that a boat is sailing as near the "eye" of the wind as possible, and the angle formed is about five points, or 56° 15'.

Before the wind is when the sails receive the direct force of the wind from "astern."

Going free is when the wind is between the two points just named.

To *belay* means to make fast, as to belay a rope.

Helm applies to the rudder and tiller. She carries a weather helm when her head keeps jumping up into the wind (*luffing*), and shakes the sails, and a lee helm when she is inclined to go off, or away from the wind. If not evenly balanced, the boat with a weather helm is preferable. The build and ballast, together with the amount of sail forward or aft, regulate the disposition of the boat. Thus the pressure on too much after-canvas gives her a tendency to luff, while a similar fault with the head-sail would make her go off, which is a very bad habit indeed, and should always be remedied if possible.

Now supposing that we have our boat well ballasted, properly rigged, fitted, and trimmed, we will proceed to give some of the main features of boat-sailing.

The care of the main-sheet is one of the most important facts to bear in mind, for upon the correct management of this rope depends the speed of the boat, and in a great measure her safety. In squally weather it should never be belayed, but only a turn taken around the cleat to ease the strain from the hand, being ready to cast off in case of an emergency. No good boat will capsize unless the sails are confined by the sheets. The position of the boom trims the mainsail, and this is done by the action of the main-sheet, the boom being regulated in accordance with the direction of the wind, and the condition of the sea. When close-hauled, it should be at a sufficient angle with the keel to insure the boat moving ahead through the water. When running free, the boom is swung out to a greater degree over the side, and in going before the wind, or scudding, it is more nearly at a right angle with the mast.

Tacking is the process of working a vessel to windward, or against the wind. When you are ready, put the helm down (that is, if on the port tack, the end of the tiller goes to starboard, turning the rudder to port, and the boat obeys by coming up into the wind); this is done at the command, "*Ready about!*" As she begins to feel this touch, the order is given, "*Hard a-lee!*" at which words the jib-sheets are tended, and as the boat starts into the wind, the announcement "*Let go the jib-sheets!*" is a signal to your assistant to let the jib fly. When the craft goes past the direction of the wind, "*Trim down your head-sheets!*" and soon after, "*Let draw!*" If the boat is sluggish in coming round, the manœuvre can be helped by pushing the boom over to windward.

A very delicate evolution, and one which should only be resorted to in light summer winds, is *jibing*. It consists in letting the boat go off slowly from the wind, and while so doing hauling the boom amidships until the wind, blowing from directly aft, takes the mainsail on the other tack. In performing this the main-sheet must have plenty of play, as the boom often whips round with considerable force.

Reefing consists in *shortening* the sails, and should be attended to at once on the indications of heavy weather. To reef a jib, let the boat come to the wind, and lower the sail so that you can pass and tie the

reef-points beneath it. Make the outer clew or tack fast, and shift the sheets. To reduce the mainsail, lower it a little below the boom (after bringing to the wind), stretch the foot down by means of the reef-pennant on the after-leach, and make fast; secure the tack, and then pass the points, tying with a square knot. In shaking out a reef, unknot the points first, then cast off the tack, and lastly the reef-pennant.

Furling sails is the operation of taking them entirely in, and is done by stowing them snugly along the booms with lashings of rope, called *gaskets*.

In a small sail-boat, when a thunder-shower is coming up, it is always safer to go quickly to a harbor, and there bring her into the wind, and as soon as she loses headway, let go the anchor, and pay out considerable cable before checking her.

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When a sudden squall strikes you, there are two methods to pursue—to luff, or to slack off the main-sheet so that the sail will "spill." An experienced boatman usually does the former, but a modification of both systems will be found advisable. The safest position in an open boat in thick weather is for all, except the skipper, to sit in the bottom as near amidships as possible. This prevents the boat from careening, by bringing the weight in the centre.

In conclusion, I would say that if one has his wits about him, manages the main-sheet properly, reefs before the storm, and attends to the rudder, so as to maintain steerage-way, there is no pastime more harmless, fascinating, and agreeable than boat-sailing.



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"SPRING."—FROM A PAINTING BY W. BOUGUEREAU.

A TRUE STORK STORY.

BY MRS. MARGARET B. PEEKE.

"Did He give us the beautiful stork above,
On the chimney-top, with its large round nest?"
—GOTTLIEB.

"No, not the stork; by God in heaven,
As a blessing, the dear white stork was given."
—LONGFELLOW.

"No house so blessed as that whereon the white stork has built its nest," says the voice of the people who live in Holland, Germany, and the regions of the Northland; "and nothing else brings the benediction of peace and domestic joy that the dear white stork does, for it sheds over the household something of its own spirit."

Far back in the days of ancient Greece, when Priam was King of Troy, and the beauty of Helen was rousing the nation to war, Juno, the jealous goddess, is said to have changed a sister of the king into a white stork because she boasted of her beauty, but, knowing that she was as lovely mentally as physically, allowed her to retain all her amiable qualities. Whether this is the reason of the stork's virtues or not we can not tell, but in all the countries of the Old World it is regarded with an affection bordering on veneration. Even in the language of the ancient Hebrews we find the word used for stork signifying "pious" or "blessed."

Early in the spring of 1880 a pair of newly wedded storks flew over the town of Löwenberg, Germany, to find a suitable home for their summer housekeeping. Those who saw them used every art to attract them to their houses, but in vain. Even the Mayor, or Burgomaster, failed to entice them to settle on his handsome house, where the chimney seemed to have been built on purpose for a stork's nest. The stork husband saw this at a glance, and, ambitious to begin life under the most favorable circumstances, he said to his wife, in tones quite positive,

"We will build here, my dear; there is no place like it in the whole town."

