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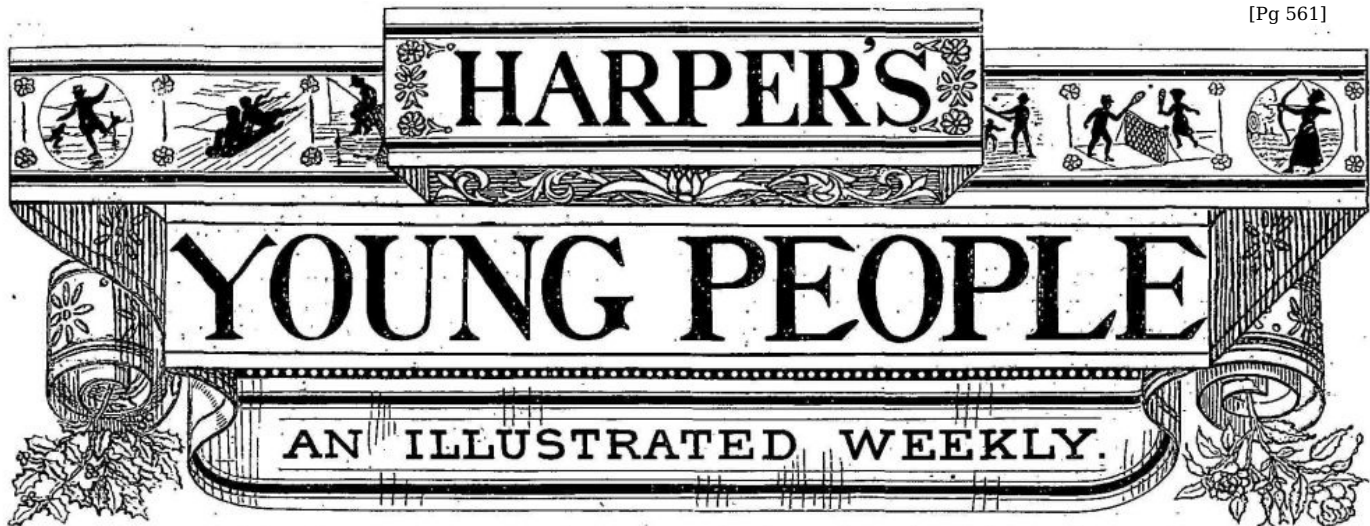
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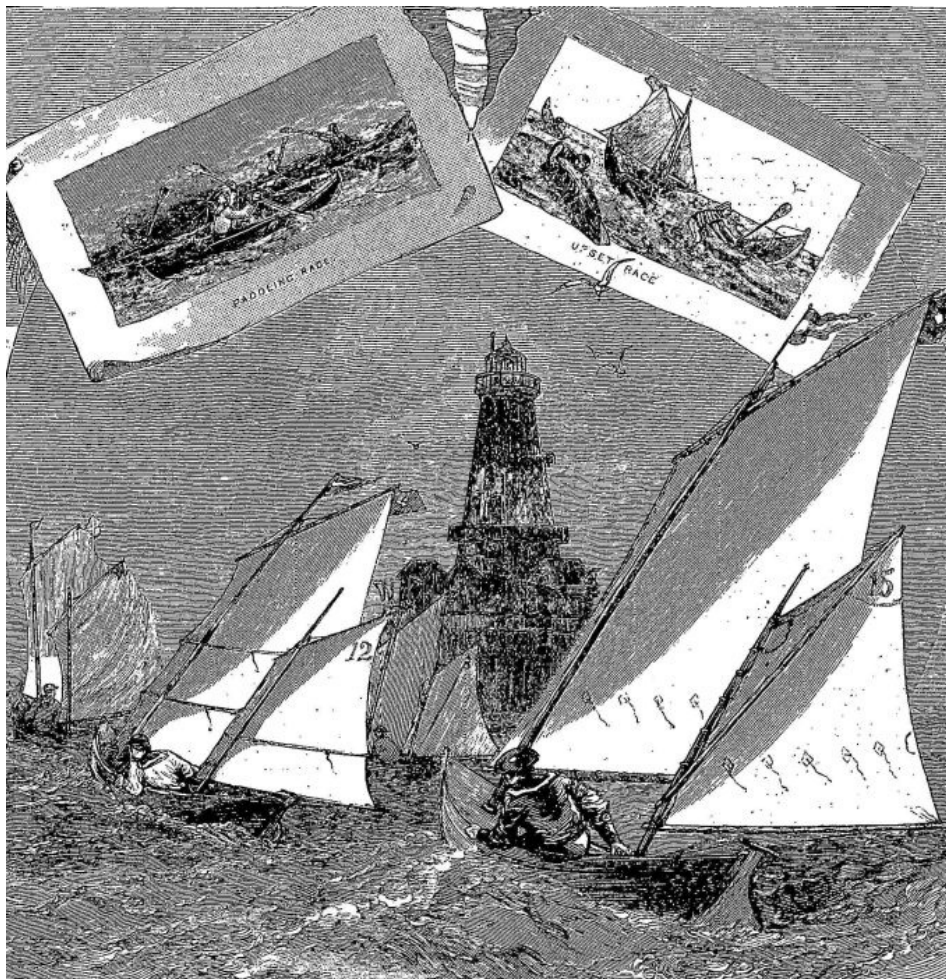
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CANOEING IN NEW YORK BAY.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

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CANOEING AND CANOEING.

BY NAUTILUS.

On the preceding page are several spirited pictures illustrating scenes during the annual regatta of the New York Canoe Club, which took place last week in the Upper Bay, off the club-house on Staten Island. The central picture is of the sailing race, with several of the leading canoes passing the light on Robbin's Reef. The tiny craft, none of which is over fifteen feet in length, carry enormous sails for their size, and only the greatest skill and care on the part of their skippers prevent them from upsetting. A few years ago, only leg-of-mutton sails were used on canoes; then came various forms of sprit-sails, lateens, and lug-sails; until now, for racing purposes and light winds, the sail known as the "balance-lug," and shown in the illustration, is the most popular. Although it is a large sail, it is very easily handled, and can be quickly reefed or lowered. It has two battens, or thin strips of wood, sewed into pockets running horizontally across it, and these cause it to set very flat, so that the canoes can sail close into the wind. With these large sails, the racing canoe must, of course, carry heavy ballast, which is usually in the form of several bags of shot of from twenty to fifty pounds weight each, and often the ballast carried weighs as much as the canoe itself. Sometimes the skipper sits up on the windward gunwale of his canoe; but as a general thing he is content to sit as low down in the bottom of his little craft as possible.

The small illustrations show the other races of the regatta, the paddling, and the upset race. The latter is a race in which, at a signal, all competing canoes must be capsized so that they are completely upside down. The owners, who are thus left struggling in deep water, must right their boats, get into them, if possible, and paddle to the float, the one who reaches it first winning the race. This race not only affords much amusement to the spectators, but is excellent practice for the canoeist, who may thus teach himself how to act when accidentally upset while on a cruise.

Canoeing is a sport which is rapidly increasing in popularity in this country, and early next month the Annual Convention of the American Canoe Association will be held on Canoe Island, in Lake George, where a large number of canoeists will gather. Much business will be transacted, a number of races will be contested, and canoes of every known model will be exhibited during the three days of the Convention. During their stay the canoeists will camp out on the island, and they expect to have a jolly good time.

Canoes are of many styles, and range in price from \$20 to \$100. The former are canvas canoes, and the latter are of cedar and oak or birch, beautifully finished in every detail.

A number of boys have already written to the editor of this paper asking him what style of canoe is the best. This question can only be answered when it is accompanied by a description of the water on which the canoe is to be used, and the purposes for which it is wanted. For paddling on inland waters, and large carrying capacity, the birch is a good canoe; but being open, and without a keel, it is a "wet" craft, and not adapted for sailing. The canvas canoe, of which a description and directions for building have already been given in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, is also good for inland waters, is easy to paddle, can carry sail, and being decked over, will keep a cargo dry. The "Racine" and "Nautilus" canoes are the best for both paddling and sailing, and will stand heavy weather. The "Shadow" and "Jersey Blue" canoes are the best for sailing, and are generally preferred for salt-water cruising.

THE BELL-RINGER OF 1776.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Up from the gateway of the dawn
The great sun lifted slow,
And touched with fire the State-house spire,
To eyes that watched with strong desire,
A hundred years ago.

The ringer's foot was on the stair—
A gray-haired man was he,
But firm of step and strong of arm,
With heart that, warm through night and storm,
Beat time to liberty.

"I'll climb the tower," he said. "My son,
Stay thou to bring me word,
And ere the glorious page be dry,
My bell and I, 'twixt earth and sky,
Shall bid the news be heard."

The boy's face from his father's eyes
Reflected radiance wore:
Hour after hour, the annals tell,
Young sentinel, he guarded well
The Senate-chamber door.

Hour after hour the shadow crept
Along the State-house wall:
The old man from his lofty seat
Saw in the street the people meet,
And looked upon them all—

Looked down upon the waiting throng,
And up with burning eye
To where the great bell silent hung,
And from the tongue a spider swung
Her slender thread on high.

He read the legend graven there—
His trembling lips were pale—
"Freedom through all the land proclaim."
"God keep its name and spotless fame,
Or rend it with His gale!"

The gray-haired ringer called aloud,
And backward thrilled again
A low vibration on the air,
As if, aware of that wild prayer,
The bell had cried, "Amen!"

Still crept the lengthening shadows on:
Hope from his sinking heart
Had well-nigh fled. He shook his head;
"Alas! they will not sign," he said;
His clasped hands fell apart.

But hark! a step that spurned the stair,
Glad hands that clapped for joy,
And upward still, and yet more near,
A young voice shouting full and clear—
"Ring, father!" cried the boy.

He sprang aloft; with both his hands
He grasped the iron tongue;
The strength of ten was in them then.
He swung it once—again—again,
And suddenly there rang

From every steeple round about
Such answering triumph-note,
It seemed that all the world must hear,
And cheer on cheer, afar and near,
Went up from every throat.

Was never such a glorious peal!
As when a cloud somewhere
Has burst around o'er all the ground,
So little rills of mellow sound
Went trickling here and there.

And still the people shouted loud;
No soul had room for fears;
Even she whose son at Lexington
The patriot-martyr's crown had won
Smiled through her falling tears.

