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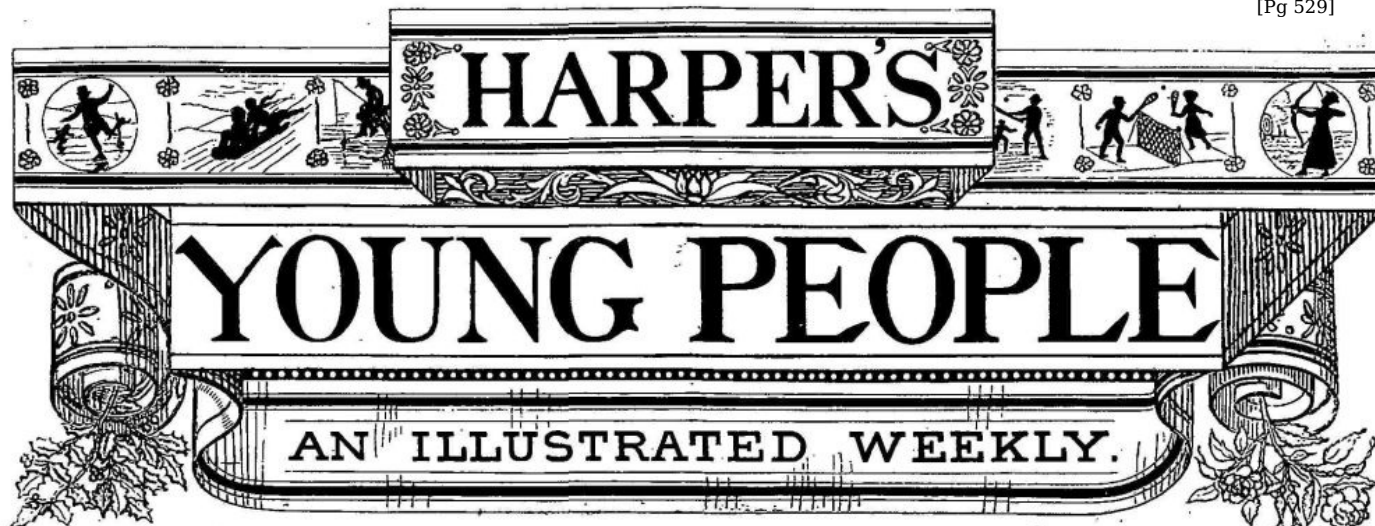
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**THE ARREST OF EMILY GEIGER.**

## **THE FAIR MESSENGER.**

**BY BENSON J. LOSSING.**

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On a warm, hazy day in January, 1849, I was at Orangeburg, South Carolina, eighty miles west of Charleston. My purpose was to visit the battle-ground of Eutaw Springs, on the right bank of the Santee River, forty miles distant. I hired a horse and gig for the journey. The steed was fleet, and the road was level and smooth most of the way. It lay through cultivated fields and dark pine forests, and across dry swamps wherein the Spanish moss hung like trailing banners from the live-oak and cypress trees.

At sunset I had travelled thirty miles. I lodged at the house of a planter not far from Vance's Ferry, on the Santee, where I passed the evening with an intelligent and venerable woman (Mrs. Buxton) eighty-four years of age. She was a maiden of seventeen when the armies of Greene and Rawdon made lively times in the region of the Upper Santee, Catawba, Saluda, and Broad rivers. She knew Marion, and Sumter, and Horry, and other less famous partisans, who were frequently at her father's home, on the verge of a swamp not far from the High Hills of Santee.

"We were Whigs," she said, "but the Tories were so thick and cruel around us, when Rawdon was at Camden, that father had to pretend he was a King's man to save his life and property. Oh, those were terrible times, when one was not sure on going to bed that the house would not be burned before morning."

"Did you witness any exciting scenes yourself?" I inquired.

"Yes, many. One in particular so stirred my young blood that I actually resolved to put on brother Ben's clothes, take our old fowling-piece, join the Swamp Fox, as the British called Marion, and fight for freedom to call my soul my own."

"What was the event?" I asked.

"You have read, maybe," said Mrs. Buxton, "how Lord Rawdon, after chasing General Greene far toward the Saluda, suddenly turned back, abandoned Fort Ninety-Six, and retreated toward Charleston. Well, Greene sent Harry Lee, with his light-horse, to get in front of Rawdon before he should reach the ferry on the Congaree at Granby. He was anxious to call Marion and Sumter to the same point to help Lee. Sumter was then encamped a dozen miles south of our home."

The venerable woman's dark brown eyes sparkled with emotion as she proceeded with the story. She said her cousin, on Greene's staff at the time, told her that when the General called for a volunteer messenger to carry a letter to Sumter, not one of the soldiers offered to undertake the perilous task, for the way was swarming with Tories. Greene was perplexed. Brave and pretty Emily Geiger, the young daughter of a German planter in Fairfield District, had just arrived at head-quarters with important information for the General. She rode a spirited horse with the ease and grace of a dragoon. Emily saw the hesitation of the soldiers, and Greene's anxiety. Earnestly but modestly she said to the General, "May I carry the letter?"

Greene was astonished. He was unwilling to expose her to the dangers which he knew awaited a messenger, for the Tories were vigilant.

"They won't hurt a young girl, I am sure; and I know the way," said Emily.

Greene's want was great, and he accepted the proffer of important service, but with many misgivings. Fearing Emily might lose the letter on the way, he informed her of its contents, that she might deliver the message orally. She mounted her fleet horse, and with the General's blessing, and cheered by the admiring officers, she rode off on a brisk gallop. She crossed the Wateree River at the Camden ferry, and pressed on toward the High Hills of Santee.

Emily was riding at a rapid pace through an open, dry swamp, at noonday, when one of three Tory scouts, who were on the watch, seized her bridle and bade her halt. With perfect composure and firm voice she demanded by what authority she was arrested. The young man was confounded by the appearance and manner of his prisoner. They had observed a woman riding in apparent haste from the direction of Greene's army toward the camp of Sumter, and suspected her errand. She proved to be a young maiden as fair as a lily, with mild blue eyes, and a profusion of brown hair. The young scout, smitten with her beauty and air of innocence, released his hold upon the bridle, when an older companion, made of sterner stuff, seized the reins, and led the horse to an unoccupied house on the edge of the swamp, and bade her dismount. The younger scout gallantly assisted her to alight, and she was taken into the house. With proper delicacy, the scouts sent for Mrs. Buxton's mother, living a mile distant, to search Emily's person.

"I went with mother," said Mrs. Buxton, "to see a woman prisoner. The door of the house was guarded by the younger scout, who was Peter Simons, son of a neighbor two miles away—and a right gallant young fellow he was. After the war he married my sister, and that youngster who took your horse when you alighted is their grand-child."

"Then you saw the young prisoner?" I said.

"Yes, and I helped mother search her. We were amazed when we saw, instead of a brazen-faced middle-aged woman, as we supposed a spy must be, a sweet young girl about my own age, looking as innocent as a pigeon. Our sympathies were with her, but mother performed her duty faithfully. We found nothing on her person or in her manner that would afford an excuse for a suspicion that she was a spy. She was released by the scouts, who offered her many apologies for detaining her. She had been too smart for them. While alone in the house, guarded by Peter Simons, she had eaten up Greene's letter, piece by piece. So secured from detection, she willingly submitted to our search, and told us frankly who she was.

"My name is Geiger—Emily Geiger," she said. "My father is a planter near Winnsborough, in Fairfield, and I am on my way to visit friends below."

"Wasn't she smart?" said the old lady. "She *was* going to 'visit friends below'—Sumter and his men; *our* friends likewise, for that matter. When the scouts dismissed her we took her to our house, gave her some refreshments, and urged her to stay with us until morning. But she could not be persuaded, saying the two armies were so near it might soon become impossible to reach her friends. Peter Simons had accompanied us home, and offered to escort Emily to her friends as a protector. She declined his offer, and rode away, bearing our silent blessings. We saw no more of her until some time after the war."

"Did she reach Sumter's camp in safety?" I inquired.

"Yes, and delivered Greene's message almost word for word as he had written it."

Sumter and Marion joined forces, and hurried to Friday's Ferry, at Granby. Rawdon, baffled, did not attempt to cross the Congaree, but fled before the pursuing Americans toward Orangeburg, on the Edisto.

"You say you saw no more of Emily Geiger until some time after the war," I remarked. "What was her fate?"

"A happy one. She had married a rich young planter on the Congaree named Thurwitz. They had been on a visit at her father's house in Fairfield, and went out of their way to visit the scene of her exploit in 1781. They crossed the Wateree at Camden, as she had done before, visited the house in which she had been searched, and drove to our home to thank my mother for her kindness on that occasion. They had with them their sweet little baby, a few months old. Peter Simons was then my sister's husband, and at our house Emily stood face to face with her jailer of an hour. She freely told her story, and owned that she was much startled when Peter seized her bridle, but controlled her feelings. She told us of her dinner on Greene's letter, and thought how silly the young scout was in leaving her alone in the house while he guarded the door on the outside. Peter wasn't much of a Tory, and we all rejoiced that a kind Providence had protected Emily from detection.

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"The ways of God are mysterious," said the venerable matron, laying her hand on my knee. "Peter's son married Emily's daughter—the sweet little baby she brought to our house—and their son owns a plantation a few miles from here."

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## HOW TOM JONES LOST HIS PROMOTION.

BY MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

Tom Jones began to wheeze and sneeze last spring, and pretty soon a cough set in that alarmed his mamma, and she was just making up her mind to send for the family physician, when Tom was seized one morning with a fit of coughing which ended in a prolonged, unmistakable whoop. No Indian on the war-path ever seemed better satisfied with a whoop than Mrs. Jones did with this one of Tom's.