But the stork wife replied even more positively: "By no means, my dear. Too public, by far. Imagine our dainty children annoyed from day to day by the rattling of carts over the stones, the shouts of noisy boys on their way to school, and on Sundays the ringing of church bells. No, no, it would never do. I have found a most delightful spot, shaded from the hot sun by the broad-leaved linden-tree, and far removed from noise and confusion. There we can rear our little family in seclusion, and send out into the world storks that will be an honor to it. Where is it? On the top of the barn at the cross-roads; not another such place for a stork's nest in the whole region."

"Just as you say, my dear," said his storkship. "I'll bring the sticks directly."

Slowly the nest went up. Stick by stick, selected by the stork husband with great care, and brought from hedge and forest and orchard, until the nest was completed, the last stick having been properly laid, and Mrs. Stork settled herself with a satisfied air and began housekeeping. In a few days eggs were to be seen in the nest; beautiful eggs all mottled with yellow. Now Mrs. Stork took no more long flights—not even to see what her friends were doing—but she busied herself at home sitting upon the eggs to keep them warm. Three weeks passed by in patience, and then one morning the good creature was delighted by the sound of young storklings under her wings, chattering with their little beaks or mandibles, and the stork papa and stork mamma did nothing but wait upon them.

Summer days' drew near before the storklings could fly. The air was parched and heated, and the barn had become as dry as tinder; if there could only be a shower they would have strength to try their wings.

"Oh, how glad I am to see that cloud!" said the stork mamma, as a little shadow floated above the western horizon; "all my fledglings need is a shower, and then they will fly to-morrow."

Larger and darker grew the storm-cloud, until at last the whole sky was covered. From the north burst sharp flashes of lightning that shot across the heavens, cutting the darkness of the clouds as with a knife; then the thunder began to roll in its grand monotone over the world; but the little storks were not afraid, for had not their mother said this was just what was needed, and was she not flying over their heads telling them what it all meant, and picturing to them the delight they would feel when once they found themselves upborne by the dreamy, delicious air, in the first ecstasy of flying.

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Suddenly there came a crash, a blinding light, and deafening shock, almost stunning the brave mother bird caring so tenderly for her children; and when she recovered her consciousness it was to see flames kindling on the barn, that would burn like tinder, and her storklings would be burned to death in the heat.

Without a second's pause to consider what might be done, she plunged into the flames and brought out one of her children in her beak. She flew to a meadow near by, where a little brook trickled over a pebbly bed, and laying her burden under the overhanging alders she flew back for another. This, too, she brought to the meadow and laid by the side of its brother. One more remained; she must hasten to its rescue; but, alas! just as she neared the blazing barn she saw the nest and the little stork fall through the roof into the fire below. A crowd of spectators had now gathered around, and every heart stood still when the mother stork again plunged into the crackling flames and smoke for her child.

Slowly she arose the third time, with something in her beak; but now she flew slowly and heavily, as if she was weary, and took her way to the meadow brook again, left it with its brother and sister, and the papa flying overhead to guard them; then she went a little distance farther and stretched herself on the ground, cruelly burned.

The little brook rippled and murmured, the breeze blew up from the west, but none of these things had power to ease the sufferings of the brave bird, who had risked her life for her children.

The Burgomaster, passing this way soon after, found the poor creature, and ordered her to be carried tenderly to a house in the village, where she should be nursed and cared for. The best physician in Löwenberg was sent for; the children employed all their spare moments in catching mice and frogs for the invalid; older ones brought soft linen to dress the burns with, while the Burgomaster himself drove up every morning to ask after her.

The stork papa devoted himself to the children, flying over every little while to tell his wife how they were getting along. With all this attention, it was no wonder that she improved rapidly, was soon able to fly again and join her family, who by this time were quite up in the art of flying, and could stand on one foot on a lily-pad, and catch frogs as well as the best.

The good people of Löwenberg said that many a saint had been less brave and heroic, few had shown such patience, and none had been willing to die for others as had this white stork mamma; therefore she should be the patron saint of the village, and she and her children honored for evermore.

ONLY ONE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over!

TIN TOYS AND TEA SETS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

In Avenue D, some time ago, I saw a small boy wheeling a barrel along on its edge with so much difficulty that I wondered, what it contained, and looking inside, I saw that it was more than-half full of glistening scraps of metal. I asked him what they were for. "Oh, them's Dexters," he said, as if grieved at my ignorance; and he wheeled his barrel into a great brick factory, five or six stories high, piled about the door of which were large wooden cases addressed to Java, Brazil, Cape Town, and other distant points of the world.

It was in the latter part of April; and though the end of the year was so far off, these packages were being shipped for the Christmas trade in the far-away countries named upon them. They were all filled with toys, and on all the floors of the factory hundreds of busy hands were making playthings for children. That was what the small boy meant by Dexters. The scraps of tin in the barrel bore the convex impression of a horse upon them, and after being trimmed, put together, and painted, they would look not at all unlike the famous trotter by whose name they are known.

Dexters are the most popular of all tin toys, and at this factory in Avenue D they were being made by the thousand for the holiday trade of the coming winter. The spring and summer months are the busiest at the factory, which is quietest when the stores are doing their best trade, in November and December. The seasons with wholesalers and retailers are not at all alike; and when next Christmas the reader visits a toy-shop, he may remember that the goods he sees were principally made in May, June, and August.

The manufacture of tin toys is a new industry in America, and it is so successful that, besides supplying the domestic market, it sends large quantities of goods to all parts of the world, including England and France. When Santa Claus drops in on the children at the Cape of Good Hope, at Penang, at New Zealand, at Buenos Ayres, and at Callao, he will have articles from this factory in Avenue D, New York.

Perhaps some of our readers have advanced so far in the serious business of life that they have forgotten what tin toys are. They are made of tin, of course, but they comprise many different articles, and over a thousand different designs. They are mounted on platforms and wheels, or on wheels alone, and in some of them the revolution of the wheels sets the figures on the platform in motion. An elephant tirelessly somersaults on a trapeze, three dogs ascend and re-ascend a ladder, a little boy chops a tree, a tiger climbs a pole, a girl dances with a skipping-rope, and a circus rider leaps through a hoop. The trainer is larger than the elephant, the axe is larger than the boy, and the tiger balances upon its tail. But this is neither here nor there. As long as the toys are kept in motion, the figures repeat their feats; and if they are not quite life-like, they have the advantage of being unwearying in their exertions.