The ringer's hand has turned to dust,
His hoary head lies low,
But still the Independence Bell
Is left to tell who rang so well
A hundred years ago.

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

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THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

The Great South Bay, the eastern half of which is often called Moriches Bay, is separated from Quantuck Bay by a neck of land less than a mile wide. Through this neck a narrow channel was cut many years ago, and the ebb and flow of the tides have scoured it out, until it is now ten or twelve feet deep in many places. The *Ghost*, after passing Sunday at anchor, sailed gayly up the channel on Monday morning, until she was unexpectedly stopped by a bridge, and her crew found themselves again compelled to take the mast out. She was brought close to the side of the bridge, and made fast, for the tide was running rapidly, and the boys went ashore to devise means for unstepping the mast.

"It's going to be hard work," said Charley, "but I think we can do it. We can take the throat halyards and use them for a tackle, and we ought to be able to hoist that mast out."

"Let's try the plan we tried at the Coney Island bridge," said Joe.

"We had two colored men to help us then," said Charley, "but they're not here."

"Somebody will be here before long. Look at the road. There's a great deal of travel on it, and if we wait a while we'll be sure to have some help."

"But we don't want to ask people to help us," urged Charley. "We ought to be able to get along without help."

"If people want to help us, why shouldn't we let them?" said Harry. "Let's get everything ready for hoisting the mast out, and then if anybody comes along and offers to help us, it would be ridiculous for us to say no."

By the time the halyards were unrove, a wagon-load of men on their way to the beach, drove up, and stopped to look at the *Ghost*. "You can't get that mast out alone," said one of the men; "we'll just lift it out for you." They did so, and then, after the boat had been brought to the other side of the bridge, they were about to step the mast, when one of them said, "If you boys are going right through to Shinnecock Bay, you'd better not step that mast till you get to the other side of the Quogue bridge."

"Is there another bridge that we've got to go under?" asked Charley.

"There's one on Quogue Neck, about a mile from here, and it won't be worth while for you to try to sail that distance, and then have to get your mast out again."

This was so evident that the boys at once decided to pole across Quantuck Bay. The mast was therefore laid along the deck, and after rowing the *Ghost* through the deep channel into the shallow water of Quantuck Bay, they poled her swiftly toward the entrance of the channel that led to Shinnecock Bay.

It was easy enough to see where the entrance to the channel was, but it was not an easy thing to reach it. The water was so shallow that the boat continually ran aground. A dozen times the boys had to turn back and try a new route, and more than once they had to get overboard to push the boat clear of a sand-bank. It took them nearly four hours to cross a bay that was less than a mile wide, and when they at last reached the entrance to the Shinnecock ditch, it was long after their lunch-time.

"There's another fog coming up," exclaimed Charley, looking toward the southwest. "This is too bad."

"And what makes it worse is that the wind has all died out," remarked Tom.

"We have had all kinds of weather since we started on this cruise," continued Charley. "Now I made sure that after the gale we had yesterday, we should have clear weather for a while."

"Let's get through to Shinnecock Bay, anyhow," said Harry. "We may be able to get as far as the light-house before the fog shuts down on us."

The oars were immediately got out, for the water was now too deep for poling, and Tom and Harry rowed the *Ghost* slowly up the ditch. It was literally a ditch, having been lately dug to connect the two bays, between which there had been no water communication for many years. Half way to Shinnecock Bay was the Quogue bridge. Here too the boys met some gentlemen, who had been snipe-shooting, and who helped them step the mast. It was not, however, worth while to set the sail, for there was not a breath of air

stirring, and so the oars were resumed, and through the thick fog the *Ghost* proceeded into Shinnecock Bay.

"We might as well keep on till six o'clock," said Charley. "If we steer about north-northeast by compass, we will get somewhere. I don't know exactly where, but at any rate we can't go far out of our course. The chart doesn't show any inlet into Shinnecock Bay, so we can't possibly get out to sea."

"The tide is running into the bay, and it was running pretty strong at the bridge. We can drift along with it, and row very easy," said Tom.

"How far down is the light-house?" asked Joe.

"Well, it's half way down the bay, so it can't be more than five miles from where we are. We can certainly get there before night."

So the two oarsmen rowed easily onward, without bending their backs enough to tire themselves, and frequently resting altogether and letting the boat drift. Joe grew restless after a time, and threw himself down on his back on the bottom of the boat, and began to sing. This was more than Harry could stand, for Joe's singing reminded every one who heard it, of the singing of a cat on the back fence. Harry tried to poke him gently with an oar, but unluckily he hit the compass, knocked it over, and broke it.

"Now we're in a nice fix," exclaimed Charley. "We won't find the light-house to-night, and the best thing we can do is to try to find the shore."

"Here's a little cat's-paw," said Tom. "Sha'n't we get the sail up?"

"I suppose we might as well. The wind is probably from the southwest, for that is the way it was blowing this morning."

The sails were set, and as the breeze increased, the *Ghost* began to skim over the water.

"What are we going to do when we reach the east end of Shinnecock Bay?" asked Charley, after a while.

"Why, I suppose," Harry replied, "we'll have to turn round and sail back again."

"Why not get over into Peconic Bay, and come home through the Sound? According to the chart, the two bays are only a mile apart at Canoe Place, and there is a pond half a mile wide lying just in the middle of the neck of land that separates them, so we should only have to make two carries of a quarter of a mile each."

"But how do we know that there isn't a big hill, or something of that kind, in the way?" asked Harry.

"The reason why it is called Canoe Place must be that the Indians used to carry their canoes across from one bay to the other. Now if canoes can be carried across, the road can't be very hilly. The chances are that we should find nothing worse than a level meadow, and if we could get a team of horses, I believe we could get the *Ghost* into Peconic Bay."

"It strikes me," interrupted Joe, "that we'd better find out where we are now before we lay plans for what we're going to do next week. We may sail around in this fog and never find the shore for three or four days. This must be a pretty big bay, for there's a regular long swell here."

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"Oh, nonsense, Joe! we'll come to land in a few minutes now," replied Charley.

"You weren't with us the time we were lost in a fog on Brandt Lake. That's a little bit of a lake, but we rowed nearly all night before we struck the shore."

"Never mind about that now, Joe," said Tom. "We want to talk about Charley's plan for getting into the Sound. I'm in favor of it if it can be done, for it would be a great deal better than sailing back over the same ground twice."

"Same water, you mean," suggested Joe.

"Of course I do. Boats don't sail on the land, do they? Hullo! here is a young squall."

"And a very lively one it is. I wish it would blow the fog away," exclaimed Charley.

"It's getting chilly," said Harry. "I should like to get ashore and build a good fire."

"What do you say about going home through the Sound, Harry?" asked Charley.

"I say let's do it by all means, if we can."

"What do you say, Joe?"

"The Sound can't be any wetter than the South Bay, so I'm in favor of trying it," replied Joe.

"Then we'll consider it settled that we sail to the end of Shinnecock Bay, and then go to Canoe Place and cross over to Peconic Bay. Slack those peak halyards a little, will you, Tom. If this squall lasts, we shall have to put in a reef."

The wind was now blowing so fresh that in almost any other circumstances the young Captain would have reefed the mainsail, but he was in constant expectation of reaching the shore. The long swell which gently rocked the boat was very unlike the short swells of the Great South Bay. "There's something very strange about this," said Charley. "We must have sailed at least ten miles, and the bay is only ten miles long. Why haven't we struck the shore?"

"How long ago was the chart made?" inquired Tom.

"I've had it—or rather father has had it—over three years," said Harry.

"An inlet may have opened into Shinnecock Bay since that chart was made," said Tom. "New inlets do open into these bays in winter storms, for I've read of such things in the newspaper."

"Try if you can touch bottom with an oar. I'm pretty sure you can't," said Charley.

Tom tried, but could find no bottom.

"Then, boys, we'll haul down the mainsail and jib, and let her drift for a while."

The *Ghost* came up in the wind, and the sails were dropped and furled. "Now," resumed Charley, "I want you to keep cool, and not to let yourselves get frightened. The truth is, boys, that we are out at sea."

"But we can't be," cried Harry. "There isn't any inlet."

"There must be an inlet," Charley replied, "and we've drifted out through it. This swell is the swell of the Atlantic. It's impossible to have anything like it in a little shallow bay."

"What shall we do?" asked the boys, all together.

"We can't do anything till the fog lifts, and we find out where we are. The compass is gone, we don't know which way the wind is, and we can't even hear the surf. The only thing to do is to wait for clear weather."

While they were talking, the sea had begun to break into white caps, and Charley ordered the mainsail to be set close reefed. "If we don't get some sail on her," he explained, "we shall have the water coming aboard."

"But we may be running further away from the land all the time," said Harry.

"Very likely; but we can't help ourselves, for we must keep steerage-way on her, and keep her from getting swamped. We'll sail as close to the wind as we can. If the wind is southwest, and if we keep it on our port bow, we shall be drifting in toward the shore, and if it's blowing from some other direction, we sha'n't be making headway enough to do much harm."

"You know best," said Tom. "We'll do as you say."

"I would give almost anything," continued Charley, "if the fog would only lift. However, the wind must blow it away."

"We must have gone out of the inlet when we were letting her drift with the tide; but why we didn't notice it I can't understand," remarked Harry.

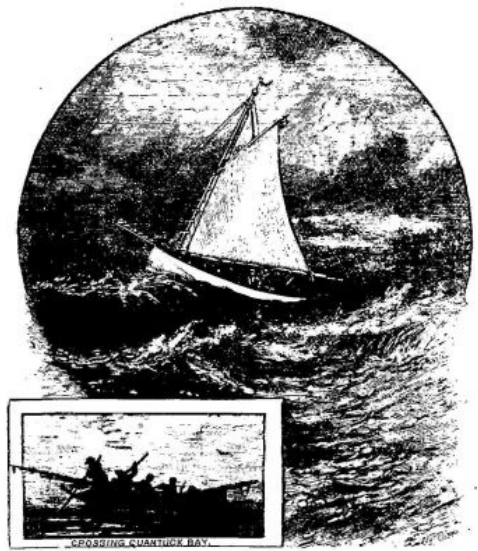
"There was no wind at the time, and we were busy talking," said Charley. "Come to think of it, we never noticed that we couldn't hear the surf until just now. I remember hearing it when we were in the ditch, but I haven't the least idea when we lost the sound of it."