"Why, Tommy's got the whooping-cough!" she exclaimed, joyfully, to her husband.

"Does a legacy usually come with it?" said Mr. Jones.

"Well, it's a comfort to know it isn't anything settling on his lungs," replied Mrs. Jones. "He's got to have whooping-cough some time, and it's a good time to have it now, when the warm weather is coming. Now we needn't wait for vacation to go to the country."

"You are in luck, Tom," said Mr. Jones. "You can take a long legal holiday, and need not play hookey any more."

"Catch me taking a holiday till the rest of the boys do, and you'll catch a weasel asleep: Joe Brown ain't going to get ahead of me," said Tom, whose father knew he never "played hookey."

"But, my son, you don't want to give away the whooping-cough? It's something nice to keep; you mustn't be too generous with it."

"There's nothing stingy about me," said Tom, who, in truth, was a whole-souled little fellow, always sharing what he had with his playmates. "If it's a good time to have it, why can't I go and give it to the whole class?"

"There's a prejudice against people being too generous," said Mr. Jones; and patting Tom's head, he went

off to business.

Tom gathered up his books, but his mamma explained to him that he couldn't go to school with whooping-cough.

"How long does this thing last?" said Tom, impatiently.

"Oh, quite a while," said Mrs. Jones, cheerfully—"two or three months, perhaps."

"Two or three months," echoed Tom, with dismay. "Why, Joe Brown'll be away ahead of me by that time, and I sha'n't be promoted!"

"Well, never mind, dear," said his mamma; "it can't be helped, you know. You'll have to have it some time, and it's a good time to have it now."

Mrs. Jones began humming a tune, and went up stairs to pack her trunks, not dreaming of the tempest that raged in the bosom of her son Tom. He threw down his books, put both elbows on the table, and let his chin fall into his hands. It was all he could do to keep up with Joe Brown now. Joe was a sickly fellow, but he had great pluck and perseverance, and would do his examples with a handkerchief tied around his head—to keep it together, as he said. He lost many days by sickness, but always made it up by extra work, and the extra brains that he had stored away somewhere in that rickety noddle of his. Tom admired him and loved him. They had been neighbors, chums, and classmates as long as he could remember. Their wood sheds joined at the back of their yards, and every morning each climbed up to have a long talk with the other about the boy-business of the day. Tom admired and loved Joe, but he feared him too. Joe's delicate health and extra brains about struck a balance with Tom's rugged constitution and average intellect; but how about these extra months of whooping-cough? These would leave fearful odds on Joe's side. Tom could never catch up with him again—never! It was mean. It was hard. It was not to be borne. Why couldn't Joe get the pesky old whooping-cough too? But Tom thought of Joe's hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and put that temptation away from him. He made up his mind he would caution Joe at once, and ran out to Bridget for a yellow rag that he had seen about the kitchen. Taking it out to the wood shed, he hoisted it upon a hastily improvised pulley.

"What's that?" said Joe, who had been waiting for Tom.

"I'm in quarantine," shouted Tom. "Don't breathe this way. You know that cough of mine? Well, it's *whooping-cough!*"

Joe darted back. "Gracious!" he said; "I wouldn't have it for anything. I couldn't go to school. I'd lose all chance of promotion."

"That's my case exactly," said Tom, bitterly.

"It's too bad, Tom," called Joe, keeping well out of breathing distance. "But I say, old fellow, you can study all the same, you know. You're a sturdy chap; it won't hinder you. It would knock me higher than a kite. I can't afford to lose any flesh and blood. I'm next door to a skeleton now."

Tom remembered that. He was glad then he had hoisted the quarantine flag.

Joe went on shouting: "I'll keep you posted in the lessons, Tom, so you won't fall behind. I'll stick to you like bees-wax. Eh, Tom, is that all right?"

"All right," called Tom.

The quarter bell rang. Joe and Tom parted for many a day. Tom went out to his grandfather's farm with his mother, and Joe went to school.

To an indifferent observer it would seem that there was no comparison between Tom's luck and Joe's. To have a grandfather was a good deal, in the first place; Joe hadn't any. He hadn't even a father. But to have a grandfather that owned a farm! Here was what you might call downright good fortune. Tom did enjoy it. His whooping-cough was of a light variety, and didn't disturb him much. But he was all the while thinking of the boys fighting away at those examples, and how much easier it was to puzzle them out in the classroom than out there in the haymow. There was so much to distract a fellow. If the boys at school made as much fuss over doing a sum as the hens did about laying an egg, they'd drive the teacher mad. Then the swallows went circling around the top of the barn until it made a body's head swim, and that young rascal of a colt gnawed the manger, and kicked and coaxed to go afield with Tom, and if ever there did happen to be a lull in the racket, something in that hay made a fellow so sleepy—must have been some poppies dried in that grass. And, worst of all, Joe Brown had turned traitor. He had been as good as his word at first, and had kept Tom posted right along; but for more than a month he hadn't sent him a line. It was so hard to plod along almost in the dark. His father helped him when he came out on Saturdays, and Tom didn't give up. He studied on out of spite; but it was harder work for a boy with a heart like Tom's to strive for spite than love. Tom felt that he might perhaps pass with the rest of the boys, and keep abreast with Joe Brown after all, but there wasn't much comfort in it.

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His father took him back to the city the last week in June, and on the night of his arrival Tom went out to the wood shed to have it out with Joe. He made up his mind to tell him what he thought of him, and never speak to him again; but he felt very miserable over it, very miserable indeed.

Bridget was out there splitting wood, and called to Tom as he began to climb:

"You needn't rache up to see the boy beyant. He'll climb no more. He's lyin' in bed these three weeks, and they say he's wastin' away. That nasty 'hoopin'-cough wint bad wid the poor little craythur."

"Whooping-cough!" cried Tom. "Did Joe get it?"

"Av coorse he did, wid all the rest of the gossoons; but it wint wrong wid poor Joe's windpipe, bad luck to it, and ruined him intirely."

Tom ran out in the street. He felt so sorry, and so glad—so sorry Joe was sick, and so glad he was true. His heart leaped up to think he had found his friend again, and then sank because what Bridget said had given him a nameless fear. The very first boy Tom met told him the doctor said he didn't think Joe Brown would live to go to school again.

Tom ran in to his father, with so pale a face that it frightened Mr. Jones; but he was Tom's confidant, as well as his father, and soothed and comforted him.

"Come," he said, taking Tom by the hand, "let's go around and see Joe."

They found him in bed, and as white as the wall he was propped against. He held out his wasted hand to Tom. "You've come back in time for the examination," he said, with a little bitterness in his smile. "You've got all the odds now, Tom; go in and win. I told you this thing would cripple me. I'll never tackle an example again."

Tom grew almost as pale as Joe, and looked imploringly at his father. Big tears rolled out of Mrs. Brown's eyes.

"He's all I have in the world," whispered the poor widow to Mr. Jones.

"Well, please God, madam," said Mr. Jones, "Joe will be all right yet. With your permission we'll get him out in the country on Tom's grandfather's farm. What he wants is country air and rest, and to give up this wicked struggle for supremacy. There's a better victory, my boys, than that with a mathematical problem—to do the best you can, and bid godspeed to the one that can honestly do better. There are some things far better than a class promotion, and you'll find them out there on the farm: health, contentment—"

"And the jolliest colt you ever saw, Joe," broke in Tom, "and no end to dogs and pigeons."

Joe began to look so much brighter and better. "Wait till you go back and pass the examination, Tom," he said. "I've been awfully mean and envious of you; but I'd take as much pride in it now as you would."

"Wait till you're able to go with me," said Tom. "I've been mean and envious too; but we'll begin all over again, Joe, in grandpop's barn."

So the boys went back to the country together, and Tom lost his promotion; but when Joe was able to first set his foot in Tom's grandfather's barn, and see that colt, Tom was one of the happiest fellows in the world.



**BASHFUL.**

**FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SINGHI  
("BINGHAMTON'S FOTOGRAFER").**



Oh, Charley would a sailor be,  
And live for aye on the bright blue sea—  
Yo ho!

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## THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

The next morning the sky was gray, and filled with flying clouds. The wind was blowing fresh and cold from the northwest, and the boys shivered, until their morning bath set their blood racing through their veins.

"What do you think of the weather, Tom?" asked Charley, as they were drinking their coffee.

"I don't think much of it," interrupted Joe. "It isn't half as good as the weather we had last summer."

"Junior officers will please not give their opinions until they are asked for," said the young Captain, in his severest official manner.

"I think," replied Tom, "that we're going to have a windy day, and I shouldn't be surprised if it rained before night."

"Not unless the wind backs around to the southwest," said Charley. "I think it will blow hard; but it doesn't very often rain with a northwest wind."

"Never mind if it doesn't rain," said Joe; "we'll get wet somehow, you can be sure."

"I think," said Charley, "that we'd better get up our anchor right away, for after awhile it may blow so hard that we'll have to run into some harbor for the rest of the day."

The *Ghost's* jib and mainsail were set, and with the wind on her port quarter she began to pile up the foam under her bow. In spite of the gloomy appearance of the sky and water, the speed of the boat put the boys in high spirits. The bay was covered with white caps, and in some places there was quite a heavy sea; but as the *Ghost* was running before it, no spray came on board, and Joe, in spite of his conviction that he must get wet, was dry and comfortable. The wind steadily increased, and before long Charley saw the necessity of reefing. So he brought the boat with her head to the wind, let go the anchor, and lowered the sails.

