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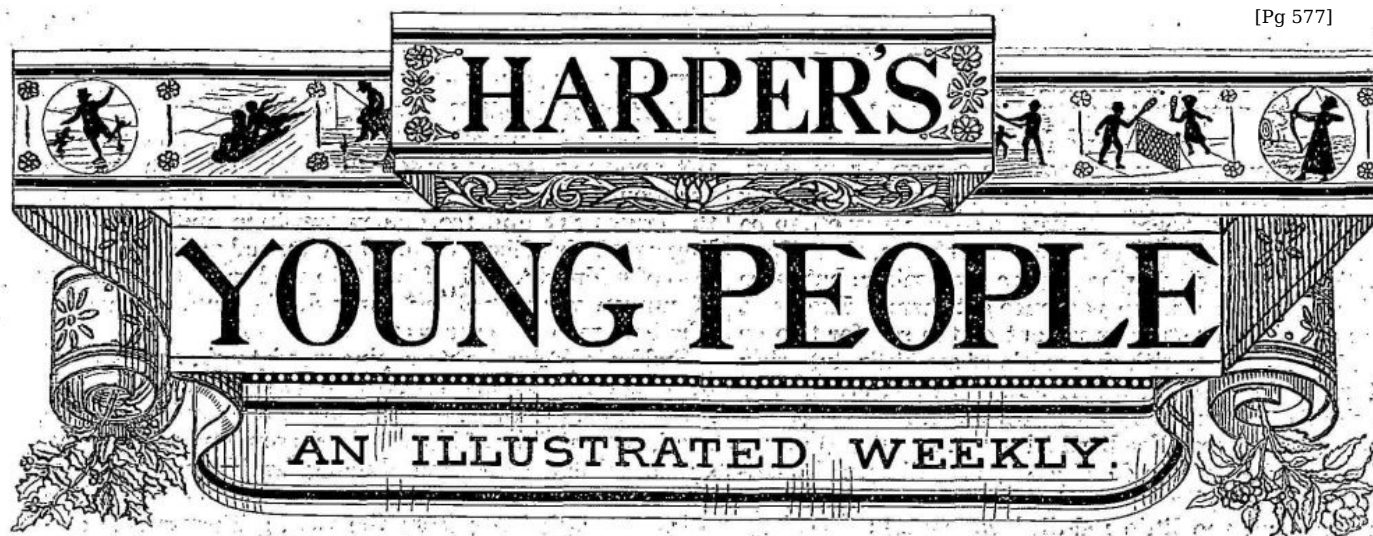
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THE DUNCE'S SEAT.—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

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A PALACE UNDER THE SEA.

BY DAVID KER.

For any one who wants to take a month's holiday, there are few better places than the islands of Orkney and Shetland and Faroe. They are a long way off, to be sure, and in the midst of a very rough sea, that plays sad tricks with any one who is not a good sailor; but there is plenty to be seen when you once get there. The great black cliffs rising straight up out of the sea for two or three hundred feet, with thousands of sea-birds fluttering and screaming around them; and the wide, bleak, gray moorlands, without a single tree to relieve their grimness—for on most of these Northern islands no trees will grow; and the bright blue sea dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, or flinging itself up against the rocks in flying gusts of foam; and the little red-tiled cottages, inhabited by hard-faced old sailors, who have chased the whale in the far Northern seas, through many a floating "ice-pack," and many a fearful storm; the Shetland ponies, with their funny little black faces and shaggy manes, frisking about the lonely hill-sides, and many other objects of interest.

But in the Shetland Islands there is one sight worth all these put together, and, by good luck, it is close to the town of Lerwick, where all the steamers from the South put in. But for all that, it is no easy matter to see it properly. To begin with, you can only go there in a boat, and you must go at low tide, and you must take all sorts of things with you—ropes and boat-hooks and pine torches, and sometimes food as well; and perhaps, after all this, you may have to come back again without seeing anything at all.

And what *is* this wonderful sight, then? you will ask. Wait a little, and you shall hear.

Early on a fine spring morning, when the March gales seem to have fairly blown themselves out, and the sea is smooth as glass, I come tramping down to the shore through the straggling streets of Lerwick, which, with its little one-storied cottages, and its narrow windows, and its tiny fort, and its pavement of slippery cobble-stones, and its quaint old-world aspect, looks quite like a town in a fairy tale. So close does it lie to the water's edge that many of the houses have boats drawn up under their very windows; and beside one of these boats I find two old acquaintances of mine standing together. The one is a tall, handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, the other a grim old "salt," with a voice as hoarse as a raven, and a face like the figure-head of some storm-battered vessel.

"Good-morning, Hay; good-morning, Peter. Can we go to Bressa Head to-day?"

"We can try't," growls old Peter, in his broadest Scotch, "and *maybe* we'll do't, if the wind dinna get up."

"And if it *does* get up, what then?"

"We'll a' be at the bottom in twa minutes."

This is certainly comforting; but "nothing venture, nothing have." I jump into the boat, the two sailors get out their oars, and off we go.

Away, away, over the smooth bright water, with the green sunny slopes of mainland on one side, and the

huge gray cliffs of Bressa on the other. We are soon round the point, right out into the open sea; and to our left a sheer wall of black frowning precipice towers up against the sky for six hundred feet, while to our right, far as eye can reach, extends the great waste of dark water, which may at any moment lash itself into rage, and engulf us all. Looking from it to that tremendous cliff, on which not even a cat could find footing, I begin to see that Peter was right as to what might happen should the wind rise.

But for the present all is going well. Not a ripple on the water, not a breath in the air, not a cloud in the sunny sky. And now we turn our boat's head, and steer, as it seems to me, straight into the rocks, for look as I will no sign of an opening can I see.

Ha! what is this dark line that suddenly shows itself in the face of the cliff? At first it seems no broader than the stroke of a pencil; but the line soon widens into a rift, and the rift grows into a deep shadowy archway like the mouth of a tunnel. We shoot into it, and instantly the bright sky and the golden sunshine and the sparkling sea vanish like a dream, and around us is the blackness of midnight, while far within we hear the dull boom of unseen waves, rolling through the sunless caverns where no man has ever been.

Suddenly Peter lights a pine-wood torch, and a blaze of splendor bursts upon us, dazzling as a tropical sunrise. Roof, walls, archway, every point and every corner, are one great rainbow of blue, and crimson, and yellow, and green. Pillars stand ranged along the sides, polished and shapely as if carved by a sculptor. Long icicle-like points of rock hang from the roof, glittering like diamonds in the sudden light. There are tapestries, too, such as no Norman castle ever had—tapestries of purple sea-weed, smooth and glossy as the finest velvet. And instead of a floor, this strange place is paved with smooth clear dark green water, upon which the red glare of our torch comes and goes like the light of a magic lantern.

This is the sight for which we have come—our "palace under the sea." And a palace indeed it is, which might suit the Sleeping Beauty herself. For all we know (for in such a place any wonder seems possible) she may be dreaming out the last of her hundred years behind these heavy folds of sea-weed, which are undoubtedly a curtain worthy of any princess. Aladdin may be sitting in yonder corner industriously rubbing his wonderful lamp; Tom Thumb may be peeping slyly at us over the edge of that pointed rock; the "Little Mermaid" and her sisters may have been swimming in this pool when we entered, and fled at our approach. And as we glide into the smaller cave that opens out of the larger, what is this queer-looking creature that scurries off along the nearest ledge? Puss-in-Boots? Hop-o'-my-Thumb? one of Gulliver's Lilliputians? Alas! no—only a big crab.

At the farther end of the second cave a wide cleft in the rock seems to offer us an easy passage, but another look shows me two sharp rocks planted within, like huge teeth, threatening certain destruction to any boat that may venture between them.

"Mony a mon has tried to pass yon place," says old Peter, shaking his gray head, "but nane ever did it, nor ever will. And noo, Maister Ker, the tide's-risin', and I'm thinkin' the sooner we're oot o' this the better."

A BOY'S ROW-BOAT.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

The building of a round-bottomed boat requires more skill in using tools than most boys possess, and some experience besides, but a very serviceable bateau, or flat-bottomed skiff, is easily built by any one who can use a saw, plane, and hammer.

Our boat must be of light draught, capable of carrying three or four boys, and adapted for rowing, hunting, and fishing on rivers and ponds. So we will take a flat-bottomed bateau, twelve feet eight inches long (so as to use thirteen-foot boards, the common size) and of three feet six inches beam.

But one mould will be needed, of the shape of Fig. 2, thirteen inches wide, three feet four and a half inches on the top, and two feet ten and a half inches on the bottom. It may be of rough board, as it has no permanent place in the boat. A strip one inch square is nailed on the upper edge, projecting over each end, and making a guide in setting up the sides.

The bow is a piece of oak three by four and a half inches, and sixteen inches long, its shape being shown in Fig. 5. It can be hewn out with a hatchet and finished with a plane, the rabbets or recesses on each side for the ends of the side boards being cut with a mallet and chisel, and finished up square and true with a rabbet-plane. Too much care can not be taken to have all the joints true and close, leaving no seams to be stopped with putty. The square should be used constantly, as small errors at the start have a way of ending as very great ones.

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Before going further, let us look at one very important difference between the work of most amateurs and that of a finished mechanic. The amateur generally *cuts out* his guide lines, while the other cuts *just to them*, and no more. For marking, a sharp pencil or the point of a knife should be used, the rule or square being held firmly, and but one steady stroke taken.

