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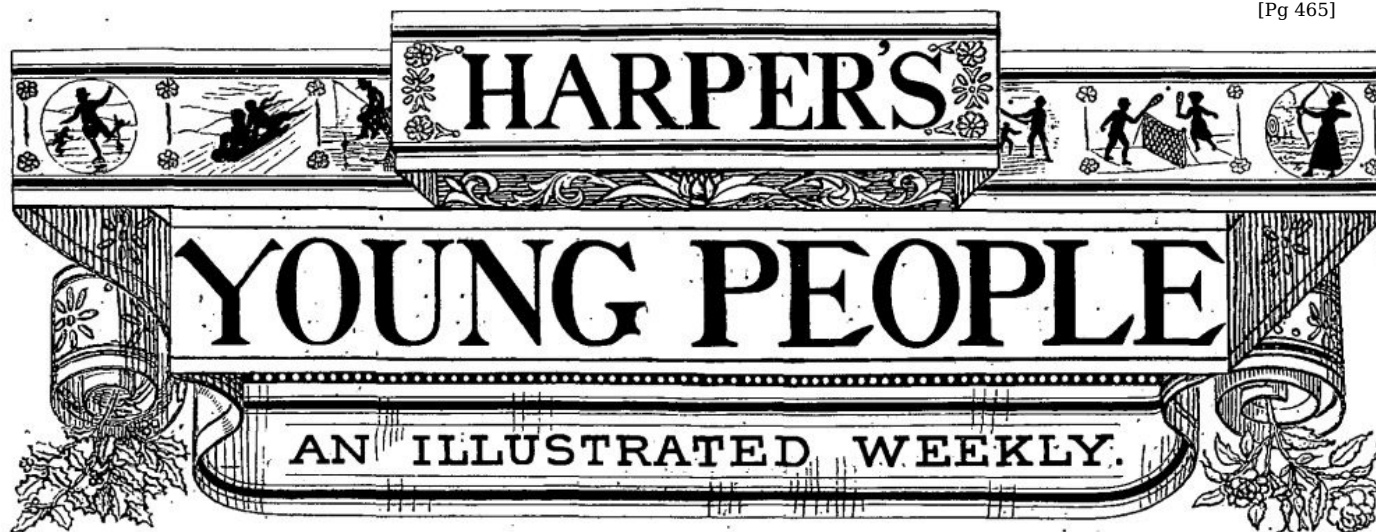
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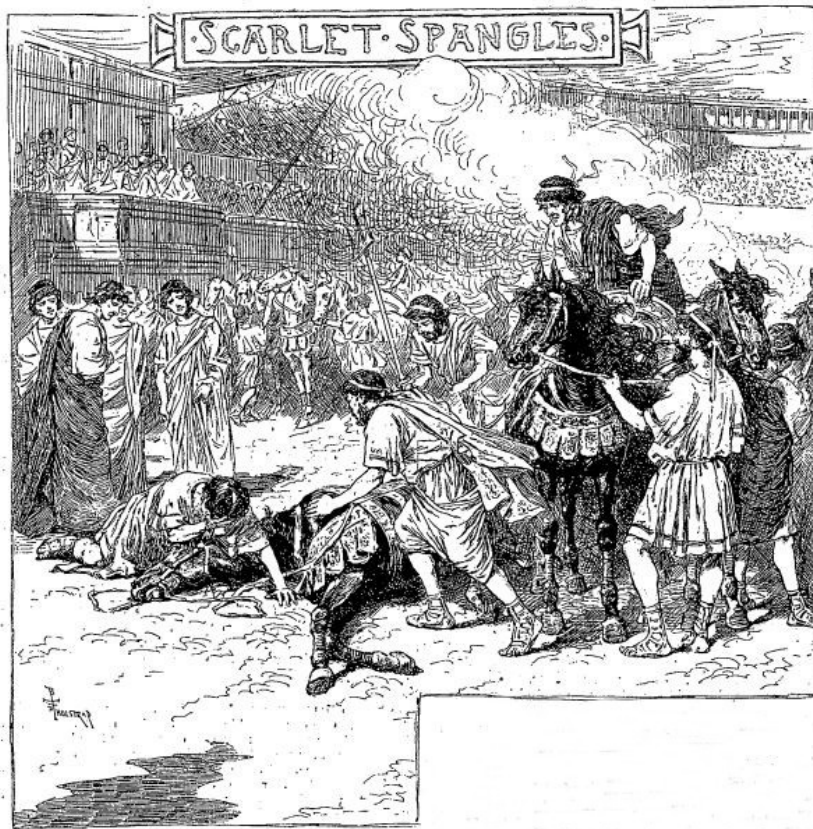
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THE DEATH OF CARUS.

A STORY OF THE COLOSSEUM.

BY MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

In the days of the Emperor Caracalla the Colosseum had ceased to be used for terrible conflicts between man and beast. But the young student Valentinian could not forget that eighty thousand spectators at a time had looked down from its seats, only a few years before, to see Christian martyrs given to the lions to be torn in pieces.

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And Valentinian was a Christian. The persecutions had ceased. No more cruel Emperor than Caracalla had ever occupied the throne of Rome; but his cruelty found its victims in his own family and among his political enemies, and the Christians were overlooked and forgotten. Even Caracalla may have been sick of the blood spilled in assassinations, executions, and battle; and so, as a mere change of scene, ordered that the sports at the Colosseum should be of a bloodless character. At any rate, chariot races were now the vogue, the population of Rome were now all "horsy" men, and betting was the popular way of gaining or losing their fortunes.

The Emperor, as reigning over and above all like the air, chose white to mark his horses; the steeds of the soldiers were designated by red badges and trappings—red, the appropriate color of Mars, of blood and flame; the sailors of course chose blue; and the landed proprietors, farmers, citizens, etc., grouped under green. When the enthusiasm extended thus to all classes, it was impossible that Valentinian should not feel it too. He was a soldier's son, and though he felt that it would be a crime even to enter the building in which the martyrs had been murdered, he could not repress a throb of exultation when the scarlet-spangled horses were led out with shoutings as victors in the race.

Valentinian loved a fine horse, and, boy though he was, he owned one that had long been the envy and admiration of the different racing fraternities of Rome. Those who knew the animal's history did not wonder that Valentinian and his mother, the stately lady Placidia, had refused a noble's ransom for the magnificent creature. It was the beginning of the warm season, and Placidia had removed to her summer villa in shady Præneste. Valentinian still remained in Rome to prosecute his studies, but in the cool of the evening the youth would frequently drive out to see his mother, and the horse on every such visit was certain of being decorated with garlands by the fair hand of its mistress. On one of these occasions Rufinus accompanied his friend. Valentinian knew that the visit was not prompted by any fondness for his mother, for the lady Placidia did not regard Rufinus as a sufficiently refined companion for her son, and the dislike was mutual. He gave Rufinus credit for a feeling of good-fellowship toward himself, and for an appreciation of a moonlight ride to Rome. But Rufinus had a deeper motive on this occasion; he had determined to persuade Valentinian to join in the races, and he thought wisely that the long, solitary ride would give him a good opportunity for persuasion. He began skillfully by praising his friend's horse, and then spoke with some surprise of the affection that Placidia lavished upon it.

Valentinian replied that Carus deserved all the love and distinction that he received, for he was indeed a hero; and then he told how as a war-horse he had followed the Roman standards with honor throughout all the late disastrous campaign in Britain, and though he had fled with the legions from the battle on the river Carun, where Fingal and his Caledonian troops sang their exultant chant of victory in the ears of the cowardly Caracalla, it was not his fault, for he was only a horse. When Carus had felt his master, Valentinian's father, fall wounded upon his neck, the feeble hands entwined in his mane, and the warm life-blood bathing his glossy side, the faithful animal, who until then had rushed on inflamed with all the fury of conflict, joined the general retreat, and paced swiftly but carefully from the battle-field. The Captain of the Legion, whose stiffening fingers were tangled in Carus's mane, did not hear the loud boast of the Britons, and when Carus knelt at the door of his tent, and other soldiers of the great "King of the World" (as Ossian

calls the Roman Emperor) lifted the rider from the steed, the Roman heart had poured out all its blood on British soil; the brave Centurion was dead.

At the death of his father, the Emperor Severus, Caracalla gave up the war in Britain, and, impatient to assume his new dignities, hurried back to Rome. The war-horse Carus was brought back too, and entered the imperial city marching riderless at the head of its dead master's troop. As the army approached the gates of Rome, the broad imperial highway became more and more crowded. The return of the army was known, and the citizens of Rome, small and great, swarmed out in vehicles, on horses, or on foot, soldiers and slaves, the aristocracy and the beggars, old families of Rome and foreigners.

Painfully the army forced its way through the surging crowd, attending Caracalla, who so little deserved this enthusiastic welcome, to the porch of the imperial palace "the house of Cæsar." Then the cohorts, with the exception of the imperial body-guard, returned to the great Prætorium camp outside, the city walls. One knight, a member of the Equites that the master of Carus had so lately commanded, led the Centurion's horse to the aristocratic street of the Carinæ, which ran along the slope of the Esquiline Hill, until he reached a house whose portal was decorated with laurel, and where, from the swarms of entering guests, pastry-cooks, and musicians, one might judge a feast was in progress. As the knight paused at the door, a boy bounded into the street, and sprang upon the back of the war-horse, lavishing upon the noble creature the most eager caresses. At the same moment a stately Roman matron appeared at the door, and greeted the knight, while a glad eager light shone in her eyes.

"Welcome, my good Galerius," said the lady. "Where is my husband? Is he detained at the palace with the young Emperor?"

"Nay, madam," replied the knight, gravely, "thy husband was happy in knowing no Emperor but Severus."

Then the unhappy lady knew that her husband would never come to the welcoming feast which she had prepared, and the young Valentinian slipped from his father's horse to hide the tears which would come, but which he as a Roman felt were womanish and shameful.

Rufinus, though a mere cub of a young man, with very little susceptibility, seemed touched by this story. "Where did your father get Carus?" he asked. "He is certainly not of the common Italian breed, neither does he resemble the light, swift African barbs."

"No," replied Valentinian. "He is a much heavier and more powerful animal. My father captured him from a Goth at the battle of Lyons, where his own horse had been killed under him. Some of our Roman jockeys affect to despise the Gothic horses as big and lumpish, but they are swift."

"They are the best horses for chariots," replied Rufinus. "The Equites have one set of four which they will enter for the next race. They are black as night, like Carus there, and are, so far as I know, the only other Gothic horses in Rome. How fine they will look in their red trappings! They are sure of winning. I have invested all my ready money in bets, and I shall quadruple them all."

A few days later the following note was handed to Valentinian:

"LOVED VALENTINIAN,—I am ruined. The races are lost beforehand. One of the Gothic horses has fallen lame. The team is pledged for the race; we can only supply its place with a Roman beast, for we know not of another Gothic horse to be obtained in Rome, and there is no time to send to the provinces, else would we do it, for the entire military order are interested; some, like myself, have staked their all, and now see ruin stare them in the face. We have sent in a petition, through the Empress Julia, to have the races postponed until we can obtain another horse from Gaul, but there is very little hope.

