

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Young People, July 26, 1881, by
Various**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Harper's Young People, July 26, 1881

Author: Various

Release date: February 21, 2015 [EBook #48324]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JULY 26, 1881

[THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE.](#)
[THE MODEL MERCHANT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.](#)
[BITS OF ADVICE.](#)
[THE PEREGRINATING ORCHESTRA.](#)
[THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."](#)
[A DOUBLE AMBUSH.](#)
[THE LION'S RIDE.](#)
[A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.](#)
[THEIR BEST SECRET.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)
[A RAILROAD PUZZLE.](#)
[A GAME OF BALL AS PLAYED IN JAPAN.](#)
[LULU TAKES CARE OF KITTY.](#)
[COAL FOR NOTHING.](#)

[Pg 609]



VOL. II.—No. 91.

Tuesday, July 26,
1881.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW
YORK.

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

\$1.50 per Year, in
Advance.



RICHARD WHITTINGTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

[Pg 610]

THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE.

My little daughter climbed up on my knee,
And said, with an air of great mystery,
"I've a secret to tell you, papa,
But I must whisper it close in your ear,
And don't you speak of it, papa dear,
For there's nobody knows but mamma.

"I am very rich! Very rich indeed!
I have far more money than I shall need;
I counted my money to-day—
Twenty new pennies—all of them mine—
And one little silver piece called a dime
That I got from my grandpapa Gray.

"I have fourteen nickels and one three-cent,
Five silver quarters, though one of them's bent;
And, papa dear, something still better,
Three big white dollars! not one of them old,
And, whisper, one beautiful piece of gold
That came in my uncle Tom's letter."

Then she clapped her small hands, laughed merry and clear,
Put her soft rosy lips down close to my ear,
(Oh, so lovely the fair curly head!)
"Am I not very rich? Now answer me true,
Am I not richer, far richer, than you?
Whisper, papa," she artlessly said.

I looked at her face, so young and so fair,
I thought of her life untouched by care,

And I said, with a happy sigh,
As my lips touched softly her waiting ear,
"You're exceedingly rich, my daughter dear!
Ten thousand times richer than I!"

THE MODEL MERCHANT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Out into the wide, wide world, where the fancy of high-spirited youth sees fame and fortune awaiting the daring adventurer, trudged the hero of an oft-told romance five hundred years and more ago. But the story of Dick Whittington is not all romance, and for the reason that it is in a great part real history, it is the more interesting.

The son of a gentleman of good birth but of wasted fortune, Richard Whittington was early sent up to London to be apprenticed to a merchant in that city, which even then was among the greatest and wealthiest in Christendom. An apprentice's lot was by no means a happy one. He was bound to his employer by law until he should reach the age of twenty-one years, and his duties were often of the most disagreeable and humble character. He lived in his master's house, and was treated no better than one of the lower kind of servants. It can easily be understood, therefore, how distasteful such a life must have been to a high-spirited boy whose days had been passed in the freedom of the woods and fields. And so, wearied by the tiresome life he led, the North-country boy determined to venture forth into the world to seek his fortune. Doubtless many apprentices had done as Dick Whittington did, but neither history nor legend has preserved their memory.

With a few articles of food and clothing tied up in a bundle, he left his master's house in Cheapside one summer evening, and set his face toward the north. After two or three hours' walking, he sat down to rest before ascending Highgate Hill, which was then far out in the country, though now it is a populous part of the great metropolis. Already he must have been tired and hungry, for he had done a day's work before he started, and had probably saved his supper to swell his little stock of provisions. He had walked several miles, darkness was coming on, and he had met with no adventures. What wonder, then, that, as he rested, the tones of Bow-bells on the soft evening air fitted themselves to words suggested by his lonely situation, and the high hopes that were within him, and bade him return and thrice reign over the city which had hitherto treated him so roughly. The romance of the runaway was over. He obeyed the fancied summons, and returned to fight the dull stern battle of life, and win the victories which destiny had in store for him.

