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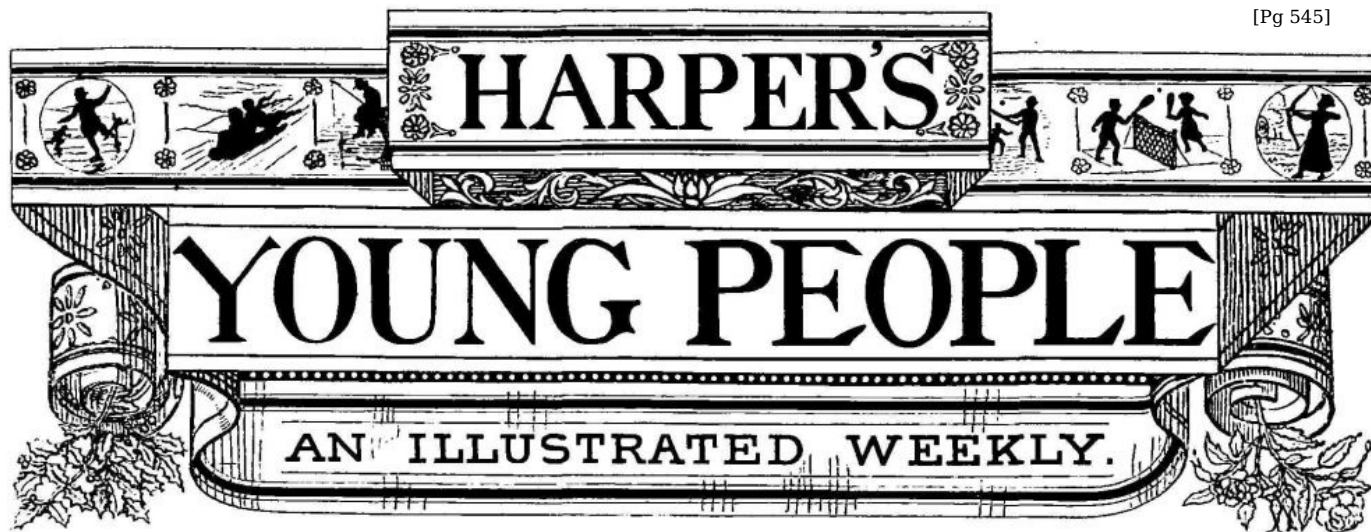
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## DEAR ME!

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A grasshopper lay in the garden one day,  
Near a cabbage—I mean cabbage-rose—  
And his eyes had no snap, and his legs they were stiff,  
And turned *very* much up were his toes—  
Dear me!  
His funny, incurvated toes.

Along came a bird—Mrs. Sparrow her name—  
And she paused and shook sadly her head,  
And said, "*Once* at hops none could beat you, but now  
Even *I* could—because you are dead—  
Dear me!  
Alas! you're doornailedly dead.

"But you shall not lie there unburied, for oft  
Through the night have you sang loud and shrill,  
And watched while I slept; so if nobody else  
Will bury you, G. H., *I* will—  
Dear me!  
'Tis a sad thing to do, but I will."

Wide she opened her mouth—he was gone in a trice—  
Then she quietly hopped out of sight;  
And the cabbage-rose laughed till half its leaves dropped,  
As I think with good reason it might—  
Dear me!  
With the very best reason it might.

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## GEORGE STEPHENSON.—THE RAILROAD.

Swift as is the steamer, the rail-car is doubly and trebly swift. Some trains in England run at the rate of seventy miles an hour. This is as fast as a balloon moves through the air, or a storm wind. It is the most rapid means of travel ever known among men, and it is only within the past thirty or forty years that the railroad has reached this rapid rate of speed. The engine used on the rail-car is smaller and more compact than the machinery of the steamer. Its piston, crank, and boiler must all be confined within a very limited space. It is the most wonderful and elegant of all the labors of the mechanic. Small, low, almost insignificant, it possesses a giant's strength, and may often be seen rushing with its long train of cars along the banks of the Hudson or over the New Jersey flats, swift as the wind.

Its inventor was Oliver Evans, an American, born at Newport, Delaware, in 1775. In 1804, he built a steam-

engine that ran on the road a mile and a half to the Schuylkill River, where it was placed on a scow, and made to work its own passage to Philadelphia. But the man who first placed the locomotive on rails, and showed how it could be made to draw a train of cars, was George Stephenson, an Englishman, born in 1781. His father worked as fireman in a colliery. The son was brought up in poverty, destined to a life of labor. He was a tall, stout, healthy boy, industrious and sober. He had no education but what he gained at a night school. Rough, scanty fare and constant toil were the companions of his youth. But his mind was always active, and he was always inventing some rare machine. He was a fireman at fifteen; he learned to make shoes; he became a brakeman, and at last an engineer. He married at nineteen, but was so poor that when his father fell into distress, and he had paid his debts, he thought of emigrating to America, but was prevented by his want of money. Had he succeeded we might have had no railroads and engines for another century. He staid in England making clocks, engines, and various machines, and found employment in James Watt's factory. There he began to study the steam-engine. He lost no opportunity of study and improvement. His remarkable intellect was eager to get knowledge, and he became, when he was about forty, a well-known engineer, and the maker of steam-engines. As early as 1812 he had planned a railroad, and even built an imperfect locomotive, but many a year was to pass before his plan could be carried out, and lines of railway laid from city to city.

In 1812, Fulton's steamboats were running on the Hudson, and travel by water was shortened. On land, the stage-coach went from Jersey City to Philadelphia in a day, and the journey from New York to Boston was a long one. In 1881 we go to Albany in four or five hours, and to Boston in six or eight. If our railways were more firmly built, it would be possible to reach Philadelphia in one hour, and Boston in two or three. But when George Stephenson, the author of these wonders, proposed his plan for a railway, he met with few to aid him. His locomotive of 1814—very imperfect, but a great improvement over that built by Evans—was ten years afterward employed on a railway eight miles long at Darlington. The railway succeeded, and the next step was to project one to run from Liverpool, the famous sea-port, to Manchester, the centre of manufactures. A huge bog or swamp, called Chat Moss, lay between the two cities. It was thought impossible to build a track over its treacherous surface; but Stephenson and his friends persevered, and at last, to the wonder of the age, in 1830 a firm road, the first of the railways of any importance, lay ready for use. But how was it possible to move a train to so great a distance? The locomotives were still so imperfect that they seemed almost worthless. Stephenson alone was able to overcome the difficulty, and when in 1829 the directors proposed a prize of £500 for the best and swiftest engines, he produced his Rocket.

The Rocket was the first of those wonderful machines that now almost run around the globe. It was a small, imperfect, awkward locomotive; but it was the first to prove successful. It is still kept for exhibition in the museum at Kensington, London, as a memorial of the maker and his work. Stephenson now set himself to improve and enlarge his engines and railways. He became the founder of a new system of travel. He produced new inventions constantly, and his great and powerful mind placed him at the head of the railway interests of England. He grew famous and wealthy, but was always honest, modest, and true. Nothing could be more unpopular than his railways. They were called "nuisances" by respectable lawyers. Every one foretold their failure. It was asserted that they would soon be abandoned and fall to ruin. Some said they would starve the poor, destroy canals, close the taverns, crush thousands in fearful accidents, and cover the land with horror. It was, said others, attempting a thing nature had forbidden, and on which Providence would never smile. But Stephenson went on building railways. They proved very profitable, and were soon adopted in Europe and America.

It is only fifty-one years since George Stephenson's Rocket began to run from Liverpool to Manchester. Since that time the whole civilized world has adopted his invention, and travels and traffics by its aid. The locomotive climbs up the Andes in Peru, runs beneath the Alps at Mont Cenis, is imitated in Japan, and mobbed in China. The Chinese recently tore up a railway because they thought it the work of evil spirits. Fifty years ago, English mobs threatened to destroy Stephenson's railways, and his men worked under the protection of a guard. There are now twenty thousand miles of railway in England alone, and eighty thousand in the United States.

Stephenson lived until 1848, and died honored by his countrymen and all the world as one of its chief benefactors. Like Watt and Fulton, he was the son of a hard-working father. He inherited a clear mind. He educated himself, going to school at night. He was never discouraged and never repined. He never lived for money alone, but was chiefly anxious to be useful to his fellow-men. Every one who sees the railway train rush by, laden with food, goods, and passengers, should remember George Stephenson. With Fulton and Watt and Evans he has made steam the most potent servant of mankind.

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## OH, WHAT A DUCK!

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Is that the duck, Joe Biddle? The little stone on top of the big one?"

"That's the duck. Do you s'pose you could hit him from here, and scare him off his nest?"

"Nest? Why, it's bigger 'n a peck measure, and the stone on top isn't bigger 'n my two fists."

"The big stone's the nest. You're the first fellow I ever knew that didn't know duck. Guess you don't have much fun in the city. Charley McGraw, Sid Wayne never played duck in all his life."

Sid blushed in spite of himself, for he found that he was being "looked at" with a kind of wonder; but he had some help right away from Charley McGraw.

"Well, maybe he didn't. But we wouldn't play it with such a rig as that over in Putney."

"Putney!" sneered Bob Wilson.

"Over in Putney!" echoed Fred Babbitt. "What do they know about duck?"

"Go ahead with your ducks," responded Charley. "That one might about as well have been nailed on. Why, it's flat-bottomed, and the nest is a'most flat on top, and the duck-stones you've picked out ain't fit for cobblestones."