"*Later.*—The Emperor has refused to postpone the races; he sees here an opportunity to curb the rising power of the army, which he has long feared. If many are in my desperate condition, the tyrant may tremble. Does he not know that in Rome it is the army that creates or dethrones the Emperor? Meantime I am lost. Farewell. Thy frantic

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"RUFINUS."

A wave of pity swept across Valentinian's compassionate heart, and he sat down to write a hopeful, encouraging letter to Rufinus. When he had finished it, a sentence from a letter written to the Roman and other Churches, when persecution had scattered the members of the first Christian Church at Jerusalem, flashed through his mind: "If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful, what doth it profit?" Valentinian pushed the letter from him impatiently. How could he give Rufinus the things which were needful? He could not pay his betting debts and those of the whole army. "What am I to do?" he asked aloud, and as an answer a gentle neigh floated up from Carus's stable. If he lent his horse to the military club, the reds would probably gain the race. What could be plainer? He would have nothing to do with bets and bribes; he would not even see the race; surely every brotherly and Christian instinct called upon him to rescue his friend's honor and fortune, and that of the class to which his father had belonged. Was it because he was so very sure of his duty that he did not drive out and consult his mother? Perhaps, instead, it was a haunting suspicion that she might not consider this a call of duty. He gave himself no time to doubt, or even to think, but went at once to the Prætorian Prefect with his offer.

Carus was accepted, the Prefect in his first burst of gratitude offering Valentinian an important post in the army. This the youth declined; his education had another aim, and he knew that it would break his mother's heart to see him a soldier.

The morning of the races dawned at last. Valentinian had determined not to attend them, and when Rufinus came with a band of gay young knights, he refused to see them. From his window he could see the populace flocking toward the Colosseum; and finding at last that he could not read, he determined to take a walk to the suburbs. As he passed over the Palatine Hill, he turned to enjoy the beautiful prospect—"with palaces adorned, porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts, statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs." Alas! the most prominent object of all was the "gladiators' bloody circus," just at the foot of the hill; and forgetting all his resolutions, he hurried to it, and entered among the last.

He was so late that he could not find a seat in the circle near the front, where he properly belonged, and he mounted to the upper tiers, where he sat, crowded by such companions as beggars and slaves. He looked for the first time upon the place where so many martyrs had poured out their lives for their faith. He could

just make out the openings, closed with gratings, through which the wild beasts had been admitted.

His thoughts were snatched suddenly from the martyrs and the past. At the extreme left of the arena stood four four-horse chariots ready for the start. He could tell the colors of the horses, but not, at this distance, that of the trappings which distinguished the class to which they belonged. The four milk-white steeds prancing impatiently before the gilded car must be the Emperor's, and now, as the driver mounts and takes the reins, the roar of applause that circles around the seats tells that Caracalla is to drive in person. There are four bay horses: these he knows have been imported from Asia by the sailors' club; but the horses attached to both of the remaining chariots are black, and he can not tell which belongs to the land-holders and which to the soldiers. The signal for the start is given. The horses will be going away from him for the first quarter of the race, then they will approach him for half the distance. They keep nearly the same pace, and it seems to him, at this distance, a very slow one. Ah! one chariot has fallen behind; it stopped suddenly; there must have been some accident. One of his neighbors suggests that a wheel has come off; but now they can not even tell the color of the horses. The other three chariots are approaching, but how slowly! Surely, if he were driving Carus there, he could out-strip them all. Nearer, nearer, and now he knows that the chariots just abreast are drawn, the one by black and the other by white horses. The chariot gradually falling behind is drawn by black horses too. The merchant-men will lose the profits of their last voyage, for it was their chariot that halted at the outset.

Now the two that are leading the way are just in front of him, and Valentinian realizes that they are really tearing along at a fearful rate. It is only the distance which made them appear to move slowly. The Emperor is bending far forward, lashing his white coursers terribly. He is driving them across the track of the blacks at his side, and is striving to gain the inside of the track. What a cloud of dust! He can make out nothing but a general scramble. Another loud roar echoes from the massive walls. What a frantic waving of scarfs, and eager movement on the seats below! Valentinian can not understand it at all, and a slave at his side explains that Caracalla has cut across the track of the other chariot, and overturned it on his way. Yes, there he emerges from the whirlpool of dust, and sweeps swiftly along alone toward the goal.

No, not alone, for though one set of black horses lie kicking and struggling upon the sand in inextricable confusion, the exploit has consumed time, and the other set of blacks come skimming serenely along, their driver standing erect and motionless as a statue, the steeds gaining, gaining upon the Emperor without any apparent effort. The imperial jockey looks behind him, and again leans forward and lashes his own horses more furiously: evidently he fears for the result. They are neck to neck now, and the goal is only a few yards off. The white horses are galloping frantically, but the steady pace of the blacks carries them ahead by more than three chariot lengths, and the race is won. And won by black horses. How the sun glares, for the awning does not extend over this part of the amphitheatre. If he could only tell whether Carus is one of the victorious four, or one of the four that are being led away after their ignominious tumble! What a noisy hubbub! The spectators are starting to their feet and leaving their seats. "I have lost!" "I have won!" shout the slaves around him. "How do you know whether you have lost or won?" he shrieks. "Have you no eyes?" bawls a sturdy Ethiopian; "there is the color of the winners," and Valentinian, at the end of the course, sees a flag displayed—a scarlet flag. As he hurries down the staircases a soldier's hand is clapped upon his shoulder, other soldiers seize his legs, and he is lifted to a seat upon their shields, and borne unwillingly, in the midst of loud acclamations, to the course. His giddy brain reels with all this excitement: if he can only once get Carus and lead him away, he will never, never enter this place again. What is this?—a crowd of men about a fallen horse. Some one is wiping drops of blood from the animal's nostrils with a sponge; there are more red drops upon his foam-flecked sides—no, they are only the scarlet spangles. "Sunstroke?" asks one of the men. "Perhaps so," replies the man with the sponge. "He wasn't used to racing," remarks the driver; "I had to hold him in all the way, and when we stopped, he just dropped: lucky thing he didn't do it two minutes before."

Valentinian pushed them all aside, and fell in an agony of grief upon the neck of the dead horse. It was Carus. There is little left to tell. Valentinian's mother did not mourn over the death of the horse as much as her son had feared. "He has died in a good cause," she said, "if he has taught you the evils of racing and betting. O that all the youths of Rome might learn the same lesson!"

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A LITTLE COQUETTE.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF GREECE AND ROME.

I.—THE GODS OF OLYMPUS.

There were many forms of false worship in ancient times, when the knowledge of the one true God was preserved by the people of Israel alone. Almost every nation had its own system, differing from every other—its own gods, its own legends, and its own orders of priesthood—and learned men disagree as to the manner in which these systems grew up and spread. It is acknowledged that the worship of one God prevailed from the earliest times in the East, which was the cradle of the human race, until after the great dispersion, of which we are told in the Sacred Scriptures, which took place after the Deluge.

As time rolled on, all the races of mankind, with one exception, gradually lost the knowledge of the one God; and as the worship of some kind of superior being is a natural instinct of the human soul, they found objects of adoration in nature, choosing those first, probably, which struck the imagination by their splendor or grandeur, or which exerted the greatest amount of good or evil on the race of man. Sun-worship was one of the earliest forms of false religion. The worship of the moon and stars, of fire and water, was also introduced at a very early period. In later times men came to believe in a multitude of gods, who controlled all parts of external nature. When the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, they ascribed these manifestations to some god who ruled the sky. The rising and setting of the sun and moon seemed to indicate presiding deities of these celestial objects. The sea, lakes, rivers, were believed to have gods of their own. The varying seasons were thought to be under the government of unseen deities; and in this way men at length came to believe in a multitude of gods of various degrees of superiority to the human race.

As men without Divine revelation can not form a conception of a pure spiritual being, they imagined their gods to possess the forms of men or women, and even of beasts. The ancient Greeks assigned human forms to their deities, but believed them to be superior to the weakness and imperfections of man, and to exceed him in power and knowledge. At the same time they were believed to have the same kind of nature as mankind. They had human passions and appetites. Their celestial abodes were similar in form to those of man, and like the dwellers on the earth they stood in daily need of food and repose. Magnificent chariots, drawn by horses or other animals of celestial breed, conveyed them through the clouds, or over earth and sea. The clothing and arms of the gods were fashioned like those of mortals, but of superior material and workmanship. No heathen system contained the idea of an eternal deity—without beginning and without end. According to most systems of mythology, the gods were born, and some systems assigned a limit to their duration.

The gods of Greece and Rome were all of the human form, but immeasurably superior in size and power. The helmet of the goddess Minerva would, we are told, cover the footmen of a hundred towns. When Juno was about to take an oath, she laid one hand on the earth, the other on the sea. The voices of Neptune and Mars were as loud as the shout of nine or ten thousand men. The gods, however, could increase or diminish their size, take the form of particular men, or of any animals, and make themselves visible or invisible at pleasure. Their bodies were of a finer nature than those of men, and instead of blood their veins were filled with a celestial fluid called *ichór*. They could be wounded by mortal weapons, but not slain. Their food was called ambrosia, and their drink nectar.

Olympus, a lofty mountain of Thessaly, was regarded by the early Greeks as the dwelling-place of the gods; but in later times it seems to have been elevated to some celestial region. It is thus described in the *Odyssey*:

"Olympus, where they say the ever-firm
Seat of the gods is, by the winds unshaken,
Nor ever wet with rain, nor ever showered
With snow, but cloudless æther o'er it spreads,
And glittering light encircles it around,
On which the happy gods aye dwell in bliss."

All the dwellings of the gods upon Olympus were of brass or copper. The gods had different ranks and offices. Jupiter (Zeus) was king of the air and clouds; the sea was the realm of his brother Neptune (Poseidon); the under-world that of Pluto (Aidés). The earth and Olympus were common property, but Jupiter as eldest brother, exercised a supremacy, and his power was the greatest.

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The other inhabitants of Olympus were Juno (Héra), the wife of Jupiter; Apollo, the god of music and archery; his sister Diana (Artemis), the goddess of the chase; and their mother, Leto; Venus (Aphrodité), goddess of love, Mars (Arés), the god of war; Minerva (Pallas-Athéné), goddess of prudence and skill; Mercury (Hermeias), the god of gain; Vulcan (Hephæstos), celestial architect and smith, and a few others. Lesser gods were sometimes bidden to attend at consultations on Olympus.^[1]

[Began in No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

The port watch did as they were ordered; that is, after having put everything in order, they stretched themselves lazily on the seats, and let Charley and Joe manage the boat. The tide was now running up the creek, and Joe, using one oar as a pole, rapidly poled the boat on her way. The creek wound in and out

through the meadow, and the boat constantly ran aground, so that it was by no means easy work either to find the channel or to keep in it. Half a dozen bridges were passed, under one of which the passage between the piles was so narrow that had it been two inches narrower the *Ghost* would have found her way effectually stopped. Charley and Joe frequently changed places, one steering while the other poled, and thus managed to work the boat through the creek without getting too tired. Poling a boat where the bottom is muddy is no joke, as Joe found after he had fallen overboard twice. There was no trouble in putting the oar on the bottom, or in pushing the boat along, but when he tried to pull the oar out again, it would sometimes stick firmly in the mud, and try its best to pull him overboard. Harry and Tom did not lift a finger to help Joe out of the water when he fell into it, because, as they said, it was their duty not to interfere unless the Captain should call all hands. The water was not over two feet deep, so that Joe was not in any danger, but he was not very well pleased at the way in which Harry and Tom laughed, and he announced that if the port watch intended to laugh every time the starboard watch fell overboard, he should consider it the duty of the latter to drip all over the former.

