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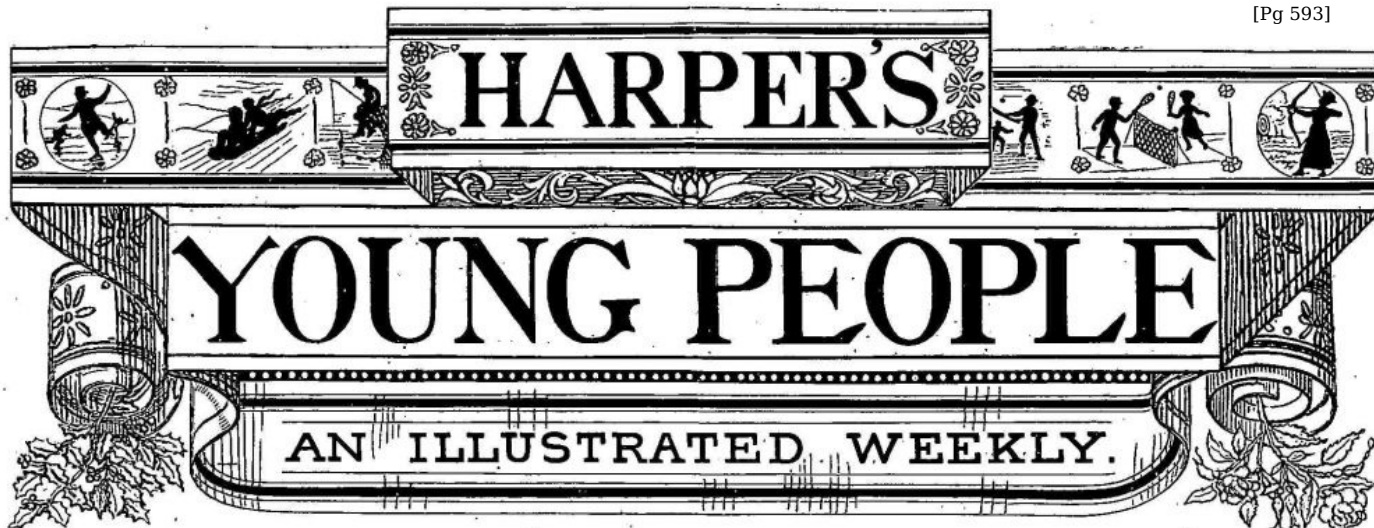
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FLORA MACDONALD ENCOURAGING THE SAILORS TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT.

FLORA MACDONALD IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

When the young Prince Charles Edward, grandson of James II., King of Great Britain, landed in Scotland in 1745, and claimed his right to the throne from which his grandfather had been driven, thousands of Scotchmen, regarding him as their lawful sovereign, joined him in fighting for the British crown. He fought, was defeated, and became a hiding fugitive on the island of Uist, one of the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland, and was assisted in making his escape to France by Flora Macdonald, a beautiful, patriotic, and romantic Scotch girl, just from school in Edinburgh, come to visit her kinsman, Laird Macdonald, the chief of Uist.

Laird and Lady Macdonald were friends of the Prince, and were trying to hide him from the searching eyes of British soldiers, who swarmed on the island in quest of him. They could not shield him much longer. Lady Macdonald conceived a plan for the Prince's escape, but found no man willing to undertake the perilous enterprise. Her young kinswoman Flora spoke scornfully of the timidity that held back her countrymen from such a patriotic and benevolent task.

"Will *you* undertake it, Flora?" asked Lady Macdonald, perceiving the young girl's zeal and patriotism.

"Indeed I will," quickly responded Flora.

Preparations were immediately made for the romantic enterprise. Neil Macdonald, a young kinsman of Flora, volunteered to accompany her. She obtained a passport to leave the island with Neil, and three others as a boat's crew, and Betsey Burke, a stout Irishwoman whom Flora pretended she had engaged as a seamstress for her mother in the isle of Skye.

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Flora and her little party left Uist on a pleasant afternoon. Betsey Burke was the Prince in disguise. That night they weathered a terrific storm, and reached Skye in safety in the morning. At the intended landing-place they were confronted by soldiers, when, turning quickly eastward, they escaped a volley of bullets sent after them, and landed near the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Leaving the Prince concealed among the rocks, Flora told her secret in the willing ears of Lady Macdonald, who furnished an escort for the party, including stout Betsey Burke, to the Laird of Kingsburg (who was also a Macdonald). Flora had conducted the young Prince as an Irish seamstress through crowds of soldiers and people who were searching for him. The travellers tarried at the house of the Laird of Kingsburg that night, and the next morning Prince Charles Edward embarked for a successful voyage to France. As he was about to leave he kissed his fair deliverer, and said, "Gentle, faithful maiden, I entertain the hope that we shall yet meet in the royal palace."

The Prince and Flora never saw each other again. Her young kinsman, Neil Macdonald, accompanied Charles Edward to France, married there, and his son, born four years before Napoleon Bonaparte, became that great military leader's famous Marshal Macdonald, and Duke of Tarentum.

The part that Flora had taken in the escape of the Prince soon became known, and she, with the Laird of Kingsburg and other kindred, was confined in the Tower of London as a prisoner of state, charged with the crime of treason. Flora's romantic story, and her extreme youth and radiant beauty, created almost universal sympathy for her among every class of the English people. When George II. asked her, sternly, "How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" she replied, with sweet simplicity, "It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty had you been in his place."

It was so evident that Flora was not a political partisan of the "young Pretender," as he was called (she was not of his religious faith), and that she had acted from the generous and benevolent impulses of a woman's heart, that she and her kindred were pardoned and released. While she remained in London she attracted great attention. Crowds of the nobility and gentry of both sexes visited her, and bestowed upon her costly presents; and the government sent her home in a handsome chaise, accompanied by a fellow-prisoner, Malcolm McLeod, who afterward said, "I went to London to be hanged, and returned to Scotland in a chaise and four with Flora Macdonald."

Flora afterward married Allan, son of the Laird of Kingsburg, and became the mistress of the mansion

where Prince Charles Edward passed his last night in Scotland, June 29, 1746. There she and her husband entertained Dr. Johnson and Boswell when they visited the Hebrides in 1773. She had then been a wife more than twenty years, and was the mother of numerous children, yet she was still beautiful, and full of enthusiasm and abiding loyalty to the British crown. Misfortune caused Flora and her family to join some of their kindred who had settled in North Carolina, and she abode for a while at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville).

In the winter of 1849 I started to follow the line of the retreat of General Greene before Cornwallis across North Carolina from the Catawba to the Dan, in 1781, but soon turned eastward to Fayetteville, where I arrived toward sunset. In the evening I called on Mrs. McL—, an aged and sprightly Scotchwoman, who, I was told, remembered Flora Macdonald. She was enthusiastic in her praises of that noble woman from the Hebrides. She described her as "not very tall, but a very handsome and dignified woman, with fair complexion, sparkling blue eyes, the finest teeth ever seen, and her hair, partly covered with a pretty lace cap, was slightly streaked with gray. Her kindly voice was sweetest music," continued Mrs. McL—, "and oh, how the poor and the church missed her when she went home after seeing much trouble here!"

"Is her dwelling here yet standing?" I asked.

"No; it was partly burned in the great fire here about twenty years ago. As you pass from the Market-House to the Court-House, you may see the ruins of it near the creek," she said.

Stepping to a quaint chest of drawers, Mrs. McL— took out a dingy-looking letter written by Flora to her (Mrs. McL—'s) elder sister, then a maiden, of twenty, dated February 1, 1776. It was a brief note, but an exceedingly interesting one, as it was in the bold handwriting of the heroine of Skye.

"It was sent," said the old lady, "from her new home in the Barbacue Congregation, and, as you will see, she wrote her name 'Flory.'"

"Then she did not live here long?" I said.

"No; she soon moved to the Barbacue Congregation, about twenty miles north of here."

On the day when that note was written, the royal Governor of North Carolina issued a proclamation calling upon all friends of the King to assemble, with arms, at Cross Creek, and join his standard. The Macdonalds were all loyalists, and now the troubles of Flora in North Carolina began. Her husband and others, to the number of about fifteen hundred, mostly Scotchmen, readily obeyed the call.

"Flora came with her husband and friends," said Mrs. McL—. "I remember seeing her riding along the line on a large white horse, and encouraging her countrymen to be faithful to the King. Why, she looked like a queen. But she went no further than here, and when they marched away, she returned to her home."

Nearly a month later these Scotch loyalists were routed, dispersed, made prisoners, or killed in battle on Moore's Creek. Flora's husband was among the prisoners, and was sent to Halifax jail. He was soon afterward released, when he left North Carolina with his family for Scotland in a British sloop of war. On the way the vessel was attacked by a French vessel of war. The courage of the English sailors appeared to desert them, and capture seemed inevitable, when Flora ascended to the deck, and by words and deeds so stimulated their spirits that they beat off the enemy, and the Macdonalds were landed safely on their native soil of Skye. During the engagement Flora was severely wounded in the hand. She said, sometimes, when speaking of the peculiarity of her situation. "I have hazarded my life both for the house of Stuart and the house of Hanover, and I do not see that I am a great gainer by it."

Flora Macdonald was the mother of five sons and two daughters. She retained much of her beauty and all her dignity and loveliness of character until the last. She was always modest, always kind, always sweet and benevolent in disposition. She died early in March, 1790, and was buried in the cemetery of Kilmuir, in the isle of Skye. Her shroud, as she requested long before her death, was made of the sheets in which Prince Charles Edward reposed on the night he slept at Kingsburg. Her funeral was attended by fully three thousand persons. Two years later the remains of her husband were laid by her side. For eighty years their resting-place was covered only by the greensward. In 1871 a beautiful monument was erected over them.

"When the news of Flora Macdonald's death reached the Barbacue Congregation," said Mrs. McL—, "a solemn funeral service was held in the church there, when Dr. Hall, who died in 1826, in the eighty-second year of his age, preached the sermon. He had been a military leader as well as a preacher of righteousness. My husband was then an elder in the church, and we were both present. Flora Macdonald had no more sincere mourners than were found in the Barbacue Congregation at that time."

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A LITTLE MARAUDER.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

Oh, Robin, my Robin, so clever and merry,
Pray why do you never peck twice at a cherry?
You fly at the daintiest one you can see,
Eat a morsel yourself, and just spoil it for me.