"The fog is breaking," cried Joe. "It's clear overhead."

"And the wind is rising fast," added Charley, "and the sea is getting up. In another half-hour we sha'n't dare to keep the mainsail on her, for there will be too much of it, even though it is close reefed."

Joe and Charley were both right. The fog was growing thinner, and the wind was rising, but the wind rose even faster than Charley had predicted. In the course of the next twenty minutes it was blowing so hard that it was no longer safe for the *Ghost* to carry her mainsail. Charley ordered it to be hauled down, the jib to be set, and the boat to be put before the wind. The moment the jib filled, the *Ghost* started away like a runaway horse, but whether she was heading for the beach or for the Bermuda islands it was impossible to guess. For another half-hour the fog hung around them, and then all at once it vanished like a curtain that is suddenly drawn up. The boys eagerly looked in every direction for land. None was visible except in the northwest, where the low gray line of Long Island, and the slender tower of a light-house, could be faintly seen at a distance of at least twelve miles. The wind blew directly from the land, and the impossibility of beating back to the shore was manifest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



OUT AT SEA.



"AND BLEW AS HE'D NOT BLOWN SINCE HE WAS BORN."

JEREMY BLACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

"I'll make a noise," said Jeremy Black,
As the days drew nigh
To the Fourth of July;
"I'll make more noise than a cannon, or pack
Of fire-crackers, or pistol, or gun,
Or cannon-cracker; I'll have more fun,
With fifty cents, than the rest of the boys
With a dollar's worth of powder and things—
With fifty cents I will make more noise
Than all the rest of the town, by jings!"

So he went down
To Abraham Brown,
The tinker back of the Blue Bell Inn,
Who mended the pans for all the town,
And he got him to make a Thing of tin.
Then both of them tinkered and talked and planned,
Between the mending of pot and kettle.
And drew the patterns with chalk in hand,
Until they managed the thing to settle;

And all the boys were eager to know
What kind of a Thing they kept tinkering so.
Was it anything like a cannon, or rocket,
Or Roman candle, or pin-wheel, or gun?
Was it small enough to go into his pocket?
Or could he lift it when it was done?
Would the thing go off, or would powder go in it?
And a dozen of such like questions a minute.
But Jeremy Black just gave a sly wink,
And they could not tell what in creation to think.

So Fourth of July came around at last,
And the day was fresh and the sun was bright;
Then just as soon as the night was passed,
At the earliest dawn of the dewy light,
The boys turned out
With noise and rout,
And loud halloo and lusty shout,
And racket of crackers, and boom and pop,
And ringing of bells, and sizz and splutter,
Till good folks trying to sleep would stop,
And get up and close the window and shutter.
But Jeremy Black just turned in his bed,
And down in the pillow he nestled his head,
And thought, with a grin,
How the Thing of tin

Would make enough noise to drown the din.
At length he arose and dressed himself.
And afterward managed his breakfast to eat;
Then took the Thing from the wood-house shelf,
And carried it with him out in the street.
Now all the boys came running to see
What ever the wonderful Thing could be—
And, lo! 'twas a fish-horn six feet long.
"Now stand a little away," said he,
"And you'll hear a noise so loud and strong
And deep and mighty that it will drown
All popping of guns and cannons in town."
Then all the boys stood back, while he
Stepped up to the fire-plug under the tree,
And rested thereon the end of the horn,
Then took a breath that was long and deep,
And blew as he'd not blown since he was born;
And out from the Thing came—never a peep!
He stopped, and wiped his mouth for a minute,
Then blew as if the dickens were in it.
He blew till the hair stood up on his head;
He blew till everything swam around;
He blew till his forehead and ears grew red;
But out of the horn came—never a sound.

At first the boys were half afraid
Of the terrible sound that would soon be made;
But after a while they began to chaff.
And then to giggle, and then to laugh.
Poor Jeremy knew that the noise was there—
It only required a little more air.

Once more he blows, till his muscles strain:
Not a sound. And then he began to know,
Though he had endeavored with might and main,
The horn was too large for *him* to blow.

L'Envoi.

As one goes over this world of ours
One frequently finds a Jeremy Black,
Who overrates the natural powers
The Fates have granted him—somewhat slack.
Those people who build, though they may not know it,
A horn so large that they never can blow it.

WAS THE DAY A FAILURE?

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

Had you known the Oliver family, many things would have shown you that Fourth of July was near at hand. Especially did the Oliver wood-shed herald its approach. That heap of tin cans in the corner had accumulated by Maggie the cook's promising the boys that she would open all winter the vegetables, soups, and fruits with greatest care, and see that not one of the cans found its way into the ash-barrel.

"We can't have too many," said Hugh, taking one from the pile; "for you know we all agreed that sending them up was the most fun of all last year. How we did keep them whizzing!"

In another corner stood a good-sized hand-cart.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Hugh; "you've got that on hand in good season. Now are you sure of the place, Dug? If we go so very early, it may be rather dark, you know."

"Oh, I can find it. I was there with Eugene the day before he went away. It's where a basket shop used to be, and the chips are in piles, some of them three feet high. We couldn't ask anything better—ash, too, regular blazers. They'll make a glorious bonfire."

"And as we are going in to Boston in the evening to see the fire-works, why, we must have it early as we can in the morning," remarked Hugh.

The next morning, as Douglas fancied himself on the point of lighting a huge fire-cracker that was to send up an enormous can with a picture of thirty-eight tomatoes on it, Hugh substituted a sound shaking for the expected explosion.

"Hush," said he, in answer to Douglas's remonstrances. "It's been raining."

"*Raining!*" repeated Douglas, in a tone as though rain on the Fourth of July were an impossible occurrence, and as unseasonable as a snow-storm. "Raining!"

Five minutes later, Hugh and Douglas were out of sight and hearing, as, each with a hand on the cart, they ran lightly down the hill, and turned off at the first side road, walking and running by turns until Douglas announced, "Here we are!"

"And so evidently is somebody else," added Hugh, as two little figures were noticed by the chip pile, rapidly filling a large basket.

"They've come!" the boy had just whispered to his sister.

"Halloo!" cried Douglas. "Goin' to celebrate?"

"No, sir," in a girl's voice; "we uses 'em, sir."

Whether the announcement that any one could be gathering chips without intention of celebrating was a revelation to Douglas, or whether the "sir" pleased him, is uncertain, but something had the effect of making him ignore Hugh's "Do come ahead, Dug, and help fill," as, suiting action to word, his brother threw an armful of the light wood into the cart.

"You don't get up so early as this every morning?" queried Douglas, with surprise.

"Only since the day we heard you and another talk of coming here to get wood for to-day. Since then we've worked pretty steady," said the girl, with a weary smile.

"Hear this, Hugh, will you!" cried Douglas. "They overheard Eugene and me planning to come here, and we're taking their wood."

"Oh no, you're not," said the girl, quickly. "It's nobody's but those as gets it."

"Of course, Dug," frowned Hugh, impatiently. "Don't stand talking there. Come on and fill, can't you. They've probably their wood-house crammed by this time, anyway."

"Oh no," said the girl, turning to Hugh. "It's so far, sir. We can't lug more nor ten baskets a day."

"Far!—where?" still questioned Douglas, as Hugh went to work again.

"You'll see when the fog lifts. The red cottage by the brook."

"What! not 'way down by the mill?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl, as she shook the basket, and piled some more chips on top. "Come, Dick, this is your side," and off they started in the light rain that was beginning to fall.

"Poor little things," said Douglas, "I haven't the heart to take their wood," and he threw some chips indifferently into the cart. "Oh, Hugh, I've a plan," and his face lit up. "Let's give 'em a lift—this cartful; will you?"

Hugh deliberated. It was raining. The bonfire might as well be given up. As the cart was filled, the mill

children might as well have it. He only wished it had been his plan instead of Douglas's.

It seemed but an instant later that the chips were shaking merrily in the cart, as the boys started to overtake the little laborers; and they were not entirely quieted when both children were carefully lifted to a seat and told to hold on firmly.

"Ain't it splendid!" whispered Dick Ransom, loudly, to his sister. "Now I can play on me bones and hunt fire-crackers all day; can't I, Jinny?" almost losing his hold in delight at thought of a holiday. "Oh, *ain't* it splendid! We're 'goin' as fast as Dr. Phisterer, ain't we, sis?"

Jenny smiled. "Won't granny be pleased?" was all she said, while the chips seemed to dance again at her thought.

As you may have guessed, more than one load found its way to the red cottage that morning. Three times did the Oliver boys heap the cart, and three times did little Dick Ransom fancy he was Dr. Phisterer as he sat perched up on the chips, having the best Fourth of July he had ever known.

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As the Oliver family was breakfasting it commenced to rain hard.

"The day is going to be a perfect fizzle," announced Hugh. "It'll be no fun staying out; besides, nothing will go off. Imagine being cooped in the house all day!"

The twins looked disconsolate.

"Cheer up," said Douglas. "We can put off some torpedoes in the attic if it comes to the worst; and, best of all, we'll be back with the two Wills in less than no time, and they always think up something."

The boys were at the station soon after, Hugh keeping two bombshells in readiness to be fired the moment the two Wills got off the train.

"I'll signal," said Douglas, his eyes on the off-coming passengers; but he had no need, for there was no Will Edson and no Will Hammond aboard.

"Missed the train," decided Douglas, a shadow on his usually happy face. "Let's see if there's a telegram. Good! there is," as the operator handed him an envelope.

Both read it, and each looked blankly at the other.

"Well, I never thought of their *not coming*."

"A perfect fizzle," said Hugh, pocketing the bombshells with a frown of disappointment. "The whole day—just as I told you."

"We may as well go home"—in Douglas's voice, but without its usual ring, as they slowly left the waiting-room.

"We mustn't let the weather get the best of us," said Douglas, as they reached home. "We can at least give the others a good time."

So they went up stairs, and played nine-pins with the boys, and were targets for their torpedoes, until the attic rang with merry shouts.

"The little ones are having quite a day, after all," thought Mrs. Oliver, a pleased smile on her face, "and Bridget at last has that long-promised *morning out*."

Another disappointment came with dinner—a dispatch from Mr. Oliver, stating that he was called on urgent business out of Boston, and preferred the boys did not come into town alone.