"Missed him!" shouted Bill Eaton, as Mort Senter's duck-stone struck the edge of the nest, and glanced

away a few feet on the ground. In an instant more Mort was standing by his duck-stone, with his hand out toward it, waiting his chance to seize it and "run home" to the pitching line. It was Bill Eaton's duck on the nest, and Fred Babbitt was watching his own stone, almost under Bill's arm. Jake Potter was already on a clean run home, without being "touched," having made his escape while Bill was watching Mort Senter's throw.



**PLAYING DUCK.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.**

"You see," said Joe Biddle, in pity for Sid's ignorance, "Bill Eaton can't get his duck away and have another chance to pitch till it's knocked off; and he can't then unless he grabs it, puts it back on the nest, and touches another fellow that's made a miss before that fellow can get away home. If one of 'em tries to take his duck-stone, though, any time, and Bill can touch him before he gets in with it, then that fellow has to be 'duck-tender' in Bill's place. Don't you see? Jake Potter's just got away. Now he can throw again. It wouldn't take you long to learn."

"Guess not," said Sid, confidently.

"Well, if you're going to stay here this summer, we'll teach you lots of things. You'll know a good deal when you go home."

Sid was aching just then for a chance to speak of some other things he felt sure the Rockville boys did not know, but Charley McGraw once more got in ahead of him.

"Stay here! He'd better come over to Putney. We'd show him how to play duck. We wouldn't teach him to use such a duck-stone as that, either."

"Do you mean mine?"

"Yes. Why, it's just ragged. Knocked it out of a stone wall, didn't you? It's all corners."

"What do you want more'n that? Isn't it big enough?"

"Yes; only you fellows stand too near. A little nearer, and you could poke the duck off its nest with a stick. Why don't you get some smooth clean round stones that'll throw straight, and that'll just balance and teter when they're ducks. Why don't you get a decent nest, with a smooth round top, that a duck'll scare from easy? We don't do things in any such way as that over in Putney."

The Rockville boys felt that there was something awful in being lectured after such a fashion, right before Joe Biddle's city cousin. Just as if they didn't know how to play duck!

Nevertheless, there sat Bill Eaton's duck, solid as ever, and twice as ugly. Every duck stone that was pitched at it tumbled to the ground in disgrace, and lay there with an increasing look of being unfit for its business.

"I say, Charley McGraw," exclaimed Jake Potter at last, "where do you Putney fellows get your duck-stones? Make 'em?"

"Wade for 'em in the creek. You've got as much creek as we have. 'Fraid of getting your feet wet?"

"Boys," suddenly shouted Mort Senter, "tell you what. Let's leave Bill Eaton to watch his duck, while we go down to the old hole and have a swim. Get some new stones to pitch with. Lots of 'em there—smoothest kind."

"Better get a new nest too," said Charley. "Get a good one."

"Well; and Bill he can stand there and watch the old one till somebody comes along and knocks it off."

Bill had heard it all, in spite of his eager watching, and he had been by that "nest" about as long as he cared to. So at that moment one of his feet went straight for his despised "duck," and he came forward on a run, and joined the rest of the boys.

"No you don't. I'm out of that. Let's get some ducks that won't stick as if they were setting hens. I know a place, just above the old hole."

Every boy of them seemed to "know a place," somewhere down that way, supplied with pebbles of marvellously perfect finish. It looked for all the world as if they had studied the question all up before they heard any news from Putney.

It did not take a very long walk to bring them from the vacant lot where they had been playing, back of Snider's grocery, down to the bank of the creek, and it was only a quarter of a crooked mile to the swimming hole.

The "creek" was a shallow stream where it was wide, and deep only where the banks rose a little and squeezed it narrow, so that all you had to do, for ordinary wading, was to roll up your trousers as far as they would go; that is, for any boy over twelve who was not small for his age. Any boy big enough to pitch a two-pound duck-stone for thirty feet could wade for one in that creek almost anywhere. Very small boys would have to keep near shore, and do their pitching with pebbles suited to their own size.

"We use the biggest kind over in Putney," said Charley McGraw.

There was fun in wading, but under the rigid inspection of the self-appointed teacher of the great game of duck the best pebbles of that creek bottom were fished out only to be despised and thrown away.

"I've got one," shouted Sid Wayne, as he lifted a dripping arm just high enough to let the water trickle down toward his neck, under his rolled-up sleeve.

"That!" said Charley. "Well, now, that'll almost do. Some of our fellows'd take that, if they couldn't find anything better."

"They'd have to hunt, then," said Joe Biddle. "Keep it, Sid."

Just at that moment Mort Senter was whispering to Jake Potter, slyly: "Don't tell him, Jake. Pass it round. He's only a rod to go. Don't let him know about the hole."

Charley was too busy over Sid's really remarkable duck-stone to take note of the winks and nods and whispers that were firing off around him, and as soon as he discovered that there was no fault to be found with the size, smoothness, roundness, or weight of Sid's pebble, he was again wading on down stream.

"Sh, boys!"

Fred Babbitt was raising his hand as if warning somebody, when Charley McGraw suddenly caught his breath with an astonished "Oh!" and went clean under the water. He made hardly any splash; but in a moment more his head came to the surface, and he recovered breath enough to ask, "I say, boys, what's this?"

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"Didn't we tell you we were going for a swim?" said Joe Biddle. "That's the hole. It begins with an old rock, and it's ten feet deep. Best kind of a hole."

"Better 'n' any thing you've got over in Putney," said Bill Eaton. "Why didn't you wait and take your clothes off? We always do."

Charley was a good swimmer, and he was on his way to the shore before they had said half they had to say about that hole, and the duck-stones there were at the bottom of it. All the rest were on their way to the bank, but they were a little careful about their footing until they got there.

"Wring 'em out, Charley, and hang 'em up to dry while we're in," said Bob Wilson. "I should hate to live in Putney, though, if that's the way you fellows always go in swimming."

Charley's pluck was good, for he not only set his wet clothes a-drying, but went right in again. It was first-rate swimming, and the search for jewels of duck-stones went on at intervals, until a set had been provided which it would have been hard to beat.

"Oh, but won't they pitch!"

"They'll just sit and teter."

"Scare off if they're touched."

The science of it was dawning on the Rockville boys, and when they finally dressed for the back trip, their eyes were all around them for the right kind of a "nest" for those ducks.

Charley McGraw got his wet clothes on, with some difficulty, and the boys started toward home.

The right kind of a setting stone was discovered before they were half way home, and the very weight of it suggested that the river-bank was as good a place as any to try their hew pebbles.

"Besides," said Jake Potter, "it'll give Charley McGraw a chance to dry. Hang your coat on the fence, Putney, and pitch your level best."

Sid Wayne went into the game with as much enthusiasm as anybody, but he found that, for some reason, his duck-stone had more work to do as "duck" than any other geological specimen in that crowd.

"If you spend the summer here," remarked Joe Biddle, "you'll know how to play first-rate by the time you go home."

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## A STRANGE CAT-BIRD.

In the dear old cedar-tree that stands  
Before my cottage door  
A bird's' nest 'mid the top-most boughs  
Has been a year or more;  
And looking from my window, I  
This morning chanced to see.  
The queerest bird upon that nest  
In that old cedar-tree.

For wings, an extra pair of legs  
He had; for feathers, fur:  
For beak, a little pinkish nose;  
And for a song, a purr.  
A cat-bird he, but no cat-bird  
That ever hopped or flew  
Would own him as a brother-bird,  
Or greet him with a mew.

But there he was upon the nest,  
A-blinking in the sun,  
And thinking to himself, no doubt.  
"Oh! this is jolly fun."  
And anything much cunninger  
I'm sure could never be

Than that gray kitten playing bird  
In our old cedar-tree.



**A STRANGE CAT-BIRD.—DRAWN  
BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.**

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

## **THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."**

**BY W. L. ALDEN,**

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

### **CHAPTER VIII.**

"Is that thunder?" cried Harry, starting up, and knocking his head against the canvas.

"No; it's a gun," replied Charley. "There's a vessel in distress somewhere near us."

As he spoke, the gun was fired again. "That was close by," exclaimed Charley. "Boys, let's run across to the beach, and see if there's anything to be seen."

It had stopped raining, but the boys were too excited to care whether it rained or not. They hauled up the anchor, pushed the boat ashore with an oar, and made their way rapidly across the meadow to the beach. It was already beginning to grow light, and they could dimly make out the form of a vessel stranded on the bar that lies a few rods distant from the beach.

"There's a wreck, sure enough," said Charley.

"Can't we do anything to help the men?" asked Tom.

"I don't see how we can. If the coast patrol was here, they might do something; but they don't patrol the beach in summer."

"Let's make a fire, anyhow," suggested Tom. "It may encourage them to know there's somebody here, and besides it will keep us warm."

"I'll go back and get the matches," said Harry, "if you'll get some wood. The fire may help the poor men to see where the shore is."

While he was gone, the rest hunted eagerly for fire-wood, of which they collected a large pile, and soon a bright fire was blazing on the beach.

"We don't hear the gun any more," said Joe. "That must be because they see us."

"Or else because they can't fire it any more. They must all be in the rigging now, trying to keep from being washed overboard. They probably fired the gun before they struck on the bar," said Charley.

"Will they all be drowned?" asked Tom.

"They will, unless the wind and the sea go down very soon," answered Charley. "No vessel can hold together long on that bar in such weather as this."

"There's a light!" exclaimed Joe. "Somebody is coming this way."

The light proved to be carried by one of a party of four men from the mainland, who had heard the guns some time before the boys had heard them, and who had rowed across the bay. They went to one of the coast-patrol houses, which stood in a hollow sheltered by the sand-hills, only a rod or two from where the boys had built their fire. The boys followed them, anxious to lend their aid if they could be of any service.