Oh, Robin, sweet Robin, you dear little warden,
You're welcome to feast on the fruit in my garden:
I know what invaders you're driving away
From flower and tree through the long summer day.

But, Robin, bright Robin, please listen to reason:
You waste lots of cherries, my pet, every season.
I finish my cake to the very last crumb—
Why can not you finish your cherry or plum?

A GOOD EXCHANGE.

BY ALEXANDER FRASER.

Once upon a time a poor boy, the son of a widow, went out to gather strawberries. He well knew the paths of the forest, and the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest. Very soon his joyful cry was heard:

"Hello, hello Ziegaleck!
Ich hoa mei Tippla Bodendeck!"

And as he gathered the ripe fruit, he sang in merry tones:

"Hello, hello, Koalb!
Ich hoa mei Tippla hoalb!
Hello, hello Kuhl!
Ich hoa mei Tippla vuhl!"

Soon his earthen dish was full, and the boy started for home. As he turned his steps into the narrow path, he heard from the rocky side of the pathway a voice saying in entreating tones, "Pray give me thy berries."

The lad turned in fright, and saw a little old man with a long gray beard, and worn, faded garments, who looked kindly upon him as he repeated, "Pray give me thy berries."

"But," said the lad, "I must take the berries to my mother, who is obliged to sell them to buy us bread."

"And I," said the little old man, "have a sick wife at home, who would be greatly comforted and refreshed by them."

The lad's heart was filled with pity. He thought to himself, "I will give him the berries for his sick wife, and if I am industrious, I can again fill my dish before night-fall." Then he said to the little man: "Yes, you may have them. Where shall I empty them for you?"

"We will exchange dishes," was the answer. "See, you may have mine, which is empty, and I will take yours, which is filled. Mine is brand-new, but no matter."

Thereupon the lad gave the little old man his berries, and received in return the new but empty vessel; and the gray-bearded man with a smile uttered his thanks.

The boy took the dish, and hastened back to the forest. Soon he came to the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest, and having replenished his store, again joyfully turned his steps homeward.

When he arrived at home he related to his mother what had happened to him in the forest, and with delight displayed the new dish. The mother commended her son for the kindness he had manifested toward the little man, then took the vessel in her hand, and examined it carefully.

"Ah! happy are we, my child!" she exclaimed. "The dish is pure gold. See how it sparkles! It is the little old man of the forest who has thus rewarded you for your goodness. Now, thanks to him, we are rich; but we will never forget the poor and the sick in their sorrow."

WONDERS OF CONEY ISLAND.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

If grown-up folks and young people who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the marine wonder-land of Coney Island will take a stroll along the beach, starting from the Iron Tower and proceeding a mile toward Norton's Point, I'll promise them that their constant exclamations will be, "I wonder what it is!" as they meet with one after another of the many curious marine objects that are to be found along the two upper lines of drift.

For years I have seen visitors (both old and young) on the island poke at and destroy with their canes, sticks, and wooden shovels hundreds of beautiful and interesting objects that had been cast up by the ocean, in their efforts to determine what they were.

Some time ago I visited the island for the special purpose of writing up and illustrating some of the most common objects that can be obtained in an hour or two's' collecting.

One of the handsomest and most abundant of all sertularians to be found on the island is shown in Fig. 1. Sertularians consist of hydroid communities which build up the beautiful structure shown in the illustration, which is generally called by excursionists "sea-moss" and sea-weed, though it is not a moss at all, nor is it a sea-weed, but is an animal product built up by immense numbers of minute and beautifully formed creatures known to naturalists as hydroids. From these hydroids are created the transparent jelly-fish we see floating in the ocean. After gathering the sertularia it should be washed in warm soap suds to clean it; when nearly dry it can be pressed

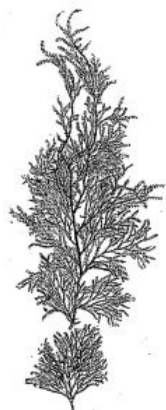


Fig. 1.
—SERTULARIA.

in the leaves of a book just as ferns are treated. I have often gathered it on the island two feet long, and have used it with evergreens for Christmas decorations. It is said to be an excellent material for canaries when building their nests, as it contains both salt and lime.

Fig. 2 is the horseshoe-crab, also called the king-crab, from the fact of its being the largest of all crabs on our coast. This crab is common on sandy shores, where it partially buries itself below the surface of the sand when in search of food. In the illustration is shown the egg of the king-crab one-third larger than life. Some few days before the egg of the crab hatches out, the young crab is seen tumbling about inside of the transparent shell of the egg. King-crabs lay their eggs in the sand on sand-bars that are exposed to the action of the sun during the low tide.

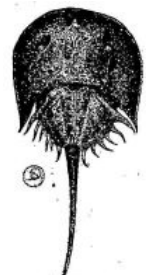


Fig. 2.
—KING-
CRAB.

Fig. 3 is the squid, also called the ink-pot, from the fact that when in danger he ejects a stream of ink-like fluid, which forms a black cloud in the water about him; through

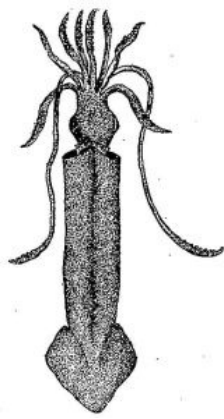


Fig. 3.—SQUID.



Fig. 5.—NATICA.



Fig. 7.—CONEY ISLAND SKIMMER CLAM.

clam shell, and entangles or fastens it by means of the silk-like appendages, otherwise it would be driven ashore on the first storm.



Fig. 9.—EGGS OF WHELK.



Fig. 10.—EGGS OF PERIWINKLE.

this he escapes from his enemies.

Fig. 4 is a cluster of squid eggs. The egg masses of the squid are always to be found on the island during the months of May and June. The eggs are inclosed in an elongated pod-shaped mass of jelly which, when held up to the light, reveals the outline of a number of small translucent eggs of a light yellow color. From fifty to one hundred of the pod-shaped jelly masses occur in one cluster. The great wonder is how one small squid can lay so great a mass of eggs.

Fig. 5 is one of the commonest shells on Coney Island, particularly after a storm, and is known as the natica. It lives on the sand-bars below low-water mark, where it feeds on the surf or skimmer clam by boring a hole through the hard shell of the clam with its tongue, which is coated with numerous fine teeth.

Fig. 6 is the egg case of the natica, of which thousands are cast on the shore every summer. This egg case is often known as the "mermaid collar," on account of its striking resemblance to a collar. This curious object is composed of grains of white and black sand fastened together with a soft and transparent glue, of which the natica seems to possess a very large supply. How the collar is so regularly and smoothly formed out of the sand is still a mystery to naturalists.

Fig. 7 is the skimmer clam, or surf clam; it is to be found on the entire length of the outside beach of Coney Island where the water is clear, and exposed to the constant action of the waves. There it constructs a burrow two or three feet deep. Sometimes, after an unusually low tide, it is left exposed one or two inches above the sand, when, if cautiously approached, it may be drawn out with a sudden jerk, but if alarmed, it will penetrate the sand quicker than it can be followed. Thousands of these clams are taken home by visitors to the island for the purpose of cooking, but when opened are found to be so full of fine sand that they are useless. It received the name of skimmer clam from the Dutch settlers, who used the empty shells for skimming their milk. On the beak, or highest point of the shell, is shown (in the drawing) a round hole made by the natica.

Fig. 8 is the egg of our common skate; the four hair-like appendages attached to the sides are tangles composed of a fine silk-like material. The skate, after laying an egg, takes it in her mouth and carries it to the nearest broken oyster or

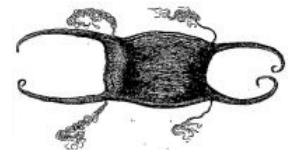


Fig. 8.—EGG OF SKATE.

Fig. 9 is a mass of the eggs of the whelk, one of our deep-water shell-fish, the empty shell of which is seldom cast on the Coney Island shore, but the masses of eggs come ashore in large quantities, particularly after storms, when they are broken from their stone anchorages.

Fig. 10 is a string of the egg cases of the periwinkle shell, which is one of the largest shells inhabiting the waters of Coney Island. The eggs are contained in a soft leathery case of a light yellow color, about the size of a two-cent piece, but much thicker. Each case contains from one hundred and fifty to two hundred eggs. These strings of eggs vary from one to two feet in length.



Fig. 4.—EGG CLUSTER OF SQUID.



Fig. 6.—NATICA EGG CASE.

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

Charley, leaving his companions near the fore-rigging, went out and loosed the jib and flying-jib, and when

this was done, returned and showed them where the halyards were. The flying-jib was hoisted without much difficulty, but the jib was heavier, and the boys found it necessary to take the halyards to a "gypsy," which is something like a small windlass, with the aid of which the obstinate sail was soon hoisted. The sheets were then trimmed flat, and the pressure of the wind on the sails forced the brig's head around so that she no longer lay with her broadside to the wind and sea. The foretopmast stay-sail had evidently been set during the gale, for it had been blown away, and nothing remained of it but a few shreds clinging to the bolt-ropes.

Charley next went aloft and loosed the foretopsail. The brig was an old-fashioned affair, and had the old-fashioned single topsails, so the sail was rather a large one for four boys to handle. They, however, succeeded in sheeting it home, and then, with the help of the "gypsy," managed to hoist the yard. All the yards had been squared before the brig was abandoned, and she had swung around so far that the topsail filled, after a fashion, as soon as it was set. Sending Joe aft to the wheel, and telling him to keep the brig directly before the wind, Charley again went aloft and loosed the fore-top-gallant-sail, which was small enough to be sheeted home and hoisted up by Charley, Tom, and Harry, without Joe's help. With the help of these two sails, the vessel began to move slowly through the water. Her rate of speed was certainly not very great, but it was sufficient to give steerage-way to her—at least so Charley thought. But as the brig showed a great apparent unwillingness to keep on her course, and acted very much like a drunken man who staggers from one side of the pavement to the other, he went aft to see what was the matter.

"I'm glad you've come," said Joe. "I'm afraid I don't exactly understand steering with the wheel. Which way do you turn it if you want her head to turn to starboard?"

"You roll the wheel over to starboard, and that ports the helm," replied Charley.

"Then I've been doing just the opposite," exclaimed Joe, "and that's the reason why I couldn't do anything with her. It's lucky I found out what was the matter before any harm was done."