Tin toys also include locomotives with trains of cars, street cars with *papier-maché* conductors and drivers, express wagons, hose-carts, ox teams, menagerie wagons, ice carts, milk wagons, "four-in-hands," trucks, stages, steamboats, fire-engines, and magic lanterns.

They are all made much in the same way as the Dexters: the sheet tin is struck by heavy dies, and the impressions made in the metal are cut out, trimmed, and fastened together. Eight dies are used in making a Dexter four inches long, and the set costs from four to six hundred dollars.

In one of the upper stories of the factory we find a young man with a pile of tin plates before him, each about four inches long and three inches wide. He places them one by one on a steel bed-plate, with the counter die upon it, and putting his foot into the stirrup of a leather band by which the die is suspended in an iron frame-work, he strikes out with it, lifting the die, and then allowing it to fall upon the plate, in which it hollows out a very fair representation of a horse. The strain on the man's leg is severe, and if he has nerves, they are pretty well shattered by the cannon-like sound which the die makes in striking.

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It must be still worse with the girls who are employed in the same branch of the business; and as the mass of steel comes down like a sledge-hammer every two or three seconds, I pity them as I see how it shakes not only their bodies, but also the beams in the ceiling and the pillars that hold the building together. The hours are long and dreary to them, and when the day is ended, the continuous shock has unfitted them to enjoy the evening. They have no share in the pleasure which the results of their labor will afford. They do not see the toys giving happiness to children; and what they think most about, I fancy, is the number of impressions they can make in a day, for every time the die strikes it is a bit of bread for them.

Their whole attention must be fixed on the machine in its up-and-down motion. A moment's carelessness would cost them their fingers; and we see one girl half of whose hand has been lost by being caught under the die.

The first die simply hollows out the form in the plate, a second die cuts away all the surrounding metal, and a third die smooths the edges. But there is only half a horse so far, and the other half is made in the same way as the first. Both pieces are then pressed together, and we have a very shapely racer.

There are several hundred different dies for acrobats, cows, goats, boys, girls, parrots, monkeys, and other

objects of natural history.

In another part of the factory we see several men seated by small furnaces, over which pans of liquid metal are simmering, and the Dexters are dipped into these, which additionally secures the two halves. The next process is coloring. Up to this point the horse has plainly been tin; but when it is dipped in a bath of white or brown or black paint, and hung out to dry, it becomes very much more life-like, and has the glossy surface of an enamel. Dipping is found preferable to painting with a brush, as it leaves a much smoother surface, and of course can be done much quicker. The superfluous paint flows back into the bath, and sometimes strings of it hang from the hoofs and ears. When they are hard, these strings are cut off with a knife, and the toy is then secured to a small platform, and "finished." The finishing is done by a score or more of men and young women seated at long benches, upon which are pots of paints and brushes. The eyes, mane, tail, and hoofs are given different colors from the body, and the Dexter is now ready for packing.

The manufacture of tin toys requires no great ability or ingenuity, and most of the persons employed in it are paid very little. A Dexter several inches long can be bought for fifteen cents at any shop, and this sum includes the profits of the producer, the wholesale merchant, and the retail seller. The producer's price to the trade is not more than seven or eight cents. But simple as it is, the toy is handled by sixteen persons before it finally reaches the little girls who wrap it in tissue-paper and put it into a card-board box. It travels up and down stairs, and makes the whole circuit of the factory; it passes from the dies to the solderers, from the solderers to the paint shops, from the paint shops to young men who put wheels upon the platform, and thence to the finishers.

Tea sets and dinner sets of Britannia metal are made in the same factory. The liquid metal is poured into iron moulds, and cups, saucers, plates, sugar-bowls, milk-pitchers, and coffee-pots are produced, twenty or thirty to the minute. Coming out of the mould, they have no lustre, and they are polished on a lathe, which gives them the appearance of burnished silver. A complete tea set, with cups and saucers for a doll and five guests, costs twenty-five cents at retail, and not more than fifteen cents at wholesale, and the man with the mould has to work briskly in order to earn his bread and butter.

[**Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 80, May 10.]**

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

CHAPTER II.

The morning passed as usual, with the exception that just before recess Mr. Gorham stated that he had a few words to say to the school, and begged the closest attention. It was needless to ask that, for every eye was already fixed upon the speaker, and every face betokened the liveliest interest in what he was about to say.

In a few words Mr. Gorham unfolded the May-party project, said the honor of Queen would be given to the one who stood first in her classes, and as having looked over the records he found two of the pupils, Miss Florence Tracy and Miss Susie Kingman, ranked equally high, a vote would be taken before close of school to decide the matter. He then referred the girls to Miss Page to find out about their costumes, and finished by setting the twentieth of June, the last day of school, for the *fête*, then struck the bell.

The buzzing of voices that followed! Among the many exclamations one might have heard,

"It's really a *June* party!"

"All the better, for we never could wear thin dresses out-of-doors in May!"

"The best kind of a way to end up school!"

"Why, girls, it will be just a month from to-day. Let's find Miss Page and learn all the particulars."

At this proposal quite a number went into the recitation-room, but Susie, with her eyes on Florence's sad face, seemed chained to her seat.

"I *must* decide now," she was thinking. "No; *I can not give it up*. I gave up to Dick this morning, and that's enough for one day. Then, too, it's Friday, visitors' day, and I should just like to show them how well I stand. And when papa hears of my success he'll be delighted; he always is when he thinks I'm getting on well in my lessons. Oh no; *I can not, can not* give it up! Of course I shall vote for Florence, and that's all I can be expected to do. I haven't asked the girls to vote for me, and I'm not supposed to know anything about it."