"That caps the climax," said Hugh, abruptly leaving the table. "And it's clearing up, too. I should think papa might take one holiday in the year for a change."

The boys had their heads together after dinner. Hugh had made up his mind to accept the situation; indeed, he had done more than that in going on with the train of thought that Douglas's unselfish suggestions of the morning had opened to him.

"Why, it's a splendid idea, Hugh," Douglas was saying. "Maggie will get us cloths and water, and we'll lock the library doors."

"They're fixin' the magic lantern," said the twins, as the children stood three or four deep outside the door.

"P'r'aps tabberlows," ventured little Edith, remembering her success at the Child's Hospital benefit, and determining to stay within call all afternoon.

"Listen," advised the twins.

"Shakspeare here," they heard in Hugh's voice, "and Dickens there. That's just exactly as they were."

"It's tabberlows," sobbed tired Edith on nurse's shoulder, as they all went up for an afternoon nap.

"Yes," said the twins, as they toiled up the stairs after her. "We remember that very one."

It was about four o'clock when Mrs. Oliver came to the door. "What is going on?" she inquired. "Can not you let me in? I've some news for you."

"We're just about through," they called, and a moment later opened the door.

The mother's face expressed just the surprise and pleasure the boys had looked for.

"If you knew how I had been dreading it," said Mrs. Oliver, after they had talked it all over, "I could give you some idea of the relief I feel. I'd been thinking that I must send for Mrs. Sanleitner, and give a day right up to it, have every book taken out, the shelves dusted, and—But you've done it all," her eyes again on the boys' work of a few hours past; "and now that the children are asleep, Bridget can come in with her chamois, and polish the doors."

"Yes, do have her," urged the boys, "and give papa a thorough-going surprise."

"To match the one I have for you," said Mrs. Oliver. "Dr. Phisterer has been here, and asked if I had two boys that would answer to his description, and I had to confess I had. He then went on to say that he and Freddy were going into town at half past four, and asked if he might take charge of my boys as well."

"You don't mean it! Hurrah!" they cried, waving their dusters. "Hope he'll take the bays; they're awfully fast."

"I don't care what he takes, so long as we get in town in time for the fire-works. Dr. Phisterer evidently thinks it is going to clear."

"Clear!" exclaimed Mrs. Oliver, throwing open the blinds. "You're so shut up in here, you don't know the state of the weather."

The sun had come out.

"I wonder if we'll have time— But there he is this minute;" and Douglas rushed out on the piazza, calling, "Dick! Dick!"

The boy approached slowly, his hands behind him. "It's one as has been used," he said, producing a fire-cracker he had picked up in the yard.

"I didn't call you for that," said Douglas, hurriedly. "Didn't know you had it. Here are some good ones— wait; these too. Give some to—"

But two bare feet were flying in the air. The putting into Dick Ransom's hand of three unopened packs of crackers had deadened his sense of anything else. He gave a sort of a whoop as he darted down the mill road, which had the effect of rousing the neighborhood, and of making scores of flying feet the principal things to be seen.

The Oliver boys talked in something of this strain when they got back from town that night:

"Didn't those horses fly!"

"Isn't Dr. Phisterer splendid!"

"I never knew Fred was so nice a fellow."

"Will you ever forget the surprise of the two Wills as we dashed by the Edson's?"

"'Twas rich; and then our meeting father before we'd gone a mile."

"And with Colonel Yale! I thought of the library right away."

"So did I; and you heard how delighted papa was; said he'd been thinking all the way out if he'd only attended to having those books straightened; for Colonel Yale has one of the finest collections, you know."

"Oh yes; but do you know," interrupted Douglas, "that we haven't yet touched upon the best thing of all?"

"What do you mean?" asked Hugh.

"Why, when they put off that big piece of 'General Washington on his Horse,' and the crowd were all 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' over it, I thought, 'If mamma could only be here!' for 'twas so much grander than I expected; and then to look up, and see not only her, but papa and Colonel Yale, each holding up one of the twins, why, I just joined in the hip-hip-hurrah with all my might."

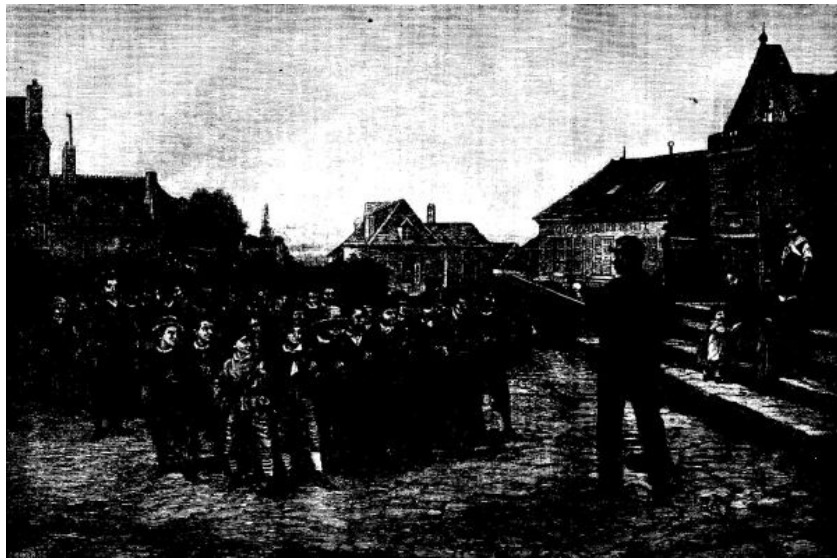
"The twins' verdict of the day wasn't bad?"

"What was it?"

"That they didn't believe anybody could ever have a better *Fourth o' Ju' New-Years*."



GRANDPA'S DRUM.—DRAWN BY J. E. KELLY.



YOUNG SOLDIERS.—"CHARGE BAYONETS!"

FOURTH OF JULY IN KERIM.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Now, you boys, what on airth are you a-doin' with that there ellum?"

"Is that you, Squire Garnsey?" responded a very youthful voice from the darkness, many feet above the pile of rubbish at the foot of the tree, and against which more was at that moment heaping. "Now, Squire, don't you think this dead wood has stood here long enough?"

"What are you a-doin' with it?"

"We're going to let all Kerim know Fourth of July's come, quick as it strikes twelve."

"That's it, is it? I declare! what a swarm of 'em there is, and how they do work! Never saw the like of it. It's a fact, though, that old dead ellum's been an eye-sore on the green these three year."

It was not far from the centre of the broad but somewhat ill-kept open space in the middle of the village of Kerim, and the fact of its deadness may have been due to its use as a hitching-post for country people coming to church on Sundays, and for the academy boys to try their knives on of week-days. It was about thirty feet high, but it had never borne any fruit. Elms rarely do, but there were boys enough in that one now.

"Squire Garnsey," piped another voice at his elbow, "they're a-greasin' the tree so's it'll burn good."

"I declare! And I kem out here on purpose to put a stop to bonfirin'. It'll make the tallest kind of a blaze, it will."

He was a tall man himself, and broad-shouldered, and grim-faced, but he was puzzled for once. What should he do? All the great men of Kerim had solemnly decided that there should be no Fourth of July that year; no fire-works; no bonfires; no parade; no cannonading; no anything. People with too much patriotism were free to go over to Plumville, three miles east, and join the goings on there; but Kerim was to be a quiet village all day.

The boys had not been taken into that council of great men. Not one of them had been permitted to utter his voice in it; but they all uttered as much voice as they had as soon as the tyrannical decision was made public. Even now another of the shadowy speakers in the dead elm-tree defiantly announced:

"Yes, sir. We've been a-gatherin' of grease and tar and things these three weeks. It's after 'leven o'clock, now. Just you wait and see."

"I declare! Here's another lot of 'em comin'. There's a heap of public spirit into our boys. My grandfather he fit at Bunker Hill. I say, boys?"

"No, we won't. It's pretty nigh greased now, and the branches are tied full of things. It'd be a shame not to fire it off."

"So it would—so it would. Washington was a great man. I say, boys, there's a half-bar'l of tar over in my wood shed, and it's more'n a quarter full. If you'd git it, and paste the trunk of that ellum with tar—"

"Hurrah for Squire Garnsey!" shouted a pretty deep voice near him. "That's the talk. We're going to have a celebration tomorrow, Squire. None of our boys are going over to help the Plumvillains have a good time."

"I like that. I'm for home industry myself."

Four boys and a wheelbarrow were already on a clean run toward the Squire's front gate, across the green; but just then the sharp piping note at his elbow broke out again with, "Yes, sir; and Mr. Mortis is going to give us a 'dress, and Bill Allen's going to read the Decoration of Independence."

"Good!" again remarked the Squire. "I don't know exactly what to make of myself, and I don't know what folks'll say, and somehow I feel as ef I was beginnin' not to keer. Boys, it'll be Fourth of July in less 'n half an hour."

"We're 'most ready. We've kept still about it, Squire, but we've laid up stuff to burn, we have."

The pile at the foot of the old elm looked like it, and no one could guess how they had daubed the branches. That, too, was nothing to the way they daubed the trunk of it after the tar came.

"Look a-here! how are we to get down? We can't climb over all that tar."

"Stay up there," responded the deep tones of Mr. Mortis, the "speaker of the day" that was to be. "You'll look first-rate when you're lighted up."

"I declare!" exclaimed Squire Garnsey. "Boys, throw a rope around that lower limb. They'll have to come down sailor fashion."

So they did, and no less than seven boys, of different sizes, were compelled to make use of that rope. There was evidently a good deal of "public spirit" among the younger generation of the people of Kerim.

The older people, with the single exception of the broad-shouldered Squire, had gone to bed at a healthy hour that evening, well assured that for once no patriotic racket would disturb their open-windowed slumbers. A quieter village there was not in the whole United States until just before the town clock prepared for the duty of telling them it was midnight.

The clock got ready. So did the Kerim boys. Squire Garnsey remarked, "I'll walk away a little, boys, so's I can see it burn."

Then a dozen matches were scratched at the same moment, and as many wisps of tarred paper were lighted and put in positions to do the most good.

How they did flash up, and how the fire did run! It was well there were no boys in that tree.

Bang! bang! bang!