Now we are ready to mark out our two side boards of pine, thirteen feet long, fifteen inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick. First plane an edge of one up straight. Then draw lines across with the square as in Fig. 8—one, *a e*, as near to the end as possible, *f i* at six feet six inches from it, and *b h* at twelve feet nine and a half inches; and also the lines *a d* and *b g*, the distance *d e* being three inches and *g h* four inches, laying off eight inches from *b* to the point *c*. To draw the curves at top and bottom, a piece of straight-grained wood half an inch square and thirteen feet long is needed. Such a piece is called a batten, and is used in ship and boat building when it is desired to draw any curve other than small circles, as when bent it will take of itself an even, regular curve, with no flat spots or breaks. One end of the batten is tacked at *e*, and the centre at *f*, and the other end is bent up to *c*. A few nails may be driven at intermediate points until it coincides with the line from *e* to *f*, and thence curves gently up to *c*. After the line is drawn, the same process will give the upper curve, *i* being an inch and a half from the edge. The board so marked must now be laid on the other; and a few nails driven to hold them together, when both are ready to be sawn to shape, as shown by the heavy lines in Fig. 8, except that the end beyond *b c* must be left for the present. After sawing and planing up the fore end and two sides, the lines *b c* and *i f* are marked on the second side also. The stern (Fig. 4) is cut from an oak or ash board an inch thick, and is eight and a half

inches wide, two feet four and a half inches long on the top, and one foot ten and a half inches on the bottom. After painting the rabbet in the bow with thick white lead, one side is laid in place, and secured with one-and-a-half-inch No. 9 or No. 10 iron screws, first boring the holes with a gimlet and countersinking the heads, the screws being dipped in white lead before inserting. Then stand the board on edge, and screw on the other side, when they will resemble a large V. Now take the mould, and nail it to one side board at the centre mark; then, with some one to help, draw in the other side, and nail it to the mould, making a letter A.

Place this frame-work on a level floor, and measure carefully to ascertain that it is all right—the sides at the same angle, etc.; then place a rope around the projecting ends beyond *b c*, and draw them together until the stern-board will just fit between them. Now the ends of the stern being cut square, and the side boards not being parallel, there will be an opening of perhaps a quarter of an inch between the sides and the inner edges of the stern. Fasten the stern exactly in place, and taking a pair of compasses, set their points a little farther apart than the greatest width of the opening; then keeping one leg of the compasses flat against the side board, move them so that the other point will draw a parallel line on both sides of the stern. Mark each end in this way; then remove and cut to the marks, and on returning the piece to its place it will fit exactly, except that, being now a little shorter, the sides must be drawn in to it, when they can be screwed fast.

Remove the rope; saw off the projecting ends, and plane them down; and turn the boat over, when it will be ready for the bottom. Now apply a straight-edge, as in Fig. 6, and it will be seen that it touches only along the outer edges, *n o*, which must be planed down until it lies flat on each board; then starting at the stern, nail on the bottom boards of three-quarter-inch pine, eight to ten inches wide. Eightpenny finishing nails are the best, three in each board, the heads being driven in to admit of puttying. The holes must be bored with a brad-awl, and the nails driven very carefully, or they will run out at either side. The joints between the boards must be planed very neatly, as the boat is not to be calked. When all are nailed on, the bottom is planed over. A skag, *m*, Fig. 7, is then put on, and nailed from the inside, and a piece of oak nailed down the stern and its after-end to stiffen it. Turn the boat over once more, and screw in a cleat on each side, ten inches long, seven inches above the bottom, and just forward of the mould; fit the seat on it, and nail fast, and then remove the mould. A board five inches wide is now nailed the entire length of the bottom to stiffen it, six-penny clinch nails being used.

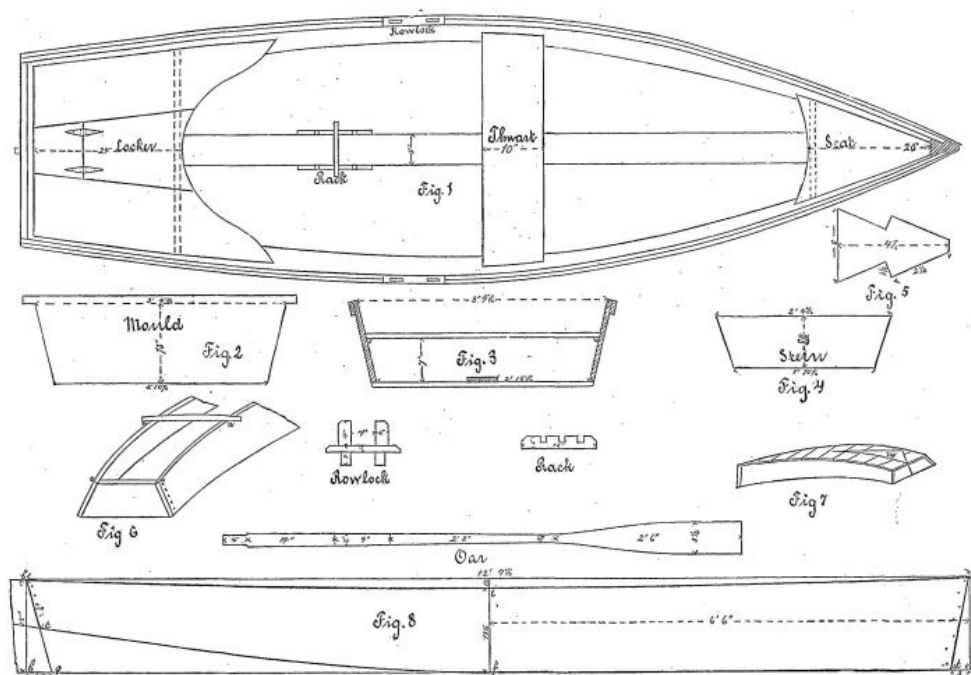
The seats in bow and stern are of three-quarter-inch pine, supported by cross-pieces, shown by dotted lines in Fig. 1; or a locker may be made instead in the stern, with a hinged lid. A gunwale of oak or ash two inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick is next nailed around the edge on each side. Two pieces of oak, twelve inches long, one and a half inches wide, and one inch thick, are screwed on to take the rowlocks: iron ones are best, and cost but little; if wooden ones are used, they are of oak or hickory, seven inches long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick, mortised into the bed-piece and gunwale, the centre of the opening being eleven inches from the after-edge of the thwart.

Two pieces of oak, with notches, forming a rack, are nailed to the edges of the bottom piece, and a strip of oak an inch square is laid across to form a brace for the feet. The oars are of spruce, seven feet long, and the blades five inches wide; leather is tacked around them where they rest in the rowlocks, and a strip of copper protects each end. After punching in all the nails, the boat may be planed off where it needs it, and then sand-papered all over.

The first coat of paint should be white lead mixed with boiled oil, enough black being added to make a lead-color. When it is dry, all the holes should be puttied over, and a second coat applied. White looks well, with a red stripe around the gunwale; but it is difficult to keep clean, and green makes a less noticeable color, and is better for hunting. Any light tint will do for the inside.

Should the boat leak after being in the water for a day or two, the seams must be calked with cotton, forced in with a blunt knife. A ring-bolt in the bow and fifteen feet of three-eighths inch rope complete the equipment, unless a chain is needed for security.

The cost of the materials will be from five to seven dollars.



WORKING PLANS FOR A BOY'S ROW-BOAT.

A MIDSUMMER DAY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

There's a flush in the sky of crimson deep;
From a waking bird there's a drowsy cheep;
There's a ripple of gold upon the brooks,
And a glitter of dew in dusky nooks.

And this is the way
A midsummer day
Bids the world good-morning.

There's a tremulous cry from a tree-toad hid,
And the husky plaint of the katydid;
Then the fire-flies wink, now high, now low,
Like a sudden flurry of golden snow.

And this is the way
A midsummer day
Bids the world good-evening.

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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 X.

"Get out the hammer and nails, and take a couple of the bottom boards and nail the canvas over the cockpit," ordered Charley. "We must keep the water out, or we shall get into trouble."

The boys silently obeyed him. The canvas cabin was laid across the cockpit; the boards were placed over the edges of the canvas and nailed down to the deck. An opening was left close to the tiller, so that any one could creep into the cockpit, but with the aid of a cord even this small opening could be closed.

"Now, boys," said Charley, when this work was done, "I want Tom and Harry to go below and go to sleep. We are in no danger just at present, but we may have hard work before us, and we can't afford to have everybody fagged out at the same time. Joe will stay here with me, in case I want him to help me. So go below, the port watch, and sleep while you can."

"Do you think we shall be drowned?" Harry whispered to Tom, as he prepared to follow him into the cabin.

"I hope we shall come through all right," replied Charley. "With that canvas over her cockpit, the boat ought to live through a pretty heavy gale. Keep up your courage. The wind may blow itself out in a little while. Anyway, we'll do our duty like men, and leave it to God to take care of us. By-the-bye, how are we off for water and provisions?"

"The water keg is full, for we filled it this morning, and we've provisions enough for three or four days, if we don't eat much."

"That's all right, then; but mind and don't drink a drop of water while you can get along without it."

Harry disappeared below the canvas, and Charley, after lacing up the opening, took two pieces of rope, one of which he passed around his waist and made it fast to the rudder-head, and the other of which he handed to Joe, and told him to lash himself to a ring-bolt in the deck. "Now, Joe," he said, "we're safe and comfortable."

"And I'm going to get wet again," replied Joe.

The two boys sat quietly munching the biscuits that Harry had passed up to them when he went below, and which were all the dinner they cared to eat. As night came on, the weather grew decidedly worse. The *Ghost* fairly flew before the wind, and Charley was compelled to abandon the tiller, and to steer with an oar. Luckily he had placed a socket for a rowlock at the stern of the boat when he lengthened her, and this enabled him to use a steering oar now that the *Ghost* kept pitching her rudder almost out of the water, and frequently refused to answer the helm. She rolled a good deal, and occasionally a shower of spray would fly over the stern, drenching Charley and Joe. Neither of them felt much like talking. Charley's whole attention was given to the work of steering, for the least carelessness or mistake might have led to the instant swamping of the boat, and Joe was too much occupied with thinking of the dangerous situation they were all in. The *Ghost* was certainly in an alarming situation. She was hurrying further and further out to sea, in a storm that would have tried even a staunch sea-going yacht. So far from showing any signs of improvement, the weather was constantly growing worse. The sea was heavy, and rolled after the boat as if it was about to pour over her stern, and beat her down into the depths of the ocean. At about ten o'clock Charley saw plainly that the danger was very great in continuing to scud before the wind. Had the *Ghost* been able to carry the close-reefed mainsail, she could have lain to with perfect safety; but he had already found that she could not bear that amount of sail. More than once the sea swirled up around her stern, and buried the after-part of the overhang. Should a rough sea fairly come on board over the stern, the *Ghost* would fill and sink in a moment.