"I'll come back presently," said Charley, "and give you a lesson in steering. I must go now and try to get the foresail on her."

The foresail was set after a long struggle. The breeze was now very light, but the three square sails drew well, and the brig was certainly making a full knot an hour. The jib and flying-jib were of course of no use now that the vessel was directly before the wind, but Charley decided to let them alone, as they were doing no harm, and as a slight change in the direction of the wind would bring them into use again. The boys were now so tired that they decided to rest and have something to eat before resuming work.

A search for provisions did not prove very successful. There was a lot of dried cod-fish in a box in the maintop, where nobody but Charley would have dreamed of looking for it, and there was salt beef of very uninviting appearance in the harness-cask near the foremast. In the galley were a few biscuits, which did not appear to have been spoiled by sea-water, but there was nothing else to eat on board the vessel. Below the deck, the brig seemed to be nearly full of water—so full, at least, that there was no possibility of going below. As nobody was anxious to eat dried cod-fish or raw salt beef, Harry said he would go on board the *Ghost* and bring a supply of provisions that would give the boys a comfortable lunch.

He went to the main-chains, to which the rope that held the *Ghost* had been made fast, but to his surprise it was not there. Thinking that he had made a mistake, and looked on the wrong side of the vessel, he turned to cross the deck. As he did so, he uttered a cry that startled his companions. "The *Ghost* has gone!" he cried. "There she is, a mile astern." She had not been fastened securely, and had gone adrift while the boys were making sail.

"We must turn right back and get her," exclaimed Harry. "Don't let's lose a minute's time."

"Can we go back after her?" asked Tom.

Charley thought a moment, and answered: "We can't. That is, I don't think it's possible."

"Why not?" asked Harry.

"We'll try it; but there's very little wind, and I don't believe we can beat to windward with this water-logged craft, especially as she hasn't any maintopsail. Run forward, boys, and let go the fore-top-gallant halyards, and then try to haul up the foresail. I'll have to come, though, and show you where the ropes are."



SETTING SAIL ON THE BRIG.

The foresail was brailed up, and the head-sheets were let go, and then Charley ran aloft as quick as he could, and loosed the main-top-gallant-sail, which the boys set as well as they could with the topsail-yard down on the cap. They then set the spanker, and hoisted the maintopmast stay-sail.

"Now come with me," said Charley, "and we'll see if we can brace the head-yards up." They hauled at the port forebrace with all their might, but found they could only swing the yard a short distance. "It's perfectly hopeless, boys," said Charley. "We can't do it."

"Can't we take the rope to the gypsy or the capstan?" said Harry. "I'm sure we could get the yard round then."

"Perhaps we could," answered Charley, "but we can never tack the brig in that way. It would take us an hour every time, and then it would be of no use. We must give the *Ghost* up, for it's an absolute impossibility for us to work this vessel two miles to windward, and we are at least two miles from the *Ghost* now. However, we'll brace the yards up a little, and steer her a little more north. All the sails will draw then, and we'll get on a little faster."

With infinite labor the yards were braced up by taking all the lower and topsail braces to the capstan. The fore-top-gallant-yard was once more hoisted, and the foresail set. Joe was told to keep her N.N.W., and with all the sails drawing, she really made a visible wake in the water. The *Ghost* gradually faded from sight until she

completely vanished.

Harry went aloft to the maintop and brought down a cod-fish, on which the boys made what was either a

late dinner or an early supper. They were so hungry that it did not taste bad, and they agreed that there might be worse things than dried cod-fish eaten raw. Charley hurried through with his meal, for he was anxious to make preparations for the night. He found that there was oil enough in the brig's lamps to burn during one night, and he trimmed them and made them ready for lighting. He went aloft to the main-royal-yard and looked for land, but he could see none, and there was not a sail in sight except two that were dimly visible on the far horizon. Then he came down, and finding that he had some matches in his pocket, he took a big knife that he found in the galley, split up a shelf, and started a fire, with which he meant to boil a piece of beef. The decks had been quite dry ever since the brig had been got before the wind, and the sea was going down every hour. There was nothing more that the young Captain could do for the safety of the vessel which had so strangely come under his command.

As he went aft to where the boys were gathered around the wheel, Tom said to him: "Charley, I know it is my fault that we lost the boat. I thought I had her fast, so that it was impossible for her to get away, but I didn't."

"I am the one that is most to blame," replied Charley. "I induced you all to stay on the brig, instead of taking the compass and going about our business. But there's no use in worrying ourselves about what can't be helped."

"Do you really think now that we can get her into port?" demanded Harry.

"I think it depends entirely on the wind. If the wind continues to be fair, and especially if it freshens a little, I believe we can't help getting her as far as Sandy Hook, or somewhere, within hail of a steam-tug. We can't be more than thirty or thirty-five miles from land, and as soon as we get a little nearer the coast, we shall be right in the track of the European steam-ships."

"Is there any danger of her sinking?" asked Tom.

"Not for a long while yet. We ought to keep a signal of distress flying, though, for I'd like to have some vessel lend us two or three men to help us work her. Look in that locker aft of the wheel, Tom, and see if there isn't an ensign in it."

Tom looked as directed, and found a French flag.

"Now I'd like to know," said Charley, in a disgusted tone of voice, "how we can set a French ensign upside down. It's a sign of distress to set our ensign union down, but this thing hasn't any union. We'll have to hoist it half way up, and I suppose that will look mournful enough to attract anybody's attention. What I'm afraid of," continued Charley, "is that the wind will change, and come out ahead. It's very light, and it keeps shifting back and forth three or four points, as if it didn't know its own mind. However, if we do have a headwind, somebody will take us off the brig, and carry us to New York."

"I'm not complaining. I want you to understand," remarked Joe. "I'm perfectly dry, and I never complain unless I'm wet. But if I'm to do all the steering, I'd like to know it beforehand."

"I beg your pardon, Joe," exclaimed Charley. "I forgot that you've been at the wheel nearly four hours. Tom, will you take the wheel, while I hoist the ensign and attend to a few other little things?"

Tom took the wheel, and Joe explained to him the difference between steering with a wheel and steering with a tiller. After setting the ensign, Charley went forward and lighted the side lights. Then he put a piece of beef in the kettle to boil, and split up the cook's bench with which to replenish the fire. Finally he coiled all the halyards down on deck, so that there would be no trouble in letting them go in a hurry, and then he rejoined his companions.

"We have had no regular watches to-day," he remarked, "for we had to have all hands on deck to make sail. It's now nearly eight o'clock, and as everything seems all right, Joe and I will turn in till twelve o'clock. You will steer, Tom, while Harry will go forward, and keep a look-out. Do you know how to strike the hours on the bell?"

"I learned that long ago," replied Tom.

"Then take my watch, and strike the bell every half-hour. Harry, when you hear four bells, come aft and take the wheel, and let Tom go on the look-out. By-the-bye, I forgot about the binnacle lamp."

There proved to be plenty of oil in it, and it was soon trimmed and lighted. Charley noticed that the brig was heading nearly west.

"The wind is getting round," he said, rather gloomily, "and I'm afraid we shall have it back in the northwest again. Boys, we've got to brace the yards up before anybody turns in."

This time the yards were braced up as sharp as the boys could brace them, and a full hour was consumed in this hard labor. It was now possible to keep the brig nearly on her course; but knowing that the wind would probably go still further around, Charley told Tom not to trouble himself about the compass, but to keep her as close to the wind as possible, and to call him in case the wind should get into the northwest. At nine o'clock Charley and Joe went into the galley, and lying down near the fire, went to sleep.

At twelve o'clock the starboard watch was called. The wind was now unmistakably ahead, and the brig was heading nearly southwest. Tom explained that he had been able to keep her heading nearly west until about half past eleven, and that he had not thought it worth while to deprive Charley of half an hour of sleep by calling him before twelve. Charley thanked him, but gently reminded him that he had been ordered to call the Captain the moment the wind got into the northwest, and that it was his duty to obey orders strictly.

"I shall want you and Harry to help brail up the top-gallant-sails," said Charley. "As long as we can't keep our course, we don't want to carry any more sail than is necessary. We'll haul down the flying-jib, and haul up the top-gallant-sails, but we won't try to furl them till day-light."

The top-gallant yards were dropped and squared, and the sails brailed up. Charley went out and furled the flying-jib, and then Tom and Harry went into the galley to sleep. Joe took his station on the fore-castle, where he walked up and down to keep himself awake, and Charley was left alone at the wheel.

The more he thought the matter over, the more he was convinced that he had not been rash in undertaking to navigate the brig. Had the wind continued fair, the boys could almost certainly have brought her near enough to Sandy Hook to meet a steam-tug. Could they have succeeded in this, they would have made a large sum of money, perhaps as much as eight or ten thousand dollars, and Charley himself would have

gained a great deal of credit in the eyes of his naval superiors. The brig, water-logged as she was, seemed to be about as safe as the leaky *Ghost*, and there was much more chance that the brig would be seen by some passing vessel, and her crew taken off, than there was that so small a boat as the *Ghost* would meet with help. Unfortunately the change in the wind had made it apparently impossible for the boys to bring the brig into port; but Charley felt sure that in the course of the next day they would be taken off in case they wanted to abandon her. So finding that his conscience acquitted him of having rashly led his companions into danger, he felt peaceful and happy, and steered the brig as cheerfully as if he were steering the *Ghost* in the Great South Bay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW FAR CAN YOU SWIM?

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Look here, Sime, old Purdy might have told us he'd taken away his oars."

"Well, yes; but there was a kind of a grin on his face when he told us we might have it. Not another loose boat!"

It was a solemn fact. Every skiff along the beach but "old Purdy's" was fastened by chain and padlock and stake, to express the objections of its owner against its use by stray boys.

"No fun going in for a swim in this shallow water. Only a wading place."

"Barry, there's a board. That'll do for us. We can paddle her out far enough."

It was a lost fragment of clapboard about four feet long, and with no house to it. Nobody could guess how it got there; but in three minutes more the clumsy flat-bottomed skiff was being slowly propelled away from the beach, out toward the deeper water of the lake.

Sime Hopkins and Barry Gilmore had reached, to judge from the remarks they made, that precise point in their aquatic practice when your common small boy 'long-shore swimming is a thing to be looked down upon, and a lake of some size, or a section of the Atlantic, was required for any fun of theirs.

The day was warm, the water as smooth as a pane of glass, and there was a faint haze over the sky. The very model of a day for a perfect swim.