But if young Whittington seems to have shown a faint heart by so soon abandoning the adventure on which he had embarked, he proved that he possessed courage of a more real kind by returning to take his part in that life where, at least as much as elsewhere, fame and fortune were to be won. Restored to his former position in the merchant's household, the strong-willed lad bore his part bravely, and soon gained the confidence of his employer, whose daughter he afterward married. He was taken into partnership, and by a fortunate speculation in cats, if we accept the legend (which, however, though the most picturesque event in his career, is probably the least true), he laid the foundation of the largest fortune of those times gained in commerce.

Bow-bells had promised him that he should be thrice Lord Mayor of London; but fate was even kinder to him than prophecy, for Whittington held that ancient and honorable office no fewer than four times. During one of his terms of office he entertained at a grand banquet King Henry the Fifth, the hero of Agincourt, who, besides being his sovereign, was also his debtor to a very large amount, for kings in those days were not above borrowing from their subjects. After the banquet the Lord Mayor caused a great fire to be made in the hall, and in the presence of the King and Queen and all their noble retinue he threw into the fire the bonds which the King had given him as acknowledgment of the loan, thus releasing his sovereign from the debt. Henry, who was himself a man of generous nature, was greatly moved by this striking act of loyalty, and exclaimed, "Never, surely, had King such a subject!"

"Ah, sire," returned the courtly Lord Mayor, "never had subject such a King!"

It were hard to believe that so noble a prince as Henry the Fifth took advantage of this generous act, and fortunately history does not tell us whether the debt remained unpaid because the evidence of it was destroyed. Let us give the King the benefit of the doubt, and trust that the money was afterward honorably repaid, and went to swell the number of those charities with which the name of Sir Richard Whittington is for all time connected.

No one person of that time has left greater or more varied proofs of benevolence. The sick who lay in the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital blessed the memory of its benefactor, the great Lord Mayor; and the felons confined in the cells of Newgate Prison owed their comparative comfort to that kind heart which recognized the fact that even those whom crime has outlawed from society are still our fellow-beings. Scholars owe to the 'prentice lad, whose own schooling was mostly of the sternest practical sort, the foundation of a college and two libraries, which are still in existence; and thanks are due to him in great part for the nave of Westminster Abbey, the cost of building which Whittington bore in common with another London merchant.

But Whittington was above all things a great merchant, and, as such, did much for commerce. Some of our readers may have seen the London Directory, an immense, closely printed book,

which contains the names and residences of nearly four millions of people. Five hundred years ago Sir Richard Whittington caused to be prepared a directory of all the trades in London, and thus was the first, so far as we know, to issue what has now become a necessity in our daily business, and as familiar as it is necessary—a City Directory.

Do you not think he is rightly called "the model merchant of the Middle Ages?"

BITS OF ADVICE.

[Pg 611]

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON."

When little Tom Macaulay was about four years old, he was taken by his father to call upon Lady Waldegrave, at Strawberry Hill, and there an awkward servant spilled some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was very sorry indeed, and after a while asked him if he felt any better.

"Thank you, madam," said the small gentleman, "the agony is abated."

I do not expect you, my dear children, to use words so quaint as those which were quite natural to young Macaulay, but I should be glad if you would try to have equal politeness. Politeness is simply the highest form of unselfishness, and the finest manners spring from a kind heart. There is a difference between manner and manners, which I think you can understand. Manner is the expression of a person's character, and manners are the person's every-day dress. One may have at the same time an awkward *manner*, and polished manners, contradictory as it seems to say so. The only way to be sure of having both in perfection is to begin when you are young, and practice self-control in your life at home. There are certain rules to which courteous people conform in society, and these you can easily learn, partly by asking, partly by obedience, and partly by observation. Conventionality is a long word, and some good men and women affect to despise it; but it is, on the whole, very convenient, and life is far more agreeable where people are governed by its good order and system than where they act independently and brusquely.

I beg your pardon for giving you a hint about two or three common usages which you know of, but sometimes forget. Lewis was passing hurriedly through the dining-room yesterday, when his aunt Carrie spoke to him. He did not hear precisely what she said, so he stood in the doorway and said, "What, ma'am?" "I beg pardon," would have been more elegant there. But when he entered mamma's chamber, where she and sister Sue were having a confidential chat, if he wished to interrupt the talk for a moment, the right thing to say would have been, not "I beg pardon," but "Please excuse me."