The creek now broadened into what is called Sheepshead Bay, which is merely an arm of Jamaica Bay, and Charley ran the boat into a small dock, where half a dozen men cheerfully helped the boys to step the mast. The mainsail and jib were hoisted and trimmed, and the *Ghost* began to thread the channel between the islands that are so plentiful in Jamaica Bay. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and for the last hour a steady sea-breeze had been blowing, that carried the boat along at the rate of six miles an hour. Joe changed his clothes, ate a biscuit, and enjoyed the relief from the hard labor of poling. Presently Charley called him to take the helm while he studied the chart, in order to find the way to the place where they meant to drag the boat across to Hempstead Bay. The chart was of great use in helping him to find the way among the islands in the western part of the bay; but when the *Ghost* finally reached the broad open water, it was no longer needed, for the houses of Far Rockaway came into sight, and served as landmarks. At twelve o'clock the port watch took charge of the deck, and an hour later the bow of the boat was run ashore at the eastern extremity of the bay, the sails were furled, and lunch was made ready.

The boys had intended to drag the boat over the sandy strip of land between Jamaica Bay and the entrance to Hempstead Bay. They had all said that as the distance between the two bays was only a few rods, it would be easy to get the boat across; but as yet nobody had suggested how it was to be done. When they came to look the matter in the face, they found that what they had proposed to do was quite impossible. The boat would have to be dragged at least twenty rods through deep sand, and not even a team of horses could have performed the feat. "It's no use talking about it," said Tom; "it can't be done. If the *Ghost* isn't sailed into Hempstead Bay, she will never get there."

"Then she shall sail!" exclaimed Charley.

"Have we got to go all the way back to New York Bay and sail outside of Coney Island?" asked Harry. "The *Ghost* is a good boat, but I don't want to go to sea in her."

"We needn't go back to New York Bay. Look at this chart. Here you see Rockaway Inlet. The steamboats come through it into Jamaica Bay. Now from Jamaica Inlet to the entrance to Hempstead Bay, which isn't a regular inlet, but just a channel between Rockaway Beach and the bar outside of it that is all above water at low tide, isn't more than three or four miles. We'll sail back to the inlet, run out of it, and run into Hempstead Bay without a bit of trouble. There's a good steady breeze, and the sea is almost as quiet as the bay. There won't be the least danger in doing it."

"All right," said Harry. "We'll start right away, and get into the other bay as soon as possible. It looks easy enough, but we must be sure to do it before dark."

They all went on board, and the sails were again set. The wind was nearly ahead all the way to the inlet, and the *Ghost* made slow progress. They were nearly opposite the last of the Rockaway Beach hotels, when Joe said, "I must have a drink of water."

This was a very simple remark, but it recalled to everybody the recollection of the fact that there was not a drop of water on board the boat. The boys had drunk coffee at their breakfast and at supper the night before, and it had so happened that nobody had wanted a drink of water until Joe mentioned the subject. Not only did they all instantly discover that they were terribly thirsty, but they were ashamed to find that they had started on a cruise on the Atlantic—for after passing through the inlet they would really be on the broad ocean—without a drop of water.

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"You made the coffee," said Charley to Harry. "Where did you get your fresh-water from?"

"Out of two bottles," replied Harry, "that I filled with ice-water before we started from Harlem."

"And is that all the water you intended to take?"

"Well, we didn't think much about it, I guess," Harry replied. "But we can go ashore here at the hotel and fill the bottles again."

"Bottles won't do," said Charley. "We must have a cask of water if we're going to cruise on the ocean. Head her for the steamboat landing, Tom, and we'll try to get a water cask."

The only thing that the landlord of the hotel could let the boys have was an empty ten-gallon beer keg. Before it could be used for fresh-water, it had to be rinsed about a dozen times with cold water, and then scalded with hot water. Even then the water with which the boys filled it tasted unpleasantly of beer, but, as Charley assured his companions, any water that was not positively unwholesome would be very welcome if they were to find themselves perishing of thirst. Harry's bottles were filled with drinking water, and with this and the beer cask the boys returned to the boat.

"Does anybody know what provisions we have on board?" inquired Charley.

"Well," said Harry, "I can remember pretty well what we bought, for I bought nearly everything myself, and have got the bill somewhere. Then there is a lot of cake and sandwiches and things that we brought from home with us the day we started."

"Would you mind making out a list of them, and keeping an account of what we use and what we buy?" said Charley. "I'd like to know every day just what provisions we've got to depend upon, and then I can take the responsibility of seeing that we don't run short of food, as we did of water. We must remember that we're making a regular cruise, and not sailing up and down the river for pleasure."

"All right," replied Harry. "You shall have the list the first time I get a chance to make it. I believe as much as you do in having everything ship-shape."

They were now nearing the inlet, and Charley began to feel anxious about the wind. As nearly as he could judge from the chart, the wind, as it was blowing from the south-west, would enable them to sail out of the inlet, but it was quite possible that the channel might lie in such a direction as to prevent the *Ghost* from making the attempt until the wind should change. It was nearly four o'clock, the time when the excursion steamers were starting for New York, and it was necessary to keep a look-out for them, for the steamboat channel was narrow and winding, and though the *Ghost* might apparently be quite out of the path of an approaching steamer, it was always possible that the steamer would suddenly swing round and head directly for the sail-boat. The steamers, however, all passed safely on their way, and disappeared as they rounded the further point of the beach, and passed out of the inlet.

The boys were in excellent spirits, and did not feel the slightest uneasiness about their expected sail on the Atlantic. It seemed the easiest thing in the world to run out of the inlet, and to coast along the beach until they should be once more in the safe shelter of the bay. Never were boys more astonished than they were to find, when they came within sight of the inlet, that across it stretched a line of white breakers through which it seemed absurd to think of sailing a boat.

"That can't possibly be the inlet," said Harry. "There isn't any channel through those breakers."

"It's the inlet, sure enough," replied Charley; "but it looks as if there was a bar right across it."

"Perhaps the bar is put up at night, and they forgot to take it down this morning," suggested Joe.

"How could anybody put a bar across a big inlet?" asked Tom, seriously.

"Charley means there's a sand-bar under the water," said Harry.

"Tom, did you ever see a joke in your life?" asked Joe.

"No, and nobody else ever saw a joke. What do you think a joke looks like? Is it round or square?"

"Joe's are usually flat," said Harry. "But what's the use of talking in this way? What we want to do is to get out of that inlet."

"Let go all your halyards, Joe, and then drop the anchor overboard. We'll stop here awhile, and make up our minds what to do," ordered Charley.

The *Ghost* was soon riding quietly at anchor in three feet of water. Charley looked carefully at the line of breakers, wondering where the channel could possibly lie. Suddenly it occurred to him that the breakers were not caused by a bar, but by the tide, which was running out of the bay, meeting the swell of the ocean. "There's a channel there somewhere, deep enough for big steamboats, and if we only knew just where it was, we'd try it," said Charley, after studying the matter for some time.

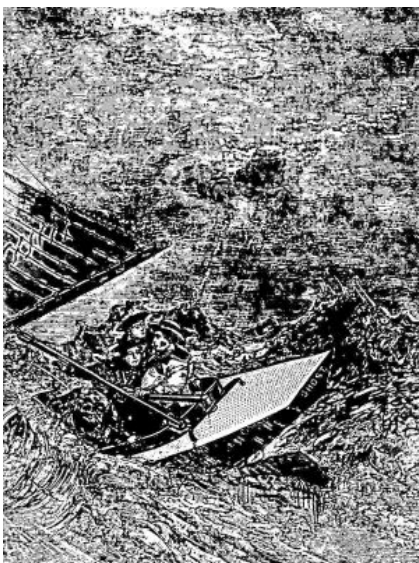
"Shall we get through the breakers without getting full of water?" inquired Tom.

"I don't know. I suppose we'll have to take our chances. Boats do go through the inlet every day, and I never heard of one getting swamped."

"Let's wait here until we see some boat go in or out. We can see how she gets through, and where the channel is," suggested Tom.

The idea was a good one, and the boys all agreed to wait. In the course of half an hour a fishing-boat no larger than the *Ghost* made its appearance, coming from the direction of Canarsie, and bound out of the inlet. The boys watched her closely, and noticed just what course she took. When she reached the breakers, she passed through them as easily as if she was in smooth water, only a little spray flying over her bow, and not a drop apparently entering her cockpit.

"Pshaw! we've been waiting here for nothing," exclaimed the Captain. "Hoist that mainsail, the port watch. Up with the anchor, the starboard watch. Now run up the jib, Joe, and one of you fellows haul in the jib-sheet. Look out for your heads, everybody, when the boom swings around."



AMONG THE BREAKERS.

The *Ghost*, turning her head toward the inlet, ran straight for the breakers. The boys had confidence in their Captain and in the boat; but it did seem rather nervous work to sail straight into the curling and breaking seas. Charley himself began to fear that he had made a mistake, but it was now too late to draw back.

"Come aft here, everybody!" he exclaimed. "We must keep her head as high out of the water as we can. Now, boys, hold on to something, and don't be frightened. It will all be over in a minute."

The *Ghost* was now flying with the wind and tide, and in another moment she was in the rough water. She drove her nose straight into a curling sea that broke on her deck with a crash as if it would stave it in. A shower of spray flew all over the boat, and half a hogshead of water poured over the wash-board into the cockpit. But the good little boat did not seem to mind it. The danger was passed almost in a second, and the *Ghost* was now fairly at sea in smooth water, and Charley was easing the main-sheet, and heading her to the eastward.

"There! we did it, you see," cried Charley, exultingly. "Only," he added, "I don't want to do it again."

"We're as wet as we used to be in the *Whitewing*," said Joe; "and I'm afraid everything on board is as wet as we are."

"Then don't lose any time in bailing her out," said Charley. "Get a couple of tin pans and bail, while one of you pumps. We'll have the water out in no time."

It took, however, a good deal of time to pump the boat dry, and Charley secretly admitted to himself that had the *Ghost* shipped another such sea, she would have been in a dangerous situation.

BELL COUNTS HER CHICKENS.

BY AMANDA SHAW ELSEFFER.

"Aunt Lena, come look at my chickies;
They have a house all to themselves;
It's very much bigger than Dickie's;
They sleep in a row on the shelves."

"And how many have you?" asked Auntie.
"I'll count them," said dear little Bell.
"There's Speckle, and Top-knot, and Bantie,
And that little lame one is Nell;

"And papa calls this *Coach-in-China*,
The greediest one of the lot;
And that one we named for old Dinah,
Because it's as black as a pot;

"And Brownie, and Whitey's her mother,
And Yellow-legs there by the door,
And Shanghai, and Prince, and another,
And Graywing, and Dot, and one more;

"And there, you see, 'way in the corner,
Is Patsy—we call her Cross-patch—
And Ned says she looks like a mourner,
But I know she's going to hatch.