"Do you mean to say that we've got to anchor every time we reef?" asked Harry, as he was knotting the reef-points of the mainsail.

"It isn't necessary to anchor. We could put in a reef if we had no anchor with us; but with as much wind as we have now, it makes the work of reefing a good deal easier if we are lying at anchor."

"Why couldn't we reef while the boat is running under her jib?" inquired Tom.

"You can't tie the reef-points unless the sail is down, and you can't get the sail down while the boat is before the wind, and the sail is full. We could throw her head up into the wind, and get the sail down, and then let her run off under the jib until we get through reefing; but then we'd have to haul down the jib, and pull her head around with an oar, before we could set the mainsail again. Anchoring saves a whole lot of trouble, and there is no reason why we shouldn't anchor when we are where the anchor will take bottom."

With the reefed mainsail the *Ghost* behaved better than she had done. She rolled less, and steered more easily. The boys were delighted with the way in which she raced over the water, but occasionally, when they looked at the curling seas which followed her, and seemed to just miss breaking over her stern, they were a little uneasy.

"There is no danger from those seas as long as we can carry all this sail," remarked Charley. "The boat is moving faster than they are, and they can't overtake her."

But it was soon evident that sail would have to be shortened again. The wind was now blowing a gale, and not a sail was visible on the bay. Charley did not care to come to an anchor, for he had noticed a point of land about a mile ahead, and intended to run under the lee of it, and put in a second reef. So he was about to order Joe to slack the peak halyards, when, without the slightest warning, the *Ghost's* mast went over the side with a tremendous crash, tearing up part of the deck, and very nearly dragging Joe overboard with the halyards, which caught him around the neck.

"Keep cool, boys," cried Charley. "Let go the anchor, and then get hold of the jib, and try to drag it in clear of the wreck."

A few vigorous pulls brought the jib on deck, where it was thrown into the cockpit, and an effort was then made to get the spars alongside, and lash them together. The boys worked hard, but the weight of the mainsail, soaked as it was with water, made their efforts unsuccessful. While they were still working, the sea suddenly swept the wreck away from them, and to their dismay they found that the one rope which had attached it to the boat had parted, and that the mast and mainsail had started on an independent cruise. Harry would have jumped overboard in chase of it, but Charley forbade him, and assured his comrades that the wreck would drift quietly across to the beach, where they could find it after the wind went down.

"And have we got to stay here all day?" exclaimed Harry. "I don't like the notion at all. Why shouldn't we drift down to the beach after the wreck?"

"Because the seas would fill us full of water long before we could get there. I'm not sure, though, but what we can sail there."

"I'd like to know how we can set a sail without a mast?" said Harry.

"Suppose you and Tom take hold of the ends of a rubber blanket, and stand one on each side of the deck, so as to spread the blanket out as wide as possible. Joe could stand between you, and let the blanket blow right against him. If you fellows could hold it, I believe we could run down to the beach in a very little while."

"Come on," exclaimed Harry; "let's try it. I'll get out a blanket, while somebody gets up the anchor."

"And I'll try to get her round before the wind with an oar," said Charley. "Be ready with the blanket as soon

as I give you the word. You must stand up near the bow, about the same place where the mast used to stand. Now, are you ready with that anchor, Tom?"

"Ready, sir."

"Then up with it as quick as you can. Now go forward with that blanket, and the minute I get her head off a little, help her to swing clear round before the wind."

The crew obeyed orders perfectly, and in a very few minutes the *Ghost* was running under a heavy press of India rubber blanket for the distant beach. She had fully two miles to go, but as she was sailing fast enough to keep out of the way of the sea, there was no doubt that she would cross the bay safely. It took all the strength which Harry and Tom possessed to hold the blanket, while poor Joe, with his back braced against it, had the satisfaction of knowing that if it blew out of the boys' hands, it would carry him overboard.

As they approached the shore, having passed the drifting spars on the way, the prospect was not encouraging. The sea was breaking heavily on the low edge of the meadow which lay between the bay and the sand-hills of the beach, and there was no cove into which the boat could be run. There was nothing to be done but to anchor and wait for pleasant weather. Accordingly, the blanket was taken in, and the anchor dropped about thirty yards from the shore.

"Now if the anchor holds as it ought to," said Charley, "we are all right."

"And if it doesn't hold," said Harry, "we shall be all wrong. It's going to hold, though, for there's a good sandy bottom here."

"I wish it was a mud bottom," said Charley. "The anchor would hold twice as well in mud. However, I'm not afraid that we shall drift, unless it blows a regular hurricane."

"Now's the time to mend the deck," remarked Tom. "We've got nothing else to do."

"What in the world made that mast go overboard?" asked Joe. "It didn't break, did it?"

"No," answered Charley. "Either something gave way at the step, or else it wasn't properly stepped. We ought to have made absolutely sure that we had stepped it right that day we got through Coney Island Creek. We weren't careful enough about it, and this is the way we are paid for it."

There were some small pieces of pine board stowed away in the boat, which Harry had taken along in order to split them up for kindling wood. With the aid of the few tools which the boys had brought with them, they contrived to mend the deck, so that with the help of a piece of canvas and a little white lead it would shed water. An ugly scar remained to show where the mast had torn its way out; but for all practical purposes the deck was as good as ever.

This work finished, dinner was made ready, and the boys began to think that riding out a gale at anchor was not half so tiresome as they had supposed it would be.

"There are our spars at last," exclaimed Joe. "I had made up my mind that they had missed the way, and had given up looking for us."

"There they are, sure enough," said Charley, "and a great deal too near us. First thing we know they will drift right down on us." So saying, he sprang forward and seized the cable, with the hope of giving the boat a sheer that would keep her out of the way of the wreck.

He was too late, for the spars drifted against the cable, and their weight, added to that of the boat, was more than the anchor could hold. The *Ghost* began to drift slowly toward the shore. Nothing could be done, and the boys could only wait for the inevitable moment when the boat would strike.

"I told you I was bound to get wet some time to-day," said Joe. "You see I was right."

"Let's be glad that we've nothing worse than a wetting to dread," said Charley. "The water can't be more than three or four feet deep here, and we couldn't drown ourselves if we were to try. Why, it isn't up to my waist," he added, as he measured the depth with an oar. "Come, let's get overboard, and shove those spars out of the way. We may save the boat from going ashore yet."

They all instantly sprang overboard, and tugged manfully at the wreck; but it was too heavy and unwieldy for them, and they were too near the shore. The *Ghost* struck while they were still in the water, and the sea instantly began to break over her.

"No help for it, boys," said Charley, cheerfully. "We're shipwrecked, and we must grin and bear it. Hurry up, and let's get these spars out of the way, and perhaps we can tow the boat off again."

The spars were finally shoved away from the boat, and then the boys tried to get her afloat by hauling at the cable, and by putting their backs against her and shoving with all their might. It was all in vain. She was hard and fast on the shore, and could not be moved.

Such things as could be easily taken out of her were carried ashore, to prevent them from getting any more wet than they already were. The mast, with the boom, gaff, and sail attached, was then dragged ashore, and the sail spread out to dry. While this work was in progress, Charley had noticed that the wind was gradually changing its direction, and was evidently about to back to the southwest. Before the afternoon was over it had done so, and as a result, the sea ceased to break on the shore where the *Ghost* was lying, and she was finally got afloat, and bailed out.

"We're going to have rain before dark," said Charley. "I can feel it in the air. We'd better rig up our cabin, and get the things on board again, before the rain catches us. If we don't take care, Joe will get wet again."

"No, he won't," replied Joe. "He can't get any wetter than he is. Do you know, boys, I believe I'm getting to be like a sponge. I shouldn't wonder if I weighed two hundred pounds, with all the water that has soaked into me since the cruise began."



**"UNDER A HEAVY PRESS OF INDIA-RUBBER BLANKET."**

The *Ghost*, in the position in which she was now lying, was to a great extent sheltered from the gale by the sand-hills, and it seemed to the boys as if the wind had gone down. So strongly did Harry insist that the gale had blown itself out, that Charley proposed that they should all walk over to the sand-hills, which were not more than an eighth of a mile distant, and settle the question whether the wind had gone down, or was, as he asserted, blowing as hard as ever. So they made their way through the rank beach grass, and climbed the sand-hills. The first blast of wind convinced them that the gale had increased rather than diminished. The sea was a magnificent sight, and the surf was breaking on the beach with a noise like thunder. There were only two sails visible in the distant horizon, and the sky in the southwest was black with approaching rain. There could be no doubt that a wild and terrible night was at hand, and the boys went back to the boat feeling awed at the might of the elements, and somewhat oppressed by a feeling of loneliness and helplessness.

They had everything in order before the rain reached them, and though it came down in sheets, they managed to keep dry. They were not sleepy, and so they talked over the events of the day as they lay in their narrow but warm and comfortable cabin.

"By-the-bye, Charley, we haven't heard you say anything about Nina to-day," said Harry, mischievously.

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"Who's Nina?" said Charley. "Oh, I remember—the girl we met yesterday. Why, what should I say about her?"

"Oh, nothing; only I was thinking that you'd probably forgotten all about her. Now Joe thinks that it would be a nice thing to get her to come on a cruise with us."

"That's nonsense. She couldn't go without her mother, and her mother wouldn't go without her father. We'd have to get a regular yacht, with state-rooms, and all that. Don't let's talk about girls, Tom. Did you ever see a canoe?"

"I've seen birches, if that's what you mean."

