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Title: Harper's Young People, May 31, 1881

Author: Various

Release date: December 17, 2014 [EBook #47684]

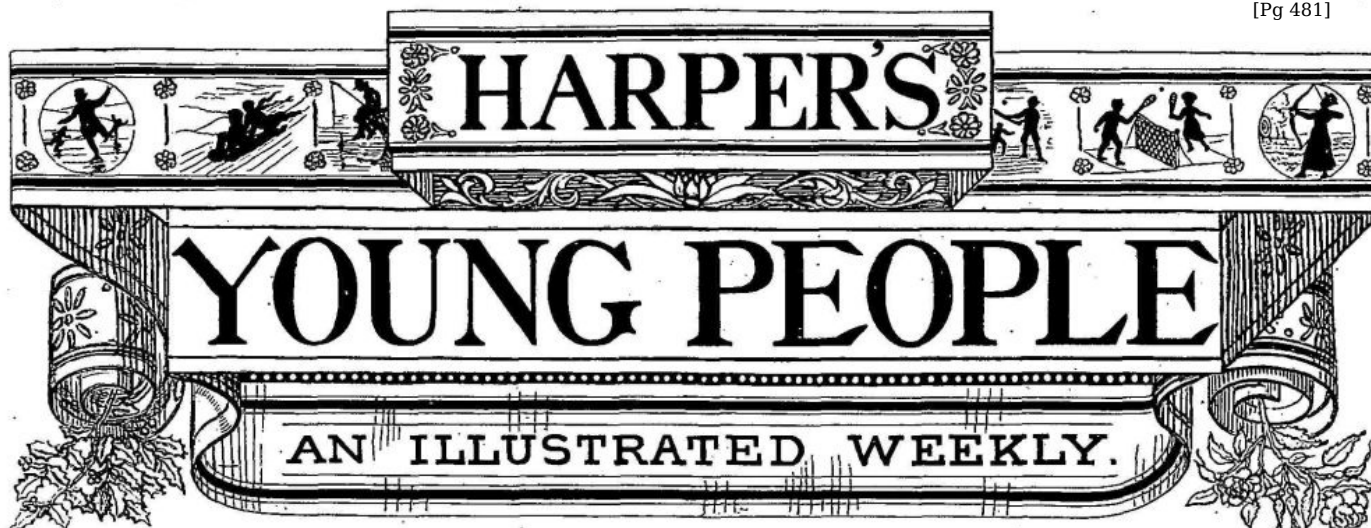
Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, MAY 31, 1881 ***

[TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.](#)
[THE WEASEL.](#)
[THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."](#)
[HISTORICAL TREES OF THE UNITED STATES.](#)
[AN AFRICAN SLIPPER-MAKER.](#)
[ONLY A BIRD.](#)
[A SUMMER SHOWER.](#)
[SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.](#)
[A FABLE FOR SMART LITTLE BOYS.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)
[THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF CROQUET.](#)

[Pg 481]



VOL. II.—No. 83.
Tuesday, May 31, 1881.

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



PHIL AND HARDWICK.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

BY M. E. W. S.

Old Slack Limestone had sat on the steps of the tavern in Dicksonville, and chewed tobacco and told stories until he had acquired the highest perfection in the doing of each. Neither of these roads to fortune is to be commended to youth; but as a proof that excellence is to be achieved by constant practice, Slack Limestone's example became a good one.

[Pg 482]

Now and then he would condescend to be useful for a few days. He had a specialty which was invaluable—he was good at laying turf. Perhaps anything that was destined to keep still for a number of years attracted Slack Limestone. That was what *he* would like to do. So when our lawn-tennis ground was being made, Slack agreed to leave the village door-steps to cool for a few days while he turfed the graded ground.

Horatio said that he was going to get Slack to tell him the story of little hunchbacked Philip while the turfing was going on, and we all sat round under the trees and listened. Slack spoke the purest Yankee. It was like the French of the Academy, the pure Tuscan of Florence; it was a language by itself.

"Wa'al," said Slack, pushing back the fringed edge of a lattice-work that had once been a straw hat (Slack had better hats, for he was not poor, but when he relapsed into usefulness he always put on this hat, as a soldier does his helmet when going into action; it was a token to him of the demoralizing influence of labor) —"wa'al, hunchbacked Phil's back's considerably straighter to me than most folks' backs, I tell you. When I comes to rekillect how an' where he got that 'ere back, it looks to me like a plumb-line. He's what I call real grit, anyhow."

"It was some act of bravery in the war, I believe," said Horatio, adroitly pretending to lay a piece of turf straight with his foot.

"No, it warn't," said Slack; "you're jest about as much out of your perpendicler there as that 'ere piece of green swad is out of line. I always calkilates to lay my green swad by water-level, and not to kick it 'round with my boot."

"Oh!" said Horatio, retiring gracefully, "I remember: it was at sea."

"Wa'al, naow, I guess you're pretty well mistaken, tu; 'twarn't neither. Philip he got that 'ere broken back up to Milliken's Mill a-doin' an act of duty, such as none of them lazy fellows that went from here to the war and got paid for layin' 'round and eatin' and kinder handlin' a muskit never did."

"Don't abuse the soldiers, Slack," said Horatio, taking off his hat. "Remember whose grave you turfed up in the cemetery."

"Scuse me, sir," said Slack, rising and touching the lattice-work; "I ain't forgot Mr. Max, sir. Didn't I take him fishin', didn't I teach him to shoot? But there's soldiers *and* soldiers, and if Mr. Max, your brother, sir, went off to the war because he was a gentleman, there was some as went off because they hedn't no call to stay to hum, and they jest went to git the money. Naow poor little Phil he was too young to go to the war, but I tell you he fit a battle up there to his mill that was a good 'un."

Slack dallied with his "water-level" and his "green swad" for some seconds; like the adroit story-teller that he was, he did not disdain the art of delay.

"The machinery got too much for him, I suppose?" said Horatio, looking at the turf with one eye shut, as if he doubted the water-level.

"Wa'al, there I guess you're as much out of kilter as you were before, naow, for Phil he tended to that 'ere mill before he was seven years old. I remember him, the little shaver, as straight as a popple-tree; no hunch

on to him then, naow, you better believe!"

"A child of seven tending that great wheel over that tremendous water-power?" said Horatio.

Slack never answered a question except by asking another, unless his emotions were aroused. He had, like most men of his queer class, a fund of good feeling behind his humor which sometimes betrayed him; but he preferred to be considered contrary and cross-grained.

"Don't you know nothin' about a saw-mill?" said he, cocking up a little gray eye at Horatio, with an enormous contempt hidden behind his pent-house eyebrow.

"Yes; I suppose I know that the water furnishes the power, and that the man shoves in the log," said Horatio, modestly.

"Wa'al, 'tain't that egzactly," said Slack, stamping down a piece of turf. "S'pose I couldn't make you understand ef you don't know nothin' about saw-mills." So, with a deep sigh at the gulf of ignorance that opened before him, he abandoned the idea of instruction, and plunged into his story.

"Ye see, Tim Thompson, Phil's father, he married Seth Jaquith's daughter down to Hardscrabble. She warn't a rugged woman, neither; pritty good-lookin', though, an' real lady in her manners. She kep' the deestric school three winters, and I guess she hed some edication. Wa'al, Tim he was ambitious, an' he hed a tannery, and a saw-mill, an' a quarry for grave-stuns, and he hed I guess six or seven more irons in the fire; an' sometimes he was rich, and then agen guess he was pritty poor; an' his wife (Alice they called her) she was sick considerable spell, and this 'ere boy Phil was all the children they hed; but they lived up there to the saw-mill, and hed solid comfort when things were a-goin' right. Wa'al, Phil he was awful smart at learnin', so they sent him to the 'cademy winters, and let him tend mill in summer with the feller that helped Tim. What was his name? Wa'al, I forgit names. Jest naow I am a-gittin' old; we're all a-gittin' old all the time. An' Tim he used to tell us, there to the tavern, how smart his little shaver was. Spell! why, he could spell like a team o' horses before he could walk 'most; an' grammar and jography I guess didn't fetch him neither.

"But there was a man named Hardwick up to the 'cademy, an' he was a whacker. The boys called him Hardwhack, and I guess that kinder described him. Seems though he tuk a great dislike to Phil, cos he outspelled and outrecited everybody. He give him some terrible lickings, and I tell you didn't Alice Thompson riz right out of a sick-bed, and go down to the 'cademy, and give it to Hardwhack jest, you bet, before the hull school, for licking them boys, and she tuk Phil away. Sez she, 'Mr. Hardwick, I have been a teacher, an' I know that cruelty is not necessary. I see amongst your pupils some of my former scholars, and although they were big boys when they attended my school, I never hed any difficulty with them. Is not that so, boys?' An', by George! if them boys didn't git up and give her three cheers. And Hardwick he turned as white as a turnip, and sez he, 'Miss Thompson,' sez he, 'you're severe; your son deserved chastisement.'

"Sez she, 'No words, Mr. Hardwick. I hope my son *will return good for evil.*'

"Wa'al, after that Hardwick he hedn't no show at all; the hull village riz agen him, and he was turned out; and next we heard of him he hed been a-sittin' of his own four-year-old onto a hot stove, and he licked his wife, and he was as cruel as a meat-axe, and they tarred and feathered him, and rid him on a rail out of town.

"That was the year old Stewart was murdered down to Crooked Forks, and the last man it was seen with him was Hardwick.

"Wa'al, the hull county turned out to find Hardwick, and he jest warn't to be found. Put yer finger onto a flea, and 'tain't there.

"Sez I to the Sheriff, sez I, 'Hardwick didn't do that murder; he hain't the courage. Takes a bigger-sized man,' sez I, 'to commit a murder than a man as whops boys and burns up children. He's a white-livered coward, sez I.'

"'Oh, yes, he did, Slack,' sez he. 'Circumstantial evidence,' sez he.

"Wa'al, naow here's where the story comes in," said Slack, laying down the water-level, and rising to the occasion. "Philip he got to be a good-sized lump of a boy, and he tended saw-mill fust rate. Timothy Thompson he hed to go off up to the quarry, and some days Phil was there all alone, and Alice she used to come out and sit in the sun. She was dreadful weakly all that year, but she and Phil hed solid comfort together. Wa'al, she'd jest gone in to get him a meal o' vittles one day, when there came out o' the woods the awfulest-looking man ye ever see. Why, this hat o' mine is a John Jacob Astor fust-class satin beaver compared to what he hed on, and he was all beard and whiskers, and dirt and rags. Oh, he looked awful.