"If they haven't managed to git out three anvils!" remarked the Squire. "Hear them guns. Crackers, too. Tin horns. They're workin' a hoss-fiddle on the back fence. There never was sech a racket in this 'ere town before. No, nor sech a blaze either. It beats a house a-fire."

So it did, but there was no insurance on the old elm.

When the good and quiet people around that square, on all sides except the one where the meeting-house and the academy stood, sprang out of bed and rushed to their windows, you could have read print, if it were large enough, anywhere about the middle of the green. And every head out of every window had something special to say about "those boys."

Up shot the flame over the pile of boxes and barrels, and the heap of broken boards and fence rails; up the well-tarred trunk, with a fierce fizzing and spluttering, and then it sprang along the boughs, and mounted and mounted, until every head at the windows was compelled to remark, also, "What on earth's got hold of that there tree?—it burns as if it was rosin."

Fourth of July had come, and all Kerim knew it; but before breakfast-time it was equally well known that the boys were going to have a "celebration," with all the regular honors.

"Mr. Mortis?" said everybody; "why, he can't make a speech. Bill Allen? It ought to have been one of the trustees, or somebody."

Perhaps so; but the old folks had thrown the day away, and the boys had picked it up, and they worked at it like a swarm of bumble-bees.

By noon there was a big lumber wagon pulled out close to the spot where the elm-tree had been.

It was a curious fact, but there were numbers of other wagons pulled up near that one before two o'clock, and a good many of the Kerim people had unexpected visitors of country friends from beyond Kerim, who said "they'd a sight ruther stay and hear the home doin's than go on to Plumville."

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There was public spirit in them, and the thing spread so fast that when two o'clock came, and Mr. Mortis climbed into the wagon, followed by Bill Allen, and as many more of the boys as could get in, every man in Kerim who thought himself at all eloquent envied them the very respectable audience gathered around the elm-tree ash heap and the "celebration."

Mr. Mortis was barely twenty, but he was studying law, and the boys had picked him out because, as Bill Allen said: "He's got more voice than a bull. What we want is noise."

They got it from Mr. Mortis, and the whole crowd got a big surprise with it, for the "dress" was wonderfully good. Bill Allen, too, did his part well, and read the "Decoration of Inderpendence" as if it were something in which he took a personal interest. Old Squire Garnsey stepped right forward at the end of it to say,

"Bill Allen, you read that thing just prime."

"I didn't make it up, though."

"And, Mr. Mortis, I'm proud of you. All Kerim is. We'd no idee you could do it."

"I knew it was a good one," said Mr. Mortis, calmly. "It's one Governor Skyward made ten year ago. There wasn't any use of me trying to get up a better one, so I took his'n. Guess I made everybody on the green hear it."

That was precisely what he had done for the great speech of Governor Skyward, and it was more than anybody else had ever done for that crowd.

As for the boys, they had won the day. That is, they had kept it from the very minute it began—only there was no dead elm-tree left in the middle of the green.

"There'll be heaps of public spirit in Kerim after this," said Squire Garnsey to the other trustees; but they all shook their heads very solemnly, and made no reply.

CHERRIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Who can tell how cherries grow,
From the blossoms' fragrant snow;
From the balls of green that hide

Under glossy leaves, spread wide,
Till they glisten, every one,
Red as rubies in the sun;
Swelling, warming, till they shine,
Filled with summer's rosy wine?
Five little babes in a basket,
Up on a swinging bough:
"Open your mouths," said the mother,
"Here is a feast for you now."
Mother and babies think it prime
That cherries ripen in robin-time.
Five curly heads at a window,
Watching the merry crew:
"Don't you wish we were birds in a nest,
So we could have some too?
Wings are better than legs to climb,
And robins are thickest in cherry-time."

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 87, June 28.]

AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER II.

The final morning arrived at last, and as I drove away in papa's gig all the children crowded the gateway, and Winifred, in their midst, strained her eyes to see the last of me, and smile and wave a good-by.

Mrs. Ludlow's brother-in-law was to meet me at the station: he was on his way from Albany to New York, and had agreed to look out for me at C—, as the train passed through our town. The cars had hardly stopped, when a tall young man appeared on the platform, and was soon shaking hands with my father.

"I haven't seen you since you were a boy," my father said; "but I don't see that you have changed much. Now, Mr. Ludlow, will you take charge of my little girl?"

Mr. Ludlow declared himself well pleased to do so, and he was so genial and good-humored that I quickly got over the sudden shyness which had taken possession of me, and in half an hour I felt as if I had known him all my life. He seemed a little old, it is true; he was twenty-eight, and he had a dark, handsome face, with bright eyes and a merry laugh. I was perfectly astonished when I heard he was preparing to be a clergyman. I was soon chatting comfortably with him, and had told him all about our home and the boys, and Winny and my father, and how delighted I was to go to New York.

"And is Winny the housekeeper?" Mr. Ludlow asked. He knew that mamma was dead.

I started and laughed. "Why, she is our sister," I said. "But then," I added, "she does everything for us."

How well I remember our arrival! It was nearly dark, and the city confused me with its many sights and sounds, the endless streets, and lamps, and throngs of people. A carriage was waiting for us at the dépôt, and we drove through a great many streets, stopping finally before a big brick house with a low doorway, near Washington Square.

I had never been in New York before, and could not remember my one visit to Albany, so the fine town house, the long beautiful hall we entered, seemed to me like something I had read of or dreamed about. There was a great staircase winding away to the left, and down this Cousin Mary came hurrying, and I remembered having seen her at my mother's funeral—a sweet, gray-haired lady, with a faded pretty face, a great deal of old lace about her dress, and a quiet, friendly voice. Other voices sounded in a room near by; young voices laughing and talking; and Cousin Mary took me into a large beautiful room with fire-light dancing on the walls, and where half a dozen gay people were playing some merry game: they all stopped short as we entered.

"This is Ruth Grahame," said Cousin Mary; "your cousin from C—, Milly."

Upon this, Milly Ludlow came forward and welcomed me kindly. She was a tall girl about my own age; not so fashionably dressed as I had expected a New York cousin to be, but very lady-like and gentle in her manners. She soon introduced the others—Gray Roberts, Nelly and Jessie Price, and Jack Ludlow; they were all cousins, and all seemed delighted to see Mr. Ludlow, who was soon discussing the game with them, and entering into all the fun like a school-boy. What an evening that was! I was soon thoroughly at home, and very talkative, I assure you, for in our own house I had been encouraged to talk a great deal too much. I was to sleep with the Prices in a big room up stairs, and I was very much struck by their fine clothes and city-bred manners when we were dressing for the late dinner at which we were all to be present. The Prices were rather silly girls, but good-natured, and they seemed interested in all I had to say, though they criticised me very freely, and one said I must "friz" my hair, and the other asked if I wore French heels, and openly lamented the fact that I did not.

After dinner there was a most fascinating hour. Mr. Ludlow whispered to Milly, and then she came up to me in the parlor, saying that we were all to slip up to the attic, where they were rehearsing a little play intended for a surprise to Cousin Mary and Cousin Henry on their wedding anniversary. The elder sisters, Kate and Mary, were in it as well, and we found them in the attic, lighting it up, and putting away some of the costumes. That attic seemed to me a wonderful place: it extended over the entire house, and the roof was higher than in most attics, for it had been built with a view to being a play-room, long ago, when Kate and Mary Ludlow were small. At one end a temporary stage was erected, and preparations made for the curtains at either side and in front. All the final work was to be done the day before the performance. As soon as we were in the attic, Mr. Ludlow suggested that some part should be found for me. Kate Ludlow

had written the play, and there was a part adapted specially for each person; but she very good-naturedly told her uncle (young as he was, he was her uncle) that she would insert something for me. I was fluttered with delight, and had sufficient confidence in myself to feel sure it would be an easy matter to perform with credit to all concerned. The story of the play was a domestic one. Kate introduced a part for me with Jessie Price—a dialogue between two friends of the heroine, rather artfully contrived to give me something to do, and at the same time work out the plot. Jessie acted very badly, so that my awkwardness showed the less, and I was rather well satisfied with the prospect, and wildly delighted by the idea of wearing one of Kate's longest silk gowns, and a white bonnet with a yellow bird in it.

We spent a merry enough hour in the attic, and were summoned there the next morning and evening. All this time the novelty of town life, the fascination of the theatricals, the talks with girls like the Prices, filled me with a sort of intoxication of delight. Sometimes I used to find Mr. Ludlow watching me very closely; sometimes I half fancied he looked disapprovingly at some of my manners and my remarks; but I was too full of self-conceit to think he could really find fault with anything about me. It was all so delightful: the little councils in the attic, sometimes about the acting, sometimes about the dresses; then, as the day approached, the innumerable suggestions for "stage effects." We were always scampering up there for this and that, and the fact of concealing our purpose from Cousin Mary lent a new zest to our delight. Now all this time I could not help feeling what a strong influence Mr. Ludlow was in the little circle: with all his fun and good-humor, he had a certain dignity which made people turn to him with a peculiar respect. If ever I felt abashed, it was when I met his grave kindly glance; if ever I stopped for an instant's criticism of my silly selfish self, it was when I thought of what he would think of me. The secret of it was that with all his love of honest fun and pleasure, he had higher lights: he was seeking something of which I had never thought; he had a purpose in his life which dignified it, so that in his lightest moments I felt that his influence was a strong and serious one. At times he encouraged me to talk to him, and I was startled one day by overhearing him say to Kate, "I think you don't do Ruth justice; I believe there is more in her than that."

I fancied directly that this referred to my acting, and the only result was an increase of effort when it came my turn to appear at the rehearsals.

The morning of the eventful day arrived. It had been agreed that we were to marshal our forces at ten o'clock in the attic, and all help in the adjustment of curtains, seats, lights, etc. It was a time of intense fascination. We girls talked and laughed gayly, enjoying everything; and I can hear now the sound of the hammer as Mr. Ludlow nailed up this and that; the creaking of the boards as we ran across them before the drugging was tacked down; the voices of one and another asking questions, offering advice, expostulating, criticising: it was a most enjoyable morning. We had a luncheon sent up to us in the attic, and I think that was the best of all; it was like a picnic, except that there were hot dishes, and a servant to run up and down. There was to be a dance after the play, and a supper; but that luncheon seemed to me a far more delightful banquet than the one to be spread that evening in the beautiful dining-room down stairs. Yet in my mind I kept anticipating the glories of the evening, the dress I was to wear, my speeches, the whole effect, finally the dance, with a real band of musicians, and the supper, at which we young people were to have a table all to ourselves. By three o'clock our luncheon was over, and Kate, who was arranging the stage for the first scene, found she needed a book which was in the parlor. She turned to me. "Come, Ruth," she said, a little sharply, "you are doing nothing. Will you run down and get me that big book on the parlor table?"