Bessie came down to breakfast one morning lately, and at once seated herself, and began to drum on the table with her spoon. Nothing could have been ruder, and I was surprised, for I had thought Bessie a well-bred child. She ought to have waited until the family had assembled, and then she should not have taken her place until mamma was ready to sit down.

But when Clara was visiting at the Stanleys' she really tried to be very polite, and she made one mistake—one, indeed, which older people often make. Mrs. Stanley helped her bountifully to pudding, and she passed it along to her next neighbor. She ought to have retained it herself, as it was meant for and apportioned to her.

Bob Hartt has two or three friends staying a few days at his house, and his sister Agnes finds it a great trial to eat with them, and why? Would you believe that Will Fleming appears at the dinner table *without his coat*, that Arthur Samson eats *with his knife*, and that Phil Decker gobbles his soup in the greatest haste, and almost swallows the spoon, instead of taking the soup, as polite people do, from the *side of the spoon*? These boys are honest and faithful at school, but they have not been taught good manners.

The other day I stepped out of a street car, with my hands full of parcels. I was very tired. A boy I know left his playmates, ran up to me, and said, "Aunt Marjorie, I'll help you carry those things." Now was he not kind, and polite too? I think so.

THE PEREGRINATING ORCHESTRA.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

That the Popolo family were musical was beyond all question, seeing that every member, from Pietro padre, down to Pepita, the baby, either sung or played on some musical instrument.

Pietro was an aristocrat in his profession, for he had risen from the rank of organ-grinder to the proud eminence of possessor of and performer on six musical instruments; and what is most wonderful, he could play on all six at the same time, to the infinite delight of astonished audiences.

Pietro and his pretty wife Teresa were born in Italy, the land of music. They were poor but

ambitious, and having heard that in our country gold was so plenty that one might almost pick it up in the streets, they desired nothing so much as to come here; so they counted their florins, bade their people farewell, and crossed the blue ocean.

Like many other young couples who had come before them, they soon found that the gold was not scattered in the streets, but must be gained only by persistent and patient industry.

Teresa had an old uncle named Luigi Nicolai, who had, by "hook and crook" literally, amassed a snug little fortune. After considerable hunting they found him in lofty but rather dingy rooms in Crosby Street, a quarter Of New York which might well be called New Italy, so many of these people live there.

The meeting between the three was affectionate and lively; and dear me! their tongues travelled so nimbly for the next three hours that I will not attempt to tell you half they said, especially as it was all in Italian; but this I know, they went to ask Luigi's advice, and he gave it.

The result was, the Popolos bought a hand-organ and a tambourine, and commenced business the next morning.

From the very beginning the young people prospered, Teresa's bright eyes and gay bodice, no less than the merry jigs and pathetic wailings of the instrument, serving as so many magnets to attract the coppers from the people's pockets, in spite of the "hard times" of which they were always complaining.

Again it was summer. "Week in and week out" Pietro and his faithful wife had trudged forth in sunshine and storm, and now they had a modest little sum lying by in the savings-bank. And they had something infinitely more precious than silver or gold—little Pepita, a perfect cherub of a babe, with bright black eyes and rings of silken soft hair.

Teresa lost no time in preparing Signorita Pepita for her coming vocation. Was she not prettier and more mischievous than a monkey? hadn't she a voice sweeter than an angel's?

"Carissima mia," she would cry, "will not de monees pour into dese little brown hand as one riv-are?"

And so it proved. Little Pepita, in her mob-cap, was fondled and patted by the women, and run after by the children, who were delighted to leave their pennies in her chubby fist, so that Teresa's tin cup was filled to overflowing; and one day Pietro sold his old barrel-organ, and bought a brand-new one.

To say there was contentment in the Popolo apartments that evening would but faintly express it. Uncle Luigi and some neighbors were invited to participate in the rejoicing. It lessened not the pleasure of the party one whit that the rooms smelled strongly of fried fish and garlic; on the contrary, it increased it by anticipation, for Teresa was famous for her cookery.

Supper, however, was a secondary consideration. The new organ must be looked at first, and Teresa lighted an extra lamp for the occasion, and was made very happy by the praises bestowed upon the new instrument.

Now that Teresa had baby to carry, her tambourine lay idle. This and their prosperity set her to thinking, and the result was a letter to her cousins Andrea and Luisa Felippo, which bade them "come to America, where the people were so fond of music that one might fairly whistle the money out of their pockets."