"Sez he, 'Philip, save me!' And who was it but that Hardwhack, that hed licked him 'most to death!

"'Philip,' sez he, crouching jest like a hound, 'I hain't treated you well,' sez he, 'but as God is my witness, I didn't commit the murder. Hide me in the cock-loft of this 'ere mill till persecution's passed, and I tell you I'll be a better man.'

"Phil he give a great gulp, and jest then he heard his mother a-singing as she was gettin' his dinner. It seemed as though he couldn't help to save that mean lick-spittle that was a-kneelin' there, but Alice she kept on singing, and both on 'em heard her.

"'Don't tell her! Don't tell her!' sez Hardwick, a-tremblin' all over. Phil he thought a minnit, and then he made room for him to pass.

"'Climb up the ladder there, master,' sez he, 'and put a lot o' sawdust over ye. I'll go in and get ye something to eat.' Hardwick he climbed up behind the wheel mighty quick. So Phil he fixes the gearing, and goes in to dinner. I guess he looked pritty red, and the poor boy was a-cryin'.

"Sez Alice, 'Why, what's the matter, dear?'

"Sez he, 'Mother, don't you ask no questions. You can trust me, can't you?'

"'Yes, my boy,' sez Alice, as proud as could be.

"'Then give me a plate of dinner to carry to the mill, and ef I appear queer any time, you jest know that the time has come for paying good for evil.'

"Alice she looked at him a minnit, and then she cried too. She warn't one of the crying kind, but when she

did go it, I tell you them sluiceways warn't nothing to her, and so she kissed him, and give him the dinner. These two didn't need to talk; feelin's crept right out of their elbows towards one another. Somehow, I guess, they understood each other.

"'Twarn't an hour before the Sheriff and his posse they arrived to the mill. There Alice was a-sittin', sewin' as if butter would melt in her mouth, and Phil he was a-sawin' logs fit to kill.

"Sez the Sheriff, 'Miss Thompson,' sez he, 'hev you seen the murderer Hardwick? He was seen half a mile back a-comin' this way.'

"'I hev not,' sez she. Wa'al, that was true; she hedn't seen nor heard him.

"'It is your duty if you know anything of his whereabouts to communicate that knowledge to me,' sez he. He was old Jimmy Grey, the Sheriff, and he talked big.

"'I hev no love for Mr. Hardwick,' said Alice, simply. 'He whipped that boy of mine almost to death. It is not probable that I should hide him.'

"That's true,' sez Sheriff Grey. 'But he's a-hidin' somewheres about,' sez he.

"'If I see him, I'll let you know,' sez Alice, standin' up, and looking at the Sheriff as stiff as a double holly-hock.

"Wa'al, all there is about it is, the Sheriff's folks came a-watchin' that mill all day, and that boy and his mother they sat and defended the skulkin' dog in the cock-loft—a-sawin' and a-sewin'—and that day's work broke Phil's back. He was a-growin' boy, and it jest killed him. When night came, and Hardwick got away, Phil he fainted right down, like a mowed mullein stalk.

"But the next day sez he, 'Mother, I'm a-goin' in to the Sheriff to tell what I done. It warn't right of us to interfere with the law, even if we did want to do good for evil.'

"And sez she, 'Phil, I guess you're right, and I'll go too.'

"I tell you there was a stir to Dicksonville when them two told their story, and they clapped Phil right into jail. It was a cold, gloomy place—jails ain't comfortable, particler in the fall when the courts puts folks in, generally after the harvest's done. Naow there was Sol Sullivan that murdered his wife; they knew it in August, but Sol warn't arrested till October, cos they wanted him to help on his father's farm gettin' in the wheat and corn and potatoes, and when they asked Sol why he done it, he said 'he didn't want to winter her.' Farmin' folks think o' these things. Wa'al, I guess that cold Phil took there didn't help his back none, for he was awful sick afterwards.

"Tim Thompson and his wife they druv home considerably worked. Tim he'd been awful mad at his wife for gittin' Phil into this scrape, or a-helping it along, but she sat kinder quiet, and, sez she, 'Tim, you'll see I did right. These men would hev torn Hardwick limb from limb if they'd ha' caught him then.' 'Wa'al,' sez Tim, 'I shouldn't ha' minded if they hed. I don't want Phil to sleep in that damp jail to-night nohow.'

"Now here's the interestin' point of this 'ere story. Crazy Nichols was the murderer after all, and they found that out three days afterwards, and they let Phil out of jail in a burnin' fever, and old Dr. Twitchell he took him up home in his own carriage, and then the Sheriff, he said, and Lawyer Edwards, he said, and Lawyer Chamberlain, he said, sez he, 'Tim, your son has served the ends of justice,' sez he, 'for if we hedn't had time to think, we should hev hanged Hardwick on circumstantial evidence. We never should hev thought of crazy Nichols.'

"Wa'al, Tim Thompson he never got over it for years. He said he didn't want his son ruined for nothing; but somehow Phil ain't ruined; he an' his mother they kinder suffered along together there for a spell of years, and then Phil got so as he could do some copyin', and Lawyer Edwards he took him in, and he kinder studied law, and now he's a forehanded man.

"I was up a-turfin' Miss Thompson's grave for him last year come fall, and he said he was a-goin' to put up a monument. Wa'al, I guess it's most done. I was in to Calhoun's a-lookin' at it, and I see the letterin'. I don't egzactly rekillect what it was, all of it; somethin' about 'Alice, beloved wife of Timothy Thompson,' but I knowed that he said down to the foot that she hed two kinds of courage, and I guess she hed, and *I knew* that hump-backed Phil has hed courage, several kinds of 'em, and so he looks all right to me," said Slack.

THE WEASEL.

The weasel is one of the prettiest and most graceful little creatures that can be imagined. It lives in all cool countries, and makes its home in hollow trees, in stone heaps, or in any convenient hole where it can find shelter. It is no larger than a good-sized rat, but has longer legs. It has a long, lithe, slender body, long neck, and dainty little head, with small round ears and bright eyes. It is covered with smooth, sleek hair, of a brown color on its back, and white below. It has long whiskers on its nose, and a very short tail. Its weapons are its strong claws and sharp teeth, which it knows how to use so well that many larger animals live in constant terror of this bold and wicked little marauder. The weasel itself has very few enemies. Even the powerful birds of prey, which are ever on the alert for rabbits and other small game, rarely swoop down on the weasel, for although they can easily carry it away in their strong talons, it often proves very troublesome booty. A hunter once noticed a large hawk, high in the air, which was flapping its wings violently, and apparently in great trouble. Suddenly it darted, and fell to the earth almost at the hunter's feet, where it lay gasping and dying, while a tiny weasel sprang from the heap of feathers, and scampered away to hide itself in the stone wall near by. On examining the bird, the hunter found that its throat was torn to pieces by the weasel's sharp teeth. The little creature, although unable to escape from the powerful grip of the hawk, had twisted itself until it could reach its enemy's throat, when it easily inflicted a deadly wound.

The defenseless hares and rabbits are bitterly persecuted by the weasel, which springs upon them, and with wonderful instinct knows exactly where to fasten its sharp teeth. The unfortunate hare may scamper away as fast as it can, but its enemy clings to its neck, and the poor little animal must soon fall, faint and dying, from loss of blood. The tragedy pictured in our engraving is acted over and over again by these two pretty inhabitants of woodland thickets, and the rabbit is always forced to yield to its little enemy.

Rats and mice, squirrels, moles, frogs, and birds of all kinds are hunted by the weasel, and it may often be seen twisting itself in and out of stone heaps or walls in the vicinity of barn-yards, where it watches for chickens, doves, and other domestic fowls.

If taken very young, weasels may be tamed, and a whole army of cats will not free a house so quickly of rats and mice as will one little weasel. Pussy must sit patiently by the rat's hole and wait until the mischievous beast ventures forth; but where a rat can go, the weasel can follow. Weasels and ferrets are often kept on board of ships, and are petted by the sailors, for a ship with a weasel as passenger is always free from rats.

There are many pretty stories told of tame weasels, and of the affection they manifest toward those who care for them. A lady who received a present of a very small and very young weasel fed it with milk, which it drank from her hand. The little creature became so attached to its mistress that whenever she called it, it would instantly appear from whatever corner in which it was curled up, and would climb all over her like a squirrel. It never bit her, and would play with her cat and dog, often riding round on their backs; but it never injured them. Its curiosity afforded its mistress much amusement. If she opened a box or trunk, Master Weasel would raise himself on his hind-legs and make every effort to peep inside.

This little creature is much hunted by man, and large numbers are caught in traps, it being a general impression that they do more harm than good; but although a weasel may now and then carry off a chicken from the farm-yard, it does much good by freeing barns and corn fields of mice and other small destructive animals.



THE WEASEL AND HIS VICTIM.

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

[Pg 485]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"How do all the boats that go through the inlet manage, I wonder?" asked Tom. "They can't all get as wet as we did, and we saw that the boat that went through just ahead of us didn't take in any water."

"That was just her luck," Charley answered. "We followed right after her, and happened to catch it pretty heavy."

"But I don't believe it's always so rough at the inlet. If it is, nine boats out of ten would get full of water."

"I'll tell you how they manage it," exclaimed Charley. "They wait till the tide is just right, and that's what we ought to have done. Don't you see there is a swell coming in from the ocean, and it meets the tide going, out? Now if the tide was coming in, or if it was slack water, the inlet would be smooth enough. Boys, I made a mistake in starting before the tide changed, and, come to think of it, I've been awfully stupid about this whole business. If we had waited two or three hours, we could have gone through the inlet without the least trouble; that is, if the wind hadn't changed."

"It's going to change before long," remarked Harry. "The breeze is dying away now, and in a little while we'll have a dead calm."

They were now entering the narrow channel leading to Hempstead Bay. A few years ago a heavy winter storm threw up a low island of sand just outside of the beach at Far Rockaway. The channel between this island and the beach communicated with Hempstead Bay, and although the island injured the business of the bathing-house proprietors, it saved the Hempstead fishermen the risk of passing out to sea through the regular inlets.