"No; I mean a wooden cruising canoe, such as the fellows that belong to the American Canoe Club have. Do you know that you can sail or paddle anywhere in a canoe, and sleep in it at night? That's the sort of thing to cruise in."

"I've seen one," said Joe. "It was a perfect beauty, all decked over, and with water-tight compartments to carry things in, and two masts. If you'll believe it, the whole thing, masts and all, didn't weigh over seventy pounds."

"Now if we had canoes," continued Charley, "we could cruise in any kind of water. We could come down a shallow river all full of rapids, or we could sail in deep water, and keep dry in any sort of sea. I'd like nothing better than a canoe cruise, and I wish you'd all think about trying it next summer."

The conversation was successfully turned from girls to canoes, and the boys discussed canoes and canoeing until they finally fell asleep, with the rain beating heavily on their canvas covering, and rattling like a constant shower of peas on the deck. They had been asleep for several hours when they were suddenly awakened by the heavy report of a cannon, fired apparently but a little distance from them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## WHAT ROBIN TOLD.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

How do the robins build their nest?  
Robin Redbreast told me.  
First a wisp of amber hay  
In a pretty round they lay;  
Then some shreds of downy floss,  
Feathers too and bits of moss,  
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,  
This way, that way, and across:  
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nest?  
Robin Redbreast told me.  
Up among the leaves so deep,  
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.  
Long before the winds are cold,  
Long before the leaves are gold,  
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see  
Baby robins one, two, three:  
That's what Robin told me.

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## RECKLESS SPARROWS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Once upon a time, perhaps this summer, perhaps last, four reckless young sparrows lived in Central Park. Of course there were very many more of their kind there, but these four had formed a sort of club by themselves, and all the staid, respectable sparrows were really shocked by the way in which these youngsters behaved.



They would fly in on to the paths, picking up crumbs almost from beneath the feet of the visitors, and then fly back among the bushes, as if they believed they had displayed a wonderful amount of bravery. They twittered and chirped around the heads of the sacred cattle, and darted back and forth past the ostriches, until it was a wonder they were not killed.

Now these young sparrows never would take the advice of their elders, but continued in their wild ways, with a twitter that was very like a laugh whenever any of their relatives lectured them on the folly of recklessness and foolish daring.

Finally the time came when they felt they needed a change, and one of them proposed, while they were making an early breakfast from a fat worm that had come in their way just in time, that they all go down to the city for a regular lark.

With such a party as that, the idea was a good one, for it not only promised plenty of sport and adventure, but would show younger or more sedate sparrows what could be done by fellows who had the proper amount of courage.

At the risk of indigestion the worm was eaten hastily, and stopping only long enough to use a blade of grass as a napkin, they started on their journey, just a trifle confused by the noise and bustle, but determined that no one should know they had never been around the town before.

The busy sparrows in the streets, who were obliged to work industriously all day in order to get sufficient food, had very little to say to these young fellows who assumed so many foolish airs and graces, flying about first this way and then that, as if they had taken leave of their senses.

They flew down the streets among the horses, until they came near getting run over two or three times; darted around among the boys, until one came so near being caught that he lost two of his tail feathers in the struggle; and then the party seated themselves on the roof of a house to decide what was best to be done.

In a window almost opposite where they were sitting was a stuffed sparrow, mounted so skillfully that it looked as if it was alive.

It was not many moments before the party from the Park saw the motionless bird, and without a thought that it was dead, proposed to have some sport with the stranger.

"He's a terribly glum-looking fellow," said the youngest of the party. "Let's go over and wake him up."

"He sits there as if he owned the whole city," said another, "and it will do him good to let him know that there are some in town who amount to as much as he does."

"Let's all fly down at once, and scare him," proposed the third; and no sooner was the idea suggested than it was carried into execution.

Down the four flew with a rush, directly past the solemn bird; but instead of showing signs of fear, he never winked.

Then the visitors perched on the ledge of the window, daring the stranger to come out and knock them off, and making use of a great many unsparrowly remarks; but no reply was made.

"I'll go up and flirt my wings in his face," said the most reckless one of the party; "and if that don't make him speak, I'm mistaken."

Full of the idea that he was about to do some brave thing in thus attacking one poor lone bird, this impudent sparrow did as he had said he would, and great was the surprise of all four when the stranger tumbled over as stiff as a poker.



**"HAVE WE KILLED HIM?"**

At first the party were afraid they had carried their sport too far, and committed murder. For a moment they were so frightened that their only thought was of flight; and then they noticed that the stranger had not moved a muscle since he had been struck, but lay with raised wings just as he had been sitting.

There was something strange about it all, for it surely did not seem as if a little blow like the one given could have killed the bird, and they ventured in to examine the supposed victim. So intent were they upon the examination that they did not notice that any one had entered the room, until they heard a low voice say, "Oh, Nellie, get some salt quick, and we can catch them all."

Their recklessness was gone as they looked up, and saw a little boy and girl coming directly toward them. How their hearts beat, and how frightened they were! They had heard their mother say that if they got salt on their tails they would surely be caught, and fastened in a cage, and they dashed around the room wildly in their efforts to escape, too much excited to fly directly out of the window at first.

They did manage to get out after a time, however, and when they went back home they were anything but a jaunty-looking party. One had scraped his wing against the wall until it bled, two others had lost nearly the whole of their tails, while the youngest had his feathers firmly glued down by syrup from the bread the little girl had in her hand.

It was a hard lesson for them, but it did them good; and to-day, if it were possible to find those young sparrows, they would tell you, if they could, that they had decided to listen to the experience of their parents rather than bear the possible suffering by trying to find out for themselves.

"What were we there for?" said Uncle Marbury. "Why, we wanted to kill a hippopotamus."

"Was Mr. Lloyd a great hunter too?" asked Cal.

"Yes; he'd hunted all sorts of wild animals, and so had I. We could each say we'd killed lions and tigers and elephants, but we had never before gone after any hippopotami."

"Hippopotamuses? Were there any there?"

"That's where they belong. But don't say 'musses.' One is a hippopotamus. I killed five while I was there, and as soon as I had two of them, they were hippopotami."

"My!" exclaimed Robert, "I never heard that before."

Cal had his school atlas out on the table, and his finger was already pushing along up the west coast of Africa.

"There's Angola."

"Now find the river Coanza. There's any number of them, and they're all alike. Where are my spectacles?"

"I've got it," said Cal. "Was that where you found 'em?"

"They live along all those rivers. The banks are all woods and swamps and mud, and the rivers are just about fit for river-horses to wallow in."

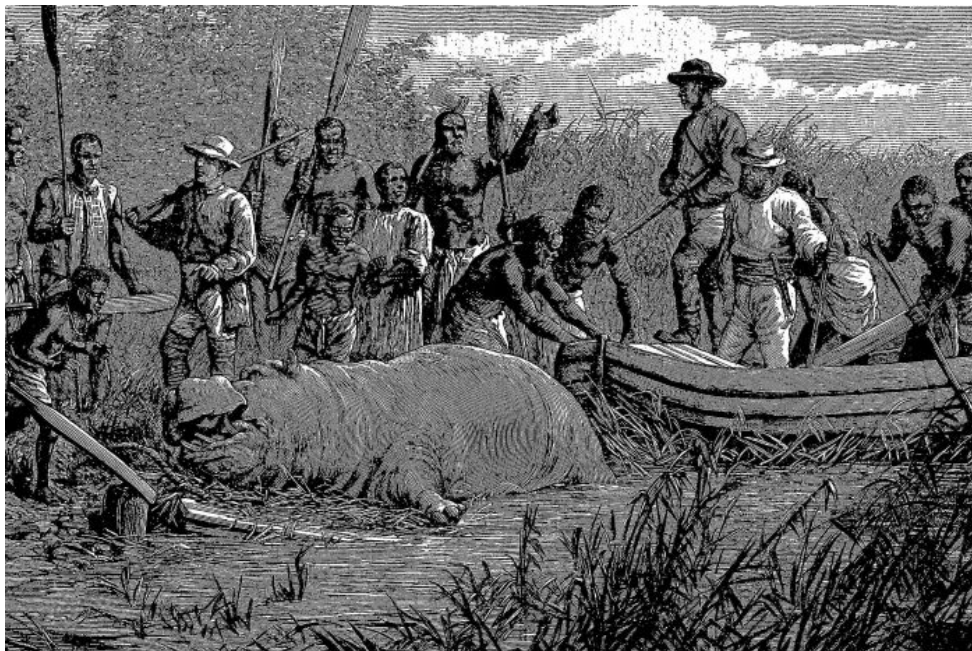
"River-horses!" exclaimed Rob, who was staring at a cut of one in his Natural History. "He's no more like a horse than this house is."

"Well, no," said Uncle Marbury; "there isn't much horse about them, but they spend most of their time in the river, so half their name is correct. The first one I killed tipped over all our boats, so we had to swim for it."

"Did he get a bite at any of you?"

"It wasn't his fault that he didn't. We found out that fishing for river-horses was a serious piece of business."

"Fish for them? What! with a hook and line?"



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#### KILLING A HIPPOPOTAMUS IN WESTERN AFRICA.

"Not exactly. It was a good deal more like fishing for whales. Mr. Lloyd and I went after them with a lot of black hunters. We took our guns, and they took their harpoons, and such a time as we had you never saw."

Cal and Rob were getting a good deal waked up on the river-horse question, and their mother dropped her book in her lap, although she had heard that story once or twice before.

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"Now, boys," she said, "don't interrupt your uncle. Let him tell it all his own way."

Cal and Rob looked at each other. Cal had at least three questions in his mouth, and Bob had two, all ready to ask, but they shut their lips hard, and Rob took a tight grip of his chair, so he shouldn't let go of those questions.