[Pg 612]

The Felippos came, Andrea bringing with him his flageolet, and Luisa a small sum of money with which to set up housekeeping in the New World. Nor were they an unwelcome or undesirable addition to the little troupe of musicians. Andrea, with his gold ear-rings, conical hat, and velvet trousers, and Luisa, with her picturesque peasant dress, became paying attractions. They were not announced by flaming handbills, nor were they trumpeted forth in the newspapers like Ole Bull or Wilhelmj, or Patti or Nilsson, but they soon acquired a wide-spread fame of their own on the east side—a fame some day to be increased fourfold by an *event*, the realization of a secret hope in the breasts of Pietro and Teresa Popolo.

In a certain side street of the city was a curious old shop, in which was stored all sorts of second-hand musical instruments. Now Pietro was of an inventive turn, and possessed considerable mechanical skill.

No one knew but the good wife Teresa where he spent so many evenings, while she sat at home singing and rocking the cradle.

Andrea and Luisa would drop in for a chat. Neighbor Giuseppe frequently inquired for her husband, and to all she would say, smilingly, "Wait; you not know dis night."

Meantime the object of their solicitude was busy with his awl and his knife, and a lot of buckles and straps, preparing the wonderful invention that was to delight the people, and pour in money for the little Pepita's dowry.

Toward the last Teresa was obliged to go with him one or two evenings to help him with the straps and buckles, and to test the working powers of the great— But I must not go ahead of my story. It was still a secret to Andrea and Luisa, but they went to look at *It* the evening before Pietro decided to exhibit it on the street.

Now, children, guess what It was, if you are able.

Look at the picture of Pietro, and you will find It on his back and his head, in his hands, and at his feet.

It is the peregrinating orchestra, that is, the travelling or wandering orchestra.

Do you wonder that the women have left their wash-tubs to gaze from the laundry windows, that the tenement-house is emptying its population to look at and listen to this wonderful man and his musical family?

Here you may count six different musical instruments or contrivances, connected with each other by an ingenious set of straps, so that the movement of one sets all the others going in proper time.

Just fancy Pietro is playing the "Star-spangled Banner." He touches D, B, G, the first notes of the air, on the accordion. Up fly the drumsticks; it's time they were busy. "Rub-a-dub," says the snare-drum; "boom, boom, boom," growls the bass-drum; "crash, crash," shriek the cymbals; "chink-a-chink, chink-a-chink," rattles the tambourine; "jingle, jingle," ring the bells from the little tower on his head; while the poor accordion puffs and wails laboriously.

Nor is this all; for Andrea is piping away steadily on his flageolet, Luisa is shaking her tambourine, and Pepita is flourishing her ivory rattle with the silver bells, as pleased with the whole affair as any member of the crowd.

Pietro has indeed reached the top of his profession; for what more could one man be expected to do in the way of music than he is already doing?

Andrea has certainly a good example to follow. He has only to bear in mind, as Pietro did, good old Nicolai's motto, "Poco a poco"—little by little—and he too may prosper.

As for little Pepita, her history is only just begun; but I shouldn't wonder, from the present promising state of affairs, if we should hear of her as the lovely and admired heiress Signorita Pepita Popolo, daughter of the famous Pietro Popolo, the performer, or rather professor, of the peregrinating orchestra.



**THE PEREGRINATING ORCHESTRA
AT WORK.**

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

[Pg 613]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

The morning dawned bright and clear. What little wind there was blew steadily from the northwest, and there was not the least reason to suppose that it would change during the day. The boys breakfasted on cold boiled beef, sitting on the deck near the wheel, so that they could breakfast together. It was not a very delightful breakfast, but it was better than raw cod-fish, and a great deal better than no breakfast at all.

As the foretopsail and spanker were enough to give steerage-way to the brig, Charley ordered the foresail to be hauled up and the jib taken in immediately after breakfast. He told his comrades that all hope of getting the vessel into port must now be abandoned, and that they must keep the brig from drifting any further to the southward than could be helped.

"Those sails ought to be furled," said Charley, as he came in from furling the jib, "but I can't roll them up alone. Who will come aloft with me and furl the main-top-gallant-sail?"