As the wind died out it grew uncomfortably hot; and as the *Ghost* had passed beyond the houses at Far Rockaway, the boys took in sail, anchored, and had a splendid bath. After the bath they were, of course, ravenously hungry, and so proceeded to get dinner. By this time the breeze had completely vanished, and the *Ghost* was lying motionless on the glassy waters. Suddenly the low growling of thunder was heard. The clouds had come up from the west without attracting the notice of the boys, and they now saw that a thunder-shower would soon reach them.

"We're going to get wet again," said Joe, gloomily. "I think I'll quit wearing clothes altogether, so that I can manage to have something dry to put on."

"What's the use of getting wet?" said Harry. "We can rig up our canvas cabin, and we won't get a drop of rain on us."

"If we're going to do that, we must be quick about it, for it's going to rain in a very few minutes," said Charley. "I guess it's the best thing we can do, though this isn't the best anchorage in the world. Come, Joe, you and I will roll up the sails, while the other fellows rig up the canvas. We've got to make things pretty snug, for it may blow hard."

The sails were quickly furled, and Tom and Harry had the canvas cabin ready just as the first drops of rain began to fall. The boys crept under the canvas, congratulating themselves that they had a secure shelter, and that they had noticed the approach of the shower in time to prepare for it.

The wind blew very hard, and the *Ghost* began to pitch uneasily.

"It's a good job we've got such a lot of cable," said Charley. "When I saw that the *Ghost* had fifty feet of inch rope coiled up on her deck, I couldn't help laughing, and wondering if Harry expected to anchor in fifty feet of water; but, after all, a long cable is a handy thing to have, and we needn't have the least fear that we shall drag our anchor or part our cable."

"This canvas cabin works splendidly," remarked Harry. "Tom, you deserve all our thanks for inventing it. Why, it's fairly dry on the inside." So saying, Harry put the palm of his hand against the canvas over his head, and rubbed it to see if it was wet.

"Now you've done it," cried Tom. "Don't you know how a tent will leak if you touch it when it is wet? You'll have a stream of water running in here presently."

Tom was right. In a few minutes the water began to drip steadily on the unfortunate Harry, who was forced to sit with a tin pail in his lap to catch the stream that he had introduced into the cabin.

The rain was now pouring down in a perfect cataract, and the gusts of wind were trying their best to tear the canvas away. Tom felt a strong desire to look out and see how things were getting on. Accordingly, without saying anything to anybody, he quietly unfastened the opening in the after-end of the cabin, and put his head out into the rain. No sooner did the wind find an entrance into the cabin through the opening Tom had made than the canvas gave a tremendous flap, which broke the cords that held it in place; and had not Harry caught hold of it, and dragged it inside the cockpit; it would have been overboard in a second.

"Well, I never in all my life!" began the astonished Tom.

"I told you we were going to get wet," said Joe. "We always do. We got wet about three times every day in the *Whitewing*."

"There's nothing to be done but to sit here till the shower's over," said Charley. "It can't last very long, and it won't do us any harm. You're sure the covers of those cushions are water-proof, Harry?"

"Oh, they're all right. They'll be dry enough if we just rub them off with a towel."

[Pg 486]

"It's all my fault," said Tom; "but who would ever have thought that the whole concern would blow away that way?"

"Never mind, Tom," said Charley. "It will teach us to use stronger cords to lash the canvas down with next time. There! the sun's coming out again, and the rain is about over. Let's try and get the inside of the boat dry, and the canvas rigged up again, before dark."

The cabin was a little damp, it must be confessed, but the beds and blankets were dry. This time the canvas was lashed down so stoutly that it would have stood a gale of wind, and under it the crew of the *Ghost* slept without hearing the singing of a single mosquito, and without suffering any unpleasant effects from the dampness.



THE MAN IN THE ROW-BOAT.

The boys had finished their breakfast the next morning, and were preparing to resume their voyage, when they were hailed by a man in a row-boat.

"Where be you from?" asked the new-comer.

"From New York," replied Charley. "Whereabouts is the best channel in Hempstead Bay? Do we want to keep near the beach, or near the other shore?"

"Where be you going?"

"To Amityville or thereabouts. Will we have any trouble in finding the way there?"

"Who be you, anyway?"

"Oh, never mind him," said Harry, in a low tone. "He'll ask questions all day, and never answer any."

But the man was not quite so exasperating as Harry imagined. After looking at the *Ghost* with some admiration, and expressing the opinion that she was "a tidy boat," he condescended to answer Charley's questions about the channel.

"Channel? Why, bless you, you can't find the channel to save your life. It jest winds in among the islands, and runs every which way. You've got to be brung up on this bay before you can ever learn the channel."

"But we can find it if we keep searching for it, can't we?" inquired Charley.

"You'll be growed up before you do," answered the man. "You can try it, I s'pose, if you want to. You must keep a-gradooally working up to the nor'ard, and if one of you gets up the mast and watches the color of the water, mebbe you can find the way. Say, where was you last night—aboard this consarn?"

"We've been here ever since that thunder-shower came up."

"You hain't seen nothing of no suspicious-looking fellows in a row-boat, have ye?"

The boys told him that they had seen nobody since they had cast anchor.

"Well," resumed the man, "you keep a smart look-out. There's been half a dozen sail-boats stole out of this bay in the last two weeks by some fellows that sneak 'round in a row-boat at night. Why, they stole a colored man's boat last week while he was asleep in her. Chucked him right overboard, they did. Those fellows is regular pirates, and if they catch you lying at anchor in some out-of-the-way place, you'll have trouble with 'em."

The man's caution did not alarm the boys, but they thanked him, and said they would remember his advice. "We'll set an anchor watch at night," said Charley. "It's what we ought to do, anyway. This anchoring the boat, and then going to sleep and letting her look out for herself, is too much like the way Frenchmen manage ships. We might have been run down by some big fishing-boat last night, for we didn't hang out our lantern, and we were all sound asleep."

The wind was fair, and the crew of the *Ghost*, thinking that the man had greatly exaggerated the difficulty of finding the channel, were not disturbed when they presently found themselves in what looked like a narrow creek winding through a low marshy meadow. Charley climbed up the mast hoops, and saw that the

Ghost had entered an archipelago. In every direction, as far as he could see, the low meadow was divided into hundreds of little islands, separated by narrow creeks varying in width from a few feet to a dozen rods. He made up his mind that it was going to be a difficult task to find a channel deep enough for the *Ghost*, for he could see that the water had the appearance of being very shallow in nearly all the creeks. He had just decided on the course that it would be best to steer for the next ten minutes, when the *Ghost* ran on a mud-bank, and came to a stop.

It was some time before she could be pushed off again, so deep and sticky was the mud; and when at last she was once more on her course, Charley took the helm, and sent Joe aloft to look for the channel. Joe had no sooner climbed the mast hoops than the *Ghost* was aground again, and another half-hour had to be spent in getting her afloat. The whole morning was passed in this unsatisfactory way, and the boat was at least half the time stuck in the mud. At noon the crew let her remain aground while they had lunch, and rested for an hour. Then they resumed the tiresome business of running aground and getting afloat again, and when the end of the afternoon approached, they anchored in a little cove where the water happened to be deep enough to float the boat, and acknowledged to one another that the inquisitive old man was right, and that they would probably have to spend a long time in working their way out from among the islands.

"I don't believe what the old man said about pirates," said Harry, as they were rigging the canvas cabin, and preparing for the night; "but I did see what you may think was a suspicious-looking boat when I was up aloft this afternoon."

"Let's hear about it," said Charley.

"It was a row-boat tied up to the shore in a little bit of a creek about half a mile from here, and there were three men lying asleep in her. Now what were they doing that for, I'd like to know?"

"I don't see what could induce anybody to row into such a place as this, and then go to sleep. If they had been fishing, now, I could understand it," said Charley. "What sort of looking men were they?"

"I could only see the face of one of them. He woke up, and lifted up his head to look at me, and he didn't look a bit like a fisherman. He seemed to me just like one of those fellows that you see in New York—a regular 'rough,' you know."

"You're sure he saw our boat?" asked Charley.

"Sure as sure can be," replied Harry. "And he watched it very sharp, too."

"Boys," asked Charley, "has anybody got a pistol? I know there isn't any gun aboard."

"We didn't bring pistols, for Uncle John wouldn't consent to it," answered Harry; "and he said we wouldn't need a gun. I've got a lot of powder for the cannon, but it wouldn't be much good against the pirates that the old man told us of."

"We have got a cannon, haven't we!" said Charley, thoughtfully. "I'd forgotten that. Let me have a look at it."

He examined the cannon closely, and carefully dried the bore with the help of his handkerchief and a small stick. Then he came back to the cockpit and asked, "Does anybody happen to have anything that will do for shot?"

"I've got about a handful of marbles," said Joe. "I forgot to leave them behind."

"They're just the thing," said Charley. "Give 'em to me, will you, and let me have a lot of that thick brown paper that was wrapped round the stove, provided there is any of it left."

Charley wrapped the marbles in three or four thicknesses of paper, and then loaded the cannon, ramming the package of marbles close up against the powder. Then he laid a piece of cloth over the cannon to protect it from the dew, and put the powder-flask in his pocket. "Now if anybody attacks us," he exclaimed, "we can give him a dose of canister-shot."

"You'll have to ask him to be kind enough to come right up in front of the cannon," remarked Joe, "for you can't aim it at anybody while it's lashed fast."

"That's so," said Charley. "I am smart not to think of cutting the lashing." So saying, he cut the cannon loose, so that he could turn it in any direction. "Now, boys, turn in, and I'll keep a look-out till ten o'clock, for I'm not a bit sleepy. I don't believe anybody will trouble us, but at any rate we'll take care not to be surprised."

The boys felt so safe, in spite of what the old man had said, that they were soon peacefully sleeping, with the exception of Charley, who was sitting very wide awake, with his back against the mast. It was not yet ten o'clock when Tom was awakened by feeling a hand laid on his forehead. "Hush!" whispered Charley. "I can hear a row-boat coming toward us. Wake up Harry and Joe, and come on deck; but don't make any noise. I've unshipped the tiller, and you can use it for a club."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 487]

HISTORICAL TREES OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY MARY A. BARR.

I have a suggestion to make, my little friends, which I think you will all like. It is to keep an Album of Leaves. Not only can you collect and exchange leaves of different varieties, but of famous trees, of which there are many in the United States. Arrange them neatly; write below them where and why you gathered them, if they are historical or famous, and what made them so; and to prove to you how interesting such an album can be made, I will tell you of some trees that are as celebrated as either Washington or General Grant.