The house was full of ropes, life-buoys, and other apparatus, besides two large boats. Into one of these the men threw coils of rope, cork-jackets, rockets, and a quantity of articles of which the boys knew neither the names nor the uses, and were about to run her out through the open door, when the leader said: "Leave that boat here, and get out that there mortar first. We can come back for the boat if we have to use her."

There was a small mortar in one corner of the room, and the men proceeded to drag it out. Charley spoke to the man who seemed to be in command, and said, "If we can do anything, please let us know."

"You can help drag the mortar, if you want to," replied the patrolman, "and one of you can build a fire in the stove in the next room. Take one of them lanterns, and you'll find wood and shavings alongside the stove."

Tom instantly volunteered to build the fire, although he was very anxious to be on the beach. The other boys helped as best they could in dragging the mortar, which was soon planted close to the surf, and

opposite the wreck.

It had now grown so light that they could clearly make her out. She was a large bark. The crew could be seen in the fore rigging, where they had taken refuge. Her masts, with the exception of the foretop-gallant-mast, were still standing; but as the sea was making a clear breach over her, it was not to be expected that she would hold together long.

The mortar was loaded with a shot, to which a thin cord was attached. It was hoped that the shot would pass over the vessel, so that the crew could get hold of the cord, and that communication between the wreck and the shore could thus be established. The shot, however, fell short, and a second trial only made it more certain that the mortar would not throw a shot the required distance, against the wind.

"It's no good," said the patrolman. "If the government won't give us a mortar big enough to carry five rods, we can't be expected to work miracles. Come on, men, and get out the boat. We'll have her on the beach, though I don't believe we can do much with her."

Everybody went back to the house.

"We'll want all you boys to help this time," said the Captain of the coast-guard, for such he proved to be. "It's hard work dragging a boat through the sand."

Tom's fire was now blazing nicely, and he left it to lend a hand with the boat. It was hard work until the loose, deep sand at the foot of the sand-hills was passed, after which the boat was moved more easily, until she was finally brought opposite the wreck.

"Now, men," said the Captain, "what do you say? Can we do it?"

"We can try," answered one of the men; "but I say, wait till daylight. If that bark has held together so long as she has, she'll last an hour longer, and by that time the sea may go down a little. Anyway, we'll have light to work by."

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"There ain't but four of us here," said another man. "I'm ready to launch her whenever Captain Raynor gives the word; but we ought to have another oar."

"Take me," said Charley. "I can pull an oar, and I've been drilled in landing through the surf. It's a part of the navy drill now."

"Are you in the navy, young fellow?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir," replied Charley.

"You shall come along if we launch the boat. It's no fool's play, though, you understand. Every man that gets into that boat takes his life in his hand."

"I shouldn't offer to go if I didn't think I could do my duty with the rest of you," replied Charley, "and I don't think my life is any more precious than yours. Tell me what oar to pull, and you'll find that I can obey orders."

"We'll be proud to have you along with us," exclaimed one of the men. "If the rest of the Annapolis boys are like you, they're a good lot."

While they were waiting for daylight, the little party sat down by the remains of the bonfire, and talked about the wrecked vessel.

"She's an Eytalian, or something of that sort, by the looks of her," said the Captain. "Those fellows know about as much about navigation as a canal-boatman. Now I'll bet that fellow didn't know where he was within two hundred miles. Do you remember that Frenchman that came ashore down by Fire Island light three years ago, and thought he was steering all right for to enter Long Island Sound? So he was, if Long Island hadn't happened to be in the way. John, how many men are there in the rigging?—you've got the best eyes of any of us."

"I can count seven," answered the man.

"That ain't crew enough for her," said the Captain. "Some of them have been washed overboard when she struck. There'll be more of the poor chaps overboard before long. Look at that sea once. It buried her whole hull."

"She won't stand many such seas," said the man who had been called John.

"What are you boys doing on the beach at this time in the morning?" asked Captain Raynor. "Did you row across the bay?"

Charley told how he and the other boys happened to be in the neighborhood of the wreck. The men listened with much interest, and Charley was beginning to wonder how they could be interested in anything but the fate of the unhappy men on board the wreck, when the Captain rose up, and said:

"Well, there ain't no use in waiting. The sea ain't going down, and we've got light enough. Now, men, if you're ready, get on your cork-jackets, and we'll launch the boat."

Every one of the boat's crew, including Charley, put on cork life-preservers, and then shoving the boat close to the surf, waited for the order to launch her. Charley had been told to pull the oar next to the stroke oar, and with one of the men was seated in the boat. The rest of the crew stood with both hands on her gunwale.

The Captain waited until he thought he saw a favorable chance. "Now—away with her!" he cried, and the men, rushing into the surf with the boat, leaped into her, and bent to their oars, while the Captain managed the long steering oar. For a few moments they fought manfully with the waves, and had nearly succeeded in getting through the breakers, when a tremendous sea whirled the boat around, rolled her over and over, and flung her violently on the beach. The men, who were, of course, thrown out of her, luckily managed to reach the shore unhurt, and Charley, to the great joy of his friends, was among them. The boat, however, was so seriously damaged that it was out of the question to think of trying to launch her a second time.

"You've had a narrow escape," said the Captain to Charley. "I didn't much think we'd get through the breakers, but we had to try it."

"I'm none the worse for it," said Charley. "But there's another boat in the house. Can't we launch that?"

"She's so heavy that we couldn't haul her down here without a

team of horses; and if we had her here, there ain't enough of us to launch her. No, my boy; we've done all we can do. Our only chance now is that we may fish some man out of the surf before he is drowned."

"There goes a fellow up the maintopmast-stay, Captain," called out one of the men. "That foremast must be getting shaky."

A sailor was making his way along the maintopmast-stay with the agility of a monkey. When he reached the topmast cross-trees, he stopped a little while to rest, and then descended the rigging. Those on shore watched him closely, wondering what could be his object. When he had descended the main rigging as far as he dared to go on account of the seas which were constantly washing over the bark, they saw him lean over and catch the signal halyards, that were rove through the truck at the royalmast-head. He cut the halyards, unrove them, made them up into a coil, threw it over his shoulder, ascended to the cross-trees, and sliding down the stay, went into the foretop.

"He's a-going to try to swim ashore," said the Captain.

But such was not the man's intention. He was presently seen to make the end of the signal halyards fast to a billet of wood, which he threw into the sea.

"That fellow's got some sense into him, if he is an Eyetalian," exclaimed Captain Raynor. "He's going to try to send us a line, and I shouldn't wonder if he did it."

They watched closely for the billet of wood, and after a while saw it tossing in the surf. Joining hands, the men formed a line, and waded out until the foremost one caught the float, and with the help of the others pulled it ashore.

Not a moment was lost in bending the end of a stout coil of rope to the signal halyards. When this was done, the shipwrecked men all climbed into the foretop, and hauled in the rope, making the end fast around the head of the foremast. The shore end was then carried to the top of the sand-hills, where it was securely anchored, and hauled taut. There was now a strong rope connecting the bark with the shore, and at a good height above the water.

Over this rope the shipwrecked crew made their way to the land. All of them arrived safe, and they were immediately taken to the house, where they warmed themselves by Tom's fire, while the patrolmen made hot coffee for them, and then set about getting breakfast.

Not one of the rescued men could speak English, and little beyond the fact that the bark was bound from Genoa to New York could be drawn from them. They were, however, bright, cheerful fellows, and seemed full of gratitude for their escape.

"Now after we've fed these men," said Captain Raynor, "we'll go down to the bay, and help the boys step their mast. Boys, you've got to have some breakfast with us. You've done about as much as we have, and the government can afford to feed you."

The Captain kept his word, and after breakfast he and two of the men went down to where the *Ghost* was lying, and stepped the heavy mast. Without their aid the boys would have been in an unpleasant predicament, for they could not step the mast alone, and they did not want to row a heavy sail-boat two miles across the bay. When the *Ghost* was once more ready to set sail, the patrolmen shook hands with the boys, wished them a pleasant voyage, and told them how to steer to avoid the shallows in the south side of the bay, and to reach the mouth of the creek which connects the Great South Bay at Westhampton with Quantuck Bay, which lies further east. The wind had gone down very much since sunrise, and with a single reef in the mainsail, the *Ghost* displayed her sailing qualities to great advantage.

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All that day the *Ghost* was kept on her course, and at the end of the afternoon she was moored to the shore within sight of the Westhampton bridge, and very near the beach. It promised to be a beautiful moonlight night, and had not the boys been tired out, they would have kept on, and sailed until midnight. They felt, however, that they needed sleep, for they had slept very little the preceding night. So, after a hearty supper, they turned in, and were soon nearly asleep.

"Boys," said Joe, suddenly, "I can't go to sleep. I know I have done wrong."

"What have you done, old fellow?" said Charley, rousing himself. "Let's hear about it."

"I haven't been wet all day," answered Joe, solemnly.

"If you say another word, we'll get up and throw you overboard," exclaimed Harry.

After which there was silence in the cabin of the *Ghost*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW THE CHILDREN CAUGHT SOME QUEER FISH.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"Oh, Uncle Harry, I've got another dog-fish!" shouted Charley Newton, as he pulled in a small specimen of the genus *Squalidæ*.

"Keep on," laughed his uncle. "We'll soon have enough for dinner."

Harry Ferris had taken his nephews and niece out fishing on Long Island Sound. They were a jolly party: there was Uncle Harry himself, who, to use the language of one of his appreciative nephews, "had been everywhere, and knew everything," Tom and Charley Newton, two fine boys aged sixteen and fourteen, and



Alice, their sister, a young lady of ten. Charley had distinguished himself so far by catching only dog-fish, a small species of shark.

"What do people call them dog-fish for?" asked Alice.

"I don't know," answered her uncle, "unless it is because they are so tough that a dog can't eat them."