The boat, too, had evidently been built for it. She was broad enough not to tip too easily if you were climbing in, and the wide seat at each end was just the arrangement for diving.

"This'll do, Sime. Pity we didn't bring an anchor."

"Water's a hundred feet deep out here. How far are we from shore?"

"Don't know. Maybe it's half a mile. Maybe it's more. Could you swim it?"

"Guess not, Barry. Perhaps I could. But I don't care to try. Not unless the boat came along. A fellow's legs might give out, or he might take a cramp."

"My legs would peg out, sure, long before I got there."

They were a very good pair for a boy of fifteen, and in a moment more they were in the air, as he sprang from the stern of the boat, and went in, capitably well, head first.

"That was a good header," shouted Sime. "I'm coming."

Come he did, and they found the water just about right for them. Not a trace of a chill in it, in spite of the fact that the lake was largely supplied by springs from the bottom. Out there, of course, there could be no weeds to catch their feet in, and there was very little to be suggested by way of improvement.

"Fore we get too tired, Barry, let's try a longer swim."

"Come on. Only don't let's go too far."

They were headed toward the shore, and they were not looking back, when Barry exclaimed: "There's a ripple, Sime. The wind's rising."

"Barry, look at the boat!"

"She's drifting out. The wind's off shore."

The boys looked at each other for a moment with very serious faces; but they were brave fellows, and there was no time for hesitation.

"She isn't so very far, Sime."

"But she's drifting. No telling how far she'll go. We mustn't risk it."

"Shore's too far. Can't do it. We can catch the boat."

"The wind's rising, Barry."

"Choose, Sime—shore or boat."

"Shore for me. Choose for yourself. See how she drifts!"

"You can't reach the shore, Sime. Besides, I want my clothes. I'm going for the boat."

"No time to talk. Good-by, Barry."

Sime Hopkins felt a great sob rising as he struck out for the shore, and it was every bit as much on Barry's account as on his own, but he had to choke it down.

"Straight swimming now, and no nonsense. How plainly I can see the city!"

That is, he could see the steeples of it, some two miles from the shore he hoped to reach; and below them, he knew, were the roofs of houses, and under the roofs of two of those houses were Barry Gilmore's mother

and his own.

Steadily, regularly, without a motion too much or a pull too hard—for he was thinking very closely what it was best to do in such a case—Sime swam on, until a dull feeling in his arms warned him of coming weariness.

"On my back now for a few rods. It'll change the work, and rest me. I can see the boat, but I can't see Barry. The wind is blowing harder."

All that time, however, Barry had been doing precisely what his friend had done, only that he had watched more anxiously the increasing ripple on the water.

"She isn't so very far," he had said to himself at first. "I do wish Sime had come with me. He can't reach that shore, swim his best. It'll be an awful thing to tell."

A couple of minutes later he was muttering: "That was a harder puff. How she does drift! Seems to me I don't get an inch nearer. If it blows much worse, I'll have to follow her to the upper end of the lake."

That was nearly six miles away, and the thought of it made the warm water he was swimming in seem several degrees colder. Barry's lips closed hard, and his teeth set against each other, and he measured his every stroke to make it tell.

Then his turn came to try a "back swim and a rest," and he too said: "I can see the shore and the city, but I can't get a glimpse of Sime. There! isn't that his head?—that black thing? Guess it is; it's moving. Yes, it's him!"

It was indeed the back of Sime's head, but the boy under it was saying to himself: "The shore's as far away as it ever was: I'd no idea we had paddled out such a distance. Reach it? I *will* reach it. Never swam so far in my life, but I *must* reach it."

Still, it was getting to be weary work, and before him lay what seemed an interminable reach of glittering ripples. He was breathing hard, his arms and legs were moving with less force than at first, and his progress through the water was slower and slower.

"Can I do it? It's got to be done. I'll tread water a moment for a change. I can't see Barry. Hurrah! it's the shallows!"

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As he dropped his feet they came down upon smooth sand, for all that end of the lake was a very gentle slope from the beach. The water was up to his neck, but the bottom was there, and Sime's heart bounded with a great throb of relief.

"Barry? I must wade in fast now. No boat when I get there; no help."

It was a forlorn outlook, and Sime even thought for a moment of all his clothing away out there in the skiff. Then he thought of Barry Gilmore, and hardly anything else, until the increasing shallowness of the water enabled him to wade faster, and then to break into what was almost a run. It was a great splash at all events, and Sime was quickly shouting to some one on the beach a half-breathless account of Barry's danger.

"Why didn't ye wait for the oars? I was a-comin' down with 'em. Wanted a swim myself, and thought I'd fool ye a little. What! Barry a-swimmin' after the skiff? There's Jim Burr's boat. Quick! jump in!"

"It's locked."

"Locked? Well, I'll jest unlock it."

The key Purdy used was of limestone, and it may have weighed twenty pounds. It "opened Jim Burr's padlock for good and all," while Sime was getting in; and then how Purdy did row!

"We'll be too late."

"Shut up, Sime. Don't talk to me. It's jest awful."

It came very near it, for Barry Gilmore's brave, earnest face was getting white when he at last discovered that he was really drawing nearer the runaway boat.

"The wind is rising. I'm almost gone. Couldn't swim two rods further."

Yes, the wind was indeed blowing harder, but the direction of it had been for some time changing, as it is apt to do before a summer storm. The first "surface current" of air had lost its breath, and the stronger blast which was really to bring the cloud and rain was coming from the other way. So was the skiff it caught and carried along, and Barry hardly understood it.

"I'm swimming pretty fast yet, in spite of everything. Wish I knew about Sime. Just a little further."

Oh, how difficult were those last few strokes! When Barry faintly rested one hand upon the gunwale of the skiff, it required a great effort to lift the other beside it.

"I can't climb in, now I've got here. What shall I do?"

Of course he could not have climbed in, if he had been obliged to lift himself all the way up, but every ounce of weight he put upon the side of the boat brought it down further and further, until it was hardly two inches above the roughening water.

"Now for it!" All the strength he had left went into that last effort, and then Barry was lying on the bottom of the boat, with his wet head on the shining front of Sime Hopkins's shirt bosom.

He did not try to guess how long he lay there. Even after he could have moved, he had no heart to lift his head and look toward the shore.

At last, just after he had covered his eyes with both hands, there came upon his ears the sound of oars, as if some very zealous rower were pulling for a prize in some regatta, and behind that sound was another, as if some fellow had suddenly burst out crying.

A heavy "bump" against the side of the skiff.

"Here he is! Oh, Barry!"

"Sime, is that you? Don't say a word, Sime—I can't."

It was some little time before either of them could say much, but they had both learned just about how far

they could swim; and old Purdy sat there in his stolen boat, his rough face all one redness and radiance. All even he could find to say was,

"Ain't I glad! Jim Burr won't mind my bustin' of his lock a mite; but I'll git him another."

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**GOING TO MAKE AN
AFTERNOON CALL.**



SWINGING ON THE GATE.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.

PINK'S PROPERTY.

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

Miles from any church, and miles from any railway station, stood, one summer afternoon, shut up and empty, an old gray house. It had been a handsome house, and there was something comely about it yet, with its fan-light over the broad door, its many windows, its quaint roof, and its fretted cornices. But it looked like a house fast asleep. All the year it had stood just so. Last summer the rose-tree had reached out far enough to tap with prickly fingers on the panes, as if to say, "Wake up and admire me: am I to bloom unseen?" Last autumn, the grape-vine had held waiting, until it was tired, the ripened bunches on its unpruned branches. Last winter the winds had shaken rudely the doors, and casements, and the storms had beat loudly enough to rouse any dreamer, one would think. But still the old house did not stir. A hornet's nest hung undisturbed over the front door. The lilacs and syringas, the wax-ball and snow-ball bushes, cowered closer and closer to the walls, and birds built in them fearlessly. All day the oriole, which, it is said, never sings except in beautiful places, spent there his gift of melody in songs half sad, half tender. At

night the whip-poor-will took the oriole's place. Little wild things from the woods went fearlessly about at twilight. They seemed all to have agreed together: "Yes, there is no make-believe about it; the place is really sound asleep. We may do what we please."

It was a great surprise, then, when on that same summer afternoon the long slumber of the house broke up. Horses' feet stamped at the gate, voices laughing and exclaiming frightened the squirrels away, windows flew up, doors were forced noisily and unwillingly open. At night-fall lamps moved flickering past the windows up stairs and down, while a broad swath of golden light swept from the open hall door.

A group of people sitting just within the door chattered merrily. They were laughing at mamma about "her property." For this place had been left to mamma as a legacy by her granduncle, who died a year ago, and mamma had chosen for this summer to let the sea-side cottage, shut up the house in town, and spend the season here before deciding about selling the place or letting it.

"So here we all are," the tall son was saying, "settling down to enjoy mamma's property like lords. This tumble-down old house—"

"Be careful how you speak of my property," smiled his mother, shaking her finger at him, "or you may run some risk of being warned off it."

"Like the hornets," said the oldest daughter, archly.

"Oh dear! I think it would have been so much nicer at the sea-side!" sighed a child's voice, discontentedly, as a bat flew by her head, and each of the party was betrayed into a shriek more or less shrill, while her brother made wild passes in the air with his hat.

"Oh, well, mamma," spoke the father's genial voice, when they had settled back in their seats, "it will be only bats and hornets that will dispute your property with you, at all events. Humanity is too scarce hereabouts to trouble you. No house in sight except those distant chimneys, is there?"

"Yes, there is one, papa," replied the youngest, quickly; "it is behind the trees, under that hill; but I shouldn't have noticed it only that I saw a little girl in a pink dress moving about there."

"Come, now, Pussy; maybe you'll find a nice friend in little Pink—'a companion of my solitude,' eh?" suggested her father, carelessly. But Laura rather sniffed, and made a mournful remark about "Florence, Ethel, and the rest of the girls at the beach."

At that moment "little Pink" was sitting on the door-step of that same house "behind the trees, under the hill," and gazing up, full of excitement, toward the newly opened house on the knoll above her.

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It was a great event, and great events happened very rarely to Pink. Once since she could remember she had been with her father and mother to pay a visit in the family of an aunt. They had taken the old horse and the green-bodied wagon, and had been a whole day in reaching their destination. Two or three times during every summer, also, they made a similar pilgrimage to attend the church where Pink's mother used to go when she was a girl and lived at "the village." Another great event was the shopping excursion that had to be made every season. While the father bought on one side of the store his seeds, or his new plough, or his axe-helve, the mother, on the other side, selected her calico, groceries, and even the ribbon that was to retrim last year's bonnet.