Uncle Marbury leaned back in his Sleepy Hollow chair, and went right on:

"The black men go for them in boats, with harpoons that they make themselves. They take a stout pole, of a hard, heavy wood that grows there, and cut it to about ten or twelve feet long and three or four inches thick. That's the shaft of the harpoon. The head is made of a tough piece of iron, thicker than my finger, and about a foot long. It has a barbed spear-head at the end, and when those barbs get under the tough hide of a hippopotamus, all the plunging and struggling he can do won't make them pull out.

"They bore a hole in the end of the pole just big enough to take in a few inches of the iron foot of the barbed head, and it fits loosely, so it'll come out. That's just what they want it to do. I'll tell you why. Just as soon as a hippopotamus is wounded, he turns to bite at the thing that hurt him, and if his great jaws and sharp teeth shut down on a piece of wood, they'd grind it to splinters, no matter how hard and strong it might be. If it was a rope, they'd cut it right off, and the hunters would lose their harpoon and their game too. So they leave the iron head loose, to come out, and fasten it to the pole by a sort of long band that is made of ever so many tough strong cords, not very large, any one of them, and these slip around among the

teeth, and if some of them do get cut off, there are always enough left to hold by.

"The other end of the pole has a long rope, like a whale line, tied to it, and that is coiled up in the boat, and they let it run out or pull it in, just as they see fit.

"We had two of those harpoons in each of our boats, and all of the black men had spears, and Lloyd and I had double-barrelled rifles, and our first river-horse was almost too much for us in spite of them all."

"Did he fight hard?"

"Calvin!" said his mother.

"I'll tell you. Lloyd and I had a good yawl boat we had brought with us, and half a dozen black men to paddle, and there were two canoes, each with three black men in it, but we didn't bring any canoes home. Mr. Lloyd and I and my black servant were the only men in those boats that had any clothes on to speak of.

"Now, you see, boys, the hippopotami are a good deal like you—they have favorite spots along the river where they go in swimming, and sometimes a good many will go in together, and have a good bath of mud and water. The black hunters find out these places, but it wouldn't do to go straight for them. You'd only scare them away if you did that.

"Mr. Lloyd and I let the black hunters do things their own way; and they had made our camp, the night before, two good miles above one of these wallowing-places. So, when we started, we let the boat and the two canoes float down with the current, just steering them a little, and you never saw so many men keep so still. It was dreadfully warm, and we'd have envied the black men if it hadn't been for the mosquitoes. They didn't seem to mind them, but we were glad enough there were some spots on us where the ugly little scamps couldn't bite to do any harm. I believe, though, that my black servant would have stripped off his clothes if he hadn't been so proud of them. Suddenly one of the black hunters in my boat put his hand on my arm, and pointed at something a little ahead of the canoe on the left.

"It was something big and black coming slowly up through the water. A little pair of ears very wide apart; then the great eyes that seemed to stick right out; then the nose—there was no use in asking whose head that was. Just enough of his body followed above the surface to give the black hunter in the prow of that canoe a fair mark for his harpoon. He was close up when he threw it; and he drove it in good and deep, now I tell you. I felt sure it would stick, but it must have astonished that river-horse. He gave a tremendous angry sort of grunt and a great jump, and the head of the harpoon came out of the socket, just as it was meant to, and off he started down stream. He pulled that canoe along fast enough, and the rest of us paddled for dear life.

"I tried hard to get a shot at him, and so did Lloyd, whenever any of him showed above water, but our bullets must have glanced from his hard wet hide, if any of them hit him, and I'm not half sure they did.

"You've no idea at what a rate he managed to travel. It was hot work to keep anywhere near him. We wanted him to go ashore or into shallow water, where we could get at him. They're a good deal more dangerous in the water than they are out of it.

"He was more scared than hurt, though, and he didn't care a copper what we wanted; but in one of his turns he gave me a chance to put a rifle-bullet into his side."

"Did it kill him?" Both boys had spoken at once.

"No, it didn't kill him, but it made him angry, and just then one of the black hunters drove a spear into him.

"Then the fight began. He was furious with pain, and didn't seem to care any more for spears and bullets after that than I did for the mosquitoes. He dived and rose, and dived and rose, and tried every way to get at us, and the black men had to ply their paddles more than their spears.

"He snorted and squealed with rage, and made the water fairly foam for a few minutes, and then he tried a piece of cunning. He swam around under water for nearly a minute, and the harpoon rope was out so loose and long that we couldn't keep very close track of him.

"Suddenly the black hunters in one of the canoes gave a frightened yell, and sprang out. I saw a great gaping pair of jaws shutting down over the side of that canoe, and they crunched it in pieces as easily as you would bite through a brittle ginger-snap. He had spoiled the canoe at one bite, and then he dashed fiercely around in all directions, looking for the men. They swam well, but he'd have caught some of them if it hadn't been that the harpoon in him belonged to the other canoe, and the crew of that were hauling on it with all their might. The upset men scrambled into my boat, and Lloyd and I got some shots at the hippopotamus that weakened him. It was well we did, for they pulled too hard on the harpoon rope, and got too near, and in a moment more they too were in the river, and their canoe was being bitten to splinters. It was hard and dangerous work to save those men, but we did it, and our yawl was terribly crowded when they were all in. It began to look like a doubtful fight, for we had lost hold of the harpoon rope; but the hippopotamus had managed to bring us all nearer the bank, where the water was not so deep, and he had no notion of running now. He stood at bay a minute or so later, half out of water, and the black hunters sprang out, and went at him with their spears like heroes. I never saw such daring fellows; but Mr. Lloyd and I were doing all we could with our rifles, and the river-horse hardly knew which way to turn. Something was hitting him from every direction. I was just beginning to wonder if he could be killed at all, when he made a sudden turn and a rush, and over went our boat, and we too were sprawling in the river. I must say I felt a little queer when I went under; but when I got my head out again, there was the hippopotamus within ten feet of me, his mouth wide open for a bite, but staggering and falling over on his side.

"He went right to the bottom, but we didn't lose him. Some of the black men righted our boat, and some dived and searched for the guns and things, and found them, and some of them worked away at the hippopotamus till they got a strong rope hitched around his lower jaw. Then we all tugged and pulled till we had him half out of water, at the shore of the river. He was an enormous fellow, and more like a big black hog than like any horse I ever saw."

"Did the natives carry him home?" asked Cal.

"Well, yes, a good part of him. But they cooked and ate him first. They built a big fire on the bank, and kept on cutting off slices and roasting and broiling till I wondered when they'd stop."

# THE DAISY COT.

## A STORY In TWO PARTS.

BY MISS LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

### PART II.

Weeks and months went by, and each week found Mercy better and brighter and stronger, until her tongue used to go like a mill clapper, and a continual stream of chatter overflowed from the Daisy Cot.

One bright day Sister Theresa and the Doctor were in close consultation as they walked from the boys' ward to the girls'.

"You see," the Sister was saying, "little Mercy is nearly well now; indeed, she ought to go into the country for change of air, and we really ought not to keep the cot from some other patient who may need to come in."

"Humph!" said the Doctor. "That's true enough, and I quite agree; but where's the poor baby to go?"

"Oh, I don't know;" and she looked very sorrowful. "That's just the trouble. There's no one to take her: and, poor wee pet, I don't want to sound as if I wanted to get rid of her. I don't know how we can bear to let her go; but—"

"Humph!" growled the Doctor, very crossly; and he turned sharply on his heel, and entered the open door. The happy little voice was singing some nursery song, and Mercy was sitting bolt-upright in the cot, and watching with all her eyes and all her attention Sister Agnes, as she was filling the vases in the ward with violets. There had been a great basket of flowers sent to the hospital that very morning, and everybody was rejoicing over the lovely blossoms.

"Why, Mousie," was the Doctor's greeting, "you're as bright as a young butterfly."

"See! see!" and she held up a bunch of daisies, which had come among the other flowers, and had been voted, by universal consent to the Daisy Cot; "dey *is* so pitty!" and then—no one knows how the happy thought struck her, but a quick gleam came into her merry face, and she put out her hands eagerly toward him. "Take dem to my lady," she said.

For one moment the Doctor was too much surprised even to say "Humph!" Then, "By the bones of Æsculapius, I'll chance it!" was his remarkable reply, as he dropped the daisies into his great pocket, and crushing his hat down on his head, turned and bolted out of the hospital. He went through the streets at the same rapid rate, and never stopped until he rang the bell of a big house in a distant square. The sunshine was so bright that for the first moment after he was ushered into a shaded drawing-room he could see nothing at all, but stood blinking and winking like a great owl that had been awakened in broad daylight.

It was a very pretty room, all furnished in the newest high-art style of mouldy greens and bilious-looking browns, but looking like a room which people used to sit and read and work in—a home-like-looking room. There were a few choice pictures on the green walls, among them a copy of Mercy's Good Shepherd, and the air was heavy with the soft breath of the flowers in a conservatory which opened out at the back; but the windows were shaded and darkened until there was hardly a ray of light that had the audacity to venture through. The Doctor's first act was to march across to the nearest blind and draw it up.

There was a smothered cry from a soft faded green chair by the tiled fire-place, where a lady was sitting, half hidden by the heavy folds of the black robes that seemed to throw into relief her white hands and pale sad face. It was "E. M. B.," Mercy's "*tind* lady."

She covered her face with her hands, with a little cry of protest, as the blessed sun streamed in; but the Doctor never left things half done; so up went another blind, and the window-sash too, before he came over and stood beside her, looking down at her with a compassionate expression that would have surprised more than one lady if she had seen it on "that old bear's" face.