"How rough their skins are!—just like sand-paper," remarked Tom, touching the fish Charley had just caught.

"The skins are sometimes used for making shagreen," said Uncle Harry. And then added, in answer to an inquiring look from Alice: "Shagreen is a sort of leather generally made from horses' or mules' hides. The genuine article comes from Turkey, and is used for covering small boxes, instrument cases, and the like; but the imitation made from sharks' hide is almost as good for all practical purposes."

How much more he might have told them about shagreen I do not know, for he was interrupted by Alice shouting, "Oh, Uncle Harry! what kind of fish is this?" as she held up for his inspection a queer-looking fish of a brownish color, with two pectoral fins of a size out of all proportion to its body. She put it into a tub of water, and watched it as it folded and opened its fins like fans. "Is it a flying-fish?" she asked.

"It is a sea-robin, Alice, sometimes known as a pig-fish," answered Uncle Harry.

"Why is it called a sea-robin?" inquired Tom.

"On account of its fins, I suppose," answered Uncle Harry. "It is called a pig-fish because it makes a noise like a pig." Then picking up the fish, he tapped it lightly on its head. "Ugh, ugh, ugh," said the fish.

The children laughed, and begged Uncle Harry to make it repeat its performance.

"What pretty eyes he has!" said Alice.

"Yes," chimed in Charley, "they are green, just like mamma's emerald."

"And what a funny flat square nose!" added Alice.

"A sort of a flat square circle, eh?" said Uncle Harry, mischievously.

"You know what I mean: its mouth is broader and its nose is not so round as a black-fish," explained Alice.

"Do they make that noise when they are in the water?" asked Tom.

"Some species do. I have never heard these in the Sound make any noise until they are caught. Sir John Richardson and Lieutenant White tell strange stories about the noises made by these gurnards, as they are called, and Baron von Humboldt says that the noise made by a school of *Sciænoïdes*, which is the name of a branch of the same family inhabiting the Indian Ocean, resembled a brass band. There are many species of fishes nearly related to the sea-robin in different parts of the world. One in the Mediterranean is called by the French the noisy maigre; by the Italians, the corro, or crow. It makes a strange cooing moan that can be heard to a depth of 150 feet. It is supposed that the sounds of bells and singing which occasionally issue from the Mediterranean, and which have given rise to so many legends about sunken convents and the like, are produced by the corro. It was known as early as the time of Aristotle, who mentions the *Choiros*, or pig-fish, as inhabiting the river Clitor, and speaks of its power of emitting sounds. A species in the Gulf of Mexico is called by the Spanish 'el soncador,' and by the Americans the 'grunt.' The little ones are very playful, and I have often watched them at their games of 'hide-and-see,' or 'tag,' and have landed them with a hook and line; but they made such appeals to my compassion with their short quick groans of pain, and longer and more plaintive ones begging for release, that I generally threw them back. There are other kinds of fish that can make a noise as well as the genus called by naturalists *Prionotus pilatus*, to which the sea-robin belongs. Even the eel will squeak when caught, and the porpoise sometimes grunts very much like the sea-robin. The drum-fish, too, which makes a noise not unlike a drum. But here is another curious fellow," he added, as he pulled in a small brown fish about as long as your finger.

"What is it, Uncle Harry?" asked Charley.

"It is a swell-fish, as it is called here. I do not know any other name for it, but swell-fish is a very appropriate one."

"It looks like one of those New Orleans cigars that you used to have," said Tom.

Uncle Harry laughed, and turned it over.

"Old gold underneath," exclaimed Tom. "That fellow is gorgeous with his seal-brown coat and old-gold vest; he is certainly a swell fish."

"That is not the reason that he is called so," said Uncle Harry. "You would not believe he would take up as much room as the sea-robin. Look," he continued; and as he rubbed the rough under side of the fish, it slowly began to expand and puff out with air, until, instead of a small cigar-shaped fish, Uncle Harry held in his hand a ball as big as an orange, with a head at one side and a tail at the other.

"It looks like an apple with a sardine for a core," said Charley.

The children laughed.

"Now watch," said Uncle Harry, as he tossed it into the tub.

"It's gone," said Alice and Charley at the same time.

"No, it has only shrunk again," said their uncle. "But I guess we had better start for home. It is 'most supper-time, and if we don't get home, your mamma will think that I have taken you off to be pirates." [Pg 552]

As they skimmed over the water toward home, Tom asked, "Are there other kinds of swell-fish in foreign waters?"

"I suppose so," said Uncle Harry. "While in Florida, I formed quite a friendship with a pair of porcupine-fish that lived behind an old log. They would eat worms from my hand, and would even allow me to take them up, but as this was accompanied by an immense puffing up of their bodies, I seldom attempted it."

"What became of them?" asked Alice.

"I do not know," answered Uncle Harry, with mock solemnity. "The pleasantest friendships, like the pleasantest days, must come to an end, and so our acquaintance was stopped short by my leaving for home, as to-day's sport was."



THE CLOWN'S AUDIENCE.

## ODIN'S FEAST AND BRAGI'S TALE.

### A SCANDINAVIAN MYTH.

A great battle had been fought on earth, and Odin's feast was now waiting in Valhalla to welcome Hakon, a brave Norwegian King, with many other heroes who had been engaged in the war. Around the hall went the war-god Tyr, polishing the shield-hung walls, and rehangng the coats of mail. Great buckets of mead stood about, milked from the she-goat Heidrun, which always browsed on the life-tree Igdrasil. Freya, Goddess of Love, had woven wreaths for the approaching guests, while Heimdal, the warder, standing at the gate, waited with his huge trumpet to announce their arrival. At the head of the feast sat Odin, with Friga his Queen, while around him were the gods and goddesses. The other seats were filled by an immense host of warriors, among whom were Hakon's eight brothers, who were overjoyed at his coming. Suddenly, at a loud blast from Heimdal, the doors flew open, and in came the Battle-Maidens, bearing the heroes on their shields. The place of honor was given to Hakon, and when the rest were seated, the feast began. You may know this was a merry scene. Beautiful maidens poured out the mead, while the roasted boar Sachrinnir tasted very good after so much hard fighting on earth. At last, Hakon remarked how happy they all were in Valhalla, and Bragi (God of Song) answered that they had been so ever since the punishment of Loki and his children. As Hakon knew nothing of the matter, Odin promised that Tyr should tell the story after Bragi had related the stealing of Iduna (Immortality), which showed how well Loki deserved to be punished. All being quiet, Bragi began, while his wife, Iduna, leaned over him:

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"Once while Odin, Hœnir, and Loki were travelling, they saw some oxen feeding, and being very hungry, killed one, but could not roast the flesh, no matter how hot a fire they made. Soon they heard a strange noise, and looking up, saw an enormous eagle perched on a tree close by.

"If you will give me a share,' said the eagle, 'the flesh shall be roasted fast enough.'

"On their agreeing to this, down flew the bird, and snatched a great piece of the meat. Loki, enraged, seized a pole, and struck the eagle over the back, thinking to kill him.

"It was no bird, however, but the fierce giant Thiassi in his eagle disguise. Loki soon found this out, for while one end of the pole stuck fast to the feathers, his hands were glued to the other. Away flew the eagle-disguised giant, trailing Loki over mountains and forests, until, almost bruised to death, he called for mercy. But Thiassi would not let him go until he promised to bring Iduna and her apples to his castle. Then Thiassi released him, and back Loki went to Asgard in a sad plight. These apples that Thiassi desired so much were very rare; but Iduna had a casket full, of which the gods ate to keep young. Finding the goddess, Loki told her he had just seen better apples than hers in a forest near by. Deceived by his word, she took her casket and went out to the wood with him; but no sooner had they entered than down swooped Thiassi, and catching up Iduna, flew off with her to Giant-land. The gods were terrified by her loss; the apples gone, they were becoming gray-haired and wrinkled, while the flowers withered and diseases appeared. They at once held a council, and at length found out that Loki had done the mischief. Threatening him with instant death if he failed, they ordered him to bring back Iduna and her apples. Loki borrowed Freya's falcon plumage, and hastening to Giant-land, found that Thiassi was away fishing, while Iduna sat alone in the castle. Quickly changing her into a nut, he flew back as fast as the wind with her between his claws.

"Just then home came Thiassi, who at once seized his eagle wings, and gave chase. He sped like lightning, and soon gained on them, but the gods, who were watching, laid huge bonfires on the walls. As soon as Loki had flown over safely with the nut, they fired the piles. Now Thiassi, being in full flight, could not stop in time, so his wings were burned, and he fell among the gods, who immediately killed him. Thus youth returned to Asgard, and the gods were saved."

# STUDYING WASPS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

We had a lecture at our place the other day, because our people wanted to get even with the people of the next town, who had had a returned missionary with a whole lot of idols the week before. The lecture was all about wasps and beetles and such, and the lecturer had a magic lantern and a microscope, and everything that was adapted to improve and vitrify the infant mind, as our minister said when he introduced him. I believe the lecturer was a wicked, bad man, who came to our place on purpose to get me into trouble. Else why did he urge the boys to study wasps, and tell us how to collect wasps' nests without getting stung? The grown-up people thought it was all right, however, and Mr. Travers said to me, "Listen to what the gentleman says, Jimmy, and improve your mind with wasps."