Pink's calico, chosen by herself this time, had been bought on the last of these expeditions. "I wouldn't say a word," she had pleaded, "if it cost any more than the brown, but they don't charge for the color, so mayn't I have the pink, please?"

And the pink calico had been bought, made, and worn to grace that other great event, the "examination day." For Pink, with a handful more of scholars, who lived about as far from the scorched-up little school-house as she did, walked her mile and a half every day during term-time, and wrestled with Webster's spelling-book, and Colburn's arithmetic, compositions, and "pieces," until the final grand display of the closing half-day. That was brass band and military procession to Pink. She held her head high, and went through her part with beating heart but machine-like precision. To have missed would have been unendurable mortification and misery.

But now all Pink's interest was centred in the changes that were taking place in the handsome old place adjoining her father's farm. The tall, gloomy fence in front was taken down, and the broad greensward, sloping to the road, carefully mowed. Where boughs were too dense they were pruned away. A gay striped awning appeared over the front door. Most interesting of all, some one was always to be seen moving about. It might be the motherly lady with gray hair and soft white lace upon it; it might be girls of different sizes, in dresses wonderful to Pink's country eyes; it might be only a workman making a flower bed. Altogether, Pink had never known so much excitement in her life as this.

Laura and her sisters used to notice how continually, when they were looking from their airy windows on the hill-top, the same rosy dot was to be seen, now flitting about, now resting quietly, and they often spoke of "little Pink," as they called her.

She took her piece of sewing as usual one morning out on the shady door-step, whence she could watch the great house. She saw Laura come listlessly out of the door and stroll off, as if she cared little where she went. Laura was "sick of everything," she had been declaring—sick of the country, sick of croquet, sick of all her books and trinkets. Her mother had reproved rather gravely the little girl's fretful discontent, and Laura, in no happy frame of mind, had chosen to roam off by herself.

She climbed a wall, followed a brook for a short distance, and then struck into a shady lane. Pink followed her with her eyes, reverently admiring the dainty white dress that shone in the sunshine. "I should like to have one dress as pretty as that," she thought; "but then I have my pink," she added, loyally, and turned back to her work as the gleam of white vanished from her sight.

It was not half a minute after that her quick ear caught a cry. She sprang up and listened. This time it was a louder one, and so full of terror that, without stopping to think, Pink ran toward the sound with all her might. She was swift-footed, and she minded little a tumble over the wall and a scramble through the blackberry bushes that could bring her by a short-cut into the lane. One sharp, loud whistle brought the great dog Shepherd to her side, and when Laura's third cry, hoarse and sobbing, escaped her lips, she saw the pink dress, as it seemed to her, flying through the air at her as though the wind blew it forward. "It's the ugly cow!—oh, it's the ugly cow!" panted Pink.

"Help! help!" cried Laura, faintly, as she ran on, wild with fright.

Pink seized her firmly, for the angry cow, tossing her horns sullenly, was plunging too near for escape. Using all her strength, she pushed Laura flat behind a great rock, the only shelter at hand, and quick as a flash had seized a stick and turned with Shepherd to face the cow.

Brave Shepherd was not afraid of anything; his little mistress had never been afraid either. They divided between them the honor of routing the enemy, and Pink hardly knew herself how it had been done, as she threw a stone after the clumsy heels of the beast that Shepherd still chased with angry barks, and then half lifted, half led Laura to the nearest stile. Laura herself, between the fright and the running, was quite exhausted, and could only get home with Pink's patient help.

When Laura had been laid on a lounge, and revived with camphor, she began eagerly to describe her adventure. She told of Pink's rescuing her in such words of praise that all the child could do was to stand still, her cheeks getting all the time more and more of a pink.

"Why, you brave, brave child!" cried Laura's mother, taking her hand, as Laura went on.

"Oh, you noble little Pink!" chorussed the girls, kissing her with enthusiasm.

"But my name is not Pink," said the child, trying to cover her hot cheeks; "my name is only Dolly Brown, and it wasn't me; it was Shep."

"Yes, it was you too, little Pink—I mean Dolly Brown," cried Laura, as willful as ever now that the faintness was gone; "and you shall be my best friend forever after—so there! and I shall write to Florence, and Ethel, and all the rest, and tell them so this very night. You're a perfect hero-wine, and you've saved my life, just like a book."

"There is no mistake about it, the name of Pink just fits her," said the older sisters to each other, "with her pink and white complexion, and her sweet, prim little mouth, and her dainty ways."

Laura took delight in conducting her new favorite all over the house and premises. Pink trod timidly on the soft rugs that half disguised the floors; caught her breath over the rose-bud chintzes covering easy-chairs and quaint couches, or falling as curtains; touched awe-struck the piano, the pictures, and trinkets. Laura was half pleased and half surprised to see her so impressed.

It was not until a rainy day came that Laura found time to show Pink her most personal possessions. Then she strewed her room with countless pretty things that she had herself packed—her box of ribbons, her pet books, some of last year's Christmas presents, her new locket, her box of paints, her ivory brushes, her painted fan, the souvenirs she brought from Cuba last winter, the long white feather for her summer hat, the needles which she used in doing her pretty fancy-work, their patterns and crewels.

"Oh, what a quantity of things!" cried Pink; "are they all yours?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Laura; "everything in this trunk is my own, very own property, and next time I come to your house I want you to show me yours."

When Pink went home she looked soberly round, and surveyed everything by a new standard. The little house was clean, but it was bare. It contained things to live with, that was all; none of the lovely useless things to which Laura had always been accustomed; none of the separate possessions in which she abounded. Pink could not think what she in her turn was to produce and show to Laura as her own property. By this time Laura knew all about the strawberry patch in which Pink gloried, because it was bearing this year for the first time; all about the flower garden alongside of it, where mignonette, hollyhock, cockscomb, and marigold were flourishing so brightly. She knew about the pine parlor up in the wood, where Pink loved to play by the hour, and the birch bower with moss cushions, where vines had been trained, and where Pink liked to learn her lessons, or read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She knew where Pink found cresses by the brook, her favorite places for picking berries, and many of the spots where particular favorites among the wild flowers always waited for Pink to come and get them. But, after all, none of these places belonged, as her property, solely to Pink.

"And my tame robin died last fall," mused Pink, "and my lamb grew so large he had to be sold. But I know—oh, I do know, after all."

Pink clapped her hands softly; she had arrived at the answer to her question. She opened the corner cupboard, and took down the darling of her heart—an old sugar bowl, fat, low, and also appropriately pink.

"You dear old thing! I haven't looked at you for ever so long," said Pink.

Nobody knew, so Pink's mother said, how old this sugar bowl might be. It had been in the family when great-grandmother Brown was a little girl, and they called it old then. It had come down through the Aldens. Grandmother Brown was an Alden.

"It's no great for beauty," Mrs. Brown had said, when Pink was a little thing. "I'll give it to you, Dolly, and you may keep it for your own."

And Dolly had been ever since proud and happy to claim it. It had always been beautiful in her eyes from the very days of her babyhood, when, at rare intervals, her mother rewarded her for being a good girl with one of the square lumps of white sugar hoarded in its bulging sides.

"Yes, I know Laura will like to see this," remarked Pink, in a satisfied tone, "and I hope she'll come to-morrow."

Laura did come to-morrow; and when, with innocent glee, her friend paraded before her the old pink sugar bowl, which she dignified by the name of her "property," somehow a lump rose in the spoiled child's throat that kept her silent. Suddenly a vision of the countless costly things she herself owned rose up before her. She had been proud of them, perhaps, but never really grateful, as now she began to see. She had fretted at any imperfections in them, and complained in the midst of them if her will was disregarded, as, for instance, about coming into the country for this summer. She stood abashed before the little pink sugar bowl, and its owner with her happy, satisfied smile. She began for the first time to understand the wise things her mother often said to her lately about being contented with such as we have.

Pink was sure that Laura had been suitably impressed by the sugar bowl, and she felt entirely pleased with the effect it had produced upon her. It pleased her still more when, after a few days, Laura asked to borrow the sugar bowl to show to her mother.

When Laura had told the story of Pink's property it had touched the heart of the soft-hearted mother as well as the child herself, and she had said, "I should like to see the sugar bowl myself."

Laura's father looked it over carefully. "This could really be turned into property," he pronounced, "for it is a valuable ancient piece; and if your little friend would like to sell it, I can find a buyer for her."

At first Pink could not find it in her heart to sell the keepsake she had been so fond of; but mother Brown reasoned with her, and father Brown said, shrewdly, "Sugar's just as good to us out of any other bowl, Dolly; and with the money, don't you see, you can buy things you would have to go without, and maybe lay up a mite besides." So the sugar bowl never came back to its place in the corner cupboard, but, true-hearted as Dolly was, she really never missed it, for its place was more than filled.

Laura, her sisters, and her mother, having begun to love the sweet-natured, healthy Pink, pleased themselves with heaping up the cup that had thought itself quite full before. They were always finding a pretext for bestowing some fair and fit gift upon her. The skillful fingers of Laura's sisters even shaped for her a white dress like Laura's own, and they said that it was well worth while to take a little trouble for the sake of seeing real gratitude for once.

When the frosts came, Pink's friends returned to the city. But the marvels of that surprising season were not yet all told. The little house under the hill was closed, and Pink's father moved up into the homestead to take charge of everything there until summer should come again.

"I want Pink to have my room, and take care of it," Laura had said. And it was from the window of Laura's room, with Laura's books left in it for her use, Laura's canary chirping in its cage, and Laura's gifts about her, that Pink watched for the last wave of her friend's handkerchief as the carriage disappeared.

"The dear! Anyhow, she has more now than one old sugar bowl for property," said Laura, sinking back after the final glimpse of Pink's bright face.

"She is one of the people that are naturally rich," her mother added, "in having for her property a sunny, healthy content, and a happy, humble disposition. We shall all be glad to see her when she comes for her visit by-and-by. A spirit like hers brings its own welcome wherever it goes."

SPICE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

He was nothing but a little yellow dog to the world at large, yet Harry and Edith Farr regarded him as the greatest treasure they possessed. His very name indicated the gentleness of his nature, as his entire lack of any snappish qualities had required that this deficiency should be made up in the matter of christening him, and Spicebox had never since given cause to have anything dropped from that name except the last syllable.