"But you *do* know about it," said the still, small voice. "You know, moreover, that you can make Florence very happy, and that it will not affect your standing in the least."

"Oh dear!" sighed Susie. "I suppose I'll have to give it up, but I can wait until after the votes are counted, and then say I prefer Florence to have the place."

"Ah!" interposed Conscience, "your idea is 'to be seen of men.' There is no charity in that, and, besides, how would Florence feel to be so patronized? If you give it up at all, do it entirely and cheerfully."

"Oh, I can not, I really can not. It will be lovely to have all the girls for my subjects, to be waited on by them, and pass under their garlands. Why does every word I read this morning in the commentary keep coming into my mind, about one's being willing to have another honored if one can be more honored one's self? How exactly that applies to my giving up to Florence *after* being elected myself; and then that 'In honor preferring one another' has been running in my head all the morning. I'll just stop thinking about it, and go in Miss Page's room with the rest, and talk over the dresses. That reminds me. That lovely one I had made in the fall for Cousin Clara's wedding—I believe it will be the very thing." And she hastily went down the passage between two rows of desks.

Florence caught her hand as she went by, and said, "I know the

question is as good as decided, Susie, and I shall hail you as our Queen as gladly as any other of your friends."

Susie tried to thank her, but the words would not come; and instead of going into Miss Page's room, she took an opposite direction to a vacant one, used for certain meetings, and there she sat down, saying: "Only ten minutes left me."

"Yes," suggested Conscience, "ten minutes to decide you will show yourself unselfish, will make a fellow-creature very happy, and that you try to live up to the teachings of the Bible."

There were tears in Susie's eyes; in fact, one or two had rolled down her cheeks, when she slowly said, "I've decided," and on looking toward the door saw Sadie.

"You're the one I want," said Susie, trying to speak in her usual tones. "I was just going for you."

Sadie noticed her tear-streaked cheeks and effort to speak cheerfully, so hastened to say, comfortingly,

"Don't worry an instant; it's just as I said; every girl in the school will vote for you."

"That's just what they mustn't do," said Susie, earnestly. "Oh, Sadie! *do* promise you'll make me very happy by *not* voting for me."

"Not voting for you!" cried the astonished girl. "What do you mean?"

"Hush, Sadie! somebody will hear you. I mean *this*: that you must get all the votes you can for Florence. It will make me a thousand times happier than to be Queen myself; and just think of Florence! You said yourself she never looks happy, and now we'll all unite to make her so."

"Oh, Susie," said Sadie, after a moment's pause, "how good you are to propose such a thing, and how Florence will love you for it!"

"No, no," protested Susie. "Sadie, of all things, Florence must never know, never even *suspect*; that would spoil it all."

"I'm so bewildered!" said Sadie. "What *can* we do in the few minutes left? As you say, how delighted Florence will be! but *I* never could have given it up, Susie—*never!*"

"Oh, yes you could, if you knew how great the joy was that followed," said Susie, simply. "I wonder now that I hesitated a moment."

They both went among the different groups of girls, and there was more whispering than ever, and numberless expressions of wonder, always silenced by, "Hush! Florence will hear, and she must never know." The ringing of the bell put an end to all stifled exclamations, and the scholars were soon in their seats.

Sadie asked permission to speak. Mr. Gorham smiled, knowing she had been talking every moment for the past half-hour, nevertheless he granted it.

She leaned over and whispered to Susie, "Ten or twelve girls went out to walk at recess, and haven't heard the new plan."

"Never mind," returned Susie. "It will seem all the more natural to have a divided vote."

The usual Friday visitors now began to come in to listen to the readings and recitations that always took place on the last school afternoon of the week, and among them was one who had never before presented himself—Squire Tracy.

"All the better," whispered Sadie, forgetting in her excitement that her permission to speak had long since expired. And Susie signaled a "yes" in reply.

After the weekly exercises were over, Mr. Gorham explained to the new-comers about the May-party, gave the names of the two scholars for whom votes were to be cast, and then handed each of the forty girls a slip of paper on which to write the name of her choice for Queen.

The Squire grew interested. He wiped his glasses, and looked about for Florence. She could not raise her eyes for thinking, "Oh, uncle has no idea what a popular girl Susie Kingman is! What *will* he think when I don't get any votes?"

The Squire caught her eye at last, and nodded encouragingly. "He never looked so kindly at me before," moaned the unhappy girl. "He really thinks I've as good a chance as Susie," and her eyes filled with tears as she traced Susie's name on her paper.



FLORENCE AND SUSIE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A CHINESE ADVENTURE.

BY PALMER COX.

Three heathen men set out one day
To cross the China sea—
Ah Hong Wun Ho, Gui Tong Pi Lo,
And daring Hup Si Lee.

But there was not, of all the lot,
A single one who knew
The proper way in which to sail
Upon the ocean blue.

The first was captain of the ship,
He kept an eye ahead;
The second played the part of mate,
He steered and heaved the lead;



The third was boatswain, cook, and crew,
Which kept him on the go;
He had to spread the sail aloft,
And make the tea below.

The winds began, the billows ran,
The ship went up and down;
At times she pointed out to sea,
As often back to town.

The seasick captain left the bow,
Between the decks to lie;
The boatswain, busy making tea,
Let all the canvas fly.



And, oh! the mate, the silly mate,
The worst of all was he;
To find how deep the water lay,
He leaped into the sea.

Then mate and crew, and captain too,
Began to yell and roar;
So people threw them out a line,
And hauled the ship ashore.



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We have received the following letter from the little colored girl whose appeal for school-books was printed in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 76. It is gratifying to see that our young friends have responded so heartily to her petition for help. And they will all be happy when they read her grateful words of thanks.

LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY KIND FRIENDS,—Your books, papers, and cards are very nice. I did not expect to get so many. You are all so kind, I do not know how to thank you for them.