Joe was at the wheel, and both Harry and Tom at once volunteered to help their Captain. They found it easy enough to climb the rigging—and indeed Harry had already been up to the maintop—but when they came to lie out on the top-gallant-yard, they found it a very ticklish task. The foot-rope had an unpleasant way of sagging under their weight, and seemed to them to afford a very insecure foot-hold. At first they could do little except hang on to the yard, but presently their nervousness wore off, and they found themselves rolling up the sail and passing the gaskets, under Charley's direction, with a confidence that surprised them. "When you once get used to it," said Charley, "you will find that going aloft isn't half so risky as climbing trees. Here you always have a rope to hang on to, and you can be sure that it won't break, but when you are up in a tall tree you never can tell when a branch is going to break and let you down, or when your feet will slip on the bark."

After the maintop-gallant-sail was furled, the boys furled the foretop-gallant-sail with much more ease, and descended to the deck quite proud of their exploit. The foresail was too heavy for them to handle, so the buntlines and leech-lines were hauled as taut as possible, and the sail was left to hang in the brails. The brig was now under her foretopsail and spanker, and steered so easily that Joe had little hard work to do. The sea had become so smooth that not even a particle of spray sprinkled the low deck of the vessel, and the boys began to find the time hang rather heavily on their hands as they watched for some friendly sail to come and rescue them.

"I wonder where the *Ghost* is," said Harry.

"Sunk by this time," replied Tom. "You know how she was leaking, and with no one to pump her out, she wouldn't keep afloat twenty-four hours."

"I meant to stop that leak," remarked Charley. "I think I know about where it was, and when the sea went down we could probably have got at it. What a nice boat she was!"

"How we shall hate to tell Uncle John that we've lost her!" Harry exclaimed. "I know she cost him a good deal, and it's pretty hard that he should lose all the money he has put into her."

"We can't ask him to buy any more boats for us," said Tom. "I was expecting that we could sell the *Ghost* for money enough to get us all canoes, but now we'll have to give the canoe plan up."

"The fact is," said Joe, "this hasn't been the most successful cruise in the world. We've been out only about ten days, and now we're expecting to be taken home like shipwrecked sailors, with the loss of everything but our clothes."

"If we only get back safe, we needn't worry about anything," replied Tom. "Suppose no vessel comes to help us! The brig will sink some of these days, and I'm thinking that it won't be very long before she makes up her mind to try it."

"Then we can make a raft," said Charley, cheerfully, "and cruise on that until we are picked up. I am almost willing to promise you that we are taken off this brig sometime today. By-the-bye, did I tell you that I've found out what her name is?"

"How did you find it out?" asked Harry. "You know it is washed off the stern so that we couldn't make it out."

"Why," Charley replied, "I looked in the forecabin yesterday afternoon, and there it was, the *Hirondelle*, of Bordeaux. I forgot to tell you of it at the time. How she comes to be here with a load of timber is something I can't make out."

"There's a sail!" exclaimed Harry.

"Where?" cried Charley.

"Way over on our starboard quarter. I can just see her."

Charley immediately ran aloft and looked anxiously at the distant stranger. He came down and reported that she was apparently a schooner, and seemed to be steering directly toward the brig.

"Do you think they see us?" asked Tom.

"They see our spars, but they can't see our signal of distress, and unless they do see it they won't pay any attention to us. However, they'll be up with us in the course of two or three hours, unless the schooner changes her course, which she probably won't do."

The boys watched the schooner with the utmost interest for a long time, but she seemed to them hardly to move. Joe got tired of watching, and exclaimed, "There's no use in looking at her; a watched schooner never boils."

"How could a schooner boil?" inquired matter-of-fact Tom.

"I have something to amuse you, boys," interrupted Charley. "Let's try to get the brig before the wind, and run down to the schooner. Come forward with me, and we'll hoist the head-sails. Tom, you and Harry lower the spanker while I go and loose the sails."