"Call the other fellows, Joe," said Charley.

Tom and Harry did not wait to be called, for they were wide awake, having been far too nervous to sleep. They instantly crept out of the cabin, and stood hanging on to the main-boom, which was lashed amidships.

"We can't scud much longer," Charley said, in his cheerful voice, "and we must try to make a drag. Get out your knives, and cut the gaff loose from the sail; but mind you don't let the sail get adrift. Joe, you find one of the rubber blankets, and a lot of that heavy blue-fish line."

When the gaff was cut loose, and the mainsail made snug around the boom, Charley ordered the spare oar to be lashed at right angles across the middle of the gaff. He then showed the boys how to lash the India rubber blanket over this frame-work, so that when finished it resembled an enormous black kite. Next the cannon was lashed firmly to one end of the gaff, and finally the cable was cut loose from the anchor, passed through a hole in the middle of the blanket, and made fast to the gaff and the oar just where they crossed each other.

"Now, boys, what I'm going to do is this," said Charley, when the drag was finished. "I'm going to try to bring her head up to the wind, and let her ride, with the drag as a sea-anchor. The danger will be when she gets broadside to the sea, but it will only last a minute or two. It will be a very ticklish minute; but if she lives through it, we shall probably ride the gale out safely."

"Have we got to try it?" asked Tom.

"It is the only thing we can do. If we keep on scudding, we are certain to be swamped; but if she doesn't ship any heavy sea while the drag is bringing her up, we shall be pretty safe."

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"Then we'll do it," said Tom; "and I suppose the sooner we do it, the better."

"All right," returned Charley. "Take the halyards, and take a turn around your waists, so that you won't get washed overboard. Now, when I give the word, heave the drag overboard, and stand clear of the cable, for it may catch you by the legs. Are you all ready?"

"Ready," answered Tom and Harry.

"Then haul down the jib, Joe, just as quick as possible, and the minute it's down, hang on to the mast as tight as you can. Heave away that drag."

The drag was overboard just as the jib came down. The cable ran out swiftly, and the moment the boat felt the strain of the drag, she began to swing around toward the wind. Charley helped her with his oar, working at it with frantic energy. A kind Providence befriended them, and during the long minute—which seemed at least five minutes to the anxious boys—while the *Ghost* was in the trough of the sea, hardly a drop of water came aboard her. The danger was over when the boat's bow was presented to the gale, and Charley, ceasing his efforts with the oar, exclaimed, in a reverent tone, "Thank God!" and then called the boys to come into the cockpit and make themselves comfortable.

"As long as the cable holds, and the drag doesn't break up, we are as safe as if we were ashore," said he, gayly.

Taking in the now useless oar, and lashing the helm amidships, Charley crept into the cockpit, where his companions joined him. They got out a box of sardines, and with the remains of a loaf of bread, they made a comfortable supper. The spray occasionally flew over the bow, and slapped the canvas, but the cockpit remained perfectly dry.

"What do you think about the drag? Is it going to hold together?" asked Tom, when the supper had made him feel a little more comfortable, and the gale seemed to his imagination less terribly dangerous.

"It's well made, and the only danger about it is that the oar may break. Even if it does, the weight of the cannon will keep the gaff perpendicular, and there will be enough of the drag left to keep us head to the sea. The cable is strong, and I don't believe we are pulling hard enough on it to snap it. I think we can feel perfectly easy, and I'm going to turn in and have a good sleep. Tom, will you keep your head out of the cabin, and keep your eyes open for the next two hours, and then call Harry to relieve you? We must have somebody on the look-out."

"Don't we need a light too?" asked Tom.

"Of course we do. Will that lantern of yours burn in this wind, Harry?"

"It ought to. It's warranted to burn in any weather; at least that's what the advertisement says."

"Then light it, and hang it up alongside of the mast. You'll have to lash it to the mast, or it will swing round and smash against it. Call me if you see a ship's light anywhere, or if the weather gets worse, or anything happens. Come on, Joe; let's have four hours of good sleep, and we shall turn out in first-rate spirits."

So saying, the young Captain wrapped himself in his blanket, and was asleep long before Joe yielded to weariness, rather than sleepiness, and sank into an uneasy slumber.

When Charley was called four hours later by Harry, he found that there was little change in the weather. The wind was still howling as fiercely as ever, and the sea was at least as heavy as it had been, although the effect of the drag was to break the seas that were sweeping down on the *Ghost*, so that she really felt them rather less than she had when running before the wind. Charley refilled the lantern, which had nearly burned out, examined the cable and the ring-bolt to which it was fastened to see if he could find any signs of weakness, and then, going aft, sat down and thought over the situation. He felt confident that the gale, which had come up so suddenly and fiercely, would blow itself out in the course of the next twelve hours, and he had little doubt that the boat would live through it. But the morning would certainly find the *Ghost* far out of sight of land, without a compass, and with only a small supply of food and water. If the sky should be clear, he could judge of the points of the compass by the sun; but it would be impossible to get the gaff on board again, and without it the boat would hardly be able to beat to windward in case the direction of the wind should not change. There was, however, a good chance that some vessel bound to New York would pick the boys up, and perhaps tow in the *Ghost*. While he felt that the danger of foundering was probably over, Charley could not conceal from himself that the situation was not a very encouraging one, but he never thought of losing his courage; and though he felt the responsibility of his position as the one to whom his young comrades looked for counsel and orders, he was calm and cheerful, for he knew he was doing his duty to the best of his ability.

He did not call Joe, when the latter's turn came to come on deck, for he was anxious to see the sun rise, and he knew that Joe needed sleep.

The sun rose just where he had supposed it would, and a short time afterward the wind perceptibly lessened its violence. At six o'clock he called the other boys, and told them the welcome news that the gale

had broken, and that fair weather could not be far off.

"Where does all this water come from?" demanded Harry, as he awoke to find that he was lying in a pool of water. "Did we ship a sea last night after I went to sleep?"

"She may be leaking a little," replied Charley. "Pump her out, somebody, and we'll soon find out if she leaks."

Tom pumped for ten or twelve minutes, and freed the *Ghost* of water; but before breakfast was over, the water again made its appearance.

"She's sprung a leak sure enough," said Harry.

"The pump throws the water out faster than it comes in," replied Charley, "and that kind of a leak will never sink her. She has strained a little in this sea, but I don't think she will leak any worse than she is leaking now."

But the leak was a more serious matter than the boys supposed that it was. It increased slowly but surely, and by ten o'clock it became necessary to pump the boat out every half-hour.

"Don't be worried about it," Charley said to Joe, who was becoming alarmed at the rapidity with which the water flowed into the *Ghost*. "If the pump won't keep her free, we can all get to work and bail. A boat that four fellows and a pump couldn't keep afloat would be worse than a sieve."

Still, the leak was not a pleasant thing, and Charley was not quite so careless about it as he seemed to be.

Both the wind and sea had now gone down very decidedly, and the boys were hoping that before long they would be able to set the mainsail. It is true that they had no gaff, but by hooking the throat halyards into the corner of the sail, it could be converted into a rude leg-of-mutton sail, with the peak dangling and flapping in the air. Toward noon a two-masted vessel came in sight, directly to leeward of them, though too far off for them to make out her rig. They watched her carefully for an hour, and could not see that her position changed in the least, except that the distance between her and the *Ghost* was diminishing.

"Boys," said Charley, "I think we can venture to cut loose from the drag, and run down to that vessel under the jib. I think I can make out her jib-boom now, and if I'm not mistaken she's steering westerly. Very likely we can get her Captain to lend us a compass, or perhaps he can give us something that will do for a gaff."

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"And have we got to abandon our own gaff, and the cannon, and the rubber blanket?" inquired Harry.

"There is too much sea for us to run the risk of trying to get them on board again," answered Charley. "I'm sorry to lose the cannon, for it did us good service in Hempstead Bay; but we shall never see it again. Run up the jib, Joe, and, Tom, you get hold of the cable and walk aft with it, so as to give the boat a sheer to port. We want to be quick about it, and Joe must have the hatchet ready to cut the cable the moment the jib fills."

The manœuvre was successfully accomplished, and the *Ghost* ran down toward the strange vessel. As she neared the stranger, the latter proved to be a deserted brig. Her sails were all furled except the maintopsail, which had blown out of the bolt-ropes, and she was evidently water-logged, for she was very low in the water, and occasionally a wave seemed to wash clear over her, as she rolled in the trough of the sea.

"We've wasted our time," cried Tom. "She's worse off than we are."

"That may be," said Charley, "but I think we had better try to get on board of her. She isn't going to sink, for she must have had all the water in her that she will hold a long while ago. Let's board her anyhow, and see if we can get a compass."

It was a delicate matter to board the brig with the sea that was still running. The *Ghost* was brought around her stern, and near enough to her main-chains for Tom to leap into them with a rope in his hand, while Charley, using an oar as a fender, prevented the brig and the boat from coming together. The rope, which was the peak halyard, used as a painter, was made fast to the brig, and then the *Ghost* was carefully hauled up, until Harry was near enough to jump. The same process was repeated until the other two boys had joined Tom and Harry, and then the *Ghost* was permitted to drift away as far as her painter would let her. Climbing into the main-rigging, so as to be out of the reach of the water, the boys remained long enough to see that the seas which came on board the brig were not heavy enough to be dangerous. She was apparently a French vessel, and Charley thought that she was probably loaded with timber. The quarter-deck was dry, except for the spray which now and then flew over it, and the boys felt no fear in coming down from the rigging, and looking into the binnacle to see if the compass was still there. The moment Charley saw the compass, he cried out: "Boys, the wind has changed, and is very nearly southeast. What do you say to sailing the brig into New York, and getting a pile of salvage money?"