"Oh, Doctor, how could you?" murmured Mrs. Braithwaite, reproachfully. "It is so bright."

"Well, madam," said the eccentric Doctor, "the world *is* bright. I can't help it, as I didn't make it; but as it was made so, I suppose it wasn't meant to be wasted;" which made the lady smile, though it was a smile that soon faded.

Then came a little professional talk, and feeling of pulse, over which the Doctor looked grave.

"I'll tell you what it is, madam," he said at length, "you're out of tone and tune. You just go on getting weaker and weaker, and if you don't mind, you'll die from sheer indifference."

"I wish I could," she answered, with a sigh. "Oh no, I didn't mean to be so wicked. I know we must live; but, oh dear! life is so empty!"

"My patience, madam! do you find it so? I always thought it overcrowded," was on the tip of the Doctor's tongue; but he stopped himself, and said, instead, quite gently, "Life's pretty much what we make it ourselves, I fancy."

"And how is the hospital? how is the cot?" asked Mrs. Braithwaite, willing to change the subject.

"Oh, going on all right. By-the-way, I'd like you to see the last young one in it. A small monkey that's won all our hearts somehow. And I'm rather bothered about her just now. She's well enough to go out, but not quite well yet either; and the plague is, what's to be done with her. Her parents were respectable people—artists, or such like—but they're both dead, and she hasn't kith nor kin. Where's she to go?"

A sudden stiffness came over Mrs. Braithwaite. "I dare say she can go to an orphan asylum," she said; "I think I can get her into one."

"Oh, botheration!" broke out the Doctor. "I beg your pardon; but as to that, we at the hospital could raise enough to keep her somewhere. But that's not what I want. That poor little chick in a great bare asylum! No; what I want for her is a home." And he looked narrowly at her, but she avoided his gaze.

"There's a children's home in Wainwright Street," she began, uneasily.

"No, no; she wants change of air."

"Oh, as to that, I am going out of town next week myself, and I can take her with me to the sea for a month if you like."

"By all means; it will do you both good." He pushed back his chair, and stared at a distant corner of the frescoed ceiling. "But what's to become of her when the month's up?" and he tried to speak innocently.

Mrs. Braithwaite faced round upon him indignantly. "I know what you mean; I understand you perfectly well," she cried. "You want me to adopt this child. How can you be so cruel? But I won't. Don't ask it. I never will do it."

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"Why not?" asked the Doctor, unmoved.

"What! put another child in my own precious darling's place? I couldn't."

"I don't see the need of that. There are such things as sisters."

"And to see her about the house, and to hear her voice, just as I used to hear Daisy's! And perhaps there'd be something about her like my treasure. What color is her hair?—black?"

"Red," said the Doctor, grimly.

"*Red hair!*" with a sort of gasp. "Oh no, you must not ask me. I can't do it. I'll pay anything you like to get her a home—you know I always feel as if the Daisy Cot children had an especial claim on me—but I can not take her for my own."

"As you please," said the Doctor, gruffly; rising to his feet. "Only you needn't trouble yourself to pay anything for her. We're not over-rich at the hospital, but I rather think we can raise enough ourselves for our little girl. It wasn't money I asked you for, but love."

"What is her name, Doctor?" she asked, more quietly.



"Mercy. (Hallo!" thought the Doctor, "I almost said Daisy, and that would have ended the last chance, and no mistake.) 'The quality of mercy is not strained,' you know; 'it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,' and all that sort of thing. Well, madam, I'm disappointed, I confess; but saying so won't mend matters. Keep on taking that quinine." And he moved toward the door. "By-the-way," he said, coming back again, "I nearly forgot. What put it into the baby's head no mortal knows; but just as I was coming out of the hospital this morning she gave me these, and asked me to give 'em to you from her;" and he laid the little bunch of daisies on her lap.

There was a sound between a sob and a cry, as she caught the poor faded little flowers to her lips; then both hands went up to hide the sudden storm of tears.

"I thought you'd take 'em as a message, or a what-you-may-call-'em," said the Doctor, clearing his throat; "they seemed so to me." He turned to the door again, but paused before the Good Shepherd picture. "Did you ever notice," he said, "that the Good Shepherd's arms here are full, and yet there's a wretched, sickly, lame little beast that's coming on behind? I rather think it's about as good a job as any one can do to lend that little animal a hand." And this time he really went.

#### THE MESSAGE OF THE DAISIES.

Two hours later, as he reached the hospital on his afternoon round, a well-known carriage stood before the door. He smiled as his eye fell upon it, and stole on tip-toe up the stone staircase. Outside the girls' ward he stopped to take an observation.

There by the Daisy Cot sat a lady in a black dress. Her back was toward the door, but a white hand was smoothing back the red-gold rings of Mercy's hair, and a gentle voice said, just as the Doctor came within ear-shot, "And what do they call you, dear?"

The Doctor felt a cold chill go all over him. "Now if the baby says 'Daisy,' it's all up," he gasped.

But surely the same wonderful instinct which made Mercy send the flowers prompted her now; for she looked up with her pretty smile, and the sweet clear voice laughed out, "I's Mousie."

"And would you like to come home with me, and be my little girl, and have pretty toys, and learn to love me?"

"I do love oo," said the little voice again; and the Doctor, who was new to the business of eavesdropping, turned away so abruptly that he ran up against Sister Theresa, and nearly knocked her flat on her back.

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," he said, recovering his balance; "but I know you won't mind, under the circumstances. Mousie has found a home at last, and the Daisy Cot is ready for an incised wound or a compound fracture as soon as you like to put one into it. That's all."



"I'S MOUSIE."

THE END.

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**THE KITTENS DOOMED.**

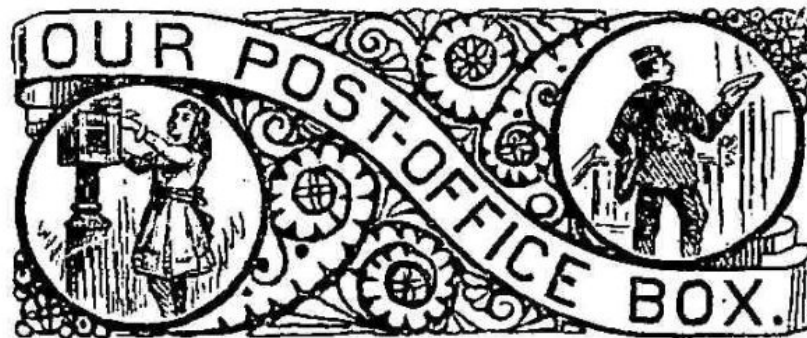
**"I want you to drown them all the first thing in the morning, James."**



**THE KITTENS SAVED.**

**When James looked for them, early in the morning, he found that they had mysteriously disappeared.**

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TERRY'S LANDING, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE an adventure I met with. I was crossing the Yellowstone River in an ambulance on a ferry-boat, with mamma and papa, when a sudden gust of wind blew my hat into the river. I thought it was gone for good, but a little Piegan Indian boy jumped in after it. He swam a mile before he caught it, and when he brought it back you would hardly have known it had been wet. Papa gave the boy a silver dollar, and I think he deserved it.

We are in the Yellowstone Valley, and the river runs right by our camp. The boats land here in the summer when they can not get up to Fort Custer, and each summer an officer is sent down here to take charge of the government stores which the boats bring. This summer it was papa's turn to come, and although our quarters are not so handsome as at the fort, still we were all glad to have

a change. We have large cottonwood-trees here, and beautiful green grass running down to the river, which is very pretty. The water is clear, and we have nice fish.

My sister Nan and I have fun hunting flowers, and moss-agates and other stones. We are going East on the first boat, and I expect to have lots of fun with Nannie, as she has never been away from Custer, and she will see so many wonderful things. When she saw the first "Mackinaw," she clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, here is the boat to take us away!" and she cried when it went past.

E. M. G.

---

GARDINER, NEW YORK.

I am almost nine years old, but I have never been to school. My mamma has taught me at home. I have no brothers or sisters, but Jessie, my cat, is a nice playmate. She sleeps up stairs in papa's store, and this morning she did not come down to breakfast as usual, so I thought I would go and see what was the matter. I hunted for her, and at last I looked into a barrel, and what do you think I saw? Three lovely little kittens! Oh, how proud their mamma was! I excused her from coming down to breakfast, and carried her up a cup of milk. Now what puzzles me is to find names for my kittens. I have a family of thirteen dolls, and they have each a name, and there does not seem to be any pretty names left.

EMMA M. DuB.

---

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The first thing to interest me after we arrived in London was the Zoological Gardens, where we saw many monkeys. One was very funny, and swung himself by his tail to a branch that was fastened into his cage. I think he was handsomer than any monkey I ever saw. He had long black fur, and did not look so horribly like a shrivelled old man as most monkeys do. We afterward went into the antelope house, and saw some large and some small ones; the small ones were the prettiest, and had slender legs, and gentle brown eyes. We saw sea-lions, bears, lions, and tigers, pretty little birds, and more animals than I can tell you about.

We went to Westminster Abbey, and saw the coronation chair, and the old stone on which the Scottish monarchs were crowned. Edward I. brought the stone from Scotland, after he had conquered that country. We also saw the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, and Shakspeare's tomb, and a statue of him above it. Then we went to see Queen Elizabeth's tomb, which has a statue of her lying down; in her left hand she holds a globe, and in her right hand a sceptre; she was very ugly in comparison with her cousin Mary Queen of Scots. Then we visited Madame Tussaud's wax-works. There were wax men put there for guides, and some of us thought they were real, and asked one of them to tell us the way to go. We saw figures of the royal family and Martin Luther, and Napoleon's cup that he used two or three years in St. Helena, that lonely, dreary little isle in the ocean.