I assented willingly enough, and ran down the four flights of stairs, scarcely thinking what I was doing, until I reached the parlor. I was just going into the room, my hand was on the handle of the door, when I saw through the glass of the front door the postman's figure outside. Even now I can see the street with its covering of snow, the wide heavy doorway, the dim hall with the winding staircase at the back, and I can picture in fancy my own girlish figure standing there, not knowing that one of the most important moments of my life had come. The postman dropped a big letter into the box. I went forward, and taking it up, was pleased to find on it papa's handwriting addressed to me. No one was about the hall, the parlor into which I hurried was equally desolate, and I sat down to read my letter before going up with the book Kate wanted.

I opened my letter with feverish haste, but the first glance dashed my good spirits. I read the few lines with a sinking heart, and I can almost see them now hurriedly traced across a bit of paper:

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—You will know that I feel very sorry to cut short your visit, but Winny is not well, and Joe is ailing, and I am afraid you must come home at once. You will get this letter about three o'clock on Tuesday, and Mr. Barlow is coming up from New York on the six-o'clock train; so if Cousin Mary will see you safely to the dépôt, Mr. B. will look out for you.

"In haste, your loving
FATHER."

For a moment I sat still in the big arm-chair, staring at the letter, not realizing just what it meant. Then I glanced at the clock. Yes, it was only half past three. There was time to say good-by to them all, and get down to the dépôt long before six; and as I said this mechanically to myself, I burst into tears—selfish tears, I regret to say; tears not for Winny and Joe at home, but for my great disappointment. It was while I was crying that I began to think it would not really be *necessary* for me to go—no one knew of papa's letter; why need I tell them until tomorrow? Surely twenty-four hours more or less could make no difference. Winny would be the last person in the world to wish to spoil my pleasure this way; and then she could not be *very* ill, or papa would have said so. There was Hester, our old nurse, always ready to come up from the village when she was needed. As the temptation to conceal my letter and disobey papa came upon me, I grew more sharply conscious of everything around me. The fire burned more brightly, the ticking of the clock seemed louder, and the snow-flakes fell against the windows of the long room whiter and softer. Five minutes of selfish reasoning passed, and then I had begun to see in myself only an injured and reasoning person. I would wait until the morning.

With this decision, I crushed the letter into my pocket, seized the book Kate wanted, and hurried out into the hall. But I never shall forget how like a watched and guilty being I felt. The stairs looked shadowy; I almost longed for courage to go into the attic, read them all my letter, and say good-by; but the first sight of the gay little company, the mimic stage, Milly seated on a ladder sewing curtain-rings, Jessie Price trailing up and down the "boards" rehearsing her part, Kate and Mary and Mr. Ludlow arranging candles, dispelled my conscience-pricks; it was too fascinating to be left.



RUTH READING HER LETTER.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.

Milly looked up from her sewing. "Well," she exclaimed, "what has kept you down stairs so long, Ruth?"

I felt confused, but tried to answer carelessly: "Oh, I was in the parlor."

Mr. Ludlow turned around suddenly. "Why, was that Ruth's voice?" he exclaimed.

I felt my cheeks flame, but I laughed, a little defiantly.

"Certainly, sir," I answered. And then Mr. Ludlow looked at me gravely for a moment, but said no more.

"Here, Ruthie," Kate said, "go and find that other red curtain, will you, like a dear?"

I was searching for it behind the scenes, when I heard the voices outside discussing some expected letters. Then Mr. Ludlow called out, "Ruth, did the postman come while you were down stairs?"

For an instant my heart beat so wildly that I could not speak; but one idea possessed me: I must not admit to having received papa's letter. All my moral courage fled, and scarcely knowing what it was that I was saying, I answered, "No, sir."

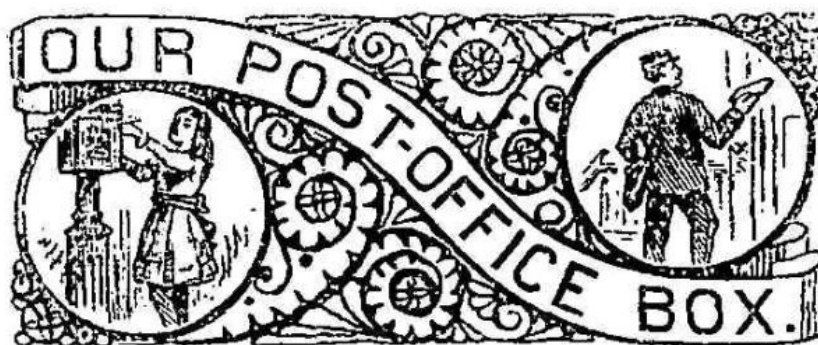
There was a silence which it seemed to me I could not endure. Everything seemed to stand still. I had told my first and last lie, and the words burned my tongue. I had found the curtain, but I had no power to move. Finally I roused myself, and rejoined the others. Their voices rose and fell; they were laughing over some joke of Mr. Ludlow's; but to me everything was changed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WILD BABES OF THE WOOD.—DRAWN BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

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YELM, THURSTON COUNTY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I am a little boy not quite seven years old. I can read *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and have been a subscriber to

it since the nineteenth number. I am delighted with it, and, as I told my papa to-day, wish it were a *daily* paper. I too like "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies" best of all the stories, though I am interested in everything in it, especially in the Post-office Box. Although I can read YOUNG PEOPLE quite well, I can not write, so I have got my papa to write this for me.

My home is on the Yelm, the Indian name for a beautiful prairie in Washington Territory. From our house we have a splendid view of the Cascade Range; and of its grand snow peak, Mount Rainier. It is forty miles distant "as the crow flies," yet so clear and pure is the atmosphere (except in our "rainy season") it seems scarcely a third of that distance from the observer looking at it, for the first time. Rainier was no doubt once an active volcano. Several years ago two adventurous travellers climbed to the summit, and spent a night there, having been unable to ascend and return to the base of the mountain in one day. They found an ancient crater, and warmed their benumbed limbs by the small jets of hot vapor they found rising from one side of the crater. Smoke and steam are sometimes seen rising from the summit, and this has occurred quite frequently during the present season. After rising some distance above the summit, the vapor condenses partially sometimes, and forms a great cloud that for a time conceals the summit; at other times the vapor hangs above the mountain-top like an immense inverted bowl or Chinese hat; and again it is blown rapidly away by strong winds. My papa calls Rainier a great, natural barometer, as when it emits vapor that condenses in clouds about its summit it almost surely indicates "falling weather" within two or three days. The Indian name for Rainier is Tach-hōma, the meaning of which I do not know. Some of the Indians are very superstitious about Rainier—will not hunt the mountain sheep far up the snow-line, and think its summit is the abode of an evil spirit.

I would like to inform the little boy in Ohio who boasted of his early chickens, hatched March 28, and Fred D. M., of New York, whose ten chickens were hatched on the 11th of March, that I have a hen that hatched twelve chickens on the 21st of *January*. I raised them all, and the pullets (Cochins) are now—June 2—almost as large as common hens. The little chicks sometimes scampered over the snow-crust in February when wandering from their home in the wood-shed.

I do not know whether Mr. Editor will think my letter worthy a place in the Post-office Box, but I have derived so much pleasure from what I have each week read there that I felt like attempting something for its columns.

HARRY S. V. T.

COLCHESTER, VERMONT.

I go to school, and we have an exercise of spelling the school down. We also speak pieces. I have been at school four terms, and have not missed a day. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think "Toby Tyler," "Mildred's Bargain," and "Susie Kingman's Decision" all just splendid. I live on a farm a little way from Lake Champlain, and it is very pleasant here. We went boating a few weeks ago. My little cousin, two years old, was up from Burlington, and she thought it a treat to play in the sand and water. I have a little sister who is seven years old, and I am nine.

C. S. F.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have one bound volume of YOUNG PEOPLE with my name on it. The next is to be sister's. We have read almost all the stories, but I have not read any that I liked so well as "Toby Tyler." I want to see the end of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost.'"

I have a little fox. He will eat almost anything, but prefers raw lamb. I love him dearly. He follows me around. I am nine years old.

GEORGE H. H.

BRUNSWICK, NEW YORK.

I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but my cousin, who is making a long visit here, does, and I like it very much. I want to tell you about a dog I had last summer. As soon as you began to scold him, he would sit down and look up at you so pitifully, and put first one paw up and then the other, as though he were begging you to stop. His name was Sam, and he was such a good dog! He is dead now. I am eleven years old, and I have a cat that is ten, and looks just like a tiger. I hope you will print this, for I have never seen any of my letters in print. Please tell me if you let others than subscribers write and send "Wiggles."

DAISY.

All little readers, whether they are subscribers or not, may send "Wiggles," and write to the Post-office Box.

ATHENS, ALABAMA.

I have never written very many letters, but then I am only eight years old. When my grandfather was in Washington as a Senator, my letters were a source of great amusement to him, and he made a very prompt correspondent. The story of "Toby Tyler" was a fine thing. I was sorry when

it ended. I have a lot of pets, and a splendid little garden that I cultivate myself. Tom McClellan, my cousin and constant companion, has gone to the country, and I am lonesome. My pony's name is Ribbon. I have six geese, fifteen chickens, and one pig. My dog is dead. I am your champion friend.

WILLIE S. P.

LEBANON, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eight years old. My sister and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the eighth number was printed, and we like it very much. Our school closed last week with an exhibition. We had a piece called the "Union Tea Party." Columbia, Uncle Sam, and Brother Jonathan received the States, Territories, and Boys from the West. All were dressed in costume, each wearing a sash with the name of the State upon it, and carrying a flag. Each brought an offering to Mother Columbia. My sister, dressed as a Quaker, was Pennsylvania, and I was Rhode Island, and dressed like a Dutch girl.

The fourteen-year locusts are here, and I wish you could listen to them calling "Phar-a-oh! Phar-a-oh!" It sounds as if a thousand toads were singing all at once.