In the year 1682, under the wide-spreading branches of a huge elm in Philadelphia, the good and wise William Penn held a council with the chiefs of the Pennsylvania Indians, and made a treaty with them which was never broken, and from which the tree received its name and fame as "Penn's Treaty Tree." It was

blown down in 1810, and when its rings were counted it proved to be 283 years old, having been 155 years old at the time of the treaty. It was so honored that when the English held possession of Philadelphia during the winter of 1778, Colonel Simcoe placed a sentinel under it to protect it from the soldiers who were cutting down all the trees near for fire-wood. A large part of it was sent to the remaining members of Penn's family at Stokes, near Windsor, in England, where it still remains, and the rest was made into work-boxes, chairs, and many other ornaments.

You have all heard of the "Charter Oak" at Hartford, Connecticut; it became famous in 1687, just five years after Penn's treaty with the Indians in Pennsylvania. King James sent a proud, tyrannical man from England as Governor of Connecticut, called Sir Edmund Andros, who on his arrival at Boston immediately demanded the surrender of the charter of Connecticut. Of course he was refused, and nearly a year went by, every day of which proved him to be more masterful, and unworthy the trust and confidence of the people. So at last, in October, 1687, he took a company of soldiers and went to Hartford, where the Assembly met, and again demanded from the people their charter. He was received with great politeness, and calmly listened to until candle-light, when the charter was brought out and laid upon the table around which the Assembly sat. Sir Edmund was just about to seize it, when the lights were suddenly put out, and there was a great tumult and much confusion, and before the candles could be relit, one Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, seized the charter, and, unseen, carried it off, and put it into the hollow trunk of a large oak-tree near. Of course Sir Edmund was very angry, but no one could or would tell where the charter was, and his lordship had to go back without it. The Hartford people are very proud of their oak, and I am sure some of you have seen the piano made from it after it had been blown down in 1856. The Vice-President's chair in the Senate-Chamber at Washington is also made of the Charter Oak, and many other things, which, perhaps, some of you own.

At the corner of what is now Washington and Essex streets, Boston, there stood a large elm-tree, in 1765, called the "Tree of Liberty." Under its branches a society calling themselves the "Sons of Liberty" held meetings against taxation and oppression of all kinds from the English government. Sir Francis Bernard, the royal Governor at that time, had not interfered with them for fear of serious consequences, and so, early on the morning of August 14, 1765, several of the Sons of Liberty hung two effigies, or pictures, from a limb of Liberty Tree, one of which was a likeness of Andrew Oliver, Secretary of the Colony, and the newly appointed stamp distributor for Massachusetts, and the other represented Lord Bute as the devil peeping out of an enormous boot. Crowds gathered around the tree all day, and at night the effigies were cut down and carried in a great procession through the streets, while the people cried out, "Liberty and prosperity forever! No stamps! No taxation without our consent!" Four months after that, the people made Andrew Oliver go under Liberty Tree and publicly read his resignation. This famous elm of liberty was cut down in 1775 by the British soldiers, exactly ten years to the month after the Sons of Liberty had decorated its branches with the pictures of Andrew Oliver and Lord Bute. The soldiers made fire-wood of Liberty elm, and got fourteen good cords from it.

The same year that the Sons of Liberty were gathering under Liberty Tree in Boston, the Declaration of Independence was read and meetings were held under a splendid live-oak at Charleston, South Carolina, which the people also called Liberty Tree, and decorated in very nearly the same manner as the Boston Liberty Tree. It also was cut down and burned by the British in 1780, five years after the one in Boston. Many canes and a ballot-box were made from what was left of it, but the box was destroyed in the great fire at Charleston in 1838.

An oak brought from the forest and planted in an open field at Norwich was Connecticut's Liberty Tree, and under it meetings were held. On the celebration of the repeal of the Stamp Act, its branches were hung with appropriate devices, and it was crowned with an enormous Phrygian cap. A tent was erected under it, and here the people gathered to hear the news, and to encourage each other in resisting every kind of oppression.

One morning, the 3d of July, 1775, General Washington, accompanied by the officers of his staff, walked under the shadow of a magnificent elm-tree which grew near the entrance of his quarters at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and which is still standing, made a few remarks, drew his sword, and took command of the American army. This elm is famous also as the tree under which the celebrated preacher Whitefield preached to those who had a much harder battle to fight with themselves and the Evil One than Washington and his brave soldiers, who fought for liberty and gained it.

If any of my readers ever visit Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, New Jersey, they may perhaps still see the remains of an old hickory-tree that was used for a flag-staff during the battle of Fort Mercer in 1777.

The only trees left standing on Rhode Island after the British had occupied it in 1779 were two sycamores, which were preserved as long as possible by the owner of the land on which they grew.

[Pg 488]

When Lafayette visited Yorktown in 1824, the people made a crown of laurel, which they took from a beautiful tree that grew near the place where they received him, and put it upon his head, with many assurances of love and respect; but he took it from his head, and stepping forward, placed it upon the brow of Colonel Nicholas Fish, of the Revolution, who was present, saying as he did it, "No one is better entitled to wear this mark of honor than our friend."

Peter Stuyvesant, the last and most renowned of the Governors of New Amsterdam (now New York) while it belonged to the Dutch, brought from Holland many fruit and flower trees for the garden which surrounded his house of yellow brick that stood near Tenth Street and Second Avenue. One of these, a pear tree, which he planted in 1647, on what is now the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue was still in existence in 1868, and bore fruit until very near that time. Many of the pears have been preserved in liquor as curiosities, and I have a little friend who has a wreath made of the leaves pulled from the old tree and the one planted after it had been blown down. Both are now dead, and there is nothing left to show where this famous landmark used to be.

At Fort Edward, on the Hudson, there once stood a beautiful balm-of-Gilead-tree, under which a little Indian boy gave to a wounded soldier, during the Revolution, his last crust of bread, saying as he did so, "I am a warrior's son; I want nothing." The soldier adopted him, and took him to England with him, but he came back, married a daughter of the same officer, and it is not long since I saw one of his descendants, who are very proud of their Indian ancestor.

The chestnut-tree under which the brave General Wooster received his death-wound has long since been cut into rails, and Lossing, the historian, says: "The owner of the land pointed out the locality to me, and expressed the patriotic opinion that Congress ought to do something. He had long contemplated the erection of a chestnut post at his own expense, but having done that, the public would expect him to paint

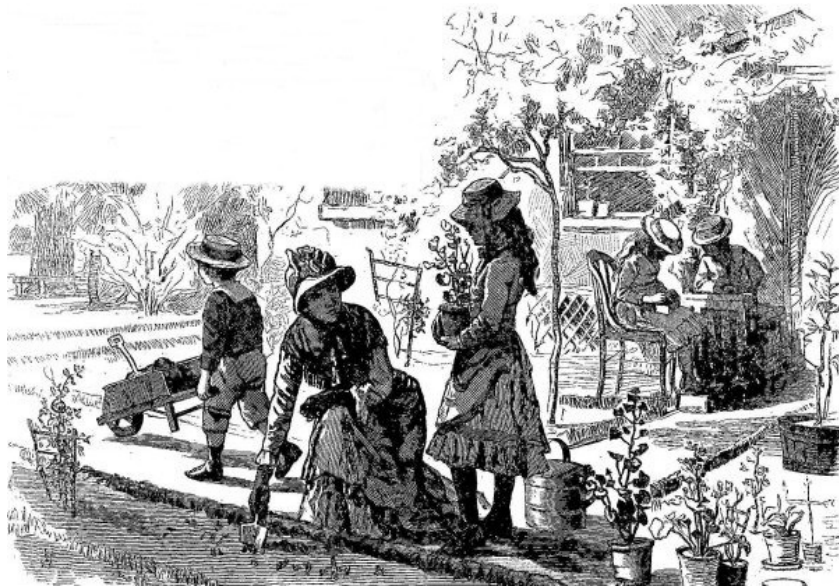
some lettering on't, and he was not disposed to bear the whole burden himself."

The oak on the Van Cortland estate which was used as a whipping-post during the Revolution; the chestnut on Gallows Hill, where the spy Edmund Palmer was hanged by order of General Putnam, who would not listen to the poor young man's wife as she begged piteously for his life; the tulip-tree on which ten Tories were hanged the morning after King's Mountain battle in 1780; and the whitewood under whose shadow the captors of André caused him to strip, and found the papers they were looking for, in his stockings, and which was struck by lightning the very day that the news of Arnold's death reached Tarrytown, and many more—are all of interest; and a leaf from the old trees or those that have sprung from them, or even a blade of grass from the spot, could be got with a little trouble, and would make a most interesting album. At the Peekskill Military Academy there are several historical oaks, and one under which General Putnam watched the British fleet off the Dunderberg, and the smoke of the British encampment at Verplanck's Point, and on which the spy Daniel Strong was hanged for enticing men to desert from the American army. Salem, New Jersey, has a venerable oak in one of its principal streets that must have been a tree of majestic proportions when John Fenwick landed there one fine October day 205 years ago. New Haven, Connecticut, is noted for its elms, and is called the "City of Elms"; those around the public square and vicinity were planted by the Rev. David Austin and the Hon. James Hillhouse, and some of them are quite famous for the deeds they have witnessed.

At Charleston, South Carolina, upon the grounds of a colored man called Mitchell, are the only cork-trees in North America. They were given him by a lady to whom he had rendered some slight service. There are two of them, and he is very proud of them, giving a leaf from them as so much gold. There have been many beautiful poems written about trees that might well be copied into your leaf albums, and which would add greatly to their interest.

[Pg 489]

A leaf can be obtained from the Washington Elm, Peekskill Oak, New Haven Elms, Salem Oak, and the Mitchell Cork-trees, as they are still standing, and a blade of grass or a flower can be easily got from the place where most of the others grew.



SUMMER GARDENING—SETTING OUT PLANTS.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.



THE SLIPPER-MAKER'S BAZAR.—FROM A PAINTING BY
F. A. BRIDGMAN.

AN AFRICAN SLIPPER-MAKER.

BY DAVID KER.

Noon in Algiers—a scorching African noon—bringing out the white-walled houses and white-domed mosques of the city, and the black shadows which they cast, sharp and clear as in a photograph, driving even the seasoned Arabs to the shelter of roofs and gateways, and making old Selim the slipper-maker, as he puffs his long pipe in the shady doorway of his shop, stroke his white beard with a self-satisfied air while eying the hot faces and dusty uniforms of the luckless French soldiers who come tramping past in the full mid-day glare.