Then we took "hansoms" and drove to St Paul's Cathedral. There were little boys dressed in white robes, like priests, and the singing was perfectly lovely. St Paul's Cathedral is built on the same spot where once stood a temple to Diana.

We visited the Royal Academy, and I liked two pictures very much—one, of a stream with trees on its banks, and black crows flying near; and the other, of some sheep in a snow-storm. In the afternoon we drove in Hyde Park, and saw fine carriages and horses, but none of the royal family, as it was very early in the London season.

We had a present of some lovely wild flowers from an English gentleman in Essex. There were daisies, cowslips, primroses, bluebells, and ferns.

The next day we went by rail to Portsmouth; there we were met by a steamboat for Ryde; on the Isle of Wight. Then again we had a short rail ride to Ventnor, where we stopped at a hotel called "Crab and Lobster."

HARRY G.

---

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is the paper every child in the world ought to have. I like "Toby Tyler," and all the Jimmie Brown stories. My papa is an editor, and I can set nearly a column of type. I am ten years old. I tried the recipe for making yellow ink, which was given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 77, and I was very successful.

JOHN C. B.

---

BIG BEND, WISCONSIN.

I live out in Wisconsin, on the Fox River. I have a little sister three years old. We call her Nellie Bly. I want to tell you of a funny thing she said. One day a large bumble-bee came into the house, and she told me to catch it and take away its honey. I told her bumble-bees kept their honey in

their nests. "Yes," she said, "I have found bumble-bees' nests." "No," I said, "you never did." "Yes, I have, too." "Then," said I, "why didn't you get the honey?" "Cause," said she, "the old bumble-bee was on!"

H. H. C.

---

I am making a log-cabin quilt, and I have not half enough pieces. When this quilt is finished, it will be sold, and the money taken to buy a tombstone for my dear boy, who, as many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will remember, was frozen to death in the woods at Muskoka last winter. It is hard to leave him buried there, for his is a solitary grave all alone on the shore of the lake; but we trust that he is happy in heaven.

I thought that perhaps some of the mothers of the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would kindly send me a bundle of pieces of silk, cashmere, or merino to help in finishing my quilt. Any such favor would be thankfully received, and, as far as we can, we will send in return deer horn's and any other curiosities we can obtain.

MRS. ELLEN A. LOCKMAN,  
Scotland P. O., Ontario, Canada.

---

I wish to inform my correspondents to whom I am indebted that, owing to the fact that exchanges arrived in such quantities, I disposed of my stock of agates and amethysts in a much shorter time than I anticipated. I am making every effort to procure some more, and I beg their kind indulgence, for, should I not succeed in obtaining the article desired, I will do all in my power to recompense the favors I have received.

WILLIAM J. MORRIS, Manistee, Mich.

---

I have no more sulphate of iron or gold ore. I would like now to exchange stones from two States, for an Indian arrow-head.

R. C. ORR,  
1715 North Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Penn.

---

We live on the Mississippi River. We are taking the names of boats as they pass. We have the names of sixty-four boats that have passed this year. There are lots of wild flowers here.

We will give ten postmarks, for two stamps from Canada, except the 1 and 3 cent, and the half-cent, for two South American stamps, and a stamp from Japan and China.

WILLIE COLBURN and CHARLIE GRANT,  
P. O. Box 90, Lansing, Allamakee Co., Iowa.

---

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the Christmas number, and I think it is a lovely paper. "Toby Tyler" and "Susie Kingman's Decision" are the prettiest, stories.

I go to school, and I try to study pretty hard, and be a good girl. I am going to the country this summer, and I expect to have a nice time. I have a little black kitty, and it has a little red collar with bells on it. Its name is Jetta, and I hope it will not die, for I have no brothers or sisters, and I call my kitty my sister. I am ten years old.

I have some pretty shells I gathered on the sea-shore, which I would like to exchange with some little girl, for stamps.

JULIA M. P.,  
2403 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Penn.

---

Louie E. Almy, Newport, Rhode Island, and F. R. Satterlee, New York city, withdraw their names from our exchange list.

---

V. Moger, Morrisania, New York, and more than a dozen others, are anxiously inquiring for addresses of careless correspondents. We have no farther comments to make upon this constantly recurring trouble.

---

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Two hundred and fifty rare stamps, for a good young Newfoundland puppy.



D. T. A.,  
336 North Eden St., Baltimore, Md.

---

A foot-power scroll-saw and saws, for a self-inking printing-press and furniture in good working order.

MATT AUBREY, JUN.,  
128 Washington St, Chicago, Ill.

---

United States and foreign stamps, for all sorts of curiosities. A stone and soil from New York, for the same from any other State.

JOHN H. ACKERMAN,  
162 Madison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

Any number of United States due and revenue stamps, and old issues, and foreign stamps, for the same number from Mexico, Central and South America, Africa, Oceanica, Asia, Denmark, Holland, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Canada (excepting the common 3-cent), or any department stamps. No duplicates.

JAMES W. BOLLINGER,  
718 Western Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

---

Minerals, relics, and curiosities.

C. L. BROWN,  
900 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

Foreign postage stamps, for maps. From five to twenty stamps, for one map of any State, according to condition and size.

CHARLES F. BAILEY, San José, Cal.

---

United States silver and copper coins, stamps, Indian implements and relics, and curiosities suitable for a cabinet. Correspondents will please write to arrange exchange.

P. O. Box 75, Chesterville, Me.

---

Ten postmarks, for three stamps of any country except the United States. No duplicates given, or taken.

GEORGE L. BROCKMAN,  
Mount Sterling, Brown Co., Ill.

---

Internal revenue and foreign stamps, for stamps from any country except Europe.

GEORGE BARBOUR,  
42 Avery St., Alleghany, Penn.

---

Minerals, for minerals or any other thing suitable for a cabinet. A stone from Vermont, for one from any other State or Territory.

FRANK H. BROOKS,  
P. O. Box 167, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

---

Three Mexican stamps (no duplicates), for one Indian arrow-head.

THOMAS BARRON,  
Tarrytown, Westchester Co., N. Y.

---

A "Centennial" printing-press in good order, with two fonts of type, leads, furniture, etc., for a pair of No. 10 roller skates and a pair of fencing foils. Please write before sending package.

C. E. BURY, 6 Whipple St., Fall River, Mass.

---

Curiosities, for foreign stamps.

BERTIE BARNETT,  
406 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

Pressed ferns, for the same. Pressed leaves, for foreign postage stamps.

LENA S. BURROWS,  
Yreka, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

---

Twenty-five arrow-heads, petrified shells, and other fossils, and specimens of quartz and ores, for a small stationary engine with cylinder about eight inches long, which can be used for a little boat.

LOUIS K. BRITTING,  
River Road, West Covington, Ky.

---

Gypsum, limestone, cement-stone, French and Bermuda stamps, and postmarks, for minerals, petrifications, or relics.

H. BROWN and W. BOICE,  
299 Broad St, Newark, N. J.

---

A Japanese stamp, for a 90-cent stamp of 1870 or 1871. A Hong-Kong stamp, for a 12-cent of the same issue.

SEVERANCE BURRAGE,  
P. O. Box 388, West Newton, Mass.

---

A miniature yacht, thirty inches long, including bowsprit, and mast eighteen inches high, for a self-inking printing-press and outfit.

F. E. BACON,  
155 Rutledge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

Choice foreign stamps, for stamps from South America. Ten different postmarks, for five varieties of monograms.

J. R. BEDFORD,  
77 Christopher St., New York City.

---

Iron ore from Pennsylvania, for other minerals, or for sea-shells.

WALTER C. BOULT,  
P. O. Box 1002, Altoona, Blair Co., Penn.

---

A 1-penny English stamp, for a stamp from Holland.

DAVID CLARKSON,  
165 East Forty-ninth St., New York City.

---

Specimens of corundum, for sea-shells. Corundum is a rare mineral. These specimens are from

the Unionville mine, and very pure.

EMMA S. CHAMBERS,  
Unionville, Chester Co., Pa.

---

Five hundred foreign stamps, twenty postmarks, and a boat eighteen inches long, for a three-wheel velocipede.

CLARENCE E. CARNEY,  
Sheepscot Bridge, Lincoln Co., Me.

---

Specimens of orange, olive, pomegranate, red cedar, and eucalyptus wood, for foreign stamps.

EDDIE C. C., P. O. Box 215, Jacksonville, Fla.

---

Forty stamps, for forty others. No duplicates.

STARR CARLETON,  
P. O. Box 764, Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wis.

---

One halfpenny, two 1-penny, and one 3-penny English stamp, a 10-cent and a 15-cent Canadian, a 10-centimes Belgian, and a 5-centavos Mexican, for stamps from Siam, China, Liberia, Turkey, and Russia.

[Pg 543]

W. P. CHESNEY,  
Kenton, Hardin Co., Ohio.

---

A piece of rose quartz and a stone from New Jersey, for silver ore and a stone from any other State. Please write before sending specimen.

LULU CRAFT,  
Bergen Point, Hudson Co., N. J.

---

A postage stamp from Bavaria, Austria, Germany, France, England, Italy, Belgium, or Canada, for one from Turkey, Greece, Egypt, or Mexico.

NOAH T. COLEMAN,  
Corner Gifford and Niagara Sts., Syracuse, N. Y.