My writing is so bad, but I hope it will get to the *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

I get letters and books every day from the Post-office, and some books by express. One little girl sent me a dollar. I will divide with my brothers and sisters, and I will give some of the books to the colored children who come to the Sunday-school. The ladies told me to do this, and I think I

ought to, because they have none. Yours, with many thanks,

HANNAH MCDANIEL.

Accompanying Hannah's letter was also one from one of the ladies who have taught her to read and write. It will be of interest to those who have bestowed kindness on this poor little girl.

Through the kindness of YOUNG PEOPLE in publishing little Hannah's letter, she has received many favors, for which her mother's family feel deeply grateful. It is charity well bestowed. May God bless the donors!

Hannah's father died last October. Her mother is a good, worthy woman, brought up in my mother's household with the care of one of her own children. Both were our trusty faithful servants and friends for more than thirty years.

We try to do what we can in the way of teaching the colored children around us, thus following the example of our father, who died before the war, while a missionary to the colored people in South Carolina, but our greatest obstacle has been a lack of books, which we were not able to provide.

I write this letter at the request of Hannah's mother.

MISS M. R. MCDANIEL.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

I get YOUNG PEOPLE every week, but it has to come a long way to find me. Arizona is so far off from the great cities that one might think we would be deprived of good schools, Sunday-schools, and other things we left at home, but we have them all, of the very best, too. Our school has over two hundred scholars, and our Sunday-school over one hundred, and we have a fine library and an organ.

We have lived in Arizona nearly ten years, and are delighted with it. We came four thousand miles to reach here, and on the way crossed the Rocky Mountains, and ever so many great rivers and hot deserts.

We live in the beautiful valley of Salt River, which is a branch of the Gila. The population here is made up largely of Indians and Mexicans, with a great many Chinese and some negroes. We find this a good place to study Spanish, as there are so many people here who speak that language.

I wish I could tell my little fellow-readers of the many strange reptiles and other things here, and I wish they could see the valley scenery. It is so beautiful, covered with the green grain, which is now nearly ready for harvest. I know they would like to see the little donkeys the Mexicans use to pack wood on. They call the donkeys *burros*. And there are so many funny little Indian babies here that they call papposes. My letter is long enough. *Adios*.

LINDLEY B. O.

NORWAY, MAINE.

I am going to school, and I have to board away from home. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and I was keeping my papers as nice as I possibly could, to have them bound, when our house burned down, and all of our furniture and everything in the house was lost. I lost all my books and playthings and all my nice little papers. I had ever so many playthings, and I had one wax doll and two nice china dolls. I was making a collection of postage stamps, and I had nearly two hundred. I felt very badly to lose all my things, yet I was so thankful that my papa and mamma escaped from the house alive! It was a very dark night, and they did not wake up until the fire was almost to their room. I was away from home at school. I send my love to all the little girls that take YOUNG PEOPLE. I am ten years old.

MAUD A. R.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Last Saturday I sent seventeen letters full of stamps. I am beginning to feel a little better now, as I only get three or four letters a week.

The pea-nut owl in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 73 made me laugh so that mamma let me buy a quart of peanuts, and showed me how to make one. I have a nice branch with lots of little branches, and I make owls of all sizes, and fasten them on. They look so comical, they make everybody laugh who sees them. Instead of tissue-paper for wings, I take light wrapping paper just the color of the peanut, and ink it a little, and it looks splendid.

PERCY L. MCD.

AGAWAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

I would like to tell the boy in Ohio that my brother Lewis had some chickens hatched on the 20th of March, but I guess the little things thought it was pretty cold weather.

My grandma says that a ten-quart pail full of sap from large old maple-trees will make a pound of sugar.

JENNIE P.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS.

I live near the Mississippi River. There are mounds near here. My uncle dug into one of them, and between two layers of flat stones he found some Indian bones.

ANNABEL E. S.

PORTLAND, CONNECTICUT.

Mamma reads to me the stories about kitties and dogs that belong to other little girls who write to YOUNG PEOPLE, and some of them are as well educated as my Fritzie. When I speak to Fritzie, he understands all I say to him; I am sure of it. When I feed him, he waits patiently until I hand him the food. I have the meat cut up very fine, and then I sit down in my little rocking-chair with the plate in my lap, and pass the food to Fritzie with a silver fork. Everybody is pleased to see him eat. He never snaps at the meat, but takes it very gently from the fork, and eats it like a gentleman. He will sit up in a chair and have a napkin pinned round his neck before he eats; that is to keep his vest clean. I saw a picture in a book of an ill-mannered dog that had eaten up a little child's dinner. I feel sorry there are such wicked dogs in the world. Fritzie would scorn such an action. He would protect the little girl, like the "Faithful Sentinel" in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 71. Fritzie looks just like that picture. He is as brave as a lion. He catches rats, and every night he goes with the night-watchman to the factory to help him. So he works very hard too. He is getting old, but if he lives until summer, mamma says she will have his photograph taken.

NEVA E. A.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Will some correspondent please tell me what a Florida sea-bean is?

L. M. G.

If some of our Southern readers will write a description of the Florida sea-bean, its size, color, and how and where it grows, we will gladly print it.

The following letter is from a very little boy who is just learning to write English:

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I receive HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week. I am so contented with it that you can not imagine about it. I love those little engines to make, and those tricks, and I hope that they will be more.

VIRGIL GIACOBBI.

I will give seventy-five rare stamps for the 30-cent and 90-cent United States stamps of the issue of 1869. The 30-cent is red and blue, with the device of an eagle mounted on a shield surrounded by flags at base, and the 90-cent is carmine and black, and has Lincoln's head. I will give forty-five stamps for the 90-cent, and thirty for the 30-cent. These two stamps will complete my whole set of United States stamps. I have two hundred and thirty—no local or revenue stamps counted.

E. GUDEMAN,
112 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

I will exchange a miniature yacht for a printing-press, type, and general printing outfit. The yacht is twenty inches long, five and three-quarter inches wide, four inches depth of hold, mast sixteen and one-quarter inches in height from deck. It is sloop-rigged, and finished up in a very handsome manner with paint, varnish, etc. It is a first-class sailer, and as good as new. It was built in a most substantial manner by an Eastern boat-builder. The boat will be securely boxed and sent by express.