Charley went forward and loosed the jib and flying-jib, and by the time this was done, Harry and Tom had succeeded in taking in the spanker, and had come to help him. When the jib and flying-jib were set, Charley ordered Joe to put the helm hard up. As the brig slowly fell off, he slacked the lee forebrace and foretopsail-brace, and then with Harry and Tom hauled in the weather-braces, until the unassisted strength of the three boys could no longer stir the heavy yards. Then, letting go the head-sheets, they hurried aft and hoisted the spanker. By this time the brig had swung nearly around, and by taking the braces to the capstan the yards were finally braced up, and the wind brought on the port beam. The *Hirondelle* was no longer running away from the schooner, and it was evident that the crew of the latter would understand that the brig wanted to meet them. As the wind was now fair, Charley proceeded to get the foretop-gallant-sail on her, and kept his crew so busy that they were surprised to find, when their work was over, that the schooner was only about a mile distant.

"Hurrah! There's the *Ghost*!" Harry suddenly cried. "The schooner is towing her."

Sure enough, the little *Ghost* was there, in the wake of the schooner. There could be no mistake about it, for when she pitched, the boys could distinctly see the canvas cabin.

Charley ran forward and let go the top-gallant and topsail halyards, and slacked the top-gallant sheets so that the sail flapped uselessly in the light air. The schooner, which was now close by, hove to, and after some delay her boat was launched, and the boat's crew of four men were soon on the deck of the brig.



**"HURRAH! THERE'S THE
'GHOST!'"**

say that they abandoned all claim to the brig, and then told them that he would carry them to New York, and give them back their sail-boat. He left the mate and two men on board the *Hirondelle*, giving them the schooner's small-boat, and then steered for Sandy Hook.

The boys had a pleasant sail in the schooner. She was bound from Boston to Philadelphia, but with the hope of saving the brig, the Captain had decided to go to New York, and to send a steam-tug back to tow the brig in. This brought the wind directly ahead, but the schooner, making long tacks, worked to windward so beautifully that by noon the next day she was up to the light-ship. There a steam-tug was met, and the Captain of the schooner instantly hired her to go in search of the brig, and to tow her into port.

While the headway of the schooner was checked to enable the Captain to bargain with the Captain of the steamer, the boys shook hands with everybody, and climbed down into the *Ghost*. When the latter was picked up by the schooner she was pumped out, and the leak was stopped. Nothing was missing from her cabin, and the boys lost no time in setting the jib and mainsail, or rather what could be set of the latter without the gaff.

Even with her crippled mainsail, the *Ghost* kept ahead of the schooner for a long while, and the latter did not overtake her until she was half way from Sandy Hook to the Narrows. Now that home was so near, and the dangers of the cruise were over, the boys regretted that they had not cut loose from the schooner when she was within sight of Fire Island inlet. They could have entered the Great South Bay through the inlet, and carried out their plan of crossing from Shinnecock Bay to Peconic Bay.

"It is a shame," said Harry, "to go home when nobody is expecting us. We told them we should be gone for at least four weeks."

"What is a greater shame, if you look at it in that way, is our giving up the brig to the schooner's people," remarked Charley.

"Why, what else could we do?" asked Tom. "You said yourself that we couldn't work the brig in, and that we must abandon her."

"Why couldn't we have hired the captain to send us a steam-tug? We could have staid on board the brig just as well as the mate and the two men, and if the steam-tug tows them in, why couldn't we have been towed in?"

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Tom.

"Nor I," said Harry and Joe, both together.

"Well, I did think of it," resumed Charley, "and if I'd been alone on the brig, I would have done it. But then Uncle John expected me to take care of the *Ghost* and her crew, and I wasn't instructed to run any risk for the sake of bringing abandoned vessels into port. We did right to give up the brig, but at the same time we did lose a fair chance of making a good big sum of money."

"Why shouldn't we keep right on through Hell Gate into the Sound, and cruise round that way to Canoe Place, and come back through the South Bays?" said Harry. "We can do it easily enough in four weeks."

"And not go home at all?" asked Tom.

"Not till we get back from the cruise. I'm ready to do it."

"So am I," said Joe. "I've been dry for two days, and I begin to feel really uncomfortable. Let's go on, and get wet some more."

"I can go just as well as not," said Charley. "I've nothing else to do."

"What in all creation are you boys doing aboard this brig?" asked the big good-humored mate of the schooner.

"We were blown out to sea in that sail-boat that you are towing," answered Charley, "and we boarded the brig; and while we were trying to get sail on her the *Ghost* got adrift."