[Pg 490]

To look at the old fellow as he squats there on his little mat, with his huge blue turban pulled over his eyes, and the long white folds of his heavy *burnoose* (mantle) rippling over the floor on every side, as if some one had upset a pitcher of milk over him, you would think that no amount of customers would get *him* on his feet again to-day. But there is *one* customer coming who will do it in a moment.

Dodging fearlessly past the huge gaunt camels which almost block the narrow street as they go slouching past with their long, noiseless stride, roped together in single file like beads on a string, a tiny figure stands upon the threshold, looking down at Selim from under its party-colored hood, with a great show of white teeth and laughing black eyes.

"Aha!" cries the old slipper merchant, springing up with wonderful briskness for a Mussulman. "Welcome to this house of mine, my pearl! What seeks Zuleika, daughter of Hussein, from her father's friend?"

"I want a pair of shoes," answered the little woman, with a business-like air; "and my father says they must be very fine indeed, for to-morrow some friends are coming to us, and *you* are to come too, and eat of our pilaff [rice and roast meat] and our sweetmeats, and see what a welcome we'll give you!"

Old Selim, with a sly twinkle in his small gray eye, rummages among the clusters of shoes that hang like grapes overhead, and produces a pair that make Zuleika's eyes open wide in wondering delight. *Such* a pair! all ablaze with scarlet and bright green and spangles of shining tinsel. And when he had tied them on, and set her down again, Selim gave her back two of the heavy copper pieces she had given him, and bade her buy fresh dates with them.

But her joy was suddenly checked. A passing water-carrier had let his skin bag come undone, and turned the dust into thick black mud all around Selim's threshold. Poor Zuleika, unable to untie her shoes again, unwilling to soil them, and not liking to disturb the old man any more, looked very rueful indeed.

But just then Selim looked up, and seeing her difficulty, kicked off his green slippers in a moment, carried her gallantly over the puddle, and then, looking down at his bemired feet, said, with the hoarse chuckle which is an Arab's nearest approach to a laugh, "Now are we even, my daughter: if I have given thee colored shoes, thou hast given me black ones."

And as the child held up her little rose-bud mouth to kiss him, Selim the slipper merchant felt well repaid for his trouble.

ONLY A BIRD.

For the many words of loving sympathy from the warm little hearts of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* for Toby Tyler very many thanks are due. The praise has been very sweet; and that I may in some measure repay you for your kindness, I am going to tell you a true story of a little bird that I owned at the time Toby's history was being written, and who sat on the leaves of the book, keeping me company far into the night. The little fellow is dead now, and there is a corner in my heart sacred to the memory of the dearest little pet I ever had, even though it was only a bird.

Two years ago, on a chilly, wet morning, the servant-girl came into the library with a very ragged, discouraged-looking little fellow covered with her apron, who, on being released from his imprisonment, hopped in front of the fire, opening his mouth so wide that it seemed as if he was about to swallow grate, coals, and everything warm. It was a young robin, a naturally active little body, who had got up too early for the worms. Ellen had found him on the curb-stone, where he was looking down at the pools of water in the gutter much as if he believed it would be better to drown himself at once rather than wait for the rain to wash him entirely away.

Some crumbs of bread soaked in milk, and two or three worms, dropped into the large hole that served as mouth, and which seemed nearly as big as his entire body, had the effect of cheering Bobby wonderfully. In less than an hour he was hopping around the library as if he was the owner of it all; and from that time until he died he was thoroughly saucy and perfectly independent while in that room.

For about a month it was necessary to feed Bobby, but after that time he was able to take care of himself. If any one was eating anything that he fancied he should like, he would hop on to his shoulder, and, without so much as saying "By your leave," would peck at it until he was satisfied, or driven away. In the latter case he would seat himself on his master's shoulder, and scold at the offender until he was hoarse, and the occupants of the room nearly deafened.

Now although Bobby was so nearly drowned on the day when he first made his appearance in our family, a bath was his great delight, and whenever he heard the water running from the faucet, he would fly up on the slab, flapping his wings and screaming until the water was poured on his head and back. Then, when he had had quite as thorough a bath as he thought he needed, he would fly to the top of the canaries' cage, and shake the water from his feathers over them, enjoying the trouble he caused.

Of course he had a cage of his own, into which he would retire when he wanted a lunch or a nap; but it was a rule with him never to stay there quietly if he was fastened in. So long as the door of the cage was open, he was perfectly contented; but when it was closed, he would dance back and forth, scolding and screaming, until, for the sake of peace and quiet, one was quite willing to unfasten the door.

Bobby trotted gravely over the entire house, never offering to go out-of-doors when the windows were open, although he sometimes surveyed the street from the window-ledge. No one was ever more punctual at the table than this same saucy Bob; the back of a chair served him as a seat, and a cake with a quantity of plums in it was regularly put on the table for his especial benefit. He was very well behaved at meal-time, except when the plums were baked in too hard, and then he would pull and tug at the offending dainty until, it coming out suddenly, he would tumble on his back, with the plum held tightly in his beak.

At twilight his favorite position was on my shoulder, where, with his little body as close to my neck as possible, he would remain until driven away.

But it was in the library, the room in which he was first introduced to the family, that he most liked to stay. There, perched high on the desk while his master was writing, he would gravely watch the work, or, tiring of that, amuse himself by dragging pencils or pen-holders to the edge of the desk, and pushing them off. With his head tipped on one side, he would watch the fall of the articles, his little bright eyes fairly twinkling with mischief and pleasure.

It was when the story of Toby Tyler was being written that Bobby appeared to settle down into a grave and sedate citizen, acting very much as if he thought he was aiding in the work. He would sit quietly on the pen rack until the book was opened and the writing begun; then he would hop down on the open page, watching every movement of the pen, singing over and over again two or three soft notes, as if giving advice, only stepping from the book when it was necessary to turn the pages. In this manner Bobby would pass hour after hour, until he thought he had been neglected too long, when he would peck and strike at the pen, as much as to say that it was time he was attended to. Then he would fly back and forth from the desk to the closet where his grapes were, calling loudly for his favorite fruit. From one end to the other of the table he would roll the grapes, after eating all he wanted, almost as if he were having a regular game at ball.

After having been thus feasted and amused, Bobby would take up his position on the book again, standing there on one leg until he was so sleepy that he could hardly keep erect, but never attempting to go to bed until the book was closed. Of the many pages of manuscript that made up the story of Toby, there certainly were not more than four or five on which he had not perched somewhat after the fashion of general assistant; and his life was ended very shortly after his work on the story was done.

In November, at about the same time Toby's story was begun in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, little Bobby disappeared. All search for him was vain, and we grieved sorely for him, believing some strange cat had devoured him. Each one in the house missed the poor little fellow almost as much as if he had been a child, and for many days Bobby's perch on the desk, without its bright-eyed occupant, made the room seem too lonely for work.

A few weeks ago the heavy draperies that had been hanging at the windows were taken down to give place to lighter ones for the summer; and there, far up, at one corner, under the cornice, with his feet caught in the ravelled edges of the lace curtains, was the body of poor Bobby. He had probably crept up there in search of flies, been imprisoned by the threads, and died, the heavy covering over him preventing his cries from being heard.

It was a sad ending to the little life which made that home bright, whose walls have never echoed to the music of childish voices and the patter of tiny feet.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Hush!" sighed the leaves;
"Hurry, birds, hurry!
See yonder sheaves
All in a flurry."

"Come under quick,
Grasshopper, cricket!"
Whispered the vines
Down in the thicket.

"Hide," lisp'd the grass,
"Lady-bug, spider;
Ant, here's a place;
Fly, sit beside her."

"Rest, katydid,
Here in my bushes;
Butterfly, too;
How the rain rushes!"

Why, there's the sun!
Hark the birds singing,
"Good-by, dear leaves,
Off we'll be winging."

"Bee," smiled the rose,
"Thank you for calling;
Drop in again
When the rain's falling."

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

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

"May-party day at last!" cried Susie, dancing gayly about her room. "School ended, and now for a splendid time to-day!" As she went toward the window the sweet June air was coming softly in, the birds, too, were singing, and unconsciously she found herself chanting, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Then, stopping suddenly, "Why, that reminds me, I forgot to turn over to a new leaf in my *Silent Comforter* before breakfast. Oh, surely it's the 20th, and I've come round again to that verse with 'In honor preferring one another' in it, which perplexed me so. How this month has flown! It seems at once the longest and shortest I remember. To think Florence is so changed a girl! Why, she really seems like one of the family, rushing in and out at all times, bringing or sending mamma flowers every day; and the girls all like her so well, and wouldn't need any urging *now* to vote for her. Why, there she is this minute!" as a pretty phaeton stopped at the gate.

"Could the day be finer?" called Florence, as she tied the gray pony. "I thought I saw you drinking in this air, when I was at the turn in the road about half a mile off. Come, bring your hat and take a drive with me. I've something very important to tell you," and she opened the gate to take some rare flowers to Mrs. Kingman, who was sewing on the piazza, with the baby playing near her chair. Florence took the little one in her arms, begging it to say her name. "She can not get any farther than 'Flo,'" said Mrs. Kingman, putting aside her work to go and arrange her flowers.

"That's what my sister Bessie always calls me," said Florence, kissing the little one more tenderly.

"When are you going to show me the picture of that wonderful Bessie?" asked Susie, straightening out the daisies on her hat as they went slowly down the walk.

"I should have brought it over this morning if I hadn't something else on my mind to tell you."

A moment later the pretty pony was carrying the young girls along at an easy gait, pricking up his ears occasionally, as if to catch the drift of the gay chatter going on behind him.

"By-the-way," Florence was saying, "I found this scrap of paper on the floor this morning when I was over at school," handing it to her companion. "The girls were all clearing out their desks—"

But Susie had read the few pencilled words, and looked aghast: "*Vote for F. T. We're all going to. S. K. wishes it.*"

The pony was walking leisurely along. Florence had dropped the reins; her arms were about Susie's neck. "To think I never suspected it!" she said, kissing her.

"I never wanted you to know," said Susie, "and if it hadn't been for Sadie's carelessness—"

"Oh, I'm glad I *do* know—just as glad as can be, and I can never thank you enough."