Well, I thought I would do as I was told, especially as I knew of a tremendous big wasps' nest under the eaves of our barn. I got a ladder and a lantern the very night after the lecture, and prepared to study wasps. The lecturer said that the way to do was to wait till the wasps go to bed, and then to creep up to their nest with a piece of thin paper all covered with wet mucilage, and to clap it right over the door of the nest. Of course the wasps can't get out when they wake up in the morning, and you can take the nest and hang it up in your room; and after two or three days, when you open the nest and let the wasps out, and feed them with powdered sugar, they'll be so tame and grateful that they'll never think of stinging you, and you can study them all day long, and learn lots of useful lessons. Now is it probable that any real good man would put a boy up to any such nonsense as this? It's my belief that the lecturer was hired by somebody to come and entice all our boys to get themselves stung.

As I was saying, I got a ladder and a lantern, and a piece of paper covered with mucilage, and after dark I climbed up to the wasps' nest, and stopped up the door, and then brought the nest down in my hand. I was going to carry it up to my room, but just then mother called me; so I put the nest under the seat of our carriage, and went into the house, where I was put to bed for having taken the lantern out to the barn; and the next morning I forgot all about the nest.

I forgot it because I was invited to go on a picnic with Mr. Travers and my sister Sue and a whole lot of people, and any fellow would have forgot it if he had been in my place. Mr. Travers borrowed father's carriage, and he and Sue were to sit on the back seat, and Mr. Travers's aunt, who is pretty old and cross, was to sit on the front seat with Dr. Jones, the new minister, and I was to sit with the driver. We all started about nine o'clock, and a big basket of provisions was crowded into the carriage between everybody's feet.

We hadn't gone mornamile when Mr. Travers cries out: "My good gracious! Sue, I've run an awful pin into my leg. Why can't you girls be more careful about pins?" Sue replied that she hadn't any pins where they could run into anybody, and was going to say something more, when she screamed as if she was killed, and began to jump up and down and shake herself. Just then Dr. Jones jumped about two feet straight into the air, and said, "Oh my!" and Miss Travers took to screaming, "Fire! murder! help!" and slapping herself in a way that was quite awful. I began to think they were all going crazy, when all of a sudden I remembered the wasps' nest.

Somehow the wasps had got out of the nest, and were exploring all over the carriage. The driver stopped the horses to see what was the matter, and turned pale with fright when he saw Dr. Jones catch the basket of provisions and throw it out of the carriage, and then jump straight into it. Then Mr. Travers and his aunt and Sue all came flying out together, and were all mixed up with Dr. Jones and the provisions on the side of the road. They didn't stop long, however, for the wasps were looking for them; so they got up and rushed for the river, and went into it as if they were going to drown themselves—only it wasn't more than two feet deep.

George—he's the driver—was beginning to ask, "Is thisyer some swimmin' match that's goin' on?" when a wasp hit him on the neck, and another hit me on the cheek. We left that carriage in a hurry, and I never stopped till I got to my room and rolled myself up in the bedclothes. All the wasps followed me, so that Mr. Travers and Sue and the rest of them were left in peace, and might have gone to the picnic, only they felt as if they must come home for arnica, and, besides, the horses had run away, though they were caught afterward, and didn't break anything.

This was all because that lecturer advised me to study wasps. I followed his directions, and it wasn't my fault that the wasps began to study Mr. Travers and his aunt, and Sue and Dr. Jones, and me and George. But father, when he was told about it, said that my "conduct was such," and the only thing that saved me was that my legs were stung all over, and father said he didn't have the heart to do any more to them with a switch.

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# AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

## CHAPTER I.

If you don't know Aunt Ruth, I can scarcely expect you to understand just how lovely she is: the most unselfish, good-humored of women. She is not very tall, but there seems to me something queen-like in her manner. She is very pretty, but the charm of her face is its sweetness. When she smiles, her eyes grow very tender; when she is serious, a look comes into them of a peace I can not describe.

Aunt Ruth lives in a big old-fashioned house in the country, at which her many nieces and nephews are always welcome, and all the country people adore her. Though there is so much of what papa calls *personality* about her, yet she never seems to be thinking of herself, and one day when the girls and I were clustering about her in her own sitting-room, I exclaimed: "Aunt Ruth, do you ever think about *yourself* for one moment? You seem just made for other people."

Now a sudden strange look came into Aunt Ruth's face. It was not pain exactly, but of some recollection that seemed to grieve her for a moment even as she smiled. I know Aunt Ruth thinks me rather the spoiled child of her little circle of nieces, and when she looked at me and smiled, and said, "Why, Kitty dear, we can make ourselves what we like, with help," I felt a little conscience-stricken. I supposed I was lazy and selfish; but how could Aunt Ruth know what it was to take care of three little brothers and sisters; get up early in the morning to study; stay in-doors, lovely June weather, sewing and patching and mending? Everything came easily to Aunt Ruth that was for other people. Perhaps she read my thoughts in my face. Her own brightened, and she said, pleasantly: "Girls, I wonder if you would like to hear a story—a chapter out of my own experience. I have often thought of telling it to you."

Aunt Ruth's story-telling is as famous as her gentle charity; and we were soon in comfortable attitudes, listening. The story had a peculiar charm, because it was about her early girlhood, and as she is only our aunt by marriage, we knew less of her young days than of the older life so happily associated with our own.

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Now, to begin with (said Aunt Ruth), you know that my father was a country doctor. We lived in C—, a pretty town not far from Albany, and when I was nine years old my mother died. There were three children younger than I—one a mere baby—and we were all left to the care of my step-sister Winifred. You know her now, girls; and can you fancy what she was at fourteen, when she assumed the charge of our sad little household? A sweet, motherly little body, with so many loving, gentle ways that it seemed strange she was only our step-sister. But we never thought of her as such. Gradually she stepped into the *mother* place left vacant, and by the time I was nearly fourteen, and Winny in her nineteenth year, it had come to seem natural that she should direct and govern, pet and humor, us all, as if she was really our mother. But admirable as was Winny's household management, her care for us all, her orderly ways, and tenderness for our wants, there was one mistake in her system: she completely spoiled me, and from being inclined to indolence, I grew selfish and exacting. It seemed to me in those days perfectly right that Winny should have the work and I the play; that if a new material was bought for Winny's dress, and I liked it, it should be made up for me; that I should go away for change of air now and then, while Winny staid at home; that I should go out to tea as often as I was invited, and Winny have to hesitate over every invitation. In fact, it never seemed to occur to me to question my right in all sorts of things of which my selfishness deprived her. Winny loved me so devotedly, that if she saw my faults she tried to cover them up. Mrs. Judson, the minister's wife—your grandmother, Fanny—used to come over to our house a great deal, and I remember hearing her scold Winny for spoiling me. "Never mind, Mrs. Judson," Winny would say, with her sweet little laugh, "Ruth will be a big girl one of these days, and then she'll take her share of disciplining."

One fall, soon after my fourteenth birthday, I remember that papa began to talk about Winny's looking pale and thin. She certainly did not look well, but she maintained that she felt quite herself. It was a warm autumn, and Winny said that the cold weather would do her good. Papa, like the rest of us, I think, always took what Winny said without analyzing it; and so, when Mrs. Judson came over to see if Winny could go down to her mother's for a few days' change of air, I recall his saying, "Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Judson; I've given her some quinine, and she says she is very well."

It was two or three days after this that, at tea-time, papa came in with a letter in his hand, which he read aloud. It was from a cousin of ours in New York, a Mrs. Ludlow, and she wrote to invite either Winny or me to spend a fortnight with her. There was to be a wedding anniversary party; several young people were to be in the house, and she said she knew it would be a pleasant gathering. Now I am ashamed to say that it never for an instant occurred to me that I should not be the one to go. Papa read the letter, and then looked at Winny, who was sitting at the tea table, I recollect, with a small brother on either side of her. I can see the home picture now: our comfortable tea table; the pretty, cheerful room; the window at Winny's back, showing our bit of lawn and cedar-trees; the cozy gleams of fire-light; and Winny's face, just a trifle paler and thinner than its wont, but the dark eyes as lovingly watchful of us all as ever.

"Well, lassie," papa said, looking at her fondly, "you'll have to go, I think. Just what you need. Dear me!"—and he looked again at the letter—"so it's Mary Ludlow's twentieth wedding-day. They have a fine house down there. You'll see something of New York society."

Winny's face glowed. "Oh, thank you, papa," she exclaimed; "I shall be so glad," and then her eyes fell upon me. I know just how I must have looked—vexed, disappointed, and chagrined; indeed, the tears were nearly in my eyes.

"It will be a good chance for Ruth to learn housekeeping," papa went on. "Let us see if you can do as well as the lassie," he added. He had a fashion of calling Winny that, because of her Scotch ancestry. He laughed, and went away without noticing either my down-hearted look, or the change that had come into Winny's face. Singular though it may seem, it never occurred to me that it was Winny's *right* to go, and my duty to help her. I had grown accustomed to receiving all and giving nothing. Winny said nothing more about the visit just then. We passed our usual hour in the parlor before the children's bed-time rather quietly. It was Winny's custom to go up every night to the nursery, see the children undressed, hear their prayers, and perhaps talk to them a little before they went to sleep. Sometimes—when I felt like it, that is—I assisted at this little tender office, but I usually did so when I had some of my own concerns to discuss with Winny.

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To-night I followed her up to the nursery, and sat down in the window, looking very haughty and self-restrained, while Winny put Joe to bed, talked Annie into a peaceful frame of mind, and made sleep less repulsive to Dick, whose theory was that beds were wicked tortures invented by grown people expressly to aggravate boys. While Winny went from one tiny bed to another, I sat thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell the girls at school I was going to the Ludlows'. I should certainly have a new dress, and perhaps my hat retrimmed. There was to be a party, so I must take my white muslin and kid slippers. Gradually my mind was not only absorbed by these delights, but by the feeling that Winifred would actually be robbing me of my own were she to accept Cousin Mary's invitation.