He was, as has been said, yellow, and his curling, silky hair was soft as flax, with "silver threads among the gold" about the neck and breast. His liquid brown eyes were "just too sweet," as Edith declared, while his inquisitive little nose, although not as black as it should be for beauty, was nevertheless eloquent with expression; and his tail, mere stub of a one as it was, did duty for a whole alphabet of sign language between Master Spice and his owners.

But space fails me to further describe the charms of this wonderful dog, who was as good as he was beautiful, and whose skill in leaping over canes and umbrellas was only equalled by the firmness with which he sat up on his hind-legs and held a penny on his nose.

At the time of which I write, the children—Harry was eleven and Edith nine—had owned Spice for two years, and in all that period he was never known to snap or snarl at man or beast. Growl he frequently did when a stray cat or a wandering dog chanced to cross his path, but this was never in malice—only for fun; and although he was once laid up for a day and a half from the wounds inflicted by a quarrelsome tabby, Edith is convinced that he never even attempted to bite back.

He slept every night at the foot of Harry's bed, had his little bowl of water (with a piece of yellow sulphur in it) in the corner, and in one compartment of Edith's bureau was a stock of ribbons of all colors and widths, designed to increase doggie's natural attractions on festive occasions.

One of these latter occurred on a bright day in the spring, when the Townsend family, the Fans' next-door neighbors, came over to lunch.

There were four of them: the mother, a pale, sickly lady, who only went out on pleasant days; Win, a tall youth of fifteen; Clara, the only daughter, and of Edith's age; and last, but by no means least, the baby, who was still so young that his first name was not yet decided upon, but who nevertheless fairly ruled the great house next door.

Well, this sunshiny day in the spring was Saturday, so the children on both sides of the hedge had plenty of time to visit and receive, and while the two ladies remained in the sitting-room with the French nurse and the American baby, Harry and Clara, Edith and Win, flew up and down the garden, playing colors, I-spy, and tag, with Spice at their heels barking furiously, little thinking of the tragic scenes in which he was soon to become the principal actor.

When lunch was announced, Mrs. Farr, Mrs. Townsend, and the four young people gathered about the well-spread table, while nurse, Baby Townsend, and Spice kept one another company in the sitting-room.

It must be confessed that the latter was not overpleased at the arrangement, but as Harry had told him to stay, and as he was a very obedient little dog, he determined to do as he was bid with the best possible grace, so he meekly allowed Baby to rub his coat the wrong way, pull his hair, and twist his tail to its little heart's content.

"Marie! Marie!" Mrs. Townsend's voice was suddenly heard calling from the dining-room, and in response the French nurse hastened to ascertain her lady's commands, leaving Baby in his corner on the sofa, where he had been securely fenced in by his careful mamma.

Now all that Mrs. Townsend wanted of Marie was to ask her if she was positive that the French word for ink was of the feminine gender, and in that instant's absence of the faithful maid something awful happened; for she had scarcely returned to the sitting-room, when she gave a piercing scream that at once

brought everybody from the table, some with napkins pinned around their necks, others flourishing knives and forks in their hands, and all endeavoring to swallow as quickly as possible whatever they happened to have in their mouths.

And what a sight they saw! Baby Townsend lay back among his pillows, serenely sucking the middle finger of his left hand, which was bleeding, and the blood was spreading itself over the infant's face in a manner shocking to behold, while Spice sat gravely by looking on with curious eyes, and the French nurse stood wringing her hands in helpless horror.

For a moment they all stood as if rooted to the carpet, and then Mrs. Townsend, with one hand snatching up her baby, and with the other pointing to Spice, cried, "There! that dog did it, and he'll—that is, my child will—oh!" and the poor lady began to cry hysterically, while Edith rushed to gather up Spice in her arms, and Harry hastened to make an examination of the accused.

"See, Mrs. Townsend," he exclaimed; "there's not a particle of blood about his mouth. Besides, you all know Spice—our Spice. Why, he—"

"But how, then, came Baby in this condition? You can see for yourself there wasn't a thing within his reach by which he could have cut himself."

"Perhaps he bit his finger," Harry then ventured to suggest, which idea was greeted by as near an approach to a smile as the tragic nature of the circumstances would permit, as Mrs. Farr reminded her son of the fact that the child was scarcely four months old.

"No, I see no help for it, sorry as I am, and good friend to Spice as I've always been," continued Mrs. Townsend; "but hydrophobia, you know, is now so bad, and my nerves are still so weak, that really Win must bring over his gun and—"

"Shoot Spice?" cried both the Farr children in a breath, while their mother hastened to put forth every possible plea in his behalf.

But the harder Mrs. Farr begged for mercy to the dog, the more determined did Mrs. Townsend become that he ought to die; and between the firm, vehement demands of one family and the tearful, urgent pleadings of the other, the noise in the room became so loud and confused that Baby began to cry, and Spice to bark.

In vain Harry quoted newspaper paragraphs to the effect that Scotch terriers were seldom or never known to go mad; useless were Edith's affirmations that she was sure Spice had not so much as sniffed at the baby; and all for naught went Mrs. Farr's entreaties that they would at least stay proceedings until the gentlemen came home at night. Mrs. Townsend was resolved, and Win went over the hedge in triumph to bring his gun, but presently came back, rather crest-fallen and empty-handed, to say that his father must have locked it up in the wardrobe, and carried off the key.

In that case there was nothing to do but wait until that gentleman returned from the city; so the Townsends filed out of the Farrs' front door and into their own in a dignified procession, Mrs. Townsend having first bound over Mrs. Farr by a solemn promise not to allow Spice to leave the grounds.

Ah, how long that dreadful afternoon lived in the Farr children's memory! To know that their own dear little doggie was to die would have been bad enough, but to feel that he was to be shot as a criminal for an act so terrible, that—that was too hard, and Edith's tears fell fast, while even Harry was obliged to wink persistently in order to keep his own cheeks dry.

As for Spice, he had never seemed so gay and full of life, frisking lightly about the children whenever Edith's trembling hands would let him go, and twirling himself round and round so swiftly as to fairly make one dizzy to behold.

When Mrs. Townsend observed this, she had taken it as a sign of hopeless depravity, but to Harry it was a convincing proof that Spice had not done the deed charged to him.

"You know, Edith," he would say, over and over again, "how he hangs his head, puts his tail between his legs, and tries to slink away whenever he's done wrong, and I'm sure he knows it isn't proper to bite Mrs. Townsend's baby. Oh, why did she ever bring it over here?" and Harry groaned dismally as he realized the impossibility of bringing their neighbor to look at the affair in the light he did.

Well, the time of respite passed all too quickly away, and when Mr. Farr came home at six, the case was laid before him in all its bearings; but what could he do?

"You've no positive proof that Spice did *not* bite the baby," he said, when Harry and Edith called upon him to avenge them of their wrongs, "whereas Mrs. Townsend thinks she has pretty sure evidence that her baby was bitten. Besides—" But just then the door-bell rang, and Mr. Townsend and Win were ushered in, the latter carrying a gun, at sight of which Edith first shuddered, and then began to cry.

After a few words with Mr. Farr, Mr. Townsend suggested that, as it was a cruel duty he had come to perform, they had better go through with it as quickly as possible; so a rope was produced, tied to the dog's collar, and then, having received a last tearful embrace from each one in the family, Spice was led out into the back yard by their neighbor, Win following close behind with the gun.

Mrs. Farr at once stuffed her ears with cotton; her husband went to the furthest corner of the library, and took down the most absorbing book he could find; Harry fled to his room in the third story, and Edith buried her face in the sofa cushions; while the girls in the kitchen clattered tin pans about at a terrific rate for a few moments, and then, frightened at their own noise, stopped to listen.

For five minutes there was a dead silence both inside the house and out, when suddenly Edith screamed loud and long, and leaping up from the lounge, rushed out into the yard, wildly waving a pair of button-hole scissors covered with blood.

"Stop! stop! oh, stop!" she cried. "The baby cut himself with these. Oh, Spice! Spice!" and running to the clothes-line post, to which the poor little fellow had been tied, she fell down beside him and sobbed for joy.

When matters were all made clear, it seemed that Edith, in her misery, had pushed and worked her hand down the back of the sofa, felt the scissors, and on drawing them forth, noticed the blood on them, and then it flashed across her mind that it was Baby Townsend's blood, and that he must have wriggled his hand down behind the cushions in the same way.

Mrs. Townsend was quickly summoned, the discovery explained to her, and

on examining closely the cut in Baby's finger, the innocence of Spice was fully established.

Win made haste to put away his gun, and the little yellow dog enjoys life to this day.



**"STOP! STOP! OH,
STOP!"**



**"Onery, twoery, ickery, ann,
Phillisy, fallasy, Nicholas, John."**



WALKING LIKE PAPA.



BARRANQUILLA, UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.

Many of my correspondents have asked me for a little description of my country and of the tropic zone. I have been thinking that I can answer them all at once by writing another letter.

We live eleven degrees north latitude from the equator, near the mouth of the Magdalena River. It is very hot here, and the medium temperature in the dry season is 85°; in the rainy season it is higher. The dry season begins in November, and lasts till April; through this month we have rain, and the next month we expect it every day, and so onward. Many of the inhabitants are Indians, and about one-fifth of the population are negroes. The people in our city and in most places are divided into six classes. To the first or highest class belong the educated white people; and to the lowest, those folks who wear all the year only one pair of breeches or one dress, no shirt, and no shoes. Poor boys under four and five years wear no clothing, but they learn how to smoke.

The water in the river is so warm all the year that people can bathe in it at any time.

The huts of the Indians are made of sticks, and covered with a kind of reed. Our doors and windows are kept open the whole day, and at night we have nets around our beds to keep the mosquitoes off. As we have great and continuous heat, with abundant moisture, we have a wonderful richness and variety of vegetation. Blooming flowers and trees can be seen all the year. We have cocoa-nut-trees, bananas, pine-apples, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, mangoes, coffee, cotton, tobacco, and cinchona-trees. In the sand of the river gold is sometimes found.

Birds, insects, and reptiles are remarkable for their variety and brilliancy. We have one bird with seven distinct colors in its plumage; and indeed the birds, from the parrot to the tiny humming-bird, are so nicely dressed that I can not describe them.