Please write describing press and outfit before sending any package.

W. J. DOUGHTY,
684 Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

I have twenty varieties of the cactus family, to which I wish to add as many more as possible. I will gladly exchange cuttings with any one.

GUSSIE E. PEEBLES, Cobden, Ill.

I would like to tell the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* a nice way to preserve the color of autumn or forest leaves. First sprinkle the leaf with a little resin, and rub a warm iron lightly over it. Then dissolve some red aniline in water, and brush over the surface of the leaf with a feather. Hold the leaf near the fire a few moments, and it will assume the most brilliant colors—green, bronze, etc.

I have several old newspapers printed in 1804 and 1805. One is dated July 13, 1804, and contains the first news that reached Philadelphia of the duel between General Hamilton and Aaron Burr. I will exchange one of these for ten stamps from Mexico or Central or South America.

I will also exchange three stamps—the United States blue three-cent, issue of 1869; the red three-cent, issue of 1861; and one from either New Zealand or the East Indies, for one three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp; or one from New Brunswick or Newfoundland, issue of 1857 or 1860.

MAURICE A. McMILLAN,
Washington C. H., Fayette Co., Ohio.

R. Carpenter, Chicago, Illinois, desires to notify correspondents that he received so many applications for his stamps and postmarks that his small stock was exhausted in less than a week after his offer of exchange was printed. He will answer every letter as soon as possible, and either return the stamps he has received, or give an equivalent.

The address of Irvin P. Knipe and brother, whose offer of exchange appeared in the Post-office Box of *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 78, should read Norristown instead of Morrystown.

Harry Robinson, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, wishes the address of the correspondent who sent him a specimen of lead ore in a Tiffany & Co. box.

Arthur Davenport, Chicago, Illinois, notifies correspondents that he has no more crystallized quartz to exchange.

Annie Wheeler, Danville, Virginia, requests the address of the young lady who sent her a lot of West India flower seeds.

Eddie Gordon, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, desires to notify correspondents that his stock of Indian arrow-heads and pottery is exhausted.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Indian arrow-heads, for foreign coins. A petrification of a fish's head, for old United States coins.

MARTIN J. BRITTING, West Covington, Ky.

Ten postmarks, for two South American stamps.

S. M. BUSSELL,
106 East Thirty-first Street, New York City.

Carnelians, or specimens of oak, birch, poplar, cherry, and sumac, for specimens of foreign woods.

RAY S. BAKER,
Saint Croix Falls, Polk Co., Wis.

A few Indian relics, an ounce of soil from Indiana, and some other curiosities, for coins from any foreign country except England.

F. T. COLE, Economy, Wayne Co., Ind.

Pieces of lava, a fossilized fern, lead ore, and other minerals, for gold or copper ore, or Indian arrow-heads. Please write before sending specimens.

HARRY C., Bergen Point, Hudson Co., N. J.

One-cent and three-cent Canadian stamps, for Canadian stamps of a higher denomination. Two three-cent for one six-cent.

ROBERT L. CARROLL,
84 Carver Street, Boston, Mass.

Rocks and earth from Indiana, with five kinds of foreign stamps, for rocks and earth from any other State; or stamps from Brazil, Sandwich Islands, British Guinea, Hong-Kong, Japan, Finland, and other countries, for stamps of equal value.

DAN L. DORSEY,
25 West Georgia Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Twenty foreign postage stamps for Indian relics.

A. J. DENT, care of J. E. Dent,
P. O. Box 200, Columbia, S. C.

Curiosities of all kinds.

R. P. C. and R. H. D., P. O. Box 144,
Riverside, San Bernardino Co., Cal.

A new, good-toned violin, bow, and instruction-book, for a good self-inking printing-press and outfit. A collection of stamps from Barbadoes, Brazil, Cuba, and other countries, for the set of Nicaragua stamps, a Malta stamp, and two Bermuda, the lilac sixpence, and the green one shilling.

EDWIN GARCIA, JUN.,
342 West Ninety-sixth Street, New York City.

Crystallized quartz, flint, and iron pyrites, for foreign coins of every country except Canada, minerals, or anything good for a collection.

AARON GOLDMAN,
2933 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Ten foreign stamps, gold ore, nickel salts, and a Florida sea-bean, for an Indian stone tomahawk.

FRANK HARRIS,
114 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nineteen foreign stamps and two due stamps, for an Indian bow and arrow.

FRANK GOODALE,
633 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thirty-six postmarks, nine stamps (no duplicates), a star-fish, a Florida bean, and a small piece of flint, for Indian relics or specimens from the Mammoth Cave. Correspondents will please send

postal before sending specimens, and if not answered, they will know the stock is exhausted.

NELSON GARDNER,
213 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

United States War Department stamps, and sea-beans, for curiosities of all kinds, or anything suitable for a museum.

CAMPBELL T. HAMILTON,
McPherson Barracks, Atlanta, Ga.

Stamps from the Eastern hemisphere, for stamps from the Western hemisphere.

FLETA M. HOLMAN,
Corner Wells and Twenty-seventh Streets,
Milwaukee, Wis.

A stone from Arkansas, for one from any other State except Missouri.

L. W. HASKELL,
Pastoria, Jefferson Co., Ark.

Newspaper stamps, and Canadian and some other foreign stamps, for rare foreign, old United States, and department stamps. Please send lists. Also postmarks from all parts of the Northwest, for stamps. Ten postmarks, for any desirable stamp.

C. L. H. and T. C. H.,
72 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

Foreign and United States postage stamps, some rare, for Indian arrow-heads or other rare stamps.

F. HOWLAND,
52 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

Stamps.

HENRY H. JOHNSON,
131 East Seventieth Street, New York City.

Ten foreign stamps, for twenty-five postmarks.