"I don't deserve any thanks at all," protested Susie; "and if I did, I felt fully repaid when your uncle offered his grounds, and looked so kindly at—"

"Yes," said Florence, "and from that moment my life changed entirely. Oh, Susie, you can not imagine how

lonesome I used to feel, for uncle seldom spoke to me, and I felt that I never could get used to so many strange faces, and I kept wishing myself back with Bessie. But no; our home was broken up. When papa died, mamma only lived a week longer, and after that, where were we to go? Mamma's sister Rebecca was with us at the time, and offered to take one of us, which was a great deal, for she has a large family of her own, and then she wrote to uncle to take the other. He chose me, because I was named after mamma, and I suppose he fancied I would look like her, whereas Bessie is her very image. Well, when I got here, uncle met me at the *dépôt*, asked one or two questions, and then we rode to Maplewood without another word. I was too homesick to talk. So things went on, one day exactly like another, with simply a Good-morning and Good-night to begin and end up the day. I often found money and other presents in my room, and, oh! how I longed to send each thing on to Bessie, but I really was afraid to ask if I could. But I must hurry on to the red-letter day of my life, the 20th of May. That day, at dinner, after the scene at school, uncle praised my high standing, and began to ask me about Bessie. I showed him her photograph, and he looked a long time at it, murmuring something about 'Florence of long ago,' and asked me if she didn't look a great deal like mamma. 'Everybody used to speak of the wonderful resemblance,' I answered. 'Well,' said he, 'we must have a larger picture of her.' And what do you think he has done? *Sent on to have Bessie's portrait painted, and I'm to have it for my room.*"

"The tears are for joy," continued Florence, in answer to Susie's earnest, "Oh, this is enough! don't tell me any more."

"Uncle grew more and more kind. He seemed to enjoy planning for the May party, and you'll see this afternoon some of the arrangements he has made. It has given him something to think of, which Dr. Folger said yesterday was the best thing in the world for one of his melancholy disposition. Uncle has said again and again, 'I'm glad you take an interest in your studies; it pleases me greatly.' And, Susie, I know all this happiness would never have come to me unless the girls had voted for me that day as they did. I know they used to think me selfish, for one morning—"

"What! you heard what Sadie said?"

"Yes; but I've made up for it since, haven't I? For I haven't been alone once since the day uncle said, 'You can take whoever you choose when you go out.' By that time I had lost all fear, and kissed and thanked him. And so things have gone on, each day better than the last. Uncle handed me a telegram this morning, which read, 'The portrait is on the way'; so we expect it by the first express. Susie, I can never thank you—never, as long as I live; all I *can* do is to tell you that, next to Bessie, I love you best of any one on earth."

There was a great lump in Susie's throat. She was crying softly, with her cheek against Florence's. At the gate Mrs. Kingman met them.

"Tell your mother all about it," called Florence, touching up the horse; and Susie did.

"To think it's all over!" said Susie, about seven o'clock that evening, as they were going down to supper. "Didn't Florence look lovely?"

"No lovelier than a certain maid of honor that crowned her," said papa, drawing Susie toward him.

"Well, didn't the Squire appear delighted?"

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "I think he was; but I doubt if he was as happy as I"—with a loving look at his little daughter—"for mamma had been telling me something."

"And you were glad?" she asked, nestling closer.

"Far more than to have seen you Queen"—kissing her. Then taking a spray of delicate green from a vase near by, "I will crown you myself;" and he tenderly twined it round her head.

But the day was not yet done. A sharp ring was heard soon after at the door, and Susie, on hearing Sadie's breathless "I must see Susie right away," darted into the hall.

"Have you heard?" gasped Sadie, handing her a note.

"No—what?" questioned Susie, in the same excited tone, grasping the paper, and pulling Sadie into the library. She turned up the light, which fell upon the words:

"Oh, Susie! the portrait has come, *and it's Bessie herself!* She has come to Maplewood *to live*. I'm the happiest girl on earth. Bessie says *she* is, and we owe it all to God through *you*."

"I am happier than either," said Susie, a great joy lighting up her face. "Isn't it like a story, Sadie?"

"Yes," said Sadie, excitedly. "I was there when she came. The Squire came to Florence's door and asked, 'Shall I bring in the portrait?' We looked around, and there stood Bessie. I shall never forget Florence's face as she rushed forward, nor the Squire's as he said, 'She has come to live with us, Florence.' The first I knew I was crying away as hard as could be, Florence was on her knees, the Squire had his arm round Bessie, and—and—"

"What next?" asked Susie, her face growing more and more bright as she listened.

"Oh, they're *so* happy! When I came away, the Squire had an arm around each, and said, 'I've got two daughters now'; and they made a lovely picture. Nothing in the May party compared with it. Then Florence said, 'Won't you take this note to Susie, as you go by her house, and tell her how happy I am, if any words *can* tell?' But how late it's getting! Good-by." Then, coming back: "I forgot to say they want you to come over the first thing in the morning. Florence told her uncle that it was through your unselfishness that she was made Queen, and she keeps saying she *owes Bessie to you*. I don't half understand it, but I know it was lovely in you to give up the honor;" and off she ran.



BESSIE'S PORTRAIT.

"I can hear the word *honor* now, and not shut my ears to it," thought Susie; and with Florence's note in her hands, and papa's crown on her head, she murmured, "My cup runneth over."

THE END.

[Pg 493]



A FABLE FOR SMART LITTLE BOYS.

There was a little Hottentot
Who wandered in a shady spot,
Beside a sluggish river's brink,
Where savage beasts came down to drink,
When suddenly he ran across
A monstrous, grim rhinoceros.
The little blackamoor was pert,
And not afraid of being hurt;
So, without any hesitation,
He entered into conversation,
And, just to make his smartness clear,
Began to ridicule and jeer:

"My gracious! what an ugly beast!
Your skin is all begrimed and creased
And what a nose for shape and size,
With a great horn between the eyes!"

Whereat that big rhinoceros
Just gave his nose a little toss,
His funny little critic eyed
With grim good-humor, and replied:

"My nose, young darkey? take a look
At yours, reflected in the brook:
Now tell me what you think of *that*?"

"Mine? Why, 'twas beautifully flat
When I was born; my mother's care
To give me a distinguished air
Has broadened it to what you see,
And made my playmates envy me."
"Yes, made you quite a beau! But hark 'ee,
You most impertinent young darkey,
And let me tell you I was made
With this huge form, and thus arrayed
With a great horn upon my nose,
To serve as warning to all those
Who poke in other folks's platters,

And make free with their neighbors' matters.
I've half a mind—'twould serve you right—
To toss you fairly out of sight.
I'm coming for you now! Here goes!
Say, now, how do you like my nose?"

"Oh, don't, you dear, good, lovely beast!
I didn't mean it in the least;
You are the sweetest beast I know,
And every one will tell you so."

"You little impudence! begone!
Quick, or my nose shall help you on!"

That frightened little Hottentot
Departed on a lively trot.



[Pg 494]

LYNN, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am nine years old. I have a little baby sister named Jeanne. We had to leave papa, and come here with mamma for her health. We have a little mule named Kit, that is very little and gentle, and we ride it nearly every day. Kit just suits these mountain roads. The mountains are very high and beautiful. A great many people come here with their little boys and girls, so I always have playmates.

We go fishing and riding. I have a garden of my own. I study part of the day, then I play, and have a good time. Strawberries are ripe now, and peaches will be ripe in June on the mountains in what they call the thermal belt, where the frost has not killed them as it has in other places this year.

Just now the mountains are covered with flowers. There are azalias, kalmias, rhododendrons, wild phlox, and other flowers, and many trees are blooming. Mamma says she never saw so many flowers in her life. When you look up the mountain from below, it looks like the made pyramids of flowers we have at home in the city, only so much bigger. I wish everybody could see. Papa sends me YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am delighted with it.

FRED J. T.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

The other afternoon papa took my little sister Annie to Mr. Barnum's circus, and I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE the joyful news she brought when she came home. She rushed into the house in great excitement, calling out: "Oh, mamma, mamma, Mr. Stubbs isn't dead, because Mr. Barnum has got him all safe and well! I saw him myself in a big wagon, and Toby Tyler was there talking with him." Annie has mourned bitterly over the sad death of the poor monkey, and since she went to the circus and saw him alive, she has been a much happier little girl. She says a dozen times a day: "I'm so glad Mr. Stubbs didn't die! I knew they couldn't be so *cooe!* as to let him die!" She tells everybody that comes to the house that Mr. Stubbs is alive, and that Mr. Barnum has got him all safe.

I don't know what we children would do without YOUNG PEOPLE. We can hardly wait for Tuesday night, when papa brings it home.

H. C. L.

BETHLEHEM, NEW YORK.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about my guinea-fowls. I wish all the little readers could see them. They have such lovely spotted feathers, and such cunning little heads, and they make such a funny, screeching noise that they frighten away the chicken-hawks. I wish I could send all the little girls some of their pretty feathers.

I am eleven years old, and my music teacher says I can play the piano very well.

I. L. K.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

I have an Excelsior printing-press. I have not had it very long, but I have earned a few dollars with it. My uncle has a printing-office, and three or four presses. I like to go and watch him print, and I like to print myself very much.

We have a summer-house on the shore of the lake, and a boat. We go there in the long vacation, and stay two or three months. I have a great deal of fun. I own a sail-boat about two feet long. It sails splendidly.

FRANK P. L.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

We take YOUNG PEOPLE in our school because the teacher says "it gives her ideas." We have lately organized a club in our school called the "Little Pitcher Club," so named, I suppose, because all its members are "little pitchers with big ears."

We are bound by our by-laws to relate once a fortnight some story or incident which we have heard or read, in a natural manner, and in our own language, and subject to the fiercest criticism from the rest of the class, who pounce upon us like little tigers as soon as we are done. It is great fun, I think. We have a fine large play-ground, and the School Board have kindly given us permission to lay it out in flower-beds, one for each room, and there are four in the building. Our room is going to try for the premium offered at our county fair for the best set of letters from any school in the county, and we get a good many ideas from the Post-office Box in your little paper. The teacher says some of the letters printed there are models of correct letter-writing, and she chooses one every week for us to study and copy. We hope you will print this letter. Your little friend

CARRIE A. (eight years).

BROOKLYN, E. D., NEW YORK.