"And so I have five that are hidden,
But Patsy knows what she's about,
And won't come away if she's bidden
Until she can bring them all out.

"I do hope that one is a Bantie,
And don't you want one for Elaine?"
"Well, how many have you?" "Why, auntie,
I s'pose I must count them again."

THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT.

BY DAVID KER.

"So you want me to tell you a story about a brave man, little people?" said Colonel Graylock, as his half-dozen nephews and nieces, tired with their afternoon's play, gathered around his arm-chair by the fire. "Well, I've seen plenty of them in my time, but the bravest man I ever knew was a young Ensign in our regiment, whom we used to call 'Gentleman Bob'—and right well he deserved the name, though not as we meant it.

"Soldiering's a very different thing now from what it was in my young days, and men have learned—what it's a pity they didn't learn sooner—that a man may make none the worse officer for being a gentleman and a Christian. Henry Havelock taught us that pretty fairly, but in the rough old times it was a very different thing. Then the harder an English officer drank, and the louder he swore, and the more he bullied his men, and the readier he was to fight a duel or to join in any low frolic, the better his comrades liked him, and I'm afraid we were much the same as the rest.

"So you may fancy what we thought when a man like 'Gentleman Bob' came among us, who was always quiet and sober and orderly, and instead of brawling and rioting like the rest of us, spent all his spare time over dry scientific books that we knew nothing about, and read a chapter of the Bible every morning and evening. How we did laugh at him, and make mock of him, to be sure! But the provoking thing was that he never seemed to mind it one bit, and he was so good-natured, and so ready to do any one a good turn when he could, that it certainly ought to have made us ashamed of ourselves; but it didn't, more's the pity.

"But before long something *did* make us ashamed of ourselves, and this was it. Our Colonel was in a great hurry one day to find out the whereabouts of a village that wasn't marked on his map, and none of us could help him, when, lo and behold! forward stepped 'Gentleman Bob,' with a neat little map of his own drawing, and there was the very place, just where it should be. The Colonel looked at it, and then at us, and said, grimly, 'It's not often, gentlemen, that the youngest officer of a regiment is also the smartest: let this be a lesson to you.'

"You may be sure this reproof made us none the more merciful in talking against poor Bob; and perhaps we might have done something more than talk but for a thing that happened one night at mess. Our junior Captain, a rough, bullying kind of fellow, was going to empty a glass of wine over Bob's head, when the Ensign grasped his wrist, and overturned the wine upon him instead, and the wrist was black and blue from that squeeze for many a day after.

"About a month after this, one of our men, who used to have fits of madness every now and then, from an old wound in the head, came flying along with a big knife in his hand, slashing at everything within reach. Some cried to shoot him, but Bob said, quietly, 'A man's life is worth more than that: let me try.' And in a moment he had seized the fellow's knife-hand, and tripped him so cleverly that he was down before we could call out; and then some of the men came up and secured him.

"Of course we could say nothing against Bob's pluck after that; but all this was a trifle to what was coming. A few days later came one of the greatest battles of the war, and we were so hard pressed on the left (where my regiment was) that at last there was nothing for it but to fall back. We formed again under cover of some thickets, but even there we had enough to do to hold our ground, for the enemy had brought up several guns, and were giving it to us pretty hot.

"Suddenly, between two gusts of smoke, one of our wounded, lying out on the open plain, was seen to wave his hand feebly, as if for help. It was one of our Lieutenants, who had been harder than any one upon 'Gentleman Bob,' and his chance was a poor one, for it seemed certain death to try and reach him through such a pelt of shot, while if a bullet didn't finish him, the scorching sun was pretty sure to do it.

"All at once a man was seen stepping out from the sheltering thicket, and that man was 'Gentleman Bob.' He never looked to right or left, but went straight to where his persecutor was lying helpless, and tried to raise him. At first the French banged away at him like fury, but when they saw what he was doing, several officers called out. 'Ne tirez pas, mes enfants' ('Don't fire, my boys'), and raised their caps to him in salute. Bob lifted the wounded man gently in his arms, and shielding him with his own body, brought him back into our lines; and such a cheer as went up then I never heard before or since."

"And did that horrid Lieutenant die, uncle?"

"Luckily not," answered the Colonel, laughing, "for I'm sorry to say the 'horrid Lieutenant' was no other than myself."

"Oh, uncle! were you ever as naughty as that?" lisped a tiny voice, in tones of amazement.

"But what became of 'Gentleman Bob'?" asked an impatient boy.

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"He's now my respected brother-in-law, and your papa," said the Colonel, exchanging a sly look with a fine-looking man on the other side of the room, who had been listening to the story with a quiet smile. "And now that you've had your tale, go and say good-night, for it's high time for by-by."

THE STORY OF PALAI.

BY E. MULLER.

Grandma Meronne sat in her garden, near Morges, on Lake Geneva, telling stories to Gustave Meronne and an American boy from the school at Geneva.

"Just out there," said Madame Meronne, pointing to the shining blue water, "there lived a boy a long time ago."

"Where, Grandmère?" asked Rob Grayson. "Over at Evian or Thonon?"

"No; just out there on the water. His house was built far out from shore, on a sort of wooden pier, with a long narrow pathway, on piles, leading to land. There was a whole village of such houses, built of logs, with piazzas all around, and carefully barred up on the land side to keep out the bears and wolves and hyenas."

"Hyenas! Oh, Grandmère! how can you?" exclaimed Gustave.

"Yes, hyenas. This was long ago, I said; and the boy's name was Palai. He was brave and hardy from his babyhood, and even when he could only creep, his mother had to tie a string to him, and fasten him to the house, or he would have crept on land or into the water, for he would not stay quiet a moment. When he could run about, his father showed him how to make a knife out of stone, and many an hour's hard work Palai had rubbing his knife on a great stone slab which lay in the middle of the house on purpose to sharpen things on. His father gave him a hollow bone of a deer to make a knife-handle, and then Palai was allowed to go on shore, and watch the cows and sheep at pasture. He was expected to keep off bears and wolves—yes, and hyenas, Gustave—with no weapons but a wooden club and this stone knife, which, by-the-way, was nothing like your knives, but more like a carpenter's chisel, as its sharp edge was at the end instead of the side. In summer Palai enjoyed his pasture-watching, and busied himself making more knives and spears, and pretty beads from bones and colored stones found along the lake.

"These were Palai's pleasant hours; but in winter, when the cattle were driven close to the lake, and Palai and other boys had to spend long cold nights watching for wild animals, it was not so pleasant. Palai's grandma—yes, Gustave, he had a grandma—used to tell him of the fearful beasts she had heard of in her youth, some of which her grandfather had seen. He had seen a bird so large that its legs alone were taller than he, and one of its eggs held as much as a hundred and forty hen's eggs. This was a Dinornis, and Palai wished he could have gone bird nesting after such eggs. Then there was a great dragon—the Labyrinthodont—which had been seen by Palai's grandma's great-grandfather; and the Dinotherium, a beast twice as large as an elephant, and many other fearful creatures. Palai never said 'Oh, grandma!' when she related these wonders. He had seen the huge bones of some of these creatures lying among the caves and rocks on the hills, and he wished constantly to meet and kill some great animal, for he was very brave. 'Never mind, Palai,' his grandmother said, 'these great beasts may have left this country, but there is always something great to be done, if one is brave.' When Palai was about fourteen, his father allowed him to go hunting with him to kill a cave-bear—an animal nearly twice as large as the bears we see now.

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"Palai and his father each carried a club, tied to the waist by deer-skin strings, a knife, and a long wooden spear with a stone head. It was a great honor for a boy to be allowed to hunt the cave-bear; only very brave men attacked this beast, so Palai felt proud."



PALAI AND JURASSA.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

"But he knew the danger, and that he might never come home again, so he gave presents to all his friends and relations to remember him by. To his mother he gave a new distaff and stone spinning weights which he had made; to his grandmother he gave a wolf-skin to make a warm robe; and to his friend Jurassa—a nice little girl who lived in the next house—he gave a long string of pretty beads, which he had cut and polished just for her.

"I won't forget you, Palai," said Jurassa. "But do something brave."

"I will," said Palai.

"The country was not fair and smooth as it is now; great rocks were more frequent than grassy fields. The Bernese Alps were always covered with snow to their very base, as the top of Mont Blanc is now; and in the thick dark forests lived wild beasts which were as eager to find the hunters as the hunters were to find them.

"Palai," said his father, "this bear is of the fiercest; it carried off two of our cows."

"I do not fear," said Palai.

"This is not play, like killing a wolf in the flock, or crossing the lake in your canoe. You must kill or die."

"I do not fear," said Palai, who knew that his father was trying his courage, as was the custom among hunters.

"Two other hunters joined them, and before long they had climbed the hills, and found the cave-bear at home. Palai's dog, a thin wolfish creature, with long stiff hair, gave the alarm; but before they could throw themselves behind trees, this fearful monster sprang from his cave, and threw down Palai's father. Palai rushed forward, and struck the beast with his club, and the other hunters shouted and struck it with their spears, till it turned on them. Then they ran away. You can not blame them; they thought Palai's father was dead, and it was no use throwing their lives away. But Palai did not run. As the bear rose to grasp him, he threw himself under it, and stabbed furiously at its heart, killing it almost instantly, so that it fell upon him. When the other hunters saw this, they came and dragged Palai out, nearly smothered; and great was their rejoicing, till they found that Palai's father, for whom he had risked his life, was dead.

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"Palai's father was a kind of chief among the villagers, so there was great mourning among the people, which prevented their being very glad over the death of the terrible bear. But as soon as their mourning was over, Palai learned that he was to be chief, young as he was, for no other hunter in the village had ever tried to stab a cave-bear by getting under it—and on his first hunt, too. Then all the people brought to his house presents of skins and grain, stone knives and kettles, bone beads, and woven cloths, and canoes, so that he was the richest as well as the bravest in the village. Then his mother and grandmother were proud of him, and so was Jurassa."

"And is that all?" asked Rob.

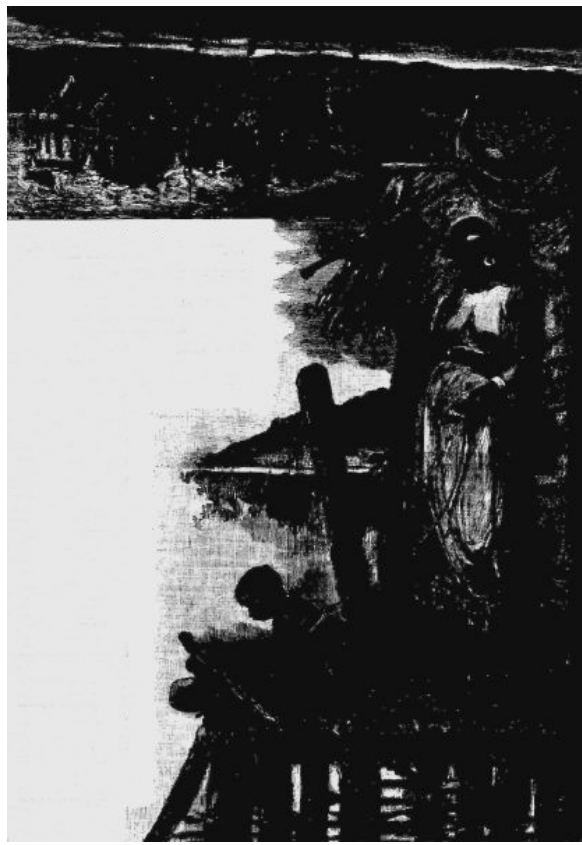
"That is all I know of Palai," answered Grandma Meronne.