The children were at last in bed. Dick, in spite of his theories, was snoring loudly; Joe was declaring from the depths of the clothes that he never, *never* meant to be good again, because the cook had taken away his marbles; Annie was asleep in her little cot, a picture of pretty dimpled babyhood; and Winny was looking, if a little tired, at least glad that in spite of naughtiness, not one had gone to bed without kissing and hugging her fondly. Even Joe supplemented his terrible resolve with, "I'll just be good *sometimes* for you, Winny, but I'll *always* be bad *all* the rest of the time." His voice reached a kind of a wail. It was a sepulchral voice for a

little boy. "I'll be bad—very bad—and perhaps I'll be *hung*—"



WINNY AND RUTH—DRAWN BY  
E. A. ABBEY.

Winnie was down on her knees at Joe's side.

"Yes, I will," he persisted, in a louder but more melancholy key. "I will go off where there are wild beasts, pottermusses, and lizards—I will."

"Winnie," I exclaimed, sharply, "how can you put up with that naughty boy? Joe," I continued, looking at him severely, "let Winnie alone, and go to sleep this *minute*. I want to talk to her."

"Oh, you do, miss, do you?" Joseph returned, with round eyes fixed on me over the sheet. "I'll never be good for *you*, Miss Greedy, I can tell you *that*."

But in a few moments Joe's curly head had drooped, and he was fast asleep. Winnie turned to me the gentle sisterly look I knew so well.

"Ruth dear," she said, sitting down, "I've been thinking it over, and it *seems* to me"—Winnie's eyebrows drew together, she clasped her hands closely—"you had better go to Cousin Mary's. I don't think I can: leave home just now"—Winnie was a little flurried—"so we will get you ready nicely, and you shall go."

I was ready enough then to hug Winnie, and tell her she was a darling, but during the days that followed I forgot the sacrifice she had made. She easily made papa see that it was I who should go. "Joe is not well," she pleaded, "and he never does anything for Ruth; he must be taken care of." One such excuse after another was made, greatly to my delight, and the only drawback to my satisfaction was Mrs. Judson's disapproving air. She came over more than usual, and

several times remarked upon the injustice of this arrangement. "Why, Winnie is quite a young lady," she said once to me, "and really ought to see something." But it was always Winnie who silenced her, and prevented papa's discussing the question further.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## PINAFORE RHYMES.—(*Concluded.*)

[Pg 557]



Fly away, you naughty bee,  
With your ugly sting,  
Buzzing round my sister's head,  
Such a little thing!

If you hurt her, naughty bee,  
With your ugly sting,  
I will catch you in my apron,  
And pull off every wing.

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What are you staring at, idle Fritz?  
The baby alone is lying.  
What if she is? She won't be a bit  
The worse for a little crying.

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Four pretty lilies, just as white as snow,  
Just out of reach in the water grow;  
Four little children standing on the shore—  
Four little children want the lilies four.

"White little lilies," cry the children four,  
"Little white lilies, can't you come ashore?"  
White little lilies answer not a word,  
Though they nestle softly, just as if they heard.

Four little lilies staid right where they were;  
Four little children couldn't make them stir.

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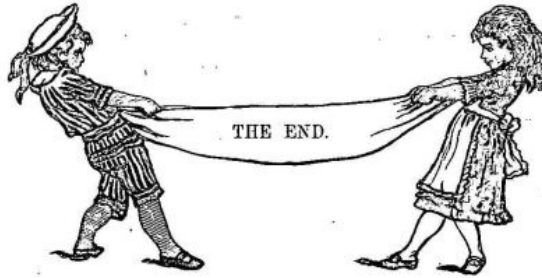
Potato-booby, I want you to say  
If I shall be smart at school to-day?  
You shake your head, and now I know  
Down to the foot of the class I'll go.  
I'll be kept in school till supper's cold,

And mother will fret and father scold.  
I won't get anything fit to eat,  
And a lively whipping, too, for a treat.

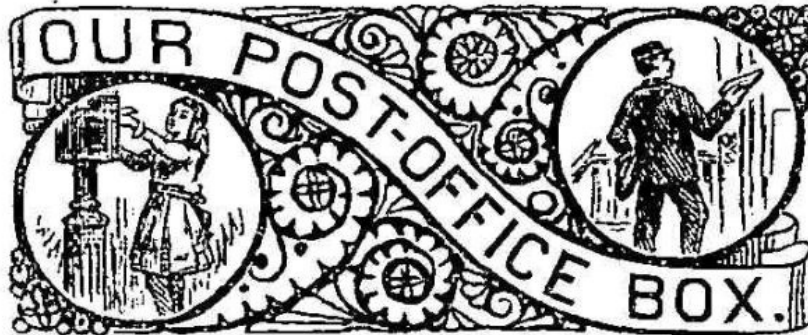
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Now we blow kisses  
To all our friends,  
For now our Pinafore  
Concert ends.  
But if we have pleased you,  
Only say,

And perhaps we will come  
Some other day.  
So take down the curtain,  
And fold it away;  
We will put on our hats,  
And out to play.



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We wish to say to the boys and girls who are sending requests for exchange to the Post-office Box that they must never expect to see their offer printed in *YOUNG PEOPLE* the week after it is sent. This is impossible. We know it takes more patience than boys usually possess to wait three or four weeks, or even longer, as many of you do, before your offer appears, but there are so many of you that the delay is unavoidable. We have received a large number of letters recently from boys and girls wishing to exchange only to a certain date, when they would leave home for the country. Those letters we have been unable to print, as they could not possibly appear in time to suit the convenience of the exchangers.

We hope our correspondents will notice this explanation, and endeavor to wait with more patience for the appearance of their letters of exchange.

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COURTLAND, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write to ask the readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* if they remember the story of "Coachy," in No. 50 of Vol. I. Well, I am little Bessie Rathbun, but that is not all my name. I am eleven years old. I want all the little readers to know that "Coachy" was a real true story. I am at the farm now. Our farm is called Locust Hill, and is just a little bit over a mile from the village. I have lots of "Coachy" hens now, but none that I love quite as well as my pet that Mr. Beck killed.

I have a little kitten that has spots all over it like freckles, so I call it Toby Tyler. I have lots of other pets that I will write about some other time.

BESSIE RATHBUN H.

---

LAKE EUTIS, FLORIDA.

I live on the banks of a beautiful lake in Florida. I go in bathing, and I have a boat of my own, and go out boating and fishing, and catch lots of fish. Sometimes we catch a turtle. There are lots of land turtles here, but the people call them gophers, and the real gophers they call salamanders. They look like a rat. They dig holes in the ground with their fore-feet, and they bite off the roots

of the orange-trees. That kills the trees. There are lots of oranges and pine-apples growing here. We never have any snow, and we hardly ever see ice. The land is very sandy. It is almost all covered with woods, and there is a lot of moss.

I went out alligator-hunting with a man. He shot eight times at one alligator without hitting him. I am nine years old.

CHARLIE K. S.

---

WESTPORT, CALIFORNIA.

My papa has a saw-mill on the Pacific coast, and you ought to see the large redwood trees they cut down here to saw up into lumber. Papa's lumber landing is about half a mile from our house. It is on a large rock out in the Pacific Ocean, about two hundred and seventy-five feet from the mainland. The lumber is carried to the rock on a suspension-bridge, and vessels come and take it to San Francisco and other ports.

We have a great many different kinds of lovely ferns here. I am eight years old.

ETTA M.

---

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICHIGAN.

That little boy who was anxious for a new crop of rattlesnakes ought to come out here. Last summer we killed six, three of which were in our orchard. I came very near stepping on one, and another struck my shoe.

At school one day one of the girls heard a buzzing in the ventilator, and put her hand down to find what it was, and there lay a big rattlesnake. It crawled away, but at noon the teacher put a piece of bread and butter in the ventilator, and it came up after it, and the boys killed it.

MARY S.

---

GREENWOOD, COLORADO.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have a kind of a pet. It is only a cow, but I can ride on her. I live on a farm, but I wish I could live in the city. There is no fun in the country but running foot-races, and I have never seen a circus since I can remember.

ROBERT C. W.

If our little friend could have his wish fulfilled, and exchange his beautiful country home for a city residence, we are sure that the experience of a few weeks would entirely cure him of his delusion. Thousands of young men and boys flock from the country into our great cities every year, in the hope of making money, and having a good time at the theatres, circuses, and other places of amusement. And what do they find? They may make higher wages, but their living costs them more; and instead of a healthful country home, they are compelled to live in some close, stuffy boarding-house, to work from early morning until late at night, perhaps, in shop or store, until the fresh country color is bleached out of their cheeks, and their faces wear a tired, jaded look. The very amusements of the city, unless a boy is discreet and steady, are a source of great danger. It is far better to play ball, or run foot-races in the country, than to spend the evening in a billiard saloon, where boys are too apt to learn to drink and gamble, and to use low and profane language; and our young friend need not consider his life wasted if he should never see a circus. There are hundreds of boys in New York who would gladly give up the excitements and amusements of city life if they could exchange the counter and the boarding-house for the greater freedom and healthier life of the country. There is a society in this city which every year sends large numbers of boys and girls to country homes, and we believe that none of them wants to come back. Let Master Robert take this lesson to heart, and learn to be happy in the healthful work and sports to be found in his native fields.

There is no reason why country life should be dull. In every village a club of young people can be found to play base-ball, cricket, croquet, lawn tennis, or practice archery—a most healthful and delightful kind of sport. In almost every German village there is a bowling-alley, simply constructed, where young people of both sexes meet on evenings or on holidays, and enjoy themselves a great deal more than city young folks do in billiard saloons and bowling-alleys hot with gas-lights, and reeking with the fumes of intoxicating drinks. If Master Robert will join with the boys and girls of his acquaintance in getting up a club or society for such amusements as these, he will soon find that country life is very far from being dull.