A number of boys and girls, readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, have corresponded with me about an object which no doubt would prove interesting and instructive to them. The object was, viz., a Natural History Society, composed of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE readers residing in all parts of the world where its welcome visits extend.

My idea is that an organization of this kind would prosper much better if it was taken up by the boys and girls themselves. So I leave it in their hands, and would request that if they are in favor of such an association, to send their ideas, suggestions, and questions to the Post-office Box.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON,
President of the Young Chemists' Club.

LIMA, NEW YORK.

I was born in India. My father is a missionary there now. Two years ago he sent me here to my grandpa's, and I like it very much. I am nine years old. I have saved money enough to take YOUNG PEOPLE all myself.

HARRY L McM.

I have no more arrow-heads to exchange, but I will exchange moss from the mountain cliffs, ore, periwinkles, and mussel shells from the river; or flints that will strike fire, for ocean shells, a piece of lava, or foreign postage stamps.

C. D. MANSFIELD, Merville, Powell Co., Ky.

I would like to exchange coins, minerals, stamps, shells, postmarks, woods, butterflies, and other curiosities, for foreign stamps. Please send stamps, and I will pick out what I wish, and return the others with curiosities equal in value to the stamps I keep.

FRANK B. ELDRIDGE,
P. O. Box 458, Attleboro, Mass.

We wish to notify correspondents that we have no more arrow-heads to exchange, and hope no one will send things requesting arrow-heads in return. We will now exchange lead ore, quartz, and flint, for other minerals and Indian relics.

JOHN L. and MINNIE SCOTT,
P. O. Box 39, Frankfort, Franklin Co., Ky.

After the 1st of June I can make no more exchanges.

JULIE WICKHAM,
338 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

I have received three Chinese postage stamps from New York city, but as the sender did not give any name, I can not return specimens.

AMELIA FRINK, Marshall, Calhoun Co., Mich.

I have received some things from a boy in Beattie, Marshall County, Kansas, but he did not sign his name. I will send him his sulphurates as soon as he sends me his name.

GEORGE HAWES,
73 Gilbert Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

We have often endeavored to impress upon the minds of our young readers the importance of giving full name and address when writing a letter requiring an answer. Every day the Post-office Box receives letters requesting exchange, often concluding with, "Please, Mr. Editor, make room for this," and in their anxiety lest their letter be not printed, the boys and girls often forget to sign their request, and except for the postmark on the envelope, the editor would never know in what part of the world the careless little correspondent lived. Now there are a great many of you watching every paper for your exchange. You are sure you wrote it clearly, and in every number you see others asking for the same thing you asked for, so you know your exchange was not against the rules. You can not understand why it is not printed. It never will be printed, because you forgot to give your name and address; and if you wish to exchange your stamps or other things, you must write again, and be more careful than before.

I have no more arrow-heads, but I hope to have some soon, and will send them to correspondents who have written to me.

WILLIE G. WHITE,
Yorkville, York Co., S. C.

Louis Treadwell, Redding, Connecticut, and Nat B. Blunt, New York city, withdraw their names from our exchange list, as they have no more specimens.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Rare foreign and United States postmarks, for rare coins or Indian relics.

CLINTON C. ANDREWS,
Kirkwood, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Pink and mushroom coral, ivory nuts, three kinds of South-Sea beans, or Mexican, Western coast, and South-Sea shells, for shells. Only good specimens desired.

J. S. ARNHEIM,
Drug Store, 248 Oak Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Postmarks.

CLARENCE L. AVERY,
Herkimer, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

A Chinese coin, for twenty foreign stamps. A Japanese coin, for forty foreign stamps. A stone from

Ohio, for one from any other State.

WILLIAM ALTER,
P. O. Box 790, Kenton, Hardin Co., Ohio.

German, French Republic, Great Britain, Holland, Hong-Kong, India, or Roman States stamps, for a 90-cent United States, issue of 1851, a 30-cent due stamp, issue of 1879, a 1, 10, 12, 15, and 24 cent Interior Department, or a 1, 7, 10, 12, 24, 30, or 90 cent Navy Department.

J. C. STEWART,
P. O. Box 64, Bound Brook, N. J.

Silver of the United States, for silver of any other country except Canada.

EDSON T. BOYD,
P. O. Box 41, Harmony, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

Some coins over a hundred years old, for other curiosities.

ED. BYNON,
37½ Vickroy Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Stamps from India, for those of any other foreign country except South America.

LAURA M. BUCK,
634 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Four stones from the "Blue Juniata," for stones from any other river, and crystallized salt.

S. FRED BLYMYER, Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Pa.

A stone from Massachusetts, for one from any other State.

L. BROOKS,
Care of Mr. P. C. Brooks, West Medford, Mass.

Pressed flowers and United States stamps, for curiosities. Correspondents will please write before sending any specimens.

IDY and JENNIE BATES,
Peoria, Franklin Co., Kan.

Fifteen Indiana postmarks, for the same from any other State.

CHARLES BEEMER,
Lock Box 398, Muncie, Delaware Co., Ind.

Five postmarks, for one stamp. Foreign stamps, for United States internal revenue stamps.

C. S. BROWN,
Lock Box 406, Muncie, Delaware Co., Ind.

Postmarks.

HENRY M. DALAND,
440 Jefferson Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

A good ten-key accordion, for a good foot-power scroll-saw.

H. DAMM,
Lancaster, Grant Co., Wis.

Butterflies, and other insects.

A. R. EVERETT, Sweetland, Nevada Co., Cal.

A piece of crystallized quartz, for a piece of copper, lead, or iron ore. A foreign stamp, for every five postmarks (no duplicates). Fifteen different foreign stamps, for any good curiosity.

EDWARD D. FOWLER,
P. O. Box 51, Newburgh, Orange Co., N. Y.

Curiosities and foreign coins to exchange for old American coins.

G. H. HETZEL,
Cumberland, Alleghany Co., Md.

Stamps, for ocean curiosities. A good collection of two hundred stamps (no duplicates), for a genuine Indian bow and arrow.

C. D. HAINES,
565 Seventeenth Street, Oakland, Cal.

Stamps, postmarks, and monograms, for curiosities.

FRANK HAINES,
54 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

United States internal revenue stamps, for stamps from Cuba, Brazil, Mexico, China, Australia, or Cape of Good Hope.

M. MASSIE,
101 East Eighth Street, Covington, Ky.

An ounce of soil from Cook County, Illinois, for the same from any other State.

T. E. MORFORD,
P. O. Box 32, Riverside, Cook Co., Ill.

Foreign postage stamps, for Indian arrow-heads.

FRANK C. MOTHERWELL,
247 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Minerals, for silk scraps for a quilt.

FLAVEL MINES,
P. O. Box 41, Kirkwood, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Iron ore from Missouri, coral, stones from the Atlantic coast, and a few petrified sharks' teeth, for stamps; Nova Scotia, Baden, Newfoundland, and United States department stamps especially desired.

L. W. MULLIKIN,
Room 37, Hackettstown Ins., Hackettstown, N. J.

Florida shells, sulphur as it is dug, and stones and shells from Lake Ontario, for ocean curiosities, Indian relics, and ores.

ALBERT PFANS, care of William Schenck,
290 Washington Street, Newark, N. J.

Foreign stamps. Australian and Asiatic stamps especially desired. Correspondents will please send list of stamps before sending specimens.

HELEN POTTER,
1519 North Twenty-second St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Pine, birch, maple, and oak of different kinds, poplar, ash, wild cherry, and alder, for ocean shells and curiosities, postmarks, or other kinds of woods. New Hampshire granite or cobble-stones, for stones from any other State.

[Pg 495]

SCOTT E. SANBORN,
54 Pennacook Street, Manchester, N. H.

A very good stamp album, for a genuine Indian bow and arrow in good condition.

WALTER S. RUSSELL,
Cooperstown, Otsego Co., N. Y.

A British stamp, for a Cape of Good Hope stamp.

ATTIE SUTTON, Bradford, Penn.

Five postmarks, for every ordinary foreign postage stamp; and ten postmarks, for every rare foreign stamp.

S. G. SMITH,
Heckatoo, Lincoln Co., Ark.

Iron ore and sea-shells, for minerals.

G. W. STEVENS,
10 Broadway Street, Utica, N. Y.

A Russian stamp, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope. Five postmarks, for a Newfoundland or Turkish stamp.

ROBERT SHIELL, JUN.,
39 Sibley Street, Detroit, Mich.

A piece of coral eleven inches high, for a stamp from Japan, Russia, or Liberia.

F. R. SATTERLEE,
56 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Ten postmarks, for one foreign stamp. Sand from Ohio, for the same from any other State or Territory.

E. STANDISH,
44 West University Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Mexican and State Department stamps, for stamps from Liberia, Prince Edward Island, Nicaragua, Uruguay, Feejee Islands, and Costa Rica.

Fifteen postmarks of any one State of the Union, for good curiosities.

J. M. VALERINOS,
388 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

A stone from Massachusetts, for one from any other State.

JOSEPH WELCH,
607 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

A one-shilling English stamp, 5 and 25 centime French stamps, and 25-centime Swiss stamp, for other foreign stamps.

C. WILKINS,
228 South Fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rare seeds or bulbs, for postage stamps.

FRED A. WILSON, care of "American Grocer,"
28 West Broadway, New York City.

Two sea-watches and four English stamps, for any foreign stamps except English.

JENNIE VOTER, Biddeford, Me.

Stamps and American and foreign coins.

CARL WHEELOCK,
P. O. Box 421, Woonsocket, R. I.

Foreign stamps, or old issues of United States stamps, for the same, or for anything suitable for a museum.

R. WILSON,
Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio.

Twelve varieties of foreign stamps, for ten stamps from Japan, Ionian Isles, Liberia, Natal, Orange States, Parma, Paraguay, Poland, West Australia, or Bolivia.

GEORGIE C. WEISSERT,
193 Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

English telegraph, old United States, and rare European stamps, for Mexican and South American stamps—a stamp for a stamp; also, relics from Niagara Falls, for relics from other places.

ROUNSVILLE WILDMAN, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Rare old issues of United States stamps, for rare foreign stamps.

M. WILLIS,
P. O. Box 208, Flushing, N. Y.

Pressed leaves and stones, for insects. Please pack specimens carefully in cotton.

KITTIE WEAVER, Mankato, Minn.

Sections of a shark's backbone, for fossils or petrifications of any kind.