"I never heard you tell such a queer story, Grandmère," said Gustave. "Half fairy story, and half made up."

"No, it is not half 'made up,'" said Grandma Meronne. "When you are old enough to read about the Lake-Villages of Switzerland, and how many things were found in one house, you will believe me."

"But the dragons, the Laby—*Oh*, Grandmère!" exclaimed Gustave, incredulously.

"They all lived, my Gustave, as surely as you do; but their lives were in the Neozoic Age."



A LONG-AGO BABY—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

HOW TINKER BRADLEY FOUND THE NORTH POLE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

The winter had been a long one and very hard. The ice on Deacon Potter's mill-pond had been wonderfully hard, and had staid so until the first week in March. Then it began to grow slushy, and the skating was gone, but the winter hung round in one way and another until after the 1st of April.

It was just as all the old folks said, nevertheless. When so hard a winter as that was did at last break up, it went in a hurry, and the spring followed it like a ready-made coat, only needing to be picked out and put on.

That was the reason why the weather was so warm the second week in May that all the boys and girls in the class in geography at the Putnamville Academy were glad to hear Professor Hackleman talk about the Arctic Ocean. It was cooling and comfortable to know about such a deal of snow and ice. It was all the better, perhaps, to sit and hear about it with all the windows open, and a lost bumble-bee buzzing around the ceiling.

Some of the boys and girls in that class were young ladies and young gentlemen, and could sit still and be dignified without an effort—at least so long as Professor Hackleman turned his eyes so fast along the benches, and sent so many sudden questions flying here and there. More than half, however, were somewhere about the age and size of Tinker Bradley, and nobody had ever known him sit still so long as he did that morning. His mouth was open, too, and that was almost proof that he was thinking of something.

Perfectly still he kept until Professor Hackleman remarked, "The North Pole, my young friends, is a place where winter remains the year round, and where the ice and snow do not melt—not even in May."

Tinker Bradley's mouth shut like a steel-trap, but it opened again, almost instantly, with, "I know where it is, then; I found it last Saturday."

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes, sir; there's three woodchuck holes on the side-hill."

"My young friend, if you have found the North Pole, and know where it is, you know more than any other living man," said the Professor.

"Yes, sir," said Tinker Bradley.

That was not the first time by a good deal that the vast extent of his knowledge had occurred to the mind of Tinker Bradley, and when, at the noon recess, a dozen boys of his own size asked him questions about it, he stoutly answered: "It's just what he said it was, and it's over in the hemlock woods north of our pasture lot. If you don't believe it, I'll go and show you right away after school. Show you three of the biggest woodchuck holes you ever saw, too, and a crow's nest, and a place where there's going to be cords of raspberries."

It was enough to spoil school for all of them on so hot an afternoon as that, and they were hardly let loose at three o'clock before there was a small army, with Tinker Bradley at its head, marching straight away across the green.

On they went, over the bridge and up the hill, and they were all puffing and nearly out of breath when they reached the bars that let down into Mr. Bradley's pasture lot.

"Now, boys," said their leader, "if we come across the brindled cow, don't you say a word to her. She's got a calf, and she gets mad the easiest you ever saw."

Each one of them made up his mind to let the brindled cow alone; and all would have been well if it had not been for Soddy Corcoran's dog.

They came across the cow, indeed, and her calf was with her; but they made a great bend to the left, and would have been safe if the dog had made the bend when they did. They had hardly noticed that he was with them, he was so very small, until Tinker Bradley shouted, "Soddy! Soddy Corcoran! there goes your dog—right straight for the cow!"

"Ape! Ape! April! coom here wid ye. She'll be the death of ye, sure."

"April? Did you name him—"

"That isn't the whole of it. I've only had him six weeks. Wait till you hear him bark. Hark to that now!"

It was not a bark; it was a growl. The little, grisly, wiry, bow-legged mite of a quadruped was almost hidden by the tuft of grass he was sitting in; but a bush twenty feet high could not have hidden that growl, or the short, hoarse, gruff, threatening bark which followed it. It was no wonder the brindled cow stopped feeding, and began to look around her.

"Did your dog growl that growl?" asked Tinker Bradley.

"Dade an' he did."

"There isn't room in him for such a growl as that and such a bark. The cow can't find him."

"No more there is. When I got him I thought it was a bad cold he had, an' it wud lave him wid warrum weather, but he's only worse. He's an April-fool of a dog, and that's his whole name."

Again and again all that big sound was thrown at the head of the brindled cow, and she knew it came from somewhere in the grass. She saw the wiry-haired bit of a quadruped, of course, but she was an old experienced cow, knowing all about dogs, and she knew the bark could not come from him.

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Those boys! She knew a good deal about boys, and she had never before seen so many at once in that pasture lot. Her calf could be left alone for a moment, with nothing to hurt him but a tuft of yellow hair in a bunch of grass. She herself went at once after that Polar Expedition.

It was already running, every boy of it, as fast as its many short legs could carry it, and the cow had no idea how triumphantly Soddy Corcoran's dog was galloping over the grass behind her. He had no doubt whatever but what he had scared the calf's mother, and was chasing her.

The boys made for the north fence, because it was nearest, but not all of them would have reached it in time if the cow had not hesitated for a moment just as she got almost among them. She stopped in her tracks, with her head down, and right behind her, almost under her heels, again arose that awful growl and the short hoarse bark. There was no room in that dog for a longer bark of that thickness, but it made the angry cow wheel to look for it.

"Woof! Ur-r-r-r-r! Woof!"

Right at her heels all the time, and nothing to be seen, however fast she might wheel, for Soddy Corcoran's dog was determined to sit in a safe spot, and the cow, after all, might have looked for half an hour without hitting so small a mark.

"Ape! Ape! Sure an' ye've fooled her enough for wanst. Coom along, now."

He might not have obeyed, but the cow either thought of her calf just then, or was frightened at having so near her what seemed to be a bark without a body, for she suddenly ceased wheeling after it, and galloped back across the pasture lot.

"Now, Tink, where's your North Pole?"

Three or four boys asked that question, one after another, but Tinker Bradley stoutly replied: "Come right along. We're in the woods now. It's only a little ways further. There's the first woodchuck hole."

There it was, sure enough, and the moment the boys saw it they began to have more confidence, for the cow had chased some of that out of them. In less than five minutes Tinker said, "There's the second woodchuck hole. Maybe you'll begin to believe what I told you."

Some of them would indeed have been nearly ready to look around for poles of some kind, but then the *north* pole—that was another thing.

The hill-side grew steeper and steeper, with great rocks and boulders showing here and there among the hemlocks; and now Tinker Bradley shouted: "There's the third woodchuck hole! What do you think of that?"

They had never seen any hole in the ground made by any woodchuck that yawned upon them with so very wide a mouth, and it almost seemed as if the weather must be growing cooler. Still, nobody had ever heard of polar bears' being found in Bradley's woods.

"Here we are. I'll show you."

"Why, Tink, it's the Gulch."

"Come right along. Follow me."

So they did, and the whole procession disappeared, to its last boy, between the jaws of that deep, jagged, gloomy ravine. That is, it would have been gloomy if everything around it had not been so green, and if it had been evening instead of afternoon.

Away up to within twenty or thirty rods of the upper end of the Gulch, and then Tinker Bradley halted, with just enough of breath left to shout: "There it is! Didn't I tell you?"

Straight before them, as they turned their eyes to the right, where he pointed, was a great wide fissure, cloven in the rock. Above, it was almost closed over by a leaning crag, and the upper edges, sixty feet from the bottom, were thickly lined with hemlocks and cedar bushes. Nobody could guess how deep it went in, for it was packed full half way up with what was as nearly like ice as anything they had ever seen. No sunshine could reach it. The rocks and trees protected it. It was a great natural ice-house, and was doing its duty capitally.

"That ain't the North Pole."

"Then Professor Hackleman don't know, that's all. He said it was a place where the snow and ice didn't melt in May."

"Woof! Ur-r-r-r-r! Woof!"

Soddy Corcoran's dog was with his master again, and had seated himself in the shadow of a big stone to give his opinion of Tinker Bradley's discovery.

"You're right, me boy!" exclaimed Soddy. "That's one April-fool, and you're another."

"Isn't it all there—the ice and the snow? And didn't I show you the three woodchuck holes?"

"Dade an' you did. It's worth comin' to see any day."

They each broke off a big piece of the North Pole to show to Professor Hackleman. That is, they all started for the lower end of the pasture lot, away below the cow, carrying as large a fragment of ice to each boy as he thought he could get home with. Every piece had to be broken smaller before they reached the bars, however, and by the time they got home they all knew that if the North Pole is to stay frozen, it must be left where it is, especially in May, for their share of it had melted.

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

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

CHAPTER III.

There was about five minutes of quiet, only broken by the scratch of pens, and then Mr. Gorham went round and collected the papers.

Susie's face was very bright. Florence saw it, and bent her own still lower, saying, inwardly: "No wonder she's happy, knowing that she'll have every vote except the one she has written for me. If uncle could only understand how hard it is for me to make friends, and how—"

But all thoughts were interrupted by Mr. Gorham's rising from his seat. His face bore a surprised expression, and he looked again at his paper to assure himself no mistake had been made.

"Oh," groaned Florence, "he thinks it strange that out of the *forty*, I should have only *one*! If uncle wouldn't keep nodding to me!" But there the Squire sat, gently hitting the floor with his cane, and looking one moment at Mr. Gorham, and the next at his niece, with a most-hopeful expression.

At length there was perfect silence in the room. The Squire had stopped tapping with his cane, and now held it firmly down with both hands on the heavy gold top, with his face turned toward the teacher's desk.

"I find," announced Mr. Gorham, "on counting the votes"—every ear was strained to catch the result—"that Miss Florence has twenty-eight, and Miss Susie twelve. Therefore Miss Florence will be our Queen." And he turned to the astounded girl with a cordial word of congratulation.

The Squire nodded more vigorously than ever, and pounded away in a regardless manner with his cane, but nobody heard it in the general uproar. Some were clapping their hands, others had flocked to Florence's seat, and were congratulating her. The young girl's face was radiant with delight, and Susie's quite as much so.

"You bear defeat bravely," said Mr. Gorham, in his kindest tone, to Susie. "The Squire is asking to see you." [Pg 476]

"Ah," said the Squire, as Susie came forward, "we can't all win, you know, my dear. I hope you don't bear Florence any ill-will?"

"Far from it," answered Susie, earnestly. "I wouldn't have it otherwise." And she sent a loving glance toward Florence, which was as quickly returned.

Squire Tracy motioned to Mr. Gorham, and they both stepped aside, and after a few moments of subdued conversation the latter came forward and rang the bell.

"Squire Tracy," said he, "has kindly offered his grounds for the May party, so our fête will be held at Maplewood instead of the grove."