Papa magnified some of the eggs, and they looked larger than grains of rice. He covered one of his fine trees with mosquito net to keep them from it.

I have caught some locusts, and if any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE want a pair, I will send them, if they will give me something in return from their home. I send the editor a little box with some split twigs and two locusts in it.

NETTA SERL.

CROW AGENCY, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. My aunt Georgia sends it to me from my old home in Columbus, Ohio. I like "Toby Tyler" the best of all the stories yet. My papa is the physician here, and when the camp is in, there are about thirty-five hundred Indians here. It was as good as a circus to see the Indians receive their annuities, May 11. On this occasion you might see three Indians riding the same pony; and some chiefs would tell of their brave deeds, such as killing a Sioux, or stealing horses from their enemies. The other day I saw a young bear at the trader's store; one of the Indians had brought him in. The Crows call my papa Ech-bar-rei, which means Doctor. I often play ball with the little Indians. There are six white children at this agency besides myself. We see the mountains covered with snow the year around.

HARRY W.

We hope the boys who have no little Indians to play ball with will try not to be envious of Harry.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I saw in YOUNG PEOPLE that there is a prospect of a Natural History Society. I am very much in favor of this, and I hope it will succeed. I would like to know if those who do not take YOUNG PEOPLE can become members. I have a friend who does not take it, but she reads mine whenever she comes to see me, which visit occurs every other evening, I going to see her on other days. If the society is formed, every member should possess a book on natural history; also, if the reports were printed in a special department, it would be very nice.

GRACIE B.

EVANS' MILLS, NEW YORK.

I am in favor of having a Natural History Society, not to contain more than one hundred members, none to be admitted under ten or over fifteen. I think there should be no initiation fee, but members should pay ten cents each month for the purpose of buying books. I have a book which treats of animals, birds, insects, and fish.

MADISON C., JUN.

BREMEN, INDIANA.

I am in favor of the Natural History Society proposed in No. 83 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I have no suggestions to make. I will be very glad to hear from others on the subject.

EDDIE M. W.

WINONA, MINNESOTA.

I was very much pleased with the letter from the president of the Young Chemists' Club. I am interested in entomology, and I hope that the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* will organize a Natural History Society. I propose the following plan. Let a number of boys and girls living in the same neighborhood meet together, adopt a constitution, and elect officers. Each society thus formed might send its address to the editor of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and as he is a very obliging gentleman, I think he would publish them for us.

C. E. P.

WARWICK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I think the idea advanced by Charles H. Williamson is a splendid one, and in so widely circulated a publication as *YOUNG PEOPLE*, correspondence could be obtained from all parts of the world, and a great deal of useful knowledge might be gained.

E. G. K.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Seeing Master Charles H. Williamson's letter with reference to forming a Natural History Society, in No. 83 of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, I beg leave to offer my opinion to him with regard to the same.

I think that it would be a very good thing, and I also think that a great deal of interest would be taken in it. I hope that it will prove successful.

PERRY W.

The letters we print in reply to Charles H. Williamson's proposal in Our Post-office Box No. 83, show that his idea meets with general approval. The boys and girls think they will enjoy the study of nature. The summer vacation will give a famous opportunity for using eyes and ears out-of-doors, and so we recommend that the society be organized at once.

Let it be called "The Young People's Natural History Society," having its head bureau of information in Our Post-Office Box.

All boys and girls over ten and under fifteen may be allowed to join it, provided only that they are readers of this paper. The number shall not be limited.

For convenience' sake, we will imagine that the editor of *YOUNG PEOPLE* is in the chair. The chair in this case assumes what is called the appointing power. He will appoint Charles H. Williamson, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., who was the original mover in the matter, president of the society.

Branches may be formed in any city, town, or village where there are intelligent boys and girls.

No initiation fee shall be charged, and no money shall be paid for any purpose whatever. Owners of books about natural history may take them to the club meetings, which ought to be held once a fortnight, at a designated time and place.

The only officers necessary to a good organization shall be a president and a secretary. It is always a good plan to have as few officers as possible in such societies as these.

It shall be the duty of members to find out all they can about the special department of natural history pursued by their branch. Of course their studies must depend somewhat upon the place where they live, whether inland or by the sea, in a warm or cold climate, etc.

Books are very helpful, but we advise you to try to *discover facts* through your own observation.

On the first Monday of every month the various secretaries may send reports to Our Post-office Box, telling what they have done. Please tell the name of your president in the first report you send.

If difficulties arise, they will be adjusted by President Williamson; and if any questions are too perplexing for him to settle, he may refer them to the Editor, who will of course remain in the chair.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

A history of Montreal, two colored pictures of the city, and a picture of the American Falls, and a pantograph, with full directions for enlarging pictures, for a foot-power scroll-saw. Please write to arrange exchange.

CLARENCE MARSH,
392 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Soil and stones of Ohio, for the same of any other State.

KITTIE G. MATCHETTE,
P. O. Box 103, Greenville, Darke Co., Ohio.

Chinese coins, for foreign and United States postage stamps. An ounce of soil from California, for the same from any other State.

E. R. MANZY,
Lock Box 19, Bloomfield, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Rare minerals, books, sea-shells, pressed flowers, and flower seeds, for rare foreign stamps, fossils, old coins, or Indian arrow-heads or pottery. Offers of exchange for a magic lantern solicited.

JOHN MCKEEVER,
212 East 113th St., New York City.

Solid lead ore, for foreign stamps (no duplicates).

JOE S. MCKNIGHT,
Care of Pennsylvania Vaccine Company,
Chambersburg, Franklin Co., Penn.

Foreign and United States stamps and postmarks, for old coins or stamps. Nicaragua stamps especially desired.

GEORGE W. MCFARLAND,
121 Stockton St., Trenton, N. J.

Twenty-five foreign stamps, for an Indian arrow-head and a few good United States stamps. Old issues of 2-cent stamps especially desired.

THOMAS F. MANAHAN,
P. O. Box 388, New York City.

Ten foreign stamps, for one foreign coin.

CHARLES H. OSLER,
Mechanicstown, Frederick Co., Md.

Stamps from Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Holland, England, Belgium, and a few other countries, for stamps from other countries than those above named. Please exchange several stamps at a time.

[Pg 575]

DOUGLASS D. MOORE,
Care of Tom Moore,
Livingston, Polk Co., Texas.

A piece of wood from the "Drake" well, the first oil well ever put down, for Indian relics, ocean curiosities, minerals, rare stamps, or anything suitable for a museum.

FRANK MCFARLAND,
Titusville, Penn.

Foreign stamps, for old coins.

ROBERT NOBLE, 221 North Twelfth St.,
Richmond, Wayne Co., Ind.

Minerals, moss, and flower seeds, for a bracket-saw or an Indian bow and arrows. Please write before sending any package.

C. H. NICHOLS,
Cumming, Forsyth Co., Ga.

Postmarks, for minerals. Pressed ferns from Illinois, for ocean curiosities.

WINNIE NEEDLES and BERTIE ELLIS,
Nashville, Washington Co., Ill.

Insects, postmarks, foreign stamps, stones from Indiana, small shells from White River, different kinds of woods, and flints from Texas, for foreign coins, sea-shells, and all kinds of curiosities. African, Asiatic, and South and Central American coins especially desired.

CHARLES E. OLDACRE,
P. O. Box 341, Noblesville, Hamilton Co., Ind.

Ten United States postmarks and a rattlesnake rattle, for any kind of ore except gold. Soil from Nebraska, for ocean curiosities.

LEE O'DONNELL,
St. Edward, Boone Co., Neb.

Rare stamps, for stamps and coins. Please send list before exchanging.

HENRY MAETZEL,
49 West Livingston Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Moss, for sea-shells.

MARY J. MANSFIELD, Merrill, Powell Co., Ky.

Sand of eight different colors from Minnehaha Falls, put up separately in bottles, for foreign stamps, ocean curiosities, Indian arrow-heads or relics, minerals, woods, or anything pretty and curious.

BURTIE W. McCRACKEN,
1016 Western Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

I will exchange rare postage stamps, coins, or good books nicely bound, for a genuine Indian bow and arrow, a genuine Indian tomahawk, or Indian relics. Please state, when you send, what you want in return.

C. HALL,
318 West Thirty-third St., New York City.

I will exchange a printing-press and complete outfit, for a magic lantern and slides, or a foot-power fret-saw.

W. T. DEMAREST,
106 Varick St., New York City.

Spanish and Florida moss, for stones from Europe, Asia, or Africa. A few stones from Lake Erie, to exchange for same from other lakes or rivers; and stones from New York, for same from other States and Territories. A foreign coin, for an American newspaper printed previous to 1830; also old American coins, for others. Please send postal describing coin before sending the coin itself.

H. F. KERR, 164 State St., Auburn, N. Y.

I will exchange foreign or domestic stamps with any other collector.

WILLIE A. RUDD,
330 Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Twenty-five foreign stamps, for a United States 5-cent newspaper stamp; fifty, for a 10-cent newspaper; 100, for a 25-cent newspaper. No duplicates given.

EDWARD I. TIBBITTS, Sedalia, Mo.

Ocean curiosities and shells from South America, for any curiosities valuable for a museum.

JOHN TSCHARNER,
P. O. Box 3, Okawville, Washington Co., Ill.

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

Julia F. Ehrman, Lillian E. Adams, and Walter C. Boulton withdraw their names from the exchange list.

CONSTANT READER, AND OTHERS.—Asa Gray's *Botany*, Springer's *Forest Life*, Browne's *Trees of America*, Ingersoll's *Friends Worth Knowing*, and Rennie's works on Natural History (three volumes, on Birds, Elephants, and Quadrupeds), will prove useful to you. These books are published by Harper & Brothers.

SAM D.—Gillespie's work on surveying will probably meet your need.

F. A. L.—RED INK.—Boil two ounces of Brazil-wood, half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of crystals of tartar, in sixteen ounces of pure water till the water is reduced one-half. Dissolve in the strained liquor half an ounce of gum-arabic, and add one and a half drams of cochineal powder digested in one and a half ounces of alcohol. This will make a beautiful, permanent ink. But if you prefer, you may take this somewhat easier way: Dissolve an ounce of cochineal powder in half a pint of hot water. When cold, add a quart of spirits of hartshorn. Dilute with three ounces of water. Let it stand a few days, and then pour off the clear liquid.