"Will she sail?" asked Tom.

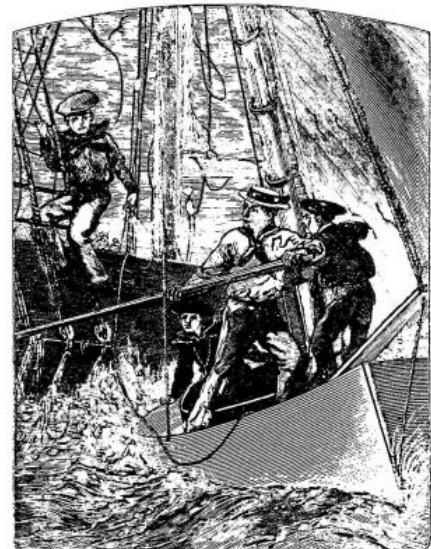
"Can we sail her?" asked Harry.

"She's awfully wet," remarked Joe.

"I think we can sail her into port if the wind holds, and her steering gear is all right, as it looks to be. I say let's try it. We can tow the *Ghost*, and she will always be ready for us if we want to abandon the brig."

"Don't let's decide in a hurry," said Tom. "It will be slow work getting this water-logged vessel into New York, and I don't believe we have fresh-water enough to last us more than two days longer."

"There's a water cask on deck right in plain sight," exclaimed Charley. "I can see from here that the bung is in, so it must have fresh-water in it. Hold on till I try the wheel. There! I told you so. The rudder and steering gear are all right. Now if you'll agree to try what we can do with the brig, I'll jump up and loose the fore-topsail, and we'll have it set in a jiffy. Come, now, it's a splendid chance for us, and we ought not to



BOARDING THE WATER-LOGGED BRIG.

lose it."

"Go ahead, Charley," cried the boys, catching their leader's enthusiasm. "Give us our orders, and we'll sail the brig in if we can do it."

"Then come forward with me, and we'll set the head-sails, and get her out of the trough of the sea."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'TIS HARD TO BELIEVE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

Very-warm was the day, very drowsy and still,
And the farmer sat reading the news;
And the wife of the farmer was milking the cow,
And his eldest son blacking his shoes;
And the ma of the farmer was on the back porch
Making apple and blackberry pies,
With the farmer's wee girl in a chair by her side,
Looking at her with sleepy blue eyes.
And the maid in the kitchen was washing the plates,
With many "Oh, dears!" and "Oh, mys!"
And the house-dog was lying upon the door-mat,
A-lazily snapping at flies,

When some Naps, just escaped from the country of Nod,
Came noiselessly flying that way;
And the funniest pranks that small Naps ever played,
In a moment they managed to play.
From the hands of the farmer the paper they snatched,
From his head jerked the kerchief of silk;
And they tumbled his wife from her stool 'gainst the cow,
And away went the pail of new milk.

They jogged the boy's elbow, and up flew his arm,
And the blacking splashed over his nose;
And they charmed the poor maid with a nice little dream,
And then dropped a big plate on her toes.
Close together they brought Pompey's teeth with a bang,
Just catching the tip of his tongue;
And the ma of the farmer they teased, till at last
Half her fruit in the garden she flung.
And they closed Baby's eyes, and she slid from the chair,
And lay on the floor in a heap;
And yet these same Naps, though 'tis hard to believe,
Are the children of quiet Dame Sleep.



"A FAIR EXCHANGE."—FROM A PAINTING BY
MEYER VON BREMEN.

TAKING HIS PLACE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

"Oh, Charlie! Why did you do it? On my birthday too! I am so sorry, for now you will miss all the fun of the Fourth." And as she spoke, Mary sat down, dangling her broad hat by one string, and looked disconsolately at her brother, who had been sent to bed as a punishment.

"How was I to know that just a little bunch of fire-crackers like that was going to smash the goblet? I did not think it would do anything but just lift it up some."

"Who told you to do such a thing, Charlie?"

"Nobody; I thought of it myself. Oh dear! I wish I had a grandma, or an aunt, or somebody like that!"

"What for, Charlie? I am sure nobody could be half so good as mamma."

"I like grandmas and aunts. Eddie Bates has a grandmamma, and she always gets him out of scrapes; and Tom Taylor has an aunt that does lots of things for him. People ought not to get married if they don't have mothers and sisters to make grandmas and aunts for fellows who are always getting blamed for nothing at all."

"But, Charlie, you did break the glass."

"No, I didn't either; the fire-crackers broke it. Oh, dear! dear! I wish there wasn't any Fourth of July, nor fire-crackers, nor nothing! What's the use of fire-crackers, if a fellow can't fire them off? It was real mean to let me spend all my money on fire-crackers, and then not let me have any fun with them. There's my pin-wheel too. I promised Bates to fasten it to the top of the highest clothes-pole in his back yard to-night."

"I am so sorry, Charlie dear!"

"And, Mary, I am so dreadfully hot. I have got a raging fever; I know I have."

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"Why do you not say you are sorry?" suggested Mary.

"Didn't I say so?—over, and over, and over. And father just said he thought bed was the best place for boys who exploded fire-crackers under goblets. If I was a father, and wanted to kill a boy, I'd do it out and out, and not roast him to death in bed on a Fourth of July. I wouldn't for millions of dollars send a poor boy to bed on his sister's eighth birthday." But what particular attention was due to his sister's eighth birthday Charlie did not explain.

"You knew the crackers would break the goblet."

"No, I didn't; I never saw them smash one. Didn't they bang, though?" And at the recollection Charlie's eyes grew bright, and a delighted expression illumined his sombre little face. The next moment, however, he was crying bitterly; and Mary, having watched him a moment, ran down stairs, just in time to stop her father as he was going out.

"Papa, please forgive Charlie. He is so sorry, and he wants to go out so much!"

"He must have a lesson, Mary, that will teach him not to be so destructive." But he added, smiling, "If you choose to take his place, Charlie may go out."

Mary bounded away to her brother's room. "Papa says you may go out, Charlie. Get up, dear."

Charlie needed no second bidding, and he asked no questions. Five minutes later he was explaining to Eddie Bates the principles upon which he had blown a goblet all to smithereens in his back yard.

What a glorious Fourth it was! Charlie did not go home until tea-time. He would not have gone then, but that his pin-wheel and the rockets were under his clean shirts in the bottom drawer of his bureau, and must be gone for.

Up stairs he ran, as gay as a cricket, and burst into his room. "Let me see; they are in this one. Bother! Where did I put them?"

"What are you looking for, Charlie?"

"What are you doing in bed?"

"Taking your place."

"What!"

"Papa said if I would take your place, you might go out; and girls do not care much about the Fourth of July," said Mary, cheerily.

"And you have been in bed all day?"

"Of course; papa said you were to stay in bed all day, and I am taking your place."

"But you are not me."

"But I am your substitute."

"Oh, Mary, you dear, dear, darling sister! you are better than all the grandmothers and aunts in the world: catch them going to bed a whole day for a fellow!" cried Charlie, kissing her proudly.

"I am very, very glad I took your place, Charlie."

"You get up now, Mary, and I'll give you my pin-wheel and my rockets, and you and Ella Bates can fire them all off. I wouldn't be so mean as to let you lie there any longer," said Charlie, beginning to remove his coat.

"That will do, Charlie," said papa, coming into the room. "Get up, my little daughter; Charlie has learned his lesson, I am sure."

"Indeed I have, papa, and I am real sorry."

That same evening Eddie Bates was boasting to a crowd of boys about his grandmother having saved him from an evening of sorrow in his own room, when Charlie spoke up:

"Grandmas and aunts are all well enough, boys, but sisters are a heap better. You just listen." And in a voice of pride and love he related his sister's generous act.

And the gay little crowd gave Mary three cheers and a tiger, besides firing off nine starry rockets simultaneously in her honor.

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BOBBY BOY AND ROBIN BIRD.

BY KITTY CLOVER.

"Oh, Robin, Robin bird,
Wise as wise can be,
Why do you sit on the chestnut bough,
Nodding your head at me?
Haven't you any work to do,
Hopping about all day?
Is it the whole of a Robin's life
To whistle, and eat, and play?"

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby boy,
Why shouldn't I look at you?
If I am only a little bird,
I have plenty of work to do.
Don't you whistle, and eat, and play,
And play, and whistle, and eat?
Don't I see you at breakfast-time,
And out in the sunny street?"

"Yes, but Robin, Robin bird,
I study as well as play;
I'm half-way through my spelling-book,
And many a lesson I say;
But you don't have any books to read,
A life that you must enjoy;
I wish I was only a Robin bird,
Instead of a Bobby boy."

"Ah, Bobby, Bobby boy,
You don't know what you say;
There's nobody longing to eat you up,
Whenever you go to play;
There's nobody ready to hunt your nest,
And steal your innocent brood,
Or shoot you at sight with a horrid gun
If you venture into the wood.

"But yonder the cat sits blinking
Her great green eyes, you see;
She'd break every bone in my body
If she got her claws on me.
I never can be any other
Than only a Robin, you know,
While you, perhaps, from a little boy,
A tall, strong man, will grow,

"And maybe win fame and honor,
Wherever your name is heard,
While my greatest-grandson Robin
Will be nothing but a bird.
So don't be idly wishing,
For God knew best, you see,
When He made you a pretty Bobby boy,
Instead of a Robin like me."

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**QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THE
AGE OF SIXTEEN.—FROM A
PAINTING BY MILLAIS.**

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S YOUTH.