All kinds of snakes, from the boa to the viper, are found here. There is one green snake which climbs the trees, and looks precisely like the branches and leaves.

The woods in the interior are full of monkeys, and if disturbed in their sleep, they howl the night long.

A beautiful butterfly with blue wings is the most wonderful creature I ever saw. As you turn it around it changes to other lovely tints.

It is not unhealthy here. The laborers and the women cooks on their way to market ride on donkeys, for the streets are too sandy to walk in with ease.

JUDITH W.

We think Miss Judith ought to be accepted as a member of our Natural History Society. Her letter shows that she has learned to observe what is around her, and only people who do this are ever really well informed.

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY.

This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. Mamma gave the paper to me for a birthday present, and papa gave me a pony. One of my playmates and myself mount him, and we make him lope as fast as ever he can. Mamma took me not long ago to the Blue Lick Spring. When she told me I was going I was perfectly delighted. My cousin and I got a whole lot of very beautiful stones there. I am nine years old, and read in the Fourth Reader, and study arithmetic, spelling, and geography.

SAMMIE M. G.

Is it not almost too much for that willing little pony to carry two boys at once? It would be a better way to take turns, and let one ride at a time, especially as you love to go so very fast.

CHESLEY PLACE, SLICKAWAY, KENTUCKY.

I thought I would write and tell that little girl who wanted to know some games how we play out here in Kentucky. We have great fun hiding the switch, and the one who finds it chases the rest till we touch base, which is a big tree. We go wading in the creek, and Paul has a ferry-boat, like those which ply between New York and Jersey City, only ever so much smaller. It holds nothing but our wee dolls for passengers, and the animals in Noah's ark. We play hide-and-seek with our dolls, and Nina and I take them out riding in their carriages. Nurse walks along with baby Lucy in her carriage, and Paul on his velocipede goes in front, and so we have a grand procession. We have our own little gardens, and raise vegetables, which we sell to mamma.

When I read Fairley C.'s letter it seemed as if she were talking about me, for I have two little

sisters and one brother, and I too am nine years old. We love our home in the country, and if I were not so tired, I could tell you of more things we do.

CICELY DE G. McC.

WILLOW CREEK, CLAY COUNTY, IOWA.

I am thirteen years of age, and live in the north-western part of Iowa, on the big prairies. I live on a farm, and we have eleven head of horses and thirty-three head of cattle. We milk six cows this summer. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since March 22, 1881, and it is the best paper for young readers I ever saw. I liked all I read of "Toby Tyler" very much, but I did not take the paper at the time the story began, and so I had to imagine that part. The Post-office Box is splendid. It gives us a chance to hear from young people all over the world.

L. A. U.

OSBORN, GREEN COUNTY, OHIO.

I am ten years old, and this is my first attempt at writing a letter to *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I am at home during vacation, and I scarcely know how to amuse myself. I read *YOUNG PEOPLE* with much pleasure, and when through with that I enjoy magnifying flowers. I have a small microscope. If you never looked through one, you have no idea how beautiful some of the flowers are. I love to hear from the little letter-writers in our Post-office Box.

LORA L. L.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live with my cousin, and I go to school. We have a dog named Fergus. He likes to play with a ball, and if any one tries to take it from him, he growls. I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" very much. I think it was a shame to kill Toby Tyler's Mr. Stubbs. We have a little garden at the end of our yard, and have had ripe strawberries and peas. I like the Post-office Box better than any other part of the paper.

CHARLES FRANCIS N.

Please, Mr. Editor, would you mind publishing another letter from me? I have received so many letters and leaves that I am afraid I have not replied to every correspondent, for *several forgot to send their address*. Sadie H. was one of these. I hope I sent every one stamps enough; but having so many requests, I had to divide them as equally as I could.

GERTIE ROLIN, Redmyre, Sydney,
New South Wales, Australia.

ELK CITY, KANSAS.

I was thirteen on the 5th of June. I have every number of the second volume of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. The river has been rising here. Yesterday some people had hard work to get out of their houses, the flood rose so rapidly. I often wish that I lived on the sea-shore, so that I might get shells. We have none here.

MARY W.

NEW YORK CITY.

About two weeks ago the other boy wrote you a letter saying that we were about to start a club named N. Y. S. and M. E. As you have not yet printed it, I wish you would not print it, for I did not know anything about it. He told me to sign my name on a piece of paper. That's how I came to sign it.

H. G.

Your postal card was something of a puzzle, as we have not received a letter from "the other boy." But we want to tell you, and every young reader, never to sign your name to any piece of writing that you have not read, and which you do not fully understand. A boy's name stands for himself, and signing it to any document pledges him to do what the document requires. A great many foolish and thoughtless grown persons get into trouble by doing this very thing. We wish the little girls would make a special note of this, and in fact it would be a good plan for you all to write out a resolution in this way, "I will never sign my name to a paper that I have not read," and then pin it fast to the pincushion, or tack it up over the mantel. It is very important to form the habit of being particular about this.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since the first number. I don't know how I could do without it. I thought Toby Tyler was perfectly splendid. I was real sorry for him. I am twelve years old, and attend school, and am learning French and music. I take lessons in both of these studies at home, but next year I shall study German at school. I wrote once before, and my letter went into your waste-basket. I *hope* this will not be treated so. I have a little pet dog. He is as cute as he can be. I will write some time and tell you some of his funny tricks. I have tried many of the receipts for candy, and they were splendid.

GRACIE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I want to tell you about a parrot I have. He is a little more than a year old, and can talk a great deal. I have a black cat and a white one. The white puss is afraid of Polly, but the black one puts his paw through the wires of the cage, and taps the parrot's head. In return Polly gives him a bite, which makes him squeal. The name of the black cat is Heliogabalus. We call him Heli for short.

ADÈLE I.

LA CRESCENT, HOUSTON COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

My aunt Abbie sent *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* to my brother Aaron for a Christmas gift. I think "Toby Tyler" was real nice. I have written twice before, and sent a charade, but I suppose that there were so many other letters that mine could not find room. I have two sisters, Abbie and Fannie, and two brothers, Aaron and Warren. Warren is a baby. He had a twin brother, Willet, but he died when he was only five months old. I send an anagram, and will tell how to get the answer. First take a couplet or stanza of poetry, or some great man's name, and mix the letters up every way, and then let the reader arrange them so as to find out the verse or the name.

A. C. B.

Your little anagram is in the puzzle department.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I like this paper so much that my little sister and I are always impatient for Friday to come, for on that day our friend *YOUNG PEOPLE* arrives. I don't think you ever saw the programme for a concert printed in raised letters, did you? Well, I attended a delightful concert where all who took part were pupils in our Institution for the Blind, except the organist and the lady who played the piano. The programmes were in raised letters, for the blind read by the sense of touch. The building is very complete, and quite large. The grounds are very spacious and beautiful. The pupils make the chairs and mattresses which are used in the institution. They print the books also, and the Superintendent makes the maps. Mr. H— is very nice. He knows how to make boys happy. Kentucky is proud of this institution.

HENRY P.

HOT CREEK, NEVADA.

I am a little girl, too small to read our paper when it comes, but grandma reads it to my brother Clayton and myself. She read "Toby Tyler" to us, and even papa was interested in it. We live in Belmont, Nevada, but are staying this summer at this place. It is a long narrow cañon several miles in length, almost all over green meadow, forming a strange contrast to the high rocky mountains. We have some boiling springs here, and you can see the hot water bubbling up to the surface from somewhere below—I often wonder where. We have plenty of Indians here, and I have a little pappoose to play with, who swings me in the hammock. I was born in San Francisco, but have lived most of my life in Nevada, and know nothing of the beautiful world beyond, except what mamma and grandma tell me, and what I see in pictures. You may know that we miss the papers terribly when they do not come, as sometimes happens. Mamma takes the *MAGAZINE* and *BAZAR* as well as *YOUNG PEOPLE*, which we all enjoy. I shall watch very anxiously to see whether you will print my little letter.

MINNIE H. W.

Some of our little correspondents are troubled because they do not see their letters in Our Post-office Box, and they express a fear lest they are lost or thrown into the waste-basket. Now, dear boys and girls, set your minds at rest. As we have already said, the editor does not own such a thing as a waste-basket for the Post-office Box. All the little letters are read, and those which can not be published are put away carefully, and your names and homes and little messages are remembered. If the Post-office Box should crowd out the stories and poems and beautiful pictures, and the doleful experiences of Jimmy Brown, you would not enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE* nearly so much, would you?

We have told exchangers again and again that their requests can not be printed the next week after we receive them. They necessarily have to wait several weeks before they can be published. It is hardly a month since we said this the last time, yet some of you write as though you were quite vexed at our delay. Please be patient. And if you send your exchange a second or a third time before we can possibly print it, then be sure to say in your letter that you have sent it before.

MARLBOROUGH, NEW YORK.

Some time ago, in your Post-office Box, I saw a letter from a little girl offering to exchange fifty stamps for an Indian arrow-head. I sent her a very nice one, and wrote at the same time; but I waited two weeks, and no stamps came. Then I wrote again, and asked her either to return the arrow-head or send the stamps. This was about two weeks ago, and I have heard nothing from her. What can I do in this case? It can not be because I have not sent my address, for I was very careful to put it on both letters. I did not think any child would be mean enough to keep anything without sending an equivalent; but I can see no other reason for it.

MARGARET NEILSON ARMSTRONG.

The little girl may be ill, or there may be illness in her family, or she may be absent from home. Nothing is more provoking than a delay of this kind, but we still think you will hear from her. After waiting a little longer, it will do no harm for you to write again.

There is a picture of a baby sitting in an arm-chair, and under it is printed the word "Bashful," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 86, page 532. Now when I got my paper I saw this picture. I was so surprised that I ran and showed it to mamma. Now I will tell you why. That picture is the born image of our little baby Edna, and when we all looked at it, mamma told me to write and tell you of it. She is two years old, her hair is curly, and that picture is a perfect likeness of her. She'll go through a dozen little tricks for a piece of "pu" (pie). Please print this for her sake, and perhaps she'll have a few kisses to spare when she goes to Franklin Square.

[Pg 607]

She often puts her hand on her eye when mamma brings her a bottle of medicine.

"CURLY HEAD."

NORTHWOOD, IOWA.