At this announcement the buzzing was louder than ever.

"Fifty times better than those old picnic grounds, where we've been all our lives," said Josie.

"I've always been wild to get in Squire Tracy's grounds," put in Stella, longingly.

"Oh, they're grand," said Sadie. "They have four gardeners all the year round. I went once with papa when he was attending the Squire. That's the advantage, girls, of having one's father a doctor." And she threw back her head playfully.

"Or a minister," added Susie, "for I've been two or three times with papa."

Both speakers were immediately beset with questions regarding the beauty of the Squire's surroundings,



ELECTING THE MAY-QUEEN.

and nothing else was talked about all the way home.

"Well, I got my reward pretty soon," thought Susie, as she waved her school satchel to Baby, who was throwing kisses from the nursery window; "for I should enjoy a day at Squire Tracy's more than anything I can think of, and I shall never forget Florence's expression when Mr. Gorham announced the good news. I never felt so like crying, but I kept back the tears for fear Florence would think I was terribly disappointed."

And what were Florence's thoughts at the same moment?

"To think the girls really like me!" as she passed up the broad and softly carpeted staircase; "and Mr. Gorham, too, seemed so pleased! Oh, *how* I shall study now! And to think uncle really patted me on the head, and said, 'I'm delighted with you, my child!' That was the best of all. What *will* Bessie say when she hears it? I must begin a letter to her this very moment," and the happy girl hummed a lively air as she opened her portfolio. "There! I hope uncle didn't hear me." Then opening a letter: "I must read again just what he wrote to Aunt Rebecca, and keep it constantly in mind: 'If Florence comes to live with me, she must be studious and quiet, for I have lived so long alone that I can not bear the thought of a romping girl setting things topsy-turvy.' Well, I've been that to the very letter, 'studious and quiet,' but I feel to-day like opening the piano, and pounding away on it every college song Ray ever sang for us; but no, 'studious and quiet,' 'studious and quiet,'" and her pen ran noiselessly over the sheet before her as she wrote the following letter:

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I have time for a few words before dinner, and I never wrote you in so happy a frame of mind. You know I told you how all the girls disliked me, and that I didn't feel any more acquainted with them than I did the first day. Well, I made a mistake, for *twenty-eight* out of the *forty* voted for me to be Queen of the May. And my opponent was Susie Kingman, the one I wrote you all the girls were crazy over, and who reminded me of you more than any one I ever saw. It seems even now as though there must be some mistake; but no, I remember how cordial the girls were, and that they didn't seem particularly surprised when Mr. Gorham read the result. But, Bessie, the best thing of all was that *uncle was there!* When he came into the room, I trembled from head to foot, for I only expected one vote. Dear me! the tears are falling all over this, but they are joyful ones. Well, uncle was delighted, called me 'My child,' and talked to me about school in the kindest manner all the way home—talked more in that quarter of an hour than all the rest of the time I've been here. Bessie darling, this is what I've prayed for—that uncle would care for me if only a very little, for it is dreadful to be in the house with mamma's own brother and have him take no notice of me, except by giving me money and presents; but that 'My child' was worth them all. The bell is ringing for dinner. I haven't told you half how happy I am. Uncle has offered his grounds for the affair, which comes off the last day of school. Will wonders never cease? Your ever loving

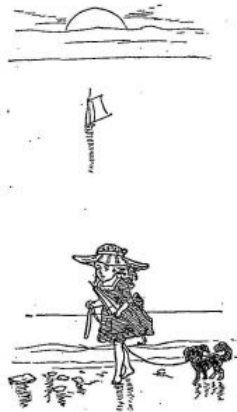
"FLO."

Ah! if Susie could have seen that tear-blotted letter that was kissed and cried over by the little absent sister, she might well have said, "I have my reward already."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

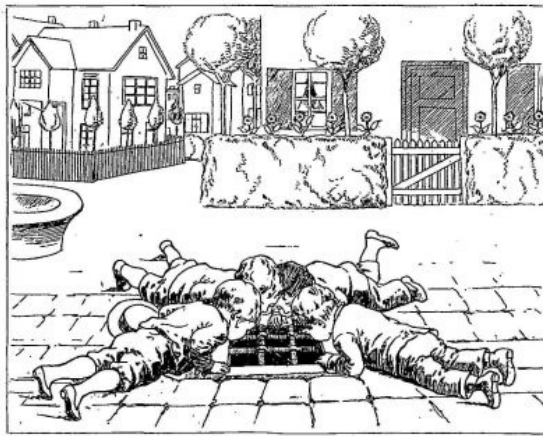
PINAFORE RHYMES.—(Continued.)

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As I walked on the beach at sunset
A ship sailed over the bay;
And a little girl with a poodle
Was on the sands at play;
But when I came back an hour later
They all had gone away.

My beautiful ball has gone down in the hole,
And lies there in the cellar amongst the coal;
We shall never be able to fish it out,
And the rats and the mice they will roll it about.



Little Annie,
Little Fannie,
Dance a charming minuet,
Make a cunning little set,
While their little sister plays,
And the dolls' admiring gaze.
They go tripping to and fro,
Till their blood is in a glow,
Turning round and round about,
That is lots of fun no doubt
Both for Annie
And for Fannie.



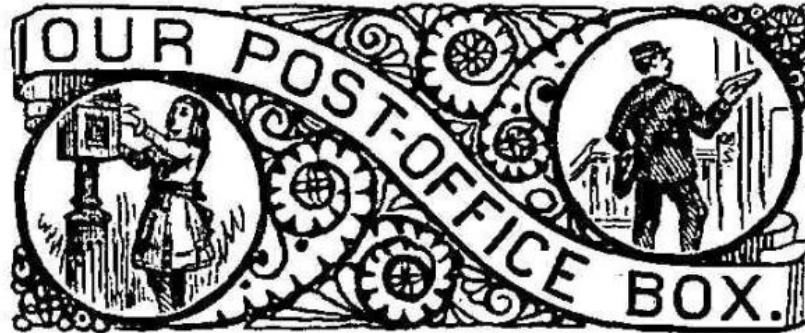
Why, what has my pretty one found—
An old shoe lying there on the ground?
And what does she think she will do
With such an old castaway shoe?

It is in such a terrible plight,

The cobbler would laugh at the sight.
To drop it's the best one can do
With such an old castaway shoe.



What is the matter with greedy Jim,
That he should blubber and roar?
Because he has eaten a peck of plums.
And can not eat any more.



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HELENA, ARKANSAS.

My uncle takes *YOUNG PEOPLE* for me, and I am very much interested in it.

Last summer mamma and I went to Grand Isle, in the Gulf of Mexico, where we had fine sailing, fishing, and plenty of shrimps, oysters, and crabs. We sailed over to the place where it is said that Lafitte, the pirate, used to keep his treasures. It is a beautiful spot, with groves of oranges, beautiful oleanders, and quantities of grapes and melons. I like the bathing, and I gathered beautiful shells and gulls' eggs. I like Louisiana better than Arkansas, because there we have sea-bathing, and lots of sugar-cane and oranges.

My brother is breaking a pony for me to ride, and I have another brother in Europe. He is a midshipman, and he sends me beautiful things, and writes to me about the pictures and palaces and ruins. His last letter was from Rome.

I am ten years old, and until this spring mamma taught me at home. Now I go to school, and my sister gives me music lessons, and mamma teaches me French.

OLIVE H. O.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old, and can not walk. I have been in bed for nine months with inflammatory rheumatism. A great many pleasures come to me, though, and one is *YOUNG PEOPLE*. Papa has bought us every number published; and through all my sickness I have read it, or had it read to me by mamma. I read all the letters carefully, with much interest, and sometimes I hear of a little boy or girl afflicted as I am. I assure you I know how to sympathize with them. Mamma is writing this for me, as I have very little use of my hands.

I have ten chickens. They are all named. A yellow one I call Coachie; she comes into my room every morning and lays an egg behind the coal-box. I can tell which hen lays every egg; then we write the name on the egg, and date it. Last week papa took an old rocking-chair and put wheels on it, and now every day I can be taken to the back door and see all my chickens fed. I enjoy it, after being in one room for so long. My papa used to be a doctor, and he says when I get stronger I will be able to walk again. I have two sisters older than I am, but no brothers.

A. MAUDE N.

WAKENBY, KANSAS.

I think I have the earliest chickens. We have twelve that were hatched on March 4. We call them our inaugural chickens.

My auntie, who lives near, has two beautiful tame antelopes. We have lots of fun playing with them.

We have been gathering wild flowers here ever since the middle of March, and to look out on the prairie now is just beautiful.

JENNIE MAY M.

WEST CHESTER, NEW YORK.

Now that summer is near, I thought that some of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to know a way to dry plants. The plants to be preserved should be gathered when the weather is dry. The end of the stem only should be placed in water for a single day. Then arrange the plant between several leaves of stout blotting-paper, and pass gently over it a large flat-iron, slightly heated, until the moisture is gone. This will fix the color of the plant. Succulent thick-leaved plants require more heat than others.

These preserved specimens should always be kept in a dry place, as dampness destroys them at once. They should be neatly mounted on a card, or on the leaves of a herbarium.

W. E. B.

MASON VALLEY, NEVADA.

I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* so much, and the little letters are so nice! I have not seen any from this place, and my sister says she does not believe they are real letters, but I think they are.

We live twenty-five miles from the Piute Indian Reservation at Walker Lake. There are a great many Indians here, and they work for the white people. I am nine years old.

ROSA BELLE B.

CLYDE, IOWA.

I felt so sorry for Phil, in the story of "Phil's Fairies," for I am a cripple too. I am not so bad as he was, because I can walk. I think he had a nice time when the fairies came to see him. I wish they would come to see me. Can anyone tell me how to make a harp like Phil's? My sister says it is called an Æolian harp.

CARRIE M. K.

Directions for making an Æolian harp were given on page 310 of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, Vol. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am going to tell *YOUNG PEOPLE* about our parrot. She acts as though she knew as much as any one. She will whistle, and call the dog, and will sing and cry, and call all the children by their names. One time we lived near a lady who had a little boy named Georgie. He used to run away a good deal, and his mother would go out and call him. In a little while Polly would call Georgie, and it sounded just as if the lady was calling. Polly plays out in the grass with us when we play tag, and enjoys it as well as we do. She will run after us, and halloo and scream. If any one happens to cough, Polly will cough and cough as if she had a bad cold.

When I went away last summer, mamma said that Polly went up stairs and all around, calling and looking for me, and when I got home she followed me everywhere, out to the gate, and even on to the sidewalk. Every morning when I come down stairs she says, "Halloo." She came from Australia, and is about twenty-five years old. She is green, and has yellow on the top of her head. If anything should happen to her, I should feel as bad as Toby Tyler did when Mr. Stubbs was killed.

K. L. H.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I think I am right in guessing that the pet of Iris and Myrtle Brockway is a piano.

We, too, have a pet in our house. It is often quite musical, and always a great joy. It is our new little sister Maggie.

NELLIE P. H.

STANSTEAD, CANADA.

I was seven years old in April, and mamma gave me the bound volume of *YOUNG PEOPLE* for my birthday present. I like "Toby Tyler" very much, but I think it was real mean to make Mr. Stubbs

die. I have named my new little kitty Toby. I live one hundred miles from Montreal. We make lots of maple sugar here.