Elizabeth Tudor, the famous Queen, was born September 7, 1533, at a beautiful palace on the Thames, at Greenwich. Her father was the cruel Henry VIII., the husband of six wives in succession; her mother, the fair, unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Her birth was the occasion of a splendid ceremony. At her baptism the Lord Mayor of London and his officers came in state to Greenwich, clad in gold and purple. The nobility and the clergy assembled, and brought rich gifts of gold, silver, and jewels. The trumpets sounded, the people cheered, and the infant princess was brought back to the palace with blazing torches by a crowd of gayly clad attendants. For nearly three years she was looked upon as the heir to the crown; a palace was given her, and she seemed destined only to good fortune. But now her cruel father cut off her mother Anne Boleyn's head, and married another. Elizabeth was neglected, and was left without clothes, and almost without food. "She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat," wrote her governess of her, and "no meat at home." Her father forgot his child, and seemed almost to desire that she might die, like her mother.

His third wife, Jane Seymour, died, leaving a son Edward, who was to be King of England. Elizabeth was now treated with kindness, and formed a strong affection for her young brother. She was about four years older than he was. As they grew up, they were educated together in the same palace, and had the same tutors. They studied Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and learned to write well. At twelve, Elizabeth could compose in French and Italian; and when Edward was about twelve, he began to keep a journal, which is still read with pleasure. Their elder sister, Mary Tudor, afterward the cruel Queen, was sometimes with them. Their father, Henry VIII., gave them excellent teachers, and they lived in happiness together for several years. But Henry had in the mean time divorced one wife (Anne of Cleves), cut off the head of another (Katharine Howard), and finally married a widow, Katharine Parr, who outlived him. He died in 1547. When the news of his death was brought to Elizabeth and Edward, who were in the room together, they burst into floods of tears.

Edward went up to London and became King at nine years of age. Elizabeth fell into bad health, grew pale and thin, and for many months seemed scarcely to hope for life. She wrote sometimes to Edward, and their fondness for each other still continued. She grew up tall, fair, her eyes blue, her hair red or auburn, her nose prominent, her manners pleasant and attractive. She played on the viol, danced, sang, read Greek, spoke Latin easily, and was fond of literature; she made translations from the Italian, and was one of the most intelligent persons of the time. At this period she dressed very plainly, and lived a studious life. In 1553 Edward died, at sixteen. Mary, his elder sister, became Queen, and at one moment wished to put Elizabeth to death. She was carried to the Tower, passed through the Traitor's Gate, and was a prisoner for many months. At last Mary relented, and set her free. Mary died in 1558, and Elizabeth became Queen of England.

Her life can scarcely be called a happy one, for she was in constant danger of assassination, and her enemies on all sides threatened to deprive her of her crown. Her chief rival and foe was her second cousin, Mary Queen of Scots. Mary was Queen of Scotland, and claimed to be Queen of England. She said Elizabeth had no right to the throne. Mary was suspected of murdering her husband Darnley, was driven from Scotland by the people, and became Elizabeth's prisoner for nineteen years. She was always plotting against her cousin; sometimes she planned the assassination of the Queen with the discontented English, and sometimes she called upon the Kings of France and Spain to invade England, and place her on its throne. Mary's long captivity and various misfortunes have made her an object of lasting interest. Like all the Tudors, she was very intelligent and very cruel. Elizabeth kept her for nineteen years a state prisoner in different castles. At last, when some new plot was discovered, it was thought necessary to put her to death. Elizabeth signed the order for her cousin's execution with tears and hesitation. She had, no doubt, some humanity.

Soon after, Philip II. of Spain sent the great Armada to conquer England and destroy Elizabeth; but the brave English sailors defeated the Spaniards, and the great fleet was dashed to pieces on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. Elizabeth's reign was a very famous one. Shakspeare and Spenser were its poets, Bacon, Cecil, and Raleigh its active leaders. The Queen was always fond of reading, and spoke Latin to the students at Oxford. But she grew vain, proud, and forgot her early simplicity. At sixteen, she had worn only plain clothes, and lived in quiet study; at sixty, she covered herself with laces, brocades, and satins, and left, at her death, three thousand costly dresses and eighty wigs. She never married; and when she died, in 1603, James I., the son of her cousin and rival, Mary Queen of Scots, became King.

AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER III.

I suppose it was the excitement of the performance which, a little later, roused me to some enjoyment of the evening. We had a merry tea party in our costumes before the play began, and when it came my turn to appear, I found employment enough for all my senses. I must own to no small discomfiture when I found myself upon the stage. I had expected to make quite a success, but the crowd of faces, the lights, the consciousness of being listened to, perhaps the guilty burden on my heart and soul, confused me. I spoke and acted very badly, and tears of vexation were in my eyes when I left the stage.

"Don't be so frightened, Ruth," Mr. Ludlow whispered. "It really is of no *great* consequence what people think of it, you know."

So the play continued. The great success of the evening was Kate's, and it was due to her playing a part which all the audience knew was like her own: a loving, unselfish, charitable woman, whose part it was to bring about a happy ending to the little play. Kate had thought so little of herself and her own part in the play that she seemed surprised and confused by the applause and congratulations. Everybody was in good spirits when we went down to supper, and all had so much to say to each other about the play that for a few moments I felt somewhat neglected. I stood near a window in the supper-room, concealed from view by heavy curtains, and now that the play was over, I realized fully the wickedness of the thing I had done. As I stood there, bitterly regretting that I had not obeyed my father's instructions, I could not help overhearing a portion of a conversation that was held just outside the heavy draperies behind which I stood. A lady's voice, that was at first unfamiliar to me, said, "Yes, she has wonderfully fine qualities, but she is eaten up with selfishness. I think it such a dreadful shame. Why, all C—— talks of the way Winifred is sacrificed to her."

"I can not believe she is naturally so selfish," the other voice said, and I recognized it as Mr. Ludlow's. "It is true, she never seems to consider any one but herself, but I think it is the fault of her education."

"But," persisted the other voice, which I now remembered was that of Mrs. Judson's sister—a lady who lived in New York, and was a great friend of Cousin Mary's—"but you don't know the life poor Winny leads, so shut up, hard-worked with those children, never given any sort of amusement, while Ruth grasps everything; and now I hear that Winifred is very ill...."

More was said, but I lost the words. The lady moved away; Mr. Ludlow remained standing by the table. I could hear the music in the distance, and the sounds of laughter and merry-making jarred upon me painfully. Finally I thrust back the curtains, and stood before Mr. Ludlow, the tears streaming down my cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Ludlow," I exclaimed, brokenly, "it is all true; I am just that—a miserable, selfish girl." And flinging myself into a chair, I put my head down upon the table, giving way to a fresh burst of tears.

Mr. Ludlow did not speak for a moment; he let me weep silently. Then I felt his hand on my head.

"I am not sorry you overheard us, Ruthie," he said, in his kindest voice. "Perhaps, dear child, this was the lesson you needed."

I shook my head, and sobbed freshly. "Oh, but you don't know all!" I exclaimed. "I have been so bad! I am not only selfish, but a liar."

He started, but his hand on my head only moved slightly; then its gentle pressure was renewed, and he said, quietly, "Tell me all about it, Ruth. Stop; come up stairs to my own sitting-room. You can talk quietly there."



IN MR. LUDLOW'S STUDY—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.

I followed him gladly enough. Mr. Ludlow's little den was a very sacred place to all of us. There we knew that he read and wrote and studied. I had only seen the room once from the doorway. I did not remember what I now noticed, with a start, that above the mantel hung an exquisite crayon of Hunt's "Light of the World." There were candles lighted on either side of it, and their gleam touched the Divine face tenderly. I never forgot just that moment. I needed so to feel His mercy, and here I seemed to read it, with love and compassion as well. Mr. Ludlow made me sit down, and I told my story, and then I wrung my hands, and asked, miserably, what was I to do. He was very grave and earnest and kind, and said words which I yet

hold as counsels for daily life; but he took the case into his own hands kindly. Of course, he said, I must go home at once. He asked me if he might call Kate up stairs, and counsel with her. I assented gladly, and I think he told Kate all about it before she came into the room, for she had her advice all ready. She said that I could go home by an early morning train, and leave her to explain my sudden departure to the girls. "And another time, Ruthie," she said, "you will come and have a longer visit." She said very little of my fault; but late that night, after all the merry-making was over, she came and knelt beside me, and we prayed a little together. After all, that miserable day had held moments which were to be life-long influences. It was arranged that Mr. Ludlow should take me home, and after a few hours' sleep, Kate wakened me. I went down in the early morning to a little breakfast, and then started off with my kind friend. I never shall forget that journey. My heart beat with nervous apprehension as we neared home. Mr. Ludlow had telegraphed ahead, and the boy with papa's gig was waiting. In answer to my inquiries, he said Miss Winny was very ill, and at the house door papa's face confirmed my fears.

Shall I ever forget my feelings as I entered Winny's room, and saw her lying on her bed, so changed that she turned nearly sightless eyes upon me. Oh, how I hated myself for all the trouble I had given her! Days and nights passed as though in a dream, and through God's mercy Winny lived, but never to be very strong and well, never to entirely resume her old place at our head. Kate Ludlow came up and nursed her through those many weeks. She taught me many things to do, and contrived to place a great deal in my hands.

I think it was a year later, when Winny had gone off to the country with the Ludlows, that I received a package from Mr. Ludlow containing an engraving like the one in his room. With it were the following lines:

"DEAR RUTH,—Will you keep this from me in remembrance of last year, and as a sign that I *believe* you will keep your high resolves? When I bring Winny home, I shall have something to tell you."

And so he had. A week later he and Winny arrived, and almost the first thing she did was to put her arms about me and tell me the news. She was engaged to be married to my kind friend.

Aunt Ruth paused in her story. Evening had come on while she finished it, and the room was too dark for us to see her face.

"And so she married him?" I asked.

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Ruth, "and you all know what happiness she has had. So you see my temptation ended in Winny's peace."

We were silent a moment, and then Aunt Ruth said: "My story ought to help all of you a little, girls, one way or another. Try, resolve, and you can all conquer." [Pg 588]

THE END.

COOKING CLUBS.