---

A piece of onyx from South America, a piece of petrified lava from Italy, and a small piece of mosaic from the old palace in Rome, for rare postage stamps.

LOUIS CRONDAL,  
361 Garden St., Hoboken, N. J.

---

Stamps and old coins, for dressed humming-birds and other birds, or for minerals, fossils, and other curiosities suitable for a museum.

A. M. C.,  
447 West Twenty-second St., New York City.

---

Stamps, woods, and coins. Stamps from Siam, Japan, and China especially desired.

FRED H. CHRISTY,  
P. O. Box 1233, Moline, Rock Island Co., Ill.

---

Baden, Freiburg, Turkish, Roman, and some other seals, for a few rare postage stamps.

H. DUNNELL,

One hundred and ninety-eight monograms and an album, for a printing-press, or for two hundred foreign stamps. Please write before sending.

MILLIE DREKA,  
141 North Nineteenth St., Philadelphia, Penn.

---

Five coins, dated 1835, '51, '54, '59, and '64, for three genuine Indian arrow-heads. Stamps from England, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Norway, and Cuba, for stamps from the Feejee Islands, or United States locals.

JACK DUFF,  
Burroughs St., Jamaica Plains, Mass.

---

Petrified moss or Indian arrow-heads, for specimens of lava or fossilized fern. A flint arrow-head, for one of obsidian. A stone from Ohio, for pipestone from Dakota, or for a stone from any other State. Please write before exchanging; and if not answered, correspondents may know the stock for exchange is exhausted.

EUGENE FLETCHER,  
P. O. Box 252, Bryan, Williams Co., Ohio.

---

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

L. D. COHEE,  
204 Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

---

A perfect specimen of a cecropia moth, for a perfect specimen of a luna or a death's-head moth.

WILLIAM HILL, New Brunswick, N. J.

---

Spear-heads and other Indian curiosities, for South American stamps and Southern and Western postmarks.

C. S. GOODWIN,  
P. O. Box 748, Mankato, Minn.

---

A pair of new roller skates, for either a French five-franc piece, an English crown, or a Mexican dollar.

F. G., care of Dr. A. Flint,  
418 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

---

Pressed flowers, ferns, and leaves, flower seeds, Indian arrow-heads, pine burrs, China berries, soil, pebbles, white clay, and many other curiosities from South Carolina, for stamps and curiosities.

JOSEPH W. HAWKINS,  
P. O. Box 9, Prosperity, S. C.

---

Soil and a stone from Connecticut, for the same from any other State.

SUSIE D. HUNTINGTON,  
Care of Mrs. J. M. Huntington,  
P. O. Box 256, Norwich, Conn.

---

A Chinese coin, for some genuine Indian beads.

A collection of three hundred and forty different stamps in one of Scott's albums, for books in good condition. The stamps are mounted on adhesive paper, and can be taken out, if desired, without injury to stamps or album. Please send names of books and author before sending package.

DANIEL F. HICKEY,  
93 Leverett St., Boston, Mass.

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

---

JULIE.—The custom of wearing gloves is very ancient, but their use was not common among all classes until the Middle Ages, when gloves became a necessary part of the costume of both men and women. At that period gloves were often embroidered with gold and silver, and richly ornamented with jewels. They were then used as symbols of many things. A knight would wear a glove, spangled with pearls, fastened on his helmet, at a tournament, as a sign of favor from some fair lady; to throw down the glove at the feet of a rival was considered a challenge to fight a duel; and other significations were familiar to the people of those days. The manufacture of gloves is one of the most important industries of Europe at the present time. It is estimated that no less than two million dozen pairs of gloves are made annually, and in the town of Grenoble, in France, this work alone gives employment to thirty thousand people. The above estimate does not include the vast quantities of ordinary woven gloves of cotton, silk, and other fabrics, but only those made of fine skins.

---

J. T.—The name of Jew's-harp probably came from the French word *jeu*, which signifies toy; so that toy-harp is undoubtedly the real meaning of the name of that common plaything, which has a home in the pocket of almost every boy and girl.

---

LIZZIE B.—The rock of Gibraltar, which is one of the strongest fortresses in the world, is connected with Spain by a low sandy isthmus, which is constantly guarded by English and Spanish soldiers. There are many natural caves in the rock, which are the home of large numbers of very small monkeys. It is the only place in Europe where wild monkeys live. The original name of Gibraltar was *Gebel al Tarik*, which signifies Tarik's Mountain, and it is said that in 711 a Saracen warrior named Tarik ben Zeyad landed there, and built a fort, which, after passing several times from the hands of the Saracens, or Moors, to the Spaniards, and back again to the Moors, was at last captured from the Spaniards by the English in 1704, and since that time has remained a British possession.

---

JIMMIE L.—Tragacanth is an odorless and tasteless gum which exudes from the goat-thorn, a shrub found in large quantities in Asia Minor. A very adhesive paste is made from it, and it is also used extensively to stiffen calicoes and other cotton goods.

---

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.—The common pea, which is a favorite vegetable at this season, is not a native of the United States, but was brought from Europe by the early settlers. It was used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but was not introduced into England until the beginning of the sixteenth century. It would take too much space to give you directions for preparing this vegetable for the table, but in all good cook-books you will find recipes for several kinds of delicious soups, omelets, and other savory preparations.

---

E. A. DE LIMA.—The home of Miss Louisa Alcott is in Concord, Massachusetts.

---

A GREEN-MOUNTAIN BOY.—Washington is probably the most common name for towns in the United States, and we believe Union to be the next. There are about two hundred and fifty towns and cities bearing the name of Washington, and about two hundred and twenty that of Union, and many States have counties known by those names. Adams, Lincoln, Warren, and many other names are also very common, and are often repeated over and over in the same State. Our young exchangers who read this paragraph will perhaps realize the importance of always adding the county to their address. For example, if your letter was addressed to Washington, Ohio, it might make a very long journey before it reached you, for there are more than forty post-office stations in Ohio named Washington, and if the letter waited at each one until it was discovered that that particular little boy or girl did not live there, it might be many months before the letter reached the town where you were impatiently waiting for it.

---

A READER, AND OTHER EXCHANGERS.—We have no rule forbidding any boy or girl from sending an exchange to

the Post-office Department more than once. Where the space is limited, the preference is always given to those whose name and address have never been printed before; but if there is room, we print a second exchange from the same correspondent, provided it is for something good and new, and not a mere repetition of his first request. If any one wishes to make a second offer of exchange, he should be considerate enough not to send it too soon after his first has appeared. Some boys send a new one nearly every week, which has but little chance of being printed, as a large number of new names are always waiting their turn, and must have the first place.

If your exchange is neatly written and correctly spelled, it is much more likely to receive attention than if it is on soiled and rumpled paper, and so badly expressed that the editor is doubtful about the meaning. Then, too, if you are so disorderly in your offer of exchange, you are not likely to be neat and punctual and careful when making your exchange with other correspondents. Always remember to mark your specimens, and to give your name and address.

---

WIGGLES.—Will the author of the wiggle signed H. E. C. kindly send his or her address to the editor?

---

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Ajax," Jemima Beeston, *Bertie A. B.*, J. W. Bollinger, Clara Cartereau, Emma DuBois, *Edith E.*, Louis Lee Gamble, Edith Hardie, *Marie Louise Hodgson*, Florence Hubbard, "*Lodestar*," "North Star," "*Pepper*," Sylvie E. Rowell, "School-Boy," "Somebody," *Freddie W. Shelley*, Mabel Thompson, "Tel E. Graph," "Will A. Mette."

---

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### TWO EASY HALF-SQUARES.

1. To intertwine. Destruction. Purpose. A preposition. A letter.
2. A sweet sound. One. A verb. A pronoun. A letter.

T. O. M.

---

### No. 2.

#### HOURLASS PUZZLE—(*To Pepper*).

To solace. Certain animals. A circle. A letter. An animal. A girl's name. To arraign. Centrals. A fish.

WILL A. METTE.

---

### No. 3.

#### ENIGMA.

In give, but not in keep.  
In wake, but not in sleep.  
In cloud, but not in sky.  
In laugh, but not in cry.  
In bright, but not in gay.  
In night, but not in day.  
In good, but not in best.  
In friend, but not in guest.  
My whole is a time of rest.

MARION.

---

### No. 4.

#### NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 9 letters, and am always a large and important edifice.  
My 1, 7, 2, 6, 9, 5 is an article of household furniture.  
My 4, 8, 3 is an article of dress.

NORTH STAR.

2. I am composed of 17 letters, and am a celebrated patriot.

My 5, 7, 11, 16 is dark.  
My 15, 2, 3, 5 is a fish.  
My 12, 10, 4, 6 is a system of laws.  
My 1, 14, 8, 9 is part of an elephant.  
My 9, 13, 17, 8, 16 is a Turkish edifice.

LODESTAR.

3. I am composed of 10 letters, and am a range of mountains of Europe.  
My 1, 2, 3 is a vehicle.  
My 4, 5, 6, 7 is a road.  
My 4, 9, 8, 10 is not pleasant.

H. K.

4. I am a lizard composed of 6 letters.  
My 6, 2, 4, 1, 5 is a second time.  
My 2, 3, 5 is a weapon.

BABY LIZZIE.

---

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 83.

### No. 1.

Chautauqua.

### No. 2.

PAI R S I G N  
A L O E I S L E  
I O T A G L E E  
R E A P N E E D

W A R P F A D E  
A R E A A G E D  
R E A D D E E D  
P A D S E D D Y

### No. 3.

Sugar, Candy, Honey.

### No. 4.

Harebell.

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AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 20.**

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