CHARLIE W. H.

ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL, ILLINOIS.

I have had so many applications for my stamps that I know how to sympathize with Percy McDermott, I have received over sixty letters, and I only had stamps enough to exchange with eight or ten. I have increased my collection considerably by the exchange, but my stamps are exhausted now. Still the letters keep coming, but I beg correspondents not to write any more.

CLEM FLAGLER.

HAMPTON COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about our Newfoundland dog. Our aunt sent it to us from Columbia, 160 miles, by express. It is named Bruin, because it looks like a huge black bear. It is such a smart dog. When it hears a certain hymn sung, it comes in, lays its head on papa's shoulder, and howls. It won't howl for any other tune. One day mamma told the cook she wanted some eggs, and Bruin trotted off and brought one in its mouth from the nest without breaking it. It always brings us something, if only a pine burr, when we come home. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We live near the coast in South Carolina, and we go fishing in a river near us called Coosawhatchie. A great many places here have Indian names. I have one sister, and no brothers. I am nearly ten years old.

JAMES TILLINGHAST M.

MILKS CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I thought I would write and let YOUNG PEOPLE know that somebody is living away out here. We are only two miles from Fort Keogh, which is a very pretty post. There are lots of Indians camping around. They are Sioux and Cheyennes. They come to town every day, painted up in all colors, to sell their bows and arrows. There are about five thousand in all.

We have twenty-eight cows, and almost all of them have calves. Two of the calves are great pets. One is a little spotted fellow, and we named it Tulip. Then we have two buffaloes and seventy-five chickens.

FLORA C. B.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

I have only just received a number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE which should have come a month ago. I suppose it was detained by the great floods. Omaha was flooded by the Missouri River, and a great many people had to leave their homes, but the water did not reach as high as our house. Papa took me to the river when it was so very high. It looked grand to see the river five miles wide, and great logs floating down, looking like huge whales. The wharf-men caught many things that came floating down. One man caught a keg of eggs, another two tables, two bedsteads, and a cradle.

HELEN L. G.

REYNOLDSBURG, OHIO.

So many have written to me for postmarks that my supply is exhausted. Correspondents will please take notice.

WILLIE JOHNSON.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

I wish to inform correspondents that I have no more copper ore to exchange.

WILLIE H. BIRTWHISTLE.

I have changed my address. I will now exchange old United States stamps, for stamps from Africa, Liberia, or other foreign countries.

MAUDE H. BUCKNER,
1412 Madison Street, Covington, Ky.

I have a fine lot of brown and Dominique Leghorn fowls, a quantity of silver-laced pop-corn for planting (it is the best and most productive and most profitable variety in cultivation), a fine assortment of fresh vegetable and flower seeds; also strawberry plants of all new and leading varieties. I would like to exchange any of the above for a small printing-press and outfit, well-bound books, minerals, woods, or relics, or for choice and rare seeds or plants. Offers from correspondents solicited. Write what you wish to exchange before sending.

FRANK H. LATTIN, Gaines, Orleans Co., N. Y.

I wish to inform those who have written to me and have not received any answer that I have had a long fit of sickness, and could not write, but I will answer as soon as possible.

I also wish to inform those who have sent for arrow-heads and have not received them that my stock is exhausted. If they wish to exchange for any other curiosities with me, I would like it, but if not, I will return their property, if they will kindly write and tell me what they prefer.

P. A. BUTTS,
Bemus Point, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, NEW JERSEY.

I wish to notify correspondents that my stock of Danish stamps is exhausted.

C. H. JEWELL.

Mamie Morris, Oil City, Pennsylvania, wishes to notify correspondents that her supply of stamps being exhausted, she withdraws from exchange.

Having received several coins dated earlier than 1820, I withdraw that part of my exchange. I now offer fifteen foreign stamps for the little cent with the eagle, date 1856.

MORISON C. MANCHESTER,
40 Lawrence Street, Lowell, Mass.

I have received over a hundred stamps to exchange for Bahama stamps. As I had only a few Bahamas, I exchanged all I could, and returned the other stamps. Correspondents will please not send for any more Bahamas.

WILLIE S. CHILD,
Red Bank, N. J.

I will exchange postmarks for coins, or for foreign or old stamps. I will also exchange minerals for stalagmites, and a trilobite for a stalactite. I have only three trilobites, so I can not give every boy one.

EDDIE M. WEYER,
Portsmouth, Sciota Co., Ohio.

I will exchange a painting outfit, for a scroll-saw or a good printing-press; a piece of flint from Ohio, for the same from any other State; or Indian arrow-heads, for old cents, half-cents, or foreign coins.

FRANK RAWIE, Canton, Stark Co., Ohio.

Correspondents will please take notice that my stock of lead ore is exhausted. I will try and get some more this summer if they will wait.

I will exchange a collection of 252 stamps, for a printing-press.

NEWTON COMPTON,

Care of Rev. J. M. Compton, Rural Grove,
Montgomery Co., N. Y.

I wish to exchange a magic lantern, with twenty-two slides, all packed in a strong box, for a number of good books. Correspondents will please state how many and what books they are willing to give, stating title and name of author. I will accept the best offer. I am twelve years old.

JAMES BIDSWELL,
P. O. Box 183, Los Angeles, Cal.

I will give twenty-five specimens of minerals, twelve different-sized Indian arrow-heads, twenty-two different coins, with paper money, 300 postage stamps, a stuffed turtle, a shark's-egg case, and many other things suitable for a cabinet, to any person who will send me a good printing-press, with chase not less than 5 by 7½ inches, with type, etc. Please write before sending. Press must be in working order.

C. B. FERNALD,
1123 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

I will exchange my entire collection of stamps, and a stamp album brought from Dresden, Germany, for curiosities of any kind. My collection is a valuable one. It consists of stamps from nearly every country, including South Africa and South America. The United States stamps alone are worth three dollars. There are complete sets of War and Interior, and incomplete sets of Post-office and Agriculture. The whole collection contains 250 stamps and two foreign postal cards. Correspondents will please write on a postal card what they wish to exchange before sending.

C. E. P., Box 304,
Winona, Winona Co., Minn.

I will exchange a 1, 2, 3, 6, 10, 12, 15, 24, 30, and 90 cent War Department stamp, for a 1, 2, 6, 7, 10, 12, 15, and 24 cent Treasury Department. Also foreign stamps, for others, or for rare butterflies or bugs. Twelve foreign stamps, for one rare butterfly or one rare bug.

ELIJAH G. B.,
522 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

A few of the boys of this place have organized a club. We call it the American Mineral Exchange. Our club has been organized about three months. We have a paper called *The Young Naturalist*, which is published semi-monthly. We would like to correspond with any similar clubs among the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*; and we will exchange rare mineral specimens, shells from the South African coast, curiosities, and foreign postage stamps, for other minerals, curiosities, insects, or any kind of natural history specimens. Correspondents will please write and decide upon an exchange before sending specimens. Address

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AMERICAN MINERAL EXCHANGE,
P. O. Box 368, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

I have only received arrow-heads in answer to my exchange. I have plenty of stamps, which I will exchange for others. I have stamps from the Sandwich Islands, Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, New South Wales, and uncanceled Heligoland. I wish stamps from Liberia, China, Japan, Ceylon, Africa, South and Central America, and other countries. I will give eighteen different foreign stamps, for one perfect arrow-head.

FRED M. CROSSETT,
52 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

The following-exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Twenty postmarks or an old American copper coin, for every set of ten shells. Or a small cannon barrel six inches long, mounted on wheels, for a printing-press with chase not smaller than 3 by 4½ inches, apparatus, and type.

S. D. COOPER, care of W. S. Cooper,
Evans' Mills, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Monograms, autographs, stones from Madagascar, and postmarks, for curiosities of any kind, especially from foreign countries.

ALBERT E. DWELLE,
McPherson, McPherson Co., Kan.

Ocean shells and star-fish, for foreign stamps of any kind.

JAMES L. DUDLEY,
P. O. Box 116, Atlantic City, N. J.

A steam-engine, for a single-barrel shot-gun in good order. The engine was bought only six months ago, and cost over ten dollars. It has been very little used, and is almost as good as new. It has a horizontal boiler six inches long, safety-valve, and water-gauge. It works well.

H. D.,
P. O. Box 54, Orange Valley, N. J.

Quinine bark, for foreign stamps.

E. W. A. DE LIMA,
36 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

One hundred and ten stamps (all different) and a few duplicates, for a pair of roller skates. Also stamps and postmarks. Offers received for a scroll-saw.

EVERETT W. FRAZER,
P. O. Box 257, Orange, N. J.

A scroll-sawed easel, with three hand-painted shells to fit it, for thirty-five stamps of St. Thomas, Mexico, Mauritius, San Marino, Portuguese Indies, and Porto Rico.

PAUL L. FORD,
97 Clarke Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ten United States postmarks, for ten postmarks (no duplicates).

ANNIE T. JOHNSON,
319 University Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Foreign stamps, for curiosities. Fifty stamps (no duplicates), for a genuine Indian arrow-head.

GRACIE KEELLEN,
6 East Tenth Street, New York City.

Ten and twenty paras, and two-piaster Egyptian stamps, issue of 1879, stamps from Brazil, Mexico, and other countries, for equally good stamps or Indian arrow-heads.

Lock Box 42, Little Falls, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

Five United States stamps, for one foreign stamp. Sea-weed, for foreign stamps or petrifications.

WILLIAM MITCHELL,
67 Fulton Street, Elizabethport, N. J.

Sixteen different numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for No. 1 of the same if in good condition for binding. No. 1 is included in the sixteen, but is worn so badly at the fold that it can not be bound.

WILLIE F. WOOLARD, Fairfield, Wayne Co., Ill.

Danish, German, Austrian, French, and United States stamps, for others of different kinds.

C. Q. GILL,
1055 Wilson Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

A collection of 150 minerals (about 75 different specimens), for a good second-hand magic lantern. Correspondents will please send a description of lantern, and they will receive in return a list of minerals, with a description.

BEN C. GRAHAM,
203 West Goodale Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Foreign stamps, for old coins.

NEIL GARRISON,
Brookville, Jefferson Co., Penn.

Fifty postmarks, for a specimen of either gold, silver, copper, or iron ore, curiosities from the Mammoth Cave, or a piece of lava.

ELSIE M. SMITH,
P. O. Box 1101, Iowa City, Iowa.

Three foreign stamps, for an African, Asiatic, Turkish, South American, or United States department stamp.

W. E. M.,
16 North Carpenter Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Brazilian silk cocoon, or fossil or crystallized stone from Burlington, Iowa, for a perfect No. 8 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

IVIE D. MILLER,
P. O. Box 272, Oak Park, Ill.

Seven postmarks, for a stamp from Asia or Africa. Twelve postmarks, for a Cape of Good Hope stamp.

W. WILLARD,
2034 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

American silk-worm eggs, for Indian relics or good fossils. An Indian hoe or stone hatchet especially desired. Those wishing to exchange will please send as soon as possible, and state how many eggs they wish.

FLETCHER M. NOE,
130 East New York Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Twenty-five foreign stamps (no duplicates), or old issues United States stamps, for ten department stamps.