This is a fac-simile of a dainty note that I received one afternoon last month. As I looked at the wee, plump cook, in her cap and apron, tossing a ball in a frying-pan in the upper corner of the invitation, and the tiny cook merrily footing a jig in the lower corner, and then spied along the bottom the guests and musicians running for the special midnight train, I wondered whether these little Jersey maids were going to prepare us a wonderful supper, dance while it was baking, boiling, and cooling, invite us to partake of it, and then vanish, leaving us to scurry home like belated fairies fearing the dawn.

A few days afterward I was being borne rapidly along toward Morristown in the train, now flying past loveliest stretches of woodland, catching glimpses of brown pools and flashes of silver brooks, and anon past meadows golden with buttercups, and fields snowed under by daisies: and was there ever so pretty a sight?

Yes, in the dressing-room of the hall where the five-and-forty "young maidens," white capped and robed like daisies—or, no, they made me think of doves—were cooing and preening their white feathers—beg pardon, their white ribbons—for their ball: *that* was a prettier sight.

Among the hundreds of pretty girls who attended the ball we knew



**"TWO EGGS, WELL BEATEN,
ONE CUP SUGAR—"**

ancient dignity. Why, once upon a time, very long ago, of course, cooking utensils were made of bronze and silver and gold, and Kings and Queens delighted to cook their own meals, and professional cooks rode in carriages, as I hope these young cooks may—or do.

What I wish to tell is how this association originated, and something about other cooking clubs. Well, about five years ago, a dozen school-girls put their wise young heads together for a grave consultation. I will not tell you what solemn things were said on this occasion, but they decided that it was the duty of every girl to know how to cook, especially such things as éclairs, puffs, tarts, and jellies, so necessary to the happiness of every well-ordered household; and also, because learning to peel potatoes, prepare vegetables and meats, and to dress salads—all important things, too, in a household—would, be very dull and dry work, it was moved and carried that, after eating supper, they should always have music, dancing, charades, or tableaux to cheer them up.

The first meeting was held at the home of one of their number; the lady of the house and Dinah the cook amiably giving up the kitchen and the dining-room, with their treasures, for the purpose.

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LAYING THE CLOTH.

The head cook not long since declared to me that she could peel potatoes, prepare vegetables and salads, and—But there, I can not give a list of all her culinary accomplishments; it would be too long.

From a small club of school-girls the affair has assumed the dignity of an association numbering nearly fifty young ladies. But what has all this to do with the ball? you may ask.

The ball was the crowning event of the association's long existence of five years; in fact, it was a sort of culinary Commencement, and the graduates now commence life as Maidens of Arts—culinary arts, of course.

They have made their courtesy to the world, and now retire. Early in September or October a new Maidens' Association will spring up; but, as these dignified ladies of eighteen patronizingly declare, they will only be little girls—beginners. What a wonderful advantage it is to be so elderly and dignified!

Similar societies exist in various parts of the country: among others may be mentioned the Boston Saturday Morning Cooking Club, which has won considerable fame by its culinary exploits; the Young Maidens' Cooking Association of Savannah, Georgia; the Philadelphia Cooking Club; the New York; and a number in the West.

Indeed, wherever those famous lady cooks Miss Juliet Corson, Miss Parloa, and Miss Dodds have travelled, giving their interesting lectures, cooking clubs have sprung up like flowers in their wake.

I wonder, with all their knowledge, whether any of these coming cooks will ever equal that famous Roman master of his art who could serve at table a whole pig, one-half of which was boiled, and the other roasted, and stuffed with spiced birds, eggs, and delicious nuts?

our cooking maidens by their caps, and a sign, for each one wore a tiny griddle or a frying-pan or a toasting-fork fastened to her dress, and besides that a great ball of red and white roses hanging from her belt.

This was their first ball, and how do you think the young maiden cooks trimmed their ball-room? With bunches of roses and radishes, leeks and lilies, and all sorts of homely herbs twisted and twined around pots and kettles, griddles and saucepans, all full-sized, and shining new from the tin shops. Now don't laugh: it was very pretty and proper too that these utensils should be raised to their



"DON'T LET IT BURN."

It was a pleasant sight to see a dozen young girls in snowy caps and aprons, note-book and pencil in hand, with a grave expression on their rosy countenances as they seated themselves to listen to their acknowledged leader, who was to announce the orders of the day.

I am not going to tell you much about their disappointments. I will only say they were determined to master one of the most important duties in life for girls—so they all said. At first too many girls would "put their fingers in the pie" at a time, so to speak; consequently the "meringues" would not froth properly, the "croquettes" would fall apart, and the biscuits resemble dough.

But they had the dancing to encourage them, added to the thought of duty; so they persevered, until at last one might peep into one of the loveliest dining-rooms, now their head-quarters, and really feel tempted by the goodly array of dishes.



WASHING DISHES.

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WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have been thinking that some of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to hear about Uncle Pete, and perhaps to help my sister M— and myself in the little school which we began with Pete's eight children for the first pupils. Four years ago we moved back to the old farm which had been my father's. The place is now worked by tenants. One of them is a colored man, who was once our slave, and has never left us a single day. He used to be a good servant, and in the years since he has been free he is still the same honest, faithful man. In the sickness and troubles we have had he has been the kindest of friends, always doing everything he can for us. When we came back we found a great deal to do, and many things very much run down, and Uncle Pete was our best helper. There is no school here for colored children to attend, so we asked him to send his little flock to us on Sunday afternoons. The little things came gladly, and learned so well that we told them they might invite any other children who wished to learn to come with them. In a month our school numbered twenty-seven pupils. Among them they have only six ABC primers, and two New Testaments. They are very anxious to learn to read and write.

If we had the money, we would like to build a little school-house, where M— would teach these little folks three times a week, except in the season when they are busy in the cotton field, and every Sunday as well. We could then take a great many more, who are now sent away for want of room. We will gladly give the land, all the timber needed, and the use of our wagon and team, and Pete with the other fathers will give labor; but some money is necessary too, and we have none. We would now be very glad to receive books, even old and worn ones, reward cards, papers, and slates, as well as copies of the Testament. If we had a small instrument, M— would teach them to sing.

Any gifts of money or books which may be sent to me will be acknowledged promptly and thankfully. Who wants to help Pete's little Ida, and her friends?

MRS. ALICE RICHARDSON.

We have no doubt that many of you will look about the house to see what school-books and cards you have finished using, and what story-books and Testaments you can send to these ladies, who are trying to make the little dark-eyed children on the farm happier and better. Very likely some of you will deny yourselves a treat of some kind, or save money from candies or toys, that you may lend a hand to Uncle Pete in building a little school-house. And if some of you help to buy the little cabinet organ, why, if you listen very hard, you may hear the sweet voices singing, if not with your ears, in your hearts.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

I was seven years old on Christmas-day. I can not write well yet, but mamma is writing this for me. I have two sisters, Isabel and Constance, and I have three cousins here, so that we have great fun when we play together. We have drives very often out on the lovely green prairies. Mamma reads us the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we are so delighted with them all. We were very sorry when Mr. Stubbs died, and my sister and I hope Toby got some other pet in his place. I go to school every day. We had games in the Park on the 24th of May. Papa and mamma took us to see them. The funniest was the fat man's race.

ETHEL WYNNE.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Last fall papa bought a pig, which we called Mattie. This spring she had eight little pigs, and they all died but one. Mattie was sick, and could not take care of it, so we kept it up stairs, and fed it from a bottle. One night it got out of its basket, and ran all over the room, squealing, until I got up and gave it some milk. I put it in the basket, covered it up with its blanket, and thought it would stay there for the rest of the night; but I had hardly crept into bed, and was just falling asleep, when I heard it squealing again. I said to my sister, "I believe that pig is out again"; and so he was. He did not want to go back in the basket, and we had a great deal of trouble. Mamma and papa both had to get up to feed him before morning.

HARRIET S.

P.S.—The above letter has been lying some time in one of my books, but I think I will send it. After I wrote it the pig died, and we buried him in the garden.

Will some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE help me to obtain (alive) some of the caterpillars of the Cecropia, Polypheme, Luna, and Promethea moths? They are found from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The eggs of the first of these are found in the Southern States in May, and in the Northern States in June, are kidney-shaped and white, and are found on the leaves of apple, cherry, and wild plum trees. The caterpillar measures from three to four inches in length, is light green, with *red warts* or knobs with black hairs on them. It is about the size of a woman's middle finger.

The caterpillar of the second variety is found on oak, elm, and lime trees in July and August. Its body is blue-green, with orange and purple warts, its head and feet black.

The caterpillar of the third variety is much like the second, but is found on walnut and hickory trees.

The caterpillar of the fourth variety feeds on sassafras-trees. It is large, like the others, bluish-green, except the head, feet, and tail, which are yellow. There are sometimes small wart-like spots on it, either red or blue.

I want the cocoons, the caterpillars, and the eggs. The caterpillars can be sent safely by mail, I think, in a perforated box, with some of the proper leaves inclosed with them, unless the distance is too great.

MRS. L. LUQUER.

HAVANA, ILLINOIS.

We had an evergreen bell for Christmas, and this spring we hung it out in the porch, when some little birds came, made a nest in it, laid eggs, and hatched out little birds. We could stand in the porch and watch the mother bird bring worms to feed her little ones. I am six years old.

JEWELL A.

They were "cute" little birds, to choose so cozy a place for housekeeping.

BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY.

I have just the sweetest little sister, who likes me to play on the piano while she runs around in a circle or dances. But she will dance to only one tune, and if I play any other she sits down on the corner of the sofa, and waits for me to get through.

HATTIE L. S.

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

I am eleven years old, and my brother and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I think Jimmy Brown is a very funny boy. I liked "Susie Kingman's Decision" and "Mildred's Bargain" very much. Please, Mr. Harper, tell Jimmy Brown to relate another of his sad experiences soon.

ANNIE B.

PUEBLO, COLORADO.

My brothers and sisters and I like to read YOUNG PEOPLE. I think Jimmy Brown's monkey must have been a remarkable one.