D. ALLEN WEBBER,
Searsport, Waldo Co., Me.

Silver ore, for foreign postage stamps and postal cards.

J. E. WILLIAMS,
4 Harrison Street, New York City.

Two cancelled three and ten cent Treasury stamps, for any Asiatic, African, Australian, or South American stamp.

CARL WAGNER,
200 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Ten foreign stamps, for one copper coin of any foreign country.

H. F. WELCH,
St. Nicholas Hotel, New York City.

Postmarks, for curiosities of any kind. Soil of New York, for the same of any other State. White and red cedar, for other woods.

R. E. SUMNER,
468 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Trap-rock with mica in it, for an Indian arrow-head.

R. B. W.,
P. O. Box 51, Ridgewood, Bergen Co., N. J.

Foreign stamps, for Indian relics.

HARRY SULLIVAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

Postmarks, for insects.

WALTER S. STILLMAN,
P. O. Box 966, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Foreign stamps, for minerals, coins, Indian relics, or any kind of curiosities.

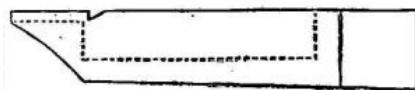
JOHN T.,
14 Carver Street, Boston, Mass.

Stamps and sea-shells from Florida, for South American or Asiatic coins.

F. P. T.,
Okawville, Washington Co., Ill.

JOSEPH W.—There is an old tradition that the loadstone was discovered by a Greek shepherd on Mount Ida. His crook was tipped with iron, and on touching a large mass of rock with it, he was amazed and terrified to find it held fast, as if by invisible hands. The name of this shepherd was Magnes, and the word magnet is said by some to be derived from it. Others, with more probability, think that the word comes from a region of Lydia called Magnesia, where the loadstone was found in large quantities. This stone has the remarkable power of imparting its own property of attraction to hard iron or steel, without losing any of its power.

C. H. C.—Whistles may be made of willow, bass-wood (linden), or elder. The process is very simple: Take a smooth piece of willow or bass-wood branch, of fresh growth, and full of sap, about half an inch in diameter and three or four inches long. Trim the smaller end as shown in the diagram, and cut a circle through the bark near the larger end, and then loosen the bark between the cut and the smaller end by gently tapping it with a stick or the back of your knife. If you break or bruise it, your whistle will be spoiled. When the bark is thoroughly loosened, it will slip off with a gentle pull. Cut away the wood as indicated by the dotted lines of the diagram, and make a small incision in the bark just above where the inside slope of the wood begins. Moisten the wood, slip on the bark, and you have your whistle. To make a whistle out of elder, punch out the pith, plug up one end tightly, and leave an air-space on one side of the plug at the other end. Cut an air-hole, as in the willow whistle.



R. V. C.—Horses are not used in crossing the great deserts of Africa, as they can not go without water, like the camel, which can take into its stomach at one time a supply for several days.

O. W.—The phrase "passing-bell" originated in this way. In ancient times, when people were more superstitious than they are now, it was believed that bells which had been consecrated had the power to drive away evil spirits; and so, when any one was supposed to be dying, the church bell was rung to scare away the wicked demons which were supposed to be waiting at the foot of the bed, ready to seize the "passing" soul. Bells were also supposed to have the power of protecting buildings from lightning and storms of wind, and some bells were inscribed with verses describing their qualities. The following verses are found on some old bells in England:

"Men's death I tell by doleful knell.
Lightning and thunder I break asunder.
On Sabbath all to church I call.
The sleepy head I raise from bed.
The winds so fierce I do disperse.
Man's cruel rage I do assuage."

C. R. F.—You can obtain the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE you specify.

H. S.—Our word bead comes from the old Anglo-Saxon BEAD, or BEDE, which means a prayer, strings of beads being used to number prayers. Beads are made of many kinds of material—glass, amber, coral, wood, precious stones, gold, and other metals. They are largely manufactured in China, and every mandarin, when in full dress, wears a magnificent string of them. The beads used for dolls' eyes are mostly made at Birmingham, England.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jennie Bates, Gertie Childs, Maggie J. Callahan, *L. M. Fobes*, Lottie, "*Lodestar*," Flavel S. Mines, F. Nichols, "North Star," "Pepper," *Harry Phillips*, M. Parkinson, C. A. Quinn, "*Queen Bess*," Charlie A. Smith, "Tel E. Graph," "Wall and Thisbe."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In canter, not in walk.
In chatter, not in talk.
In yarn, not in string.
In music, not in sing.
In winter, not in snow.
In water, not in row.
In muscle, not in might.
In quarrel, not in fight.
In church, not in people.
In altar, not in steeple.
My whole is a place of summer delight
Where children learn to do what is right.

No. 2.

FOUR EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A couple. 2. A plant. 3. A small quantity. 4. To cut down.

2.—1. A token. 2. An island. 3. Joy. 4. Necessity.

3.—1. To bend. 2. A surface. 3. To peruse. 4. Small cushions.

TEL E. GRAPH.

4.—1. To wither. 2. Old. 3. An exploit. 4. A whirlpool.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

No. 3.

TRIPLE ENIGMA.

In scholar, not in learn.

In mouse-ear, not in fern.

In ringing, not in toll.

In ladle, not in bowl.

In tyranny, but not in kings.

My whole comprises three sweet things.

DAME DURDEN.

No. 4.

CHARADE—(To Rip Van Winkle).

In shady woods and sunny fields

My first is often found.

As lithe and fleet as any bird,

Yet never leaves the ground.

Of life and death my second tells,

Of sorrow and of mirth;

It dwells with stately pomp, and by

The simplest household hearth.

My whole, a graceful, modest flower,

By lonely way-sides grows,

And trembles on its slender stem

With every wind that blows.

OWLET.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 80.

No. 1.

A C C E S S O R Y

I N S U L A R

A N G E R

H A Y

R

A C T

C H A N T

C O R N I C E

B L A M E L E S S

No. 2.

Hepatica.

No. 3.

S T E E L
S A V O R
L A B O R
M O U L D
S T A V E

Sable, Lobos.

No. 4.

P R I S O N P R O F I T
R E S I N R A V E N
I S A R O V E N
S I R F E N
O N I N
N T

No. 5.

Wiggles.

Charade, on page 448—Horse-chestnut.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, \$1.50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, \$7.00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

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

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER OR DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square. N. Y.



WEIGHING THE BABY.

THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF CROQUET.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

As summer dries up the moist paths and lawns, the boys are eager for new out-of-door games, and we will hunt for them, where most good things come from—in the distant past, the games of which are the new ones of to-day.

The boys of 1881 are advised to reproduce one of the first games ever played in merrie England, one in which kings and princes delighted to join, and in honor of which a celebrated avenue still retains its ancient name. Very little can be ascertained about this game and the manner of playing it, as the only authentic record which we can find consists of a picture of one of its balls and mallets in the Bodleian manuscripts. A hint has also been discovered in another book, from which we have gathered ideas enough to describe a

game full of novelty and interest to both boys and girls, in addition to its deep historical and literary associations. From the form of the simple implements preserved in the picture, Pall Mall may certainly be considered as the ancestor of Croquet, for the idea of a ball driven by a mallet was doubtless derived from it.

The best mall for this game is a hard concrete or gravel walk seven feet in width and forty feet in length. Doubtless after this game becomes widely known through the great circulation of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, malls for this purpose will be made on many pleasure-grounds; but it can be played on any lawn by inclosing a space with small posts, to which a line is fastened six inches from the ground, and ruling out all balls that roll outside of the boundary or pass under the line. When played on a path or avenue, the boundaries are marked by the grass or border on each side. Any number of players can join, each one being provided with one ball and mallet. The best ball for the purpose is the smallest size of those used in bowling-alleys, made of hard heavy wood, four inches in diameter. Each player must be able to identify his ball at once among a crowd, for which purpose each should be marked with a spot of different color. The mallet must be made of oak, with a head nine inches long and four inches thick, through which a very strong handle is securely fastened, projecting three feet at least. It is well to have the handles of these mallets of various lengths, to accommodate tall or short players, as the ball should be hit without stooping, and on the run.

Upon the mall lines are made with white lime, flour, or plaster; one for the starting-point, one in the centre, one at the goal, and one six feet from the starting-point. All these lines cross the mall, excepting the one six feet from the start, which is a circle four feet across, made by fastening a string to a post, and drawing a ring on the ground with another stick tied to the post by a string two feet long, and marking the circle thus made with plaster. The goal is a small board, with a peg eighteen inches long at the middle of the lower edge, by which it is driven into the ground. At equal distances from this peg arches are cut in the goal six inches high and five inches wide, and just over the peg a circle of the same size as the ball is made with white chalk.

As the first stroke is important, it is determined by placing all the balls on the circle in front of the starting-place, and allowing each player to knock his ball; and the one whose ball goes farthest along the mall has the precedence, and the next one in order has the second choice. These two players then choose sides in turn, and direct the game. The object is to hit the white circle of the goal, with the fewest strokes, without sending the ball outside of the mall. Any player who sends his own ball or that of an adversary off the mall before it reaches the centre line causes that ball to be out of the game. Any ball knocked off the mall, after passing the centre line, may return once only to the starting-point for a second trial. Any ball sent through either of the arches in the goal, before hitting the white ring, is out of the game. Players who have passed the centre line may knock either way, but before reaching the centre must always play toward it.

When a player has hit the circle on the goal, without being hit, he can, if he prefers, let his ball remain, and play against the others, or remove his ball to count on his side; but if not taken off, his ball is equally liable with the others to be knocked off the mall or through the arch, in which case it is out of the game.

A player who clears the centre line at one knock can play again, and if he hits the circle with one knock more, his side wins the game. Great judgment is thus required in the force applied to each stroke, especially when many balls are in the mall, as the player runs the risk of knocking off friends and adversaries alike. To gain force for the blow each has the choice of running along the mall from the starting-point. The side wins which hits the centre ring first with the most balls, as it seldom happens that more than three balls reach the goal without going through it or being knocked off the mall. The contest grows hot around the goal, as many players send their own balls off the mall in their eager efforts to knock away those of their adversaries, and the game is at an end only when every ball has hit the circle or is out of the game either by going through the goal or off the mall, as after passing the centre line one may play toward the goal or against any ball in either direction.



"Hey, Johnny, come and get these purps quick—one of 'em's for you, anyhow—I's caught fast to somethin'!"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, MAY 31, 1881 ***

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