THOMAS NELSON,
1419 Taylor Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A New Testament in Italian (printed in 1808), in perfect condition. Correspondents will please make offers for exchange.

NEMO,
P. O. Box 460, New York City.

Postmarks from nearly every part of the United States, also a variety of Internal Revenue stamps, for curiosities.

ONY PURDY,
205 Prince Street, New York City.

A Queensland, Hungarian, and South Australian stamp, for a Shanghai stamp.

E. PARCELLS,
162 South Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Soil from the District of Columbia, for toy cannons or Indian relics.

EDDIE J. PRINDLE,
Lock Box 73, Washington, D. C.

An Indian arrow-head, for a South American coin. A full set of Department of Interior stamps and fifteen foreign stamps, for a flying-eagle penny of 1856.

PRESSLY PATTERSON,
Cambridge, Guernsey Co., Ohio.

Birch bark from Michigan, for Indian arrow-heads, or foreign stamps.

GEORGE RUSSELL,
P. O. Box 116, Lockland, Ohio.

A stamp from Egypt, Finland, Russia, Roumania, Denmark, or Spain, for a stamp from Liberia, Central or South America, or United States State, Justice, or Agricultural Department. A stamp for a stamp.

B. A. RANDALL,
529 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Ten foreign postage stamps (no duplicates), for a coin dated prior to 1830.

WILLIAM KRUMMEL,
167 Loth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. A.—Zaleucus, about whose law or code you inquire, flourished in Magna Græcia about the middle of the seventh century B.C. He was a very celebrated lawgiver, and his code is believed to be the first collection of written laws which the Greeks possessed. Nothing is known concerning his private life or of his legislation except through very loose and uncertain tradition, but from this it would appear that his laws must have been more stringent than the famous "blue" laws of the Puritans. Journeys to foreign countries were strictly forbidden, as was also the use of unmixed wine. There was also a very hard condition imposed on any one who wanted to propose a new law, or to change or abolish an old one. According to tradition, such a person was compelled to make his proposal in the presence of an assembly called for the purpose of hearing him, and he stood there with a rope around his neck. If the assembly disapproved of his proposition, he was strangled on the spot. In this way Zaleucus, who probably thought that his code was perfect, no doubt believed that he could secure the permanence of his laws.

EDWARD H. P., AND OTHERS.—An advertisement of roller skates was printed on the last page of the cover to YOUNG PEOPLE No. 79, which will tell you where to address orders or send for catalogues. Roller skates can be used with safety on smooth pavements only; and children who use them on crowded streets must be very careful about running against people, especially in turning corners, in order to avoid accidents.

WALTER B. H.—Letters to the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are always welcome, and the privilege of sending them is not confined to subscribers to the paper.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. Minon, J. Reagan, C. Mullen, J. Foran, C. Gill, R. Smith, D. Nolan and Riley, Marcella Street Home, T. M. Armstrong, E. V. H. A., *Addie* and *Arthur*, Jemima Berston, *Ray B.*, Jessie B. Brown, Jacob Bonds, Courtney Chambers, A. E. Cressingham, G. W. C., Jun., and G. W. C., Sen., George F. C., Columbus, Georgia, E. A. Cartereau, "Cupid," Laura L. Deletombe, Ellis Engleman, "Fish-Hawk," Henry Gottlieb, F. W. Gauss, Herbert G. Hopkins, R. Hedges, Alice C. Hammond, William B. Hadley, Walter P. Hills, "*Lady Betty*," "*Lodestar*," W. A. Lewis, Bessie and Edith Nesbitt, "*Pepper*," Grace Palmer, "Quadrant," J. H. Rodgers, G. P. Salters, Alma T. Stacey, "Tel E. Graph," Mabel Thompson, *Howard J. Van Doren*, Claude Villier, Vesta and Annie, "Will A. Mette," L. and M. Williams, J. F. Wright, Willie F. Woolard.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO HALF-SQUARES.

1. A species of grain. A characteristic of the tropics. To corrode. A preposition. In tray.
2. An animal. A metal. What every boy is. A preposition. In nail.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 2.

GEOGRAPHICAL WINE-GLASS.

A river in South America. A city in Egypt. A river in Italy. A group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean. A river in Austria. A city in Germany. A letter. A river in Switzerland. A peninsula in Asia. Centrals.—The name of a noted strait.

LADY BETTY.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

First in coffee, not in tea.
Second in arm, but not in knee.
Third in city, not in town.
Fourth in coat, but not in gown.
Fifth in kettle, not in pot.
Sixth in house, but not in lot.
Seventh in different, not in same.
My whole a well-known out-door game.

G. P. S.

No. 4.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—(*To Owlet*).

A verse from a celebrated poem by an American poet:

I-t-e-o-l-'s-r-a-f-e-d-f-a-t-e,
I-t-e-i-o-a-o-l-f-,
B-n-t-i-e-u-b-r-v-n-a-t-e:
B-a-e-o-n-h-s-r-f-.

QUADRANT.

No. 5.

EASY NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 14 letters, and am an institution of learning.
My 8, 2, 3, 4, 12 is to cut.
My 1, 5, 6, 14 is a small animal.
My 8, 9, 10, 7 is never warm.
My 11, 5, 13 is to loiter.

FRANK T. H.

2. I am composed of 10 letters, and am the product of trees.
My 10, 5, 9, 4 is a Spanish coin.
My 8, 7, 1 is the product of certain trees.
My 6, 2, 3 is what my whole is made from.

PEPPER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 79.

No. 1.

Peacock.

No. 2.

1. Bookworm. 2. Conflagration.

No. 3.

BALE FRED
ARAL RATE
LAMB ETNA
ELBE DEAR

PALM HUGH
AWAY UGLY
LAST GLUM
MYTH HYMN

No. 4.

Dynamite.

No. 5.

1. April showers bring May flowers. 2. Mr. Stubbs.

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[Pg 480]

These jolly young people are Hessian,
Who say, "Let us have a procession;
And if 'Dress makes the man,'
Let us do what we can
To make a most pleasing impression."

THROWING A LIGHT.

BY E. M.

I am little, but powerful for both good and evil; in fact, I am one of the moving powers of the earth. Thousands of me can be contained in a small space, but I alone, of all my race, was famous and deserving of remembrance in history. I need a great deal of space to make even one of me; and as for history remembering me, I fulfill my purpose; my boundaries are torn down, no one would know I had ever existed, and indeed I am no loss. I can be replaced at the cost of a cent, some of me are worth many dollars, yet I require the outlay of time and strength rather than money. I was unique, a man both feared and loved, credited with being a trifle thrifty, yet one who did noble work, and my name is known wherever the English language is spoken. My master could not force me to comply with his wishes. I am nothing but dull earth, metal, or part of a bird; have no wishes, thoughts, or desires; yet a child or an invalid even can through means of me exert tremendous power.

I make or mar men's lives; I can't make or mar anything; I am only used as a sort of store-house; my precepts have weight to this day. I can be made to express anything—precepts worth remembering, and sayings that should never have had utterance. I am square or long, broad or narrow, pointed or dull; the bigger I am, the better; the smaller I am, the finer. I was of medium size, and used myself a great deal. I could not possibly use myself; am only a means, not an instrument; am neither means nor instrument—only exist. I died, and was regretted; yet can not die, not being animate. I was generally praised, though a late brilliant historian made very savage remarks about me; yet but for me that same brilliant historian would not have been. He probably never saw any of me in his life, yet I was his constant companion. Yellow, white, bronze, made of gold, silver, metal, and earth, yet I was, after all, a famous man, and the world's benefactor.

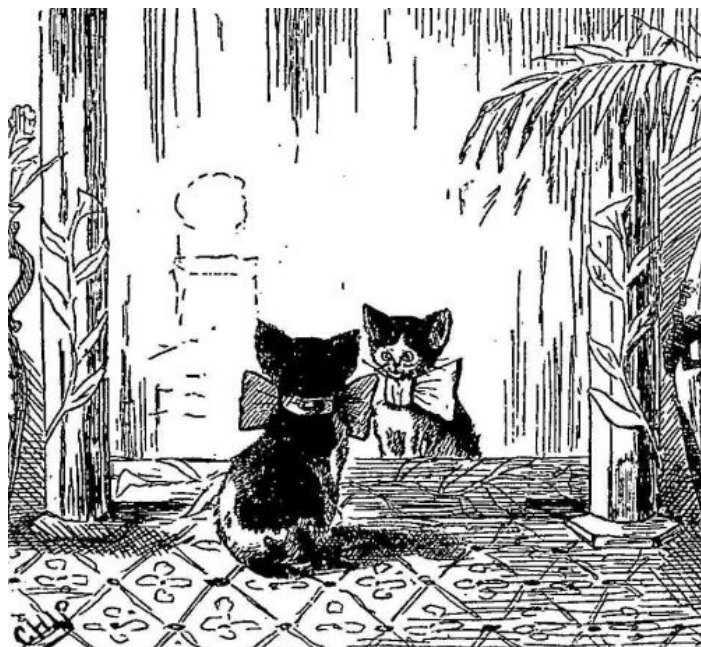
The Barrel Trap.—This most ingenious device possesses great advantages in its capabilities of securing an almost unlimited number of rats in quick succession. It also takes care of itself, requires no re-baiting or setting after once put in working order, and is sure death to its prisoners. A water-tight barrel is the first thing required. Into this pour water to the depth of a foot. Next dampen a piece of very thick paper, and stretch it over the top of the barrel, tying it securely below the upper hoops. When the paper dries, it will become thoroughly flat and tightened. Its surface should then be strewn with bits of cheese, etc., and the barrel so placed that the rats may jump upon it from some neighboring surface. As soon as the bait is gone, a fresh supply should be spread on the paper, and the same operation repeated for several days, until the rats get accustomed to visit the place for their regular rations fearlessly and without suspicion. The bait should again be spread as before, and a few pieces of the cheese should be attached to the paper with gum. It is a good plan to smear parts of the paper with gum-arabic, sprinkling the bait upon it. When dry, cut a cross in the middle of the paper, and leave the barrel to take care of itself and the rats. The first one comes along, spies the tempting morsels, and with his accustomed confidence jumps upon the paper. He suddenly finds himself in the water at the bottom of the barrel, and the paper above has closed, and is ready to practice its deception on the next comer. There is not long to wait. A second victim soon tumbles in to keep company with the first. A third and a fourth soon follow, and a dozen or more are sometimes thus entrapped in a very short space of time. It is a most excellent and simple trap. By some it is considered an improvement to place in the bottom of the barrel a large stone, which shall project above the water sufficiently to offer a foot-hold for one rat. The first victim, of course, takes possession of this retreat, and on the precipitate arrival of the second, a contest ensues for its occupancy. The hubbub which follows is said to attract all the rats in the neighborhood to the spot, and many are thus captured.

CHARADE.

My first is as bad as my second,
My second's as bad as can be;
My whole is the most famous sailor
That ever sailed over the sea.



When Johnnie's father asked him how he liked the new horse, he replied. "Oh, papa, he's real tame in front, but awful wild behind!" (He didn't see the boys behind the fence.)



VANITY.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] *We shall use the familiar Latin names, giving the Greek forms in parenthesis when they first occur.*

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, MAY 24, 1881 ***

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