ROBERT C. W.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

My sister and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. At school one Friday two girls, my sister and myself, read "Susie Kingman's Decision," and our teacher thought it very good. We began YOUNG PEOPLE with No. 31, but as my cousin had all the numbers from the first, I read the stories in them. We have made out many of the puzzles, but have never sent any. I enjoy the letters in the Post-office Box.

E. and L. B.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

I can hardly wait till my grandma, who lives in Titusville, Pennsylvania, sends me my YOUNG

PEOPLE. I am nine years old, and my sister Mattie is seven. We have a darling little canary-bird. It can sing very sweetly. We have taught it to eat from our mouths. Its name is Billy. We think a great deal of our pet.

CLINTIE B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the paper was published, and I can hardly wait for Tuesday morning to come I am so anxious to get it. I think that "Toby Tyler" and the "Daisy Cot" are the prettiest of all the stories. Next week I am going to the country to spend the summer at my grandpa's, and I expect to have a very nice time there. They have horses and cows and chickens and guinea-fowls. I go down to the pasture lot every evening, and the cows come to me and I feed them.

Last winter I went to school for the first time. I studied quite hard, and I took the second prize. It was a dear little silver fan.

I am almost eight years old, and I hope to take YOUNG PEOPLE until I grow to be a woman.

JENNIE P. M.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am eleven years old. I have been confined to my bed five weeks to-day. I was out hunting, and was climbing over a fence, and as I was handing the gun over, it slipped out of my hands, and off went Mister Gun! It made a hole in my leg, and one in my arm. It was a pinfire gun. I hope the boys who read this will not handle guns or pistols until they are old enough to take care of them. I will not be able to walk, even with a crutch, for six weeks. I do not know what I would do without HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. I liked "Toby Tyler." I am making a collection of shells, coins, and stamps. We have four little kittens, and my sister calls the mother cat Mamma Lillie or Mover Lillie.

My father and mother carried me to the window this morning at three o'clock, and I saw the comet.

J. T. M.

We too hope that the boys who read this letter will heed its warning, and let fire-arms, and even toy pistols, alone. They are dangerous playthings. Boys who go on hunting excursions should be accompanied by their fathers or elder brothers; but while we do not condemn hunting altogether, we think there are many safer ways of finding out-door pleasures, without taking the lives of innocent animals, or periling your own.

SEABRIGHT, NEW JERSEY.

Before the idea was mentioned in YOUNG PEOPLE a society had been started in New York to collect all sorts of things, such as preserved sea-weed, dried grass, iron, gold, and other ores—in fact, everything except postage stamps. We hold meetings in the fall, at which all the collections are placed in the society's cabinet, to be lent for a while. I am the secretary, and will be happy to give full particulars to any one who may write to me inclosing a three-cent stamp. No girls are admitted, nor any persons residing out of New York State for over three months at a time.

JOHN R. BLAKE,
Secretary N. Y. Chapter C, Agassiz Association.

Although you appear to have anticipated our Young People's Natural History Society, we will be pleased to have you become a branch of it, if you wish to do so. Your rule with regard to girls seems to us rather arbitrary. Girls make good working members of such societies, and their presence adds much animation to the meetings.

It may perhaps be interesting for your readers to know with how much pleasure HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is welcomed in far-away countries such as Holland, and how even a Dutch girl is interested in its pretty stories and engravings. I await its arrival as eagerly as any American boy or girl, and the Post-office Box is one of its greatest attractions. Perhaps some of your readers would like to have photographs representing views from Holland. I will send them in exchange for any American pictures. If correspondents have a special desire for views from particular places of Holland, they will please state it in their letters, and I will try to satisfy their demands.

E. MOLEWATER,
Villa Duna, Scheveningen, Holland.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Postmarks from Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, for postmarks from any other State, or for Indian

relics.

EUGENE HUNTER, Wauseon, Ohio.

Indian arrow-heads, lead ore, and mica, for half-cents and large copper cents of all dates.

W. F. WOOLARD, Fairfield, Ill.

Specimen of rock and earth from the State of Ohio, for the same from any other State.

CALVIN K. RIERNAN,
Care of B. F. Seigley, Melmore, Ohio.

Stamps, for same.

GEORGE S. MEREDITH, Oakland, Cal.

Periwinkles, small mussel shells, and petrifications, for foreign stamps.

FRANK STIVERS,
Liberty, Union Co., Ind.

Indian tomahawks, for curiosities of any kind. No foreign stamps wanted.

DELLIE H. PORTER,
Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

Soil from New Jersey, for minerals, fossils, or anything good for a museum.

ASHBEL GREEN, JUN.,
Box 62, Englewood, N. J.

Sixteen foreign postage stamps, for silver or gold ore.

F. MEHL,
1527 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Stamps, postmarks, butterflies, or moss, for sea-shells, or any curiosity suitable for a museum.

FRANK FORD,
Middlefield, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Belgian and French, for stamps from Russia, Norway, Turkey, Sweden, Italy, Spain, and Greece.
No duplicates.

ARNOLD LAYMAN,
411 South Fourth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Two good books, for a young spaniel puppy.

MOSS P. FULLER,
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Cryolite from Greenland, pure limestone from Crystal Cave, Bucks Co., Penn., stamps, postmarks,
and coins, for Indian relics, curiosities of all kinds, and old United States cents and half-cents.

FRANK H. EARP,

I will give the following collection of minerals for a good Indian bow and arrows, or for a foot-power scroll-saw, or a good printing-press: Agates (carnelian), agates (moss), asbestos, chalcedony, claystone (concretions), copper ore, copper pyrites, cryolite, crystals (quartz), feldspar, flint, fossil wood, fluor-spar, galena, gypsum, granite, garnet, Iceland-spar, Mammoth Cave (formations), marble, mica (quartz), pebble, satin-spar, shale-fused rock (rare), jasperized wood, sandstone formations, iron pyrites, petrified moss; also six shells from Sandwich Islands, three shells from Feejee Islands, four shells from Bermuda Islands, six petrified shells, a trilobite, a piece of mussel chalk (Austria), and some other curiosities. Correspondents please write before sending anything.

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C. H. LEADBETTER, JUN.,
Box 787, Hamilton, Ohio.

Quartz crystals, iron ore, and flint, for sea curiosities, or stamps from Iceland, Greenland, any country in Africa except Egypt, Argentine Republic, and Central America.

CHARLES LANSING,
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Offers invited for a pair of base-ball shoes, size No. 6, very little worn.

THATCHER T. P. LUQUER,
Bedford Station, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Stamps from Asia, Africa, South America, Gold Coast, Gambia, Mexico, etc., also Chinese coins, copper ore, beautiful art cards, and cards with my name, for department stamps, or any besides European; foreign coins, good ocean curiosities, or cards, in any even exchange. Indian arrow-heads for twelve stamps, or anything named above.

LOCK BOX 88, Little Falls, N. Y.

Two-cent blue and red United States internal revenue stamps, for foreign stamps and curiosities. Correspondents will please send postal, stating what they have to exchange, and the number of stamps they wish. If the exchange is agreeable, we will forward ours immediately.

H. SOPER and G. HARMAN,
Room 35, 16 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thirty foreign stamps, for five pieces of Indian or Mound Builders' pottery—good specimens.

Box 35, Atwater, Ohio.

Soil from Pennsylvania and water from the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, for soil and water from any other State and river.

KATIE E. SMITH,
2130 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Sand from Lake Ontario, for different sorts of woods. An ounce for each kind.

ROBERT BEACH, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.

Three hundred postmarks, all different, for one good font of type weighing not less than two pounds.

R. F. SHEDDAN, Craigsville, Orange Co., N. Y.

Stamps or postmarks, for stamps. Those from Mexico, Cuba, Peru, and Iceland especially desired.

HARRY W. DENISON, Godfrey, Madison Co., Ill.

Ten postmarks, for the 7 or 90 cent stamp of any United States department except the Interior; or stamps, for stamps; and stamps, for curiosities. No duplicates.

JOHN R. BLAKE,
Peninsula House, Seabright, N. J.

One of Scott's stamp albums, containing one hundred and forty rare stamps, some unused, for a pair of roller skates, in good condition, or a miniature yacht or schooner not less than twenty-two inches long, with a mast and bowsprit.

CHARLES E. DEVELIN,
2039 Camac St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Stuffed humming-birds, for good specimens of gold, silver, zinc, tin, lead, and copper ore, or petrified ferns, Indian pottery, amethysts, stalactites, and stalagmites. Please write and arrange exchange first.

GEORGE L. OSGOOD, JUN.,
2 Divinity Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

Shells, pebbles, and coral from the Atlantic Ocean, for foreign stamps; or stamps, for stamps.

FRED HOUSTON,
Monmouth Beach, Atlanticville P. O., N. J.

One setting of pure breed golden Polish hens' eggs, for stamps.

P. O. Box 258,
Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Pressed ferns, for foreign stamps.

ETTA MILLER, Westport, Mendocino Co., Cal.

Ocean shells, for flower seeds or foreign stamps. A specimen of copper ore, for foreign stamps.

W. D. MILLER, Westport, Mendocino Co., Cal.

A piece of petrified wood, a piece of flint, and spear and arrow heads, for foreign stamps.

RALPH CLAY, Jamestown, Va.

A stamp from Bavaria, Austria, Germany, France, England, Italy, Belgium, or Canada, for the same from Turkey, Brazil, Mexico, Greece, Spain, Cuba, Egypt, or Russia.

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

Old issues of United States stamps especially desired for a triangular Cape Colony or an 8-cent registered Canada stamp; five stamps of Italy, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Bavaria, or a Luxemburg and four other kinds, for any South American stamp.

FRED H. WILSON,
P. O. Box 1975, Joliet, Illinois.

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

Until September 1, exchangers will address A. Eddie Conover to the care of Mrs. Brainerd, Harrison, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Annie C. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y., and Harry C., Bergen Point, N. J., withdraw their names from our exchange list.

ADELE R.—Read answer to N. B. A. S.