INTERESTED FRIEND.—Gordon's *Electricity and Magnetism*, the last edition of Ganot's *Physics*, Deschand's *Physics*, and Guthrie's *Electricity and Magnetism* can be comprehended by the ordinary high-school boy. The school text-books on natural philosophy, as, for instance, Cooley's *New Natural Philosophy*, give much that is easily understood.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—The earliest posts for carrying letters between Brussels and Vienna were established in 1516 by Franz, Prince of Thurn und Taxis. His descendants enjoyed the monopoly until 1806, on the dissolution of the German Empire. The present Prince has a palace in Ratisbon, a very ancient city of Bavaria. It is sixty-nine miles north of Munich, on the right bank of the Danube. Its cathedral was founded in 1275, and completed in 1875. The abbey of St. Emmerau, the patron saint of the city, was enlarged by Charlemagne. In the rear of his palace the Prince of Thurn und Taxis can see a monument to Kepler, the astronomer, whose remains lie in the Protestant burial-ground.

E. T.—FIRST BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.—The diocese of Liverpool was recently formed mainly out of Chester. Its bishop is the Rev. John Charles Ryle, D.D. He was nominated by Lord Beaconsfield, and was consecrated in 1880. He is known as the author of some excellent books of a devotional tendency, and as a commentator on the Gospels.

COUNT NO ACCOUNT.—The address for which you inquire was published in the Post-office Box, No. 82, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

BICYCLING.

All boys who have asked questions concerning the price of bicycles are referred to the advertisements of the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, and E. I. Horsman, of New York, on the last page of the cover of YOUNG PEOPLE.

R. B. SWEET.—You can buy bicycles with front wheels of from 28 to 42 inches in diameter, with rubber tires and steel spokes, for from \$12 to \$35.

GEORGE L. HALL.—See preceding answer for your first question. Only bicycles with rubber tires and careful finish can be driven up hill.

A SUBSCRIBER, PHILADELPHIA.—Several of your questions are answered in the preceding paragraphs. You can get a bicycle on the installment plan from either of the dealers advertising in this paper if your references are sufficiently good. You should not ride a wheel of less size than 46 inches, of which the price is \$65.

D. R. ALLEN.—Send to G. W. Simmons & Son, Oak Hall, Boston, for samples and price of L. A. W. suit.

HARRY N. NICHOLS.—See advertisements on cover.

EMANUEL SENN.—You would doubtless derive much pleasure from a bicycle, and I should advise you to get one if you have friends of your own age who own bicycles, and with whom you could ride.

GEORGE A. RICHARDS.—I can not answer the question as to which is the best make, as every style of bicycle has its own peculiar merit. Either the "Columbia" or the "Horsman" is a good bicycle. It is almost impossible to ride a bicycle against a strong wind. Bicycles can not be used to advantage on rough, hilly streets. To dismount, you wait until the left pedal is *down*; then imagine it a stirrup, throw the right leg backward over the backbone of the bicycle, and dismount exactly as you would from the back of a horse.

E. A. HOARE.—A good bicycle, such as you want, will cost about \$25, to which you must add \$1 for a crate and the express charges on a fifty-pound package from New York to your place of residence.

"THE CAPTAIN."

THE NAUGHTY ISLANDS.—Answers to this puzzle have been sent by Frank S. Davis, Marian, Bessie, Sam and Will, Julia E. Smith, and Richard Norton.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Frank S. Davis, "North Star," Henry Eikema, William B. Hadley, "School-Boy," Eddie S. Hequembourg, Effie W. Rhino, "Tel E. Graph," Louis Lee Gamble, G. Volckhausen, "Leadville," Harry Phillips, Mary A. Githens, "Queen Bess," Isobel Jacob, Maude Wilson, Edith Thurman, "Vi O. Let," Jemima Beeston, Rupert Norton, and Edward N. Smith.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A STANZA AND THE AUTHOR'S NAME.

Sviel fo aregt enm lal nimdre su
Ew acn aekm ruo ivsel bsuilem,
Dan, edaptrgni, aelve idnehb su
Toforpuist no het snasd fo emti—
Toforpuist hatt spaherp onahtre,
Lisaign r'eo s'eilf nemols amin,
A rofnorl dna pshirweekde rbohtre,
Nigese labsl atek aehttr ignaa.

YENRH THROWNSAW WOLGOLNLEF.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In cat, but not in kitten.
In gloves, but not in mitten.
In cot, but not in bed.
In lavender, not in red.
In paper, not in cloth.
In custard, not in broth.
The whole a careful cook will take
To flavor a delicious cake.

NETTIE J.

No. 3.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A celebrated mountain. 2. Contact. 3. Gain in money. 4. Bitter. 5. Shelters for cattle.

LADY BETTY.

No. 4.

TWO EASY HALF-SQUARES.

1. An ambush. 2. Moved quickly. 3. An article. 4. A letter.

1. A fruit. 2. To masticate. 3. Near. 4. A letter.

PERCY.

No. 5.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. 2. A fish resembling a snake. 3. A tree and its nut. 4. A boy. 5. A letter.

1. A letter. 2. To place. 3. Part of a musical instrument. 4. To strike gently. 5. A letter.

SAMUEL K.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 85.

No. 1.

Picture.

No. 2.

V
T I N
T O N I C
V I N E G A R
N I G E R
C A R
R

No. 3.

R E U S S
T H R E E
L O I R E
I N A N E
E A G L E

Rhine, Seine.

No. 4.

B A B E B I T E
A V O W I T E M
B O R E T E A M
E W E R E M M A

No. 5.

T a g u S
I t a s c A
T i b e R
I c e l a n D
C h i l I
A r a g o N
C o t o p a x I
A t l a n t A

Titicaca, Sardinia.

Throwing Light, on page 528.—Bat.

Chesterfield, Moorefield, Winfield, Navigators, Canary, Leghorn, Heather, Brest, Swan, Coral, Rainy, Cashmere, Sugar, Salmon, Three Brothers, Funen, Fire, Greece, Chesterfield, Boiling Spring, Fire, Chesterfield, Berne, Lookout, Spree.

We regret that an error crept into our puzzle, but we are sure the whole geography class has already found it out.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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

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

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

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

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

SUBMARINE EXPLOSIONS.

[Pg 576]

BY FRANK BELLEW.

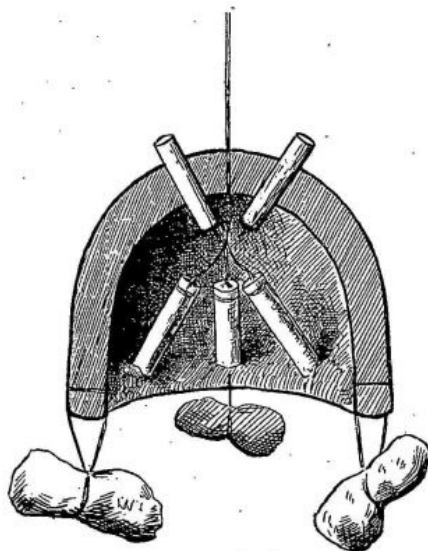


Fig. 1.

At the back of an old farm-house, in a shady little grove, through which rippled a shallow stream, which stopped on its way in the grove to make a deep pool, we had some royal fun one Fourth of July in submarine blasting. Our methods and materials were simple, but the result very gratifying to us. In the first place, we made a rude cup of clay, to the bottom of which we attached a string; then we stuck a fire-cracker to the soft clay inside; and when all was ready, lighted the cracker, and quickly but carefully lowered the cup, bottom up, into the water. Presently we saw a puff of smoke away at the bottom of the pool; the diving-bell was overthrown, and then hidden from view by the small cloud of smoke as it came curling up and burst upon the surface. One side of our diving-bell was blown out, but not sufficiently shattered to satisfy us; so we set to work to construct one on a more extensive scale. We procured half of a small water-melon, and scooping out the inside, passed a string through the top, and weighted it heavily round with stones; then we arranged three fire-crackers inside, with their heads pointing together, all of which is represented in Fig. 1. We also bored two holes in the top, and wedged a couple of crackers through them. Then, taking care that all the fuses were in perfect order and of the same length, we got our tackle ready, and prepared to lower our diving-bell. At the right moment all the fuses were lighted at once, and down she went to the bottom of the pool. It was an anxious moment as we watched the result. Presently puff; then puff, puff, in rapid succession; and then up came puffs of one at a time and two together, and then a big one came to the surface. We had seen our diving-bell turn white side up, like a shark, and now we hauled it up, to find it a good deal blackened inside, and, if my memory serves me right at this length of time, with one of the sides split. We were in hopes of blowing it to pieces, but still, as it was, we pronounced it a glorious success.

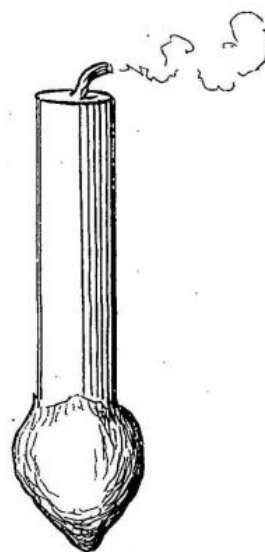


Fig. 2.

After this we tried some further experiments, the result of which astonished me not a little. We simply attached small arrow-shaped pieces of clay, like this (Fig. 2), to the ends of fire-crackers, lighted the fuses, and then, waiting until they were on the point of explosion, threw them into the water. Down they went, and exploded at the bottom, and up came the little puffs of white smoke. I confess I was astonished, for I

certainly expected the water would extinguish them before they were half way down. It was glorious fun, and we avoided the noise of the crackers, and they burned nothing—except, perhaps, the fish.

JUST SO.

BY M. E.

A young calf saw one day a circus pass,
And cried at once, "Oh, *I* must join that show;
Just as they run to see the elephant;
The folks would run to look at me, I know."
"You're quite mistaken," said a sheep; "for while
In this great land the elephants are few—
And therefore wonders are—the world, my dear,
Has seen a multitude of calves like you."



BIG FOURTH THIS TIME.

"Oh, look! what's coming with Pop! George Washington! won't we have a Fourth of July this time!"



A TROUBLED DREAM.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JULY 5, 1881 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

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