I have a cousin who resides in Minneapolis, and she sailed on the 18th of June for Great Britain and the Continent. She takes the eighty days' tour, and will be on the Rhine one day. Next fall, when she returns, she will tell me about her trip; but if I had been a little older I could have gone with her, which would have been lovely. My monthly average at school last year was never below 94.

RUSH C. B.

Please take notice that A. and A. B. Green, Jun., are not the same people; so when I send an exchange, and A. B. sends an exchange, they are not from the same person.

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

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

An old penny, for an Indian arrow-head or a Florida bean.

AMELIA BRINK, Marshall, Mich.

A collection of ninety-five stamps (all foreign, some duplicates) in good condition, and a tiny piece of wood from the Mount of Olives, in exchange for a nice, clean sketch-book. Correspondents will please write and state size of book, etc.

EFFIE K. PRICE, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Minerals, for foreign stamps.

P. H. MAYER,
214 East Fifty-seventh St., New York City.

French and English stamps, for flower seeds. Please send lists and exchange letters before the seeds are mailed.

ANNIE D. FERREE,
3514 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Petrified stones, and gypsum, for minerals, specimens of wood, and stamps from any country except England, Canada, or the United States.

HENRY HOLT, Lockport, N. Y.

Two German stamps, for ten postmarks; also two French stamps, for ten postmarks.

B. L., Box 339, Newton, Mass.

Minerals, fossils, ferns, and soil, for coins, stamps, postmarks, sand, ore, and ocean curiosities. Correspondents will please label specimens.

RUTH SARAH COLLIN,
Mount Vernon, Linn Co., Iowa.

Twelve foreign stamps, all different, for the United States issue of 1869, blue and brown, 15-cent; or twenty-five stamps, for the 24-cent, violet and green; and fifty stamps, for the same issue 90-cent, black and carmine. The stamps I offer are all different, some very rare—Japan, Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Philippine Islands, etc.

HORACE F. HUTCHINSON,
55 Endicott St., Salem, Mass.

Shadow pictures and foreign stamps, for curiosities suitable for a cabinet. Correspondents will please write before sending articles.

G. S. JENKS, 173 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

I wish to exchange a large and perfect Indian axe for a bound volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in good order, for 1872; a bound volume of *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, in perfect condition, for the first volume of *Uncivilized Races of the World*, sheep binding, and in fair order. Also the bound volumes of the *National Repository* for 1879, for HARPER'S WEEKLY, bound, and in good order, for 1876. Please write me before sending books.

JASPER BLINES,
Alexandria, Clark Co., Mo.

My stock of star-fish is exhausted. Agates, sea-shells, and postmarks, for beetles and insects.

D. C. WYMAN, Eureka, Humboldt Co., Cal.

Lead ore, for iron or gold ore, or white crystals. Crystals especially desired.

SUSIE HUNTINGTON, Sedalia, Pettis Co., Mo.

The ears of the Jack or mule-eared rabbit, for second-hand boys' books, small biographies or natural histories. Abbot's *Life of Washington* preferred.

C. R. LACY, Hutchins, Dallas Co., Texas.

Chinese copper and Japanese silver coins, for any other foreign coins. I have three kinds of Japanese and five kinds of Chinese coins.

GEORGE C. CODDING,
Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Fifty foreign stamps, for a triangular Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Cabool, Cashmere, Feejee, Philippine, Ceylon, Mauritius, Mozambique, Free Town, or 96-cent Hong-Kong, Central American, or Chinese or Japanese coins.

P. O. Box 138,
Mamaroneck, Westchester Co., N. Y.

The *Life of General Israel Putnam* or *Sandford and Merton*, for an international postage stamp album that has been but little used.

HARRY WADLEIGH,
Montoursville, Lycoming Co., Penn.

A stone from Ohio, for one from any other State or Territory.

LYON CAUGHEY,
Seville, Medina Co., Ohio.

Postmarks, for newspapers. Fifteen postmarks, all fine, no duplicates, select list, for one newspaper. Common list, twenty postmarks, for one newspaper.

W. E. DUNSETT,
Norwood, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Foreign stamps and postmarks, for the same; and bluestone, used for telegraph batteries, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp or petrified wood.

FRED H. W. SOUTHEIMER,
121 West Forty-first St., New York City.

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

N. K. C.—It is not a good plan to have too many irons in the fire at once, and so we think it best to postpone your plan until cooler weather.

\$1. H. B.—Your enigma is a good one, but it came too late for use this year.

RALEIGH.—"Art is long, and time is fleeting." There are a great many departments in art, and very many artists are known for conscientious and beautiful work; but if we were to name a single one in either hemisphere as the greatest, we would be unjust to a host of others.

EMILIE.—It is not a *nom de plume*.

BICYCLING.

C. A. PERLEY AND ALVAH S. HUBBARD.—Your questions are answered by the advertisements on the last page of the cover.

GUY H. WOOD.—A Horsman bicycle, No. 15, diameter of front wheel thirty-six inches, and costing \$25, will probably suit you.

FRANK RIGGS.—A *good* bicycle for a boy of your size can not be bought for the sum you name. A bicycle to fit you should have a front wheel of forty-two inches in diameter. Read the advertisements on the cover of YOUNG PEOPLE, send to the addresses given for circulars and for addresses of Chicago agents, from whom you can gain all desired information.

WILLIE CHAPMAN.—Go to 791 Fifth Avenue, New York city, and there you will probably find the "excellent bicycle" for which you inquire.

FRANCES DUNHAM.—I do not know of a good tricycle for young girls. The only one made in this country that would suit a girl of nine years is advertised in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 87, and I fear that with this machine it would be impossible to ride any distance over country roads, as it is only intended for pavements or smooth walks. Very light and beautiful tricycles are made in England for girls of fifteen years of age and upward; but none are manufactured in this country.

Most of the inquiries received thus far have been for cheap bicycles, and where to obtain them. To these the answer is, there are no *cheap* bicycles. All good bicycles are expensive, and a poor bicycle is dear at any price. Small bicycles, with wooden spokes and rims, are just as good to learn to ride on as the best that are made, and on a smooth level surface they can be made to work very nicely. As the rider grows older, and gains experience, he naturally desires a better machine, and then he finds that instead of from \$10 to \$20, the cost of a machine such as he wants is from \$50 to \$100. This he regards as an imposition, and at once begins a search for cheaper bicycles. But he will not find them at present, nor for some time to come. For this there are several reasons. One is that all existing bicycle patents in this country have been acquired by one firm, which therefore enjoys a monopoly. Another reason is that the bicycle is still something new, and the sale for it is comparatively small, so that the manufacturer must make large profits to balance small sales. Then, too, the machinery for making bicycles is very expensive, the material used in making them must be the best, and the workmanship upon them the most skilled. All these things combine to make the bicycle an expensive luxury, and such it will always remain, though in course of time prices will be much less than they are now.

"THE CAPTAIN."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from *A. E. Cressingham*, "School-Boy," *Bennie Stockwell*, *Emilie Douglass*, *Willie D. Grier*, *Day Z.*, *Robert N. Fuller*, and *Jemima Beeston*.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DIAMONDS.

1. 1. A letter. 2. A household implement. 3. A heavenly body. 4. A favorite. 5. A letter.

2. 1. A letter. 2. Not young. 3. A vessel. 4. An animal. 5. A letter.

H. E. D.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in mouse, but is never in rat.
My second in dog, but never in cat.
My third is in animal, never in fish.
My fourth is in vessel, and never in dish.
My fifth is in monkey, and not in giraffe.
My whole is a thing 'tis convenient to have.

F. A. B.

No. 3.

ANAGRAM.

Yb mhraem dan nhda lal tras od tdsna.

A. C. B.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARES.

1. To approach. 2. Spoken. 3. Armor. 4. A girl's name.

1. A river in Spain. 2. A temptation. 3. A disorderly tumult. 4. A boy's name.

R. R. F.

No. 5.

ZIGZAGS.

1 * * *
* 2 * *
* * 3 *
* * * 4
* * 5 *
* 6 * *
7 * * *
* 8 * *
* * 9 *
* * * 10

Across.—1. A string. 2. Without light. 3. A vehicle. 4. A snare. 5. Level. 6. A particle. 7. An animal. 8. Color. 9. A mineral. 10. A plant.

Zigzags.—A mountain range in Europe.

R. R. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 87.

No. 1.

Guadalquivir.

No. 2.

1. Necessity is the mother of invention.
2. Nothing ventured, nothing won.
3. Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

No. 3.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

No. 4.

S A R D E T N A
A G U E T H E N
R U D E N E A T
D E E R A N T S
D I M E R O M P
I D O L O V E R
M O S S M E T E
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[Pg 608]

THE WIDOW MACHREE.

In making the Widow Machree, first procure a daisy, and with a pair of sharp scissors trim off the petals, except two, as in Fig. 1; then with a pen and ink mark on the yellow centre the face of an old woman, as in Fig. 2. Trace off Fig. 3 on a piece of stiff card-board, and finish it as represented in the drawing; cut it out all around down to the dotted line, and bend it from there so as to leave the figure standing upright when finished. Then cut a hole in the neck as represented. Put the stem of the daisy through this hole, and fasten it behind, as in Fig. 4, by gumming a small strip of paper over it. Take a pin, cut it in two, and on the pointed edge place the bowl of the pipe, cut from the end of a match, as in Fig. 5. Then put it into the mouth of the figure, or daisy face, and Widow Machree is complete, as in Fig. 6.

A SIMPLE CAMP-BED.

From *Camp Life in the Woods*. Harper & Brothers. Just out.

Sleeping on the ground, rolled in a blanket, is all very well if no better plan offers; but when a good camp-bed can be made as easily as the one we are about to describe, it is foolish to refuse the comfort thus offered. Procure a large piece of canvas, sacking, or other strong, coarse material six and a half feet square. If a single piece of this size can not be found, several parts may be sewed together to the required dimensions. After which two opposite sides should be firmly stitched together, thus forming a bottomless bag. Two stout poles seven or eight feet in length, and as large as the wrist, should now be cut. Insert them through the bag, allowing the ends to project equally on each side. These ends should now be rested on two logs, one placed at the head and the other at the foot of the bed. In order to hold the poles in place, notches should be cut in the logs at such distances as will draw the bag to its full width. The interior of the canvas should now be filled with dried grass, leaves, moss, or spruce boughs, after which the bed is complete, and as comfortable as any mattress.



**I WUNDER DUZ MY MUDDER
WANT ME?**



I'S AFWAID SHE DUZ.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JULY 19, 1881 ***

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