LAWRENCE B. JONES,
P. O. Box 1036, Wilkesbarre, Penn.

Hamburg local stamps and postmarks, for stamps, postmarks, Indian relics, and entomological specimens.

E. G. JOHNS,
Flemington, Hunterdon Co., N. J.

Postmarks, for postmarks; or postmarks for stamps.

MABEL LANCASTER, care of C. B. Lancaster,
P. O. Box 339, Newton, Mass.

Rare Indian pottery, for Chinese or Japanese stamps, or for silver or gold ore.

CHARLES W. LANSING,

Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Fossils and minerals, for sea-weeds and shells.

DOCIA LOWRY, Elizabethtown, Hardin Co., Ill.

Twenty postmarks (no duplicates) of Pennsylvania, for twenty of any other State except Iowa.

WILLIAM A. LEWIS,
P. O. Box 108, Lewisburg, Union Co., Penn.

Five German and three other European stamps, for one Cashmere stamp.

FRANK L. LONG,
720 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Shells from the Bahama Islands, for pressed flowers from California.

E. LULU LESLIE,
434 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Foreign postage and United States revenue stamps, for foreign postage stamps.

EDWARD MAYO, P. O. Box 291, Bristol, R. I.

Twenty postmarks, for five foreign stamps. A foot-power scroll-saw, six saw blades, impression paper, designs, and directions, sent carefully by express or freight, for eight hundred foreign and United States stamps (no duplicates), or a self-inking printing-press.

MAYNARD A. MURPHY,
179 Charlotte Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Postmarks, stamps, and minerals, for minerals.

ALICE G. ROOT, Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Ten foreign stamps, for one foreign coin.

HOWARD C. ROUZER,
Mechanicstown, Frederick Co., Md.

Soil or newspapers of New York, for the same from any other State.

FRED I. SMITH,
144 Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A stone from Illinois, for one from any other State or Territory. A piece of lead ore for five foreign stamps. A petrified shell or a piece of mica for two foreign stamps. An Indian arrow-head, for thirteen foreign stamps.

NED ROBINSON, Fairfield, Ill.

Ten postmarks, for one foreign stamp.

ELLISON SNYDER, P. O. Box 564, Scranton, Penn.

Stamps.

M. STIEFEL,
36 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Canadian, English, United States, or West Indian postage stamps, for foreign stamps. Six stamps from any of these countries, for an Indian arrow-head, or any curiosity suitable for a museum.

ROBERT W. SHERDTON,
9 North Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Postmarks, for postmarks. Soil of New York, for the same from any other State. Twenty foreign postage stamps, for sea-shells and curiosities from the Pennsylvania coast.

HENRY F. STEELE,
Babylon, Long Island, N. Y.

Stamps, ores, coins, and minerals, for ores, minerals, curiosities, and fossils. Coal fossils especially desired.

E. K. SCHEFTEL,
18 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

Foreign and United States stamps, United States department stamps, and hand-painted shells, for postage stamps, coins, minerals, Indian arrow-heads, and other relics, or any curiosity.

JOHN B. TYRRELL,
412 Second Street N. E., Washington, D. C.

Stamps and postmarks. Or an ounce of sand from Michigan, for the same from any other State.

WILLIE J. TROTT, St. Charles, Saginaw Co., Mich.

Twenty foreign postage stamps, for Indian relics or arrow-heads.

H. TUTTLE,
145 Ellison Street, Paterson, N. J.

Stamps from Sweden, Germany, Italy, France, and the United States, for Indian relics, shells, or minerals. Correspondents will please write before sending package, stating what stamps they wish, and what curiosity they have to exchange.

ALBERT WOOLLEY, care of Richard Woolley,
P. O. Box 1391, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Postmarks, United States revenue and foreign postage stamps, for flower and garden seeds.

WILLIE M. WHITHELD,
235 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

A stamp from France, Germany, Denmark, Austria, Bavaria, and Hungary, for five South American, African, or United States Treasury or Interior Department stamps.

WILLIE F. WILLIAMS,
Plainfield, Union Co., N. J.

About one thousand rare postage stamps in an Oppens stamp album, to exchange entire or in sets, for rare coins.

F. A. WARE,
138 West Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.

Stamps from Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and other foreign countries, for stamps, minerals, and curiosities.

L. E. WALKER,
Lock Box 316, Lansing, Mich.

An ounce of soil or a stone from California, for a foreign postage stamp and five postmarks, or an Indian relic.

CLEMENT C. YOUNG,
Biggs, Butte Co., Cal.

Foreign and United States stamps. Liberian and Asiatic stamps especially desired.

C. A. VAN RENSSELAER, Orange, N. J.

Soil from Pennsylvania and foreign postage stamps, for Indian curiosities.

F. A. TIFFT,
326 South Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

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

ETHEL B.—Your Wiggle is so pretty and so very neatly drawn that we regret its late arrival.

YOUNG GARDENER.—Asparagus is a native of Southern Europe and Africa, and was brought to America by the Europeans. It was a favorite dish with the ancient Romans, but was unknown in England until about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

ERNEST C.—The magot is a little tailless monkey not much larger than a cat. Great numbers of magots live in the forests of Northern Africa. This monkey is as nimble as a squirrel. It is easily tamed, and makes an affectionate and amusing pet. It is also found on the Rock of Gibraltar.

JOHN N. W.—We can supply no more bound copies of the first volume of YOUNG PEOPLE.

G. E. P.—It is against the law to send either living or stuffed birds, animals, or reptiles by mail.

J. B. S. AND WILLIE S. S.—We do not know of any good elementary works; but if you read carefully, you will be able to understand Hitchcock's *Geology* and Dana's *Mineralogy*, and will find them very useful books.

W. H. B.—Any old stamps are good for purposes of exchange.—A United States cent of 1799 is always worth something, as it is the most rare issue; but as its value depends entirely on condition, you would better show your specimen to some collector or dealer, who will prize it for you. The paragraph to S. S. in the Post-office Box of No. 69 will show you the variation in the value of this coin.