---

I do not wish to exchange any more woods. I will now exchange rare foreign stamps, for any foreign coins except those of China and Japan.

FRED L. PARCHER,  
Maryville, Nodaway Co., Mo.

---

Correspondents will please take notice that my stock of shells is exhausted. I will exchange stamps, minerals, or postmarks, for stamps, minerals, sea-shells, Indian relics, or other



curiosities. Correspondents will please label specimens.

A. EDDIE CONOVER, JUN.,  
50 West One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth St.,  
New York City.

---

I will print the name of any reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* on twenty-five pretty cards, for any nice specimens, Indian or Mound Builders' relics, ocean curiosities, coins, etc. My stock of rare stamps is almost exhausted, but I can still exchange common stamps.

I have received many nice things in answer to my other letter, and although my collection is not so large as that of some of the boys and girls who write to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, still it is a source of great amusement and pleasure to me. My brother is in Europe this summer, and when he returns he will bring me many nice things for my collection.

SAMUEL CARPENTER, JUN., Oswego, Kan.

---

I have no more oil-sand to exchange, but will send to those who wrote to me. I will now exchange specimens of white spar and quartz, and a rock and soil from West Virginia, for four foreign or old United States coins. I particularly desire some copper cents and half-cents coined previous to 1830.

WILLIE B. PRICKITT, Volcano, Wood Co., W. Va.

---

My stock of sharks' teeth is exhausted. I will now exchange earth or stone from New Jersey, iron ore, stones from Nevada and Leadville, sandstone, and some other minerals, for stamps from Lubeck, South Australia, or Baden.

LOUIS W. MULLIKIN,  
Room 37, Hackettstown Institute,  
Hackettstown, N. J.

---

I wish to inform correspondents that my stock of South American stamps is exhausted. I will now exchange postmarks, and pieces of an idol found in an Inca Indian grave, for insects. Butterflies, moths, and a burying-beetle especially desired.

RICHARD B. KIPP, 13 Grant St., Newark, N. J.

---

PARSONS, KANSAS.

I wish to notify correspondents that my stock of curiosities for exchange is exhausted. If any have sent me specimens, and have received no answer, I wish they would inform me.

JENNIE HARRINGTON.

---

I have no more minerals to exchange for silk scraps. I have a collection of from sixty to eighty different kinds of rare bugs, which I will exchange for something of equal interest. Correspondents will please write what they will give.

FLAVEL S. MINKS, Kirkwood, St. Louis Co., Mo.

---

Since my request was printed in *YOUNG PEOPLE* I have added nearly two hundred new varieties to my collection. I will now offer the following exchanges: Twenty-two postage stamps and ten postmarks, for one genuine and perfect Indian arrow-head; thirty postmarks and two postage stamps, for a nice specimen of any kind of ore; three foreign stamps, for one foreign copper coin; two foreign stamps and ten postmarks, for one stamp from South or Central America, Mexico, China, or any African country.

C. L. HOLLINGSHEAD, 72 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

---

I have only five arrow-heads left, and I will give them for the seven stamps which form the set of Alsace and Lorraine; or for the same set I will give two Italian and three French stamps, and one from each of the following countries: Canada, Spain, Finland, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Queensland, and the Netherlands.

CARTER COLQUITT,  
Wilcox Place, Sand Hills (near Augusta), Ga.

---

E. C. P., Winona, Minn., desires to inform correspondents that he has arranged an exchange for his stamp collection with a boy in St. Louis, and accordingly withdraws his name from our exchange list.

---

Exchangers will please take notice that the address of Carl Wagner is changed from Atlanta, Ga., to 1136 Twelfth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

---

Wroton M. Kenny, Pineville, Mo., and G. E. Standish, Columbus, Ohio, withdraw their names from our exchange list.

---

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Horned frogs, tarantulas, centipeds, or snakes, dried, for any kind of curiosities. Pressed flowers or leaves, for the same.

HERBERT J. ANGUS,  
Corsicano, Navarro Co., Texas.

---

Two very rare English revenue stamps, used in 1765, for stamps from the Agricultural, Justice, State, Executive, or Interior Department of the United States.

CARRIE B. ALTON,  
P. O. Box 139, Haddonfield, N. J.

---

Curious stones, for ocean shells or curiosities.

GRACIE C. ALDRICH,  
West Milton, Miami Co., Ohio.

---

Forty-eight foreign stamps, for two nickel eagle cents of 1856.

ROBERT ANDREWS,  
298 Spring St., New York City.

---

A large variety of rare postage stamps, for rare seeds and bulbs.

FRED A. C. ARCHER,  
Rutherford, N. J.

---

Fifty foreign stamps, and some Louisiana moss, for some object of equal interest.

MARY ANDERSON,  
771 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.

---

Stamps from Denmark, Austria, and other foreign countries, for South and Central American, African, Asiatic, and other rare stamps.

FRED W. ADAMS, Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio.

---

Curiosities. Correspondents will please send only within one week from date of this number of YOUNG PEOPLE.

OTTO BARNETT,  
Glencoe, Cook Co., Ill.

---

A very superior compound microscope (Orange Judd's teacher's microscope), with camera attached, for one hundred good specimens of Florida or California ferns, or sea-weeds from the Pacific coast. Sea-weeds must be well mounted.

P. O. Box 241, Shelbyville, Ky.

---

Foreign postage stamps, for ores, Indian relics, coins, minerals, shells, and curiosities.

GEORGE M. BRENNAN,  
148 East Thirtieth St., New York City.

---

A pair of roller skates, for Paraguay, Cashmere, or United States department stamps, or for old United States or English coins.

H. BUFFUM,  
4 Lloyd St., Providence, R. I.

---

An English florin, for some rare shells of different colors, or pretty curiosities.

MILLIE BURNET,  
16 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

---

Postage stamps, for sea-shells.

EDWARD G. BOGERT,  
Flushing, Queens Co., N. Y.

---

Twenty-five different foreign stamps, and several internal revenue stamps, for stamps from Turkey, China, Japan, Arabia, Sandwich or Ionian Islands, Natal, or South America.

HELEN A. BROWNELL,  
Elmhurst, Du Page Co., Ill.

---

Rare United States and foreign stamps from Natal, Straits Settlements, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, Buenos Ayres, Ecuador, United States of Colombia, Brazil, Peru, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Sandwich Islands, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, for other rare foreign stamps, or for very rare United States postage or department stamps.

[Pg 559]

F. W. BROWN, care of T. Clark,  
519 East One-hundred-and-nineteenth St.,  
New York City.

---

A stamp from Greece, for one from Paraguay.

CHARLES BEARDSLEY, JUN.,  
214 Fourth St S. E., Washington, D. C.

---

A large assortment of good minerals, petrifications, ocean curiosities, and relics, for a printing-press in good order, with ink, type, and general outfit. Correspondents will please write for list of specimens before sending press.

HARRY R. BARTLETT and BROTHER,  
P. O. Box 8, Greensburg, Green Co., Ky.

---

Five-cent Cuban stamps, issue of 1881, and other foreign postage stamps, for foreign stamps.

B. R. T. COLLINS, P. O. Box 62, Fryeburg, Me.

---

Pressed flowers, leaves, ferns, and mosses of Vermont, for sea-shells or sea-weed.

M. E. CUTTS, BARRE, Washington Co., Vt.

---

Ten foreign, United States, or department stamps, for any mineral or other curiosity.

WILLIAM E. CHASE, Franklin, Essex Co., N. J.

---

Foreign postage stamps, for a foreign coin, an Indian relic, or shells.

CLARA CAMPMAN,  
146 East Seventy-first St., New York City.

---

Stones and Spanish iron ore, for ores, minerals, relics, and curiosities.

WILLIAM T. CRANE,  
124 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.

---

Gypsum, red chalk, or Texas soil, for Indian relics, Florida shells, specimens from the Mammoth Cave, or small ocean curiosities.

RAYMOND L. CAROTHERS,  
Giddings, Lee Co., Texas.

---

White coral, for foreign stamps and foreign postal cards. No French or German desired.

VERNON CHESLEIGH,  
14 Carmine St., New York City.

---

Foreign stamps, for Indian relics, ocean curiosities, and all kinds of minerals, or anything interesting for a collection. All varieties of ore desired, especially gold ore.

CLAUDE V. MARTINEAU,  
Care of Vernon Chesleigh,  
14 Carmine St., New York City.

---

Arrow-heads, for any kinds of ore. English stamps, for sea-shells or coral. Curiosities, for anything interesting for a museum.

CHARLES H. CARR, 41 Elm St., Covington, Ky.

---

One hundred postmarks (no duplicates), for any one of the following United States stamps: 90-cent, issue of 1851-'60, 1861, 1869; 24-cent, 1851-'60, 1869; 30-cent, 1869; 5-cent and 10-cent, 1847.

HALLETT CHAPMAN,  
P. O. Box 543, Flushing, Queens Co., N. Y.

---

An English stamp, for a leaf from any of the trees mentioned in the article entitled "Historical Trees of the United States," in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 83. Exchangers please write before sending exchange.

WILLARD B. DUNNEGAN,  
Bolivar, Polk Co., Mo.

---

Old issues of United States postage stamps, and stamps from Cuba, Japan, and Europe, for stamps from Asia and Africa.

GEORGE D. DIBBELL,

Twenty postmarks, for an African and a Peruvian stamp.

WALTER DEVELIN,  
2039 Lambert St., Philadelphia, Penn.

---

Indian arrow-heads, for rare postage stamps (no duplicates). Stamps from Mexico, South America, and Africa especially desired.