MARY H.—Write again to Susie F., who perhaps failed to receive your letter. Tell her what you have told us, and ask her to explain her delay.

MARY S.—We felt very sad when we read in your letter that your dear sisters Helen and Sophie Scouler had both been taken away by death. Your home must be very lonely without them. You will always love the paper for little Helen's sake, and it is a very sweet thought of your mamma to go on taking it in her name, so that whenever it comes you will be "reminded of dear little Helen in heaven."

Joseph W. Hawkins died suddenly on June 20. His brother requests that no more letters be sent to his address on the exchange list.

LOTTIE G. N.—CENTIPEDES AND TARANTULAS.—The tarantula, or wolf-spider, is a hunter, running over the ground with great swiftness. It makes no web, but hides in holes in the earth, and in crevices, which it lines with its silk. Its poison is active, but it confines its ravages to insects on which it preys, and seldom attacks man. This poor spider has been very much maligned.—Centipeds inhabit the tropics. They are yellow, brown, or rusty red, and are extremely venomous. They are often the length of a man's little finger, but are flattened like tape. They bite by means of a strong forceps placed horizontally at their mouth, nearly as large as the hooked thorns on a blackberry bramble, causing fever, pain, and inflammation. They creep into gloves and pipes, and are a source of great annoyance to people in India. The English centiped is something like a glow-worm, emitting a phosphorescent light. These creatures possess from fifty-one to fifty-five pairs of legs.

"ADMIRING FRIEND."—John G. Whittier resides in Amesbury, Mass.; Thomas Nast, in Morristown, N. J.; John G. Saxe, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, in London, Eng.

L. G. C.—It would be a very difficult thing, and almost an impossibility, for a boy to build a boat like the *Whitewing*.

E. A. A.—Full directions for making a canvas canoe were given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 26, Vol. I.

N. B. A. S.—Perhaps your tardy correspondent is waiting to receive a new supply of the articles he has offered in exchange. We can only advise you to be patient, and if you do not hear from him soon, to write again, requesting the favor of a reply at least, and the return of your own articles, if he can not fulfill his part of the contract. We believe the invention of which you inquire has not been put to any practical use.

ROBERT.—You can get a very good nickel-case watch at a price varying from \$6 to \$10.

H. S. P.—The *Boys' Illustrated News*, London, Eng., is edited by Captain Mayne Reid. A reply to your other question was given in Post-office Box No. 88.

M. D.—The address you request is 113 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York city.

J. S., R. C., AND OTHERS.—Your best course would be to write for the information you desire, to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., inclosing a stamped envelope for his reply. Appointments to the Naval Academy are made by members of Congress for their respective districts.

YOUNG TRAPPER.—We think it would be a pity to make war on the sparrows, which are no doubt pugnacious, but which were brought to our country for a good purpose. Before they came, our city streets were in the summer a terror to ladies by reason of the worms which fell from the trees at every step. In Central Park orioles and robins hold their own, without trouble from the sparrows. Please give up your idea of a snare. The *Taxidermist's Manual*, published by the American News Company, New York, will tell you all about stuffing birds, etc. Price \$1.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from *John and Alice Southworth*, T. M. Armstrong, "School-Boy," "Phil I. Pene," Thaddeus Kosciusko, T. M. Armstrong, "D. E. Cember," J. W. and D. A. Slattery, Bessie H. Moore, A. E. Hance, *Jesse D. Burns*, "Damon and Pythias," J. J. Bellman, Frank Lomas, and Ella Hosford.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first in obstinate silence stands,
With never a word to say.
My second clamors on sea or land
Many a time in the day.
My whole, dear fellows, will make you strong,
Unless you play with it quite too long.

DICK.

No. 2.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a time-piece, and leave something by which treasures are protected. 2. Behead a prickly redness, and leave a graceful tree. 3. Behead a preposition, and leave a letter of the alphabet. 4. Behead a rheumatic affection, and leave a pile of hay. 5. Behead a brave champion, and leave a period of darkness. 6. Behead a hard and valuable wood, and leave a quality which belongs to a delicious fish. 7. Behead a snare, and leave a knock. With the beheaded letters form the name of a cheery little visitor and a nice rest for the feet.

C. S. R.

No. 3.

HALF-SQUARE—(*To Bolus*).

1. A precious metal. 2. Conception of a thing. 3. A fast. 4. A cistern. 5. A suffix. 6. A letter of the alphabet.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am something your readers are always waiting for, and I am composed of 18 letters.
My 6, 2, 16 is to knock.
My 1, 15, 10, 7, 5 is a habitation.
My 4, 9, 17, 18 is a stick.
My 12, 14, 11 is an abbreviation.
My 13, 3, 8 is to peep.

H. K.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In ale, but not in beer.
In lord, but not in peer.
In rain, but not in fall.
In cellar, but not in hall.
In flee, but not in fain.
My whole is a maiden's name, 'tis plain.

J. D. B.

No. 6.

WORD SQUARE.

My first is a wild animal. My second is repose. My third is the plural of a small venomous serpent. My fourth is peace.

VI O. LET.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 86

No. 1.

BRAIDMUSIC
RUIN UNIT
AIM SIP
IN IT
D C

No. 2.

CONSOLE
BEARS
ORB
D
PIG
AGNES
IMPEACH

No. 3.

Vacation.

No. 4.

1. Cathedral. 2. Thaddeus Kosciusko. 3. Carpathian. 4. Iguana.

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HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.



MUD PIES.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Sweetened with sugar, and sprinkled with spice,
Apple turn-overs are really nice;
But make-believe pies are a great deal more fun,
When little cooks bake them out here in the sun.

With soft coaxing touches they mix up the dough—
Brown flour is said to be wholesome, you know;
And if little fingers shall gather a stain,
Why, water and soap will soon wash them again.

And after the wonderful baking is done—
The droll jolly baking out here in the sun—
The sweet little cooks will be happy to take,
If somebody give it, a good slice of cake.

A PERSONATION: WHO AM I?

BY E. M.

The 16th of last December was the one-hundred-and-tenth anniversary of my birth, and though I have been dead more than fifty years, I think I am as much talked of now, if not more, than I was while living, and my works, instead of losing their hold on the attention of the public, seem to gain in favor. I was a born musician, and one whom now musicians delight to honor. My father and grandfather were musicians, and I, before I was four years old, had my daily hours of practice on the harpsichord. For some years my father was my teacher, but before I was eleven I had outgrown his teaching, and written some variations upon a march popular in those days; and by the time I was fifteen I had published three sonatas, and been appointed assistant organist at court. This office I held for a year or so, and then the Elector of Bonn, at whose court I was, sent me at his own expense to Vienna, there to study under Mozart. My mother's death soon called me back to Bonn, for I had two younger brothers, Caspar and Johann, to look after, and here I staid until 1792, when, having started Caspar as a music teacher and Johann in an apothecary's shop, I returned to Vienna, and never left it again for any length of time. I spent five happy years there, for I was a great favorite with the Viennese public, and my performances always excited attention. I studied with Haydn, and began to compose with rapidity, for my idea for musical compositions always outran my capacity for writing them out. I had, however, a secret sorrow, which is believed to have shown traces in my works, but for some time I managed to conceal it, being proud and disdainful of pity, but at last, in 1800, when sick, I was forced to write to my doctor: "My hearing has gradually been becoming weaker for three years past. I pass a wretched existence. For the last two years I have almost entirely shunned society, because it is impossible to tell people I am deaf."

Alas! there was no help for me, and at last I was unable to hear any music. Still I continued to write, and gain fame if not fortune; but my misfortunes were not over, for at my brother Caspar's death in 1815, he left me guardian to his only son, and from then until my death his conduct, though I always loved and forgave him, was to me a constant source of anxiety.

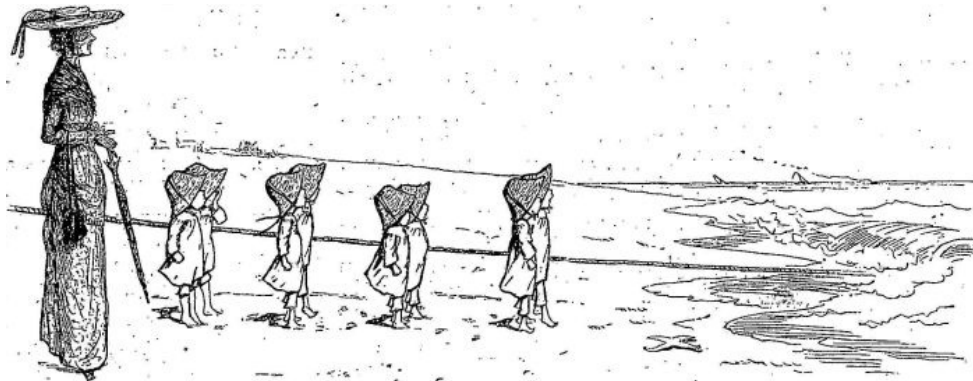
At last, worn out with work, worry, and trouble, I fell sick in the fall of 1826, and though tenderly cared for by friends, died on the 26th of December, during a furious thunder-storm, a most unusual event at that season of the year, and my life ended with the storm. My funeral was on the 29th, and was attended by such numbers that soldiers had to be called to force a way from the house to the church, and though but a short distance, it took the procession one hour and a half to reach the church. After the ceremonies there, my body was carried to the cemetery outside the gates of Vienna. Near my grave lie Schubert and Clement, my friends in life.

In 1863 the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde of Vienna decided to take charge of my grave, it having been neglected. They have laid a flat stone over the spot, surrounded it with an iron railing, and the obelisk they

raised bears on it a lyre and my name, and the grave is always to be tenderly cared for.

CHARADE.

My first is formed to charm the ear,
My second to offend it;
My whole contains what's very dear;
All ladies will defend it.



MISS MEHITABEL. "You will find the bathing perfectly safe, my dears, so long as you hold fast to the life-line, and don't go near the water."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JULY 12, 1881 ***

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