ARCHERY CLUB, KANSAS.—We shall be glad to have a report of your archery meeting, a description of your bows and arrows, and a record of the best shots.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Ajax," Jemima Beeston, Ray B., Josie Chesley, C. H. Cole, De Forest W. Chase, "*Dollars and Cents*," Harry E. Dixon, Horace F. Fuller, W. K. Grithens, B. Goldenberg, Nellie P. Hazard, C. W. Hanner, Eddie Hequembourg, William Hadley, Willie C. Jones, Lucy C. Kellerhouse, Bessie Linn, "*Lodestar*," Fannie and Katie Metzgar, "*Pepper*," Carrie C. Pelham, "Pickwick," Torrance Parker, *Augusta L. Parke*, "*Queen Bess*," Effie R., "Sir Tinly," Robert G. Steel, S. Ware Sheppard, G. P. Salters, Bell T. Smart, *Addie and Arthur S.*, Marion I. Wright, "Will A. Mette," *Frank B. Westwood*, Frank S. Willock.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA—(*To Lodestar*).

In dancing, not in mirth.
In saddle, not in girth.
In crony, not in friend.
In borrow, not in lend.
In harrow, not in plough.
In salute, not in bow.
In cart, not in buggy.
In rainy, not in muggy.
In youth, not in age.
In servant, not in page.
In nod, not in sleep.
In gaze, not in peep.
In valley, not in glen.
My whole is in honor of brave men.

NORTH STAR.

No. 2.

DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. A weight. A claw. A man's name. A wanderer. To incline. A letter.

FRANK.

2. A letter. A vessel for holding water. A name. Steel instruments. Obscure vision. To mistake. A letter.

PRINCESS.

No. 3.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A courier. 2. Across. 3. Dry. 4. A vegetable growth.

PRINCESS.

2.—1. To cut. 2. Part of a wagon. 3. A kind of earth. 4. Something much desired by a prisoner, but always guarded by the jailer.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In darkness, not in light.
In duty, not in right.
In answer, not in riddle.
In saucepan, not in griddle.
In half, not in quarter.
In fluid, not in water.
In lend, not in borrow.
In glee, not in sorrow.
I am only seen by day
When the clouds are far away.

L. H. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 79.

No. 1.

Alleghany.

No. 2.

L
BET
FAVOR
MARINER

No. 3.

1. A new broom sweeps clean. 2. Caractacus. 3. Hemlock. 4. Copenhagen.

NEW GAMES.

"Mon," "Blind Pilgrims," and "Cash," three new games that can be played on the same board, have been lately adapted from the Japanese by Mr. Edward Greey, and published by McLoughlin Brothers, New York. They are capital games, and will serve to while away many a pleasant hour of the summer vacation.

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HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.



"ARE YOU GOING TO THE BALL THIS EVENING?"

A PERSONATION.

Though buried in an obscure little grave-yard in the heart of what might be called "the metropolis of the world," nearly two hundred years ago, even now travellers take pains to find my burying-place. Like all boys, I was rather averse to work, fonder of dancing and playing, and when only seventeen enlisted in the Parliamentary army (for I lived during the great civil war in England), but never distinguished myself by my prowess, and at the siege of Leicester, in 1645, escaped death by allowing a fellow-soldier to take my post

as sentinel.

After the campaign, having had enough of a soldier's life, I returned home, married in 1647, and, owing to the influence of my wife, led a more regular life. Years afterward, in one of my books, which I have always thought more of than the public, I gave an account of my career while in the army, but the work is not read now by any one. I became deeply interested in religion, and so grieved at the wretched state of the poor people around me that, although it was forbidden by law, I could not refrain from preaching in the open air to such as would come to hear me. I had done this for five years, when, Charles II. being restored to his father's throne, all such practices were more strenuously forbidden, and I was warned; but, continuing my efforts in the cause of religion, I was thrown into jail.

Here I remained for twelve years, and though my liberty was often offered me if I would swear never to preach, I invariably answered, "If you let me go to-day, I will preach again to-morrow."

At last the misery of my family, and my steadfast persistence in what I felt to be right, produced an effect, and I was allowed, under conditions, to preach to the congregation who had chosen me for their minister; and in 1672, through the influence of the Bishop of Lincoln, I was released from jail.

I continued my preaching and writing, and in 1678 the first part of my book was published, after much deliberation, for many of my friends had tried to persuade me not to print it. As it was a religious allegory, it attracted but little attention at first, but it soon grew in public favor, and during my life it went through fifteen editions. In 1682 I published my *Holy War*; and two years later the second part of my "great work," which is, however, deemed inferior to the first part.

A few years before my death I went to London to live, in Snow Hill, near Holborn. I was at the service of any one in distress who needed me; and one day, coming home from a benevolent errand, was caught in a violent rain-storm, took cold in consequence, and died after a brief illness, having lived to see my name and book become famous. The editions of my "great work" have been innumerable, and, save the Bible, no book has been translated into so many languages, nor had so many readers, nor such a hold on people. The famous critic Lord Macaulay said he made a point of reading it through every year.

A ROUND GAME OF CARDS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

Among the many ways of waking up a dull company, willing to be amused if any one knows how to do it, we recommend the following game, which never fails to make plenty of fun: Take a pack of cards, and pass the top one to the person next on the right, calling out, in a loud voice, "Take the ten of diamonds," if that happens to be uppermost. The one who receives the card passes it to the next, with the same words, and so on around the room. The second card follows the first instantly, and all thus are kept busy with hand and tongue without a moment's delay or rest, as the name of each card follows its predecessor at once, and the confusion that is made causes shouts of laughter as the game goes merrily on, until the company feel well acquainted, and are ready to join with spirit in some harder game. If this description fails to satisfy the reader that there is plenty of amusement in this simple round game, we advise him to try it the next time he has a dull company on his hands.



"DO 'LONG NOW."



"LAWK!"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, MAY 17, 1881 ***

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