HARRY FURNISS,  
Alcorn University, Rodney, Miss.

---

A stone from Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts, or a stone from Lake Champlain, for the same from any other place.

JENNIE J. EDWARDS,  
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

---

Five stamps, for one from Iceland, Egypt, or Turkey. Ten stamps, for one from Shanghai. Foreign stamps, for others.

J. NELSON ELLIOT,  
11 Abingdon Square, New York City.

---

Chinese coins, red-cedar wood, or copper ore from Lake Michigan, for Indian arrow-heads, and soil from any State except New York.

HERMAN F. FICKE,  
26 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

Curiosities from Bermuda, grain from the banks of the Nile, and rare stamps from Egypt, Peru, Chili, Brazil, United States of Colombia, Mexico, Belgium, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Japan, and other countries, for good curiosities. Please send a description of the articles you have to exchange before sending package.

B. P. CRAIG,  
297 Fourth St., Jersey City, N. J.

---

"Columbia County diamonds," for other minerals, or for ocean curiosities.

EDWIN H. ENT,  
Bloomsburg, Columbia Co., Penn.

---

Rare stamps, for autographs of noted people. Correspondents wishing to exchange will please state what autograph they will give, and what stamps they are most desirous of having in return.

MARY FRENCH,  
336 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.

---

Sets of stamps from Greece, Brazil, Bermuda, Netherlands, Spain, Saxony, Heligoland, and other countries, for minerals and foreign coins.

H. B. ADRIANCE,  
P. O. Box 37, Williamstown, Mass.

---

Flint, and foreign and United States stamps, for coral, shells, Indian relics, minerals, or anything suitable for a museum.

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

---

LITTLE MAMIE.—Flying-squirrels are found in many localities in the United States. They are beautiful little creatures, about as large as a small chipmunk, with soft tawny fur above, and white below. They can not fly like birds, for their "wings" are only a kind of fur-covered skin stretching from the hind to the fore feet, which enables them to sail in the air in a downward direction. When they pass from tree to tree they spring, at the same time spreading their feet, and the extended skin acts as a sail, enabling them to go a great distance. They can climb up tree trunks, and scamper about among the foliage as gracefully and easily as other kinds of squirrels, but they have no power to fly upward, except when propelled by the force of an upward spring, or when going down they turn suddenly in the air, and the force with which they are going enables them to maintain an upward angle for a short distance. The flying-squirrel builds its nest in decayed holes in old trees. It is very easily tamed, and makes the prettiest pet imaginable. It lives happy in a cage, with an occasional hour of liberty, in which it will fly and scamper all over the room, and hide in its master's pocket for a nap when tired out; and it will eat all kinds of nuts, bits of bread and cake, apples, and corn or any seeds. Never try to keep one flying-squirrel alone, for it is the most sociable little creature in the world, and needs a companion to play with in its cage. If it is happy, and feels at home, it will build itself a cunning little nest of woollen ravellings, or any other soft material. We remember a very funny surprise and disappointment which once befell a pair of pet flying-squirrels. A lady visitor was sitting near their cage, when she felt a little tug at her shawl. She looked around, and there were two little squirrels, their cheeks puffed out with the woollen fringe which they had pulled through the wires of their cage, and which they were vainly striving to carry away to their nest. The little boy who owned them thought a pair of scissors would make everything right; but the lady had no desire to ruin her shawl just to please two squirrels, and she pulled the fringe away from them. You never saw such amazed little creatures. They peered through the wires of their cage in blank astonishment. Their tender-hearted little owner soon brought a handful of woollen scraps filched from his mother's piece-bag, and the squirrels contentedly scampered off with them to their nest.

---

SUSAN S.—Enigmas for publication in our puzzle department must not only have an acceptable solution, but must be in rhyme.

---

MISS H., AND OTHERS.—We can not give addresses in the Post-office Box except of those correspondents who desire to exchange.

---

SIMON C., AND MANY OTHERS.—Your puzzles are very neat, and we thank you for your attention; but puzzles requiring diagrams are not, as a rule, available for the Post-office Box, as they occupy too much space.

---

WILLIAM S.—Both of your stamps belong to the issue of 1869.

---

E. H. L.—The amusing game you kindly send us was given in YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I., page 296, under the title of "Misfits."

---

HAROLD W. H., AND OTHERS.—The introductory paragraph to the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE for March 1, 1881, explains why your requests for exchange are not printed.

---

FRANK H.—The address of your exchange correspondent was given in the Post-office Box of No. 83.

---

LIBBIE MEYERS.—Your kind intention shall be faithfully carried into execution.

---

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. D. Brown, Jemima Beeston, F. T. Calder, Maggie Dutro, Lily F., William B. Hadley, "Lord Glenalvan"; Florence Millard, Bobbie Noble, "North Star," Augusta Low Parke, "Pepper," "Queen Bess," Daniel A. Slatery, Charlie Trimble. "Unknown," Annie Volckhausen, R. H. Washburne, "X. L. C. R."

---

# PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

## No. 1.

### ENIGMA.

In bugle, not in horn.  
In aurora, not in morn.  
In railroad, not in sleeper.  
In woodbine, not in creeper.  
In apples, not in cherries.  
In plums, but not in berries.  
In equator, not in pole.  
In mouse, but not in mole.  
In mingle, not in blend.  
In favorite, not in friend.  
In girdle, not in belt.  
In Norman, not in Celt.  
A river I, upon whose banks of old  
Lived many a warrior chivalrous and bold;  
And massive ancient towers still frown on me  
As I rush onward to the restless sea.

OWLET.

---

## No. 2.

### DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

#### Two familiar proverbs:

1. —e—e—s—t—i—t—e—o—h—r—f—n—e—t—o—.
2. —o—h—n—v—n—u—e—n—t—i—g—o—.

BOLUS.

A quotation from Scott:

3. C—m—o—e—o—e—l—t—i—r—c—s—a—l—l—  
F—o—i—s—i—m—a—e—s—o—n—s—.

HENRY.

---

## No. 3.

### PI.

A verse from a poem by an American poet:

Eb ilstl, dsa atrhe, nda secæ inpenrgi;  
Nbdehi eth uslcdo si hte usn siltl gishnin;  
Yth teaf si hte mocnom tefa fo lal,  
Niot cahe feil moes nira stum lafl,  
Eosm yasd tums eb kdra dna ryraed.

METTIE.

---

## No. 4.

### FOUR EASY SQUARES.

- 1.—1. A mineral. 2. A sickness. 3. Shapeless. 4. An animal.

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

- 2.—1. A famous mountain. 2. Afterward. 3. Cleanly. 4. Certain insects.

SCHOOL-BOY.

- 3.—1. A coin. 2. An image. 3. A family of plants. 4. Otherwise.

ALBERT.

- 4.—1. A word often fitly applied to school-girls. 2. Across. 3. To measure. 4. Spoils.

FLORENCE.

---

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 84.

### No. 1.

Across.—1. Kite. 2. Mica. 3. Pine. 4. Long. 5. Left. 6. Lion. 7. Shad. 8. Chub. 9. Bees. 10. Pear.  
Zigzags.—Kingfisher.

### No. 2.

Strawberry.

### No. 3.

1. Hornpipe. 2. Necklace.

### No. 4.

E I M  
L i m A  
E a v e S  
P o r T  
H a l O  
A d D  
N e r O  
T e x a N

Elephant, Mastodon.

---

## 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.*

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HARPER & BROTHERS,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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## TRAPS.

[Pg 560]

[From W. H. Gibson's *Camp Life in the Woods, and the Tricks of Trapping*. Harper & Brothers. *In Press.*]

### MOUSE-TRAPS.

Very effective traps may be set up in a few minutes by the use of a few bowls. There are two methods commonly employed. One consists of the bowl and a knife-blade. An ordinary table-knife is used, and a piece of cheese is firmly forced on to the end of the blade; the bowl is then balanced on the edge, allowing the bait to project about an inch and a half beneath the bowl. The odor of cheese will attract a mouse almost anywhere, and he soon finds his way to the tempting morsel in this case. A very slight nibble is sufficient to tilt the blade, and the bowl falls over its prisoner.

In the second method, a thimble is used in place of the knife. The cheese is forced into its interior, and the open end of the thimble inserted far beneath the bowl, allowing about half its length to project outward.

The mouse is thus obliged to pass under the bowl in order to reach the bait, and in his efforts to grasp the morsel the thimble is dislodged, and the captive secured beneath the vessel. Where a small thimble is used, it becomes necessary to place a bit of pasteboard or flat chip beneath it, in order to raise it sufficiently to afford an easy passage for the mouse. Both of these devices are said to work excellently.

### FLY-TRAP.

Take a tumbler, and half fill it with strong soap-suds. Cut a circle of stiff paper which will exactly fit into the top of the glass. In the centre of the paper cut a hole half an inch in diameter; or, better still, a slice of bread may be placed on the glass. Smear one side of the disk with molasses, and insert it in the tumbler with this side downward. Swarms of flies soon surround it, and one by one find their way downward-through the hole. Once below the paper, and their doom is sealed. For a short time the molasses absorbs their attention, and they, in turn, absorb the molasses.

In their efforts to escape they one by one precipitate themselves into the soap-suds below, where they speedily perish. The tumbler is soon half filled with the dead insects; and where a number of the traps are set in a single room, the apartment is soon rid of the pests.

---



# LAWN TENNIS.



It affords plenty of exercise.



The men sometimes wear spike-soled shoes; the ladies, however, prefer to be shod with rubber.



"Twist balls" are often deceptive, and you can not always tell where they will strike.



Failure to excel in the game should not lead to sulks—



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\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JUNE 28, 1881 \*\*\*

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