"Trying to get sail on her, were you? Did you boys set that there topsail?"

"We did."

"And where on earth were you trying to get to?"

Charley told the mate the whole story—how they had tried to sail the brig into New York, and how the head-wind had baffled them. "Now," said he, "if you'll take us and the *Ghost* to Sandy Hook, we'll be only too glad to abandon the brig, for we can never get her into port with this wind."

"Should rayther think you couldn't. Why, you might as well try to work Trinity Church to windward with a leg-of-mutton sail rigged on to the steeple. Come aboard the schooner with us, and we'll see what the old man says."

The "old man," or Captain of the schooner, was an honest down East sailor, who first cautiously induced the boys to

"And I'd like nothing better," added Tom.

"Then we'll stop somewhere in the city and lay in provisions, and then go through Hell Gate as soon as the tide will let us," said Harry.

"Why not stop a day or two, and see Uncle John, and talk to him about a canoe cruise?" suggested Charley. "Perhaps we could sell the *Ghost*, and get canoes, and have our canoe cruise this summer instead of next year."

"That's what we ought to do," said Tom. "We would enjoy the change from a sail-boat to a canoe more just now than we ever will again."

"And I don't think it would be quite right to start on what would really be a new cruise without seeing Uncle John," said Charley. "We mustn't do it. We'll go home, and if we can manage to get canoes, we'll have a canoe cruise, and if we can't, why, we'll sail up the Sound, provided you can all get permission to go."

[Pg 615]

So it was settled that the *Ghost* should head for Harlem, and that her crew should go home for a day or two. Everybody was satisfied with this decision, and in the hope of starting on a canoe cruise, Tom, Harry, and Joe busied themselves in discussing different routes. Before they had finally settled where they would cruise, Charley ran the boat into the dock at Harlem, and the cruise of the *Ghost* was ended.

THE END.

A DOUBLE AMBUSH.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

We lived in Florida (said Mrs. Walters) through all the Seminole war, which lasted seven years, so that I grew up with the names of the great hostile chiefs, Osceola, Alligator, Wild Cat, and Tiger Tail, making a part of my childhood.

A sense of peril was always present with us. I remember the feelings with which we heard of the slaughter of Lieutenant Dade and his command. The tragedy took place in open battle, yet it seemed dreadful that so many brave men should be shot down in the dark woods, with the painted savages yelling around them.

In the spring when I was thirteen and my brother Arthur fifteen the war was at its worst, and my father talked strongly of removing to a greater distance from the danger.

Among our few slaves, consisting only of two black families, was a half-idiotic young negro named Jason, who had the privilege of wandering pretty much as he pleased. He would often remain all day in the forest, either lying asleep or mocking the gobble of the wild turkeys.

One day he returned with an appearance which startled us. His woolly head had been completely shaved, and his black face dyed to a bright scarlet. He had, however, received no real hurt, and seemed not in the least terrified by the ordeal through which he must have passed.

We gathered from his broken sentences that he had fallen in with Indians; and it was plain that they had been in some measure true to the proverbial respect of their people for idiots. An ordinary person they would have sacrificed without mercy; but when Jason stared aimlessly at the tree-tops, or gobbled like a turkey, they simply set their mark upon him, and let him go.

The incident showed that our danger was more immediate than had been supposed; but there was fortunately a squad of United States cavalry picketed within a few miles of us, and my father lost no time in notifying the officer in command of what had occurred. The soldiers, however, could find nothing of the enemy, and in the mean time we passed a couple of days in very anxious suspense. The movements of Indian warriors are erratic, and to white men unaccountable.

My parents began to regain confidence, believing that the Seminoles were gone from the neighborhood, as they doubtless were for the time. Father said they were probably scouts, and there was no telling how they might have scattered themselves, or at what point some of them might appear next. He hoped, however, that the presence of the soldiers had led them to abandon any design they might have entertained of attacking us.

On the third day after Jason's adventure we were feeling much relieved. The negro men were at work in the fields, and father had gone to a considerable distance from the house. Mother, Arthur, and myself, with the female servants, were within-doors.

Presently, not far off, we heard the gobble of a wild turkey, or what seemed such, although, as turkeys were not in the habit of approaching so near the house, we imagined Jason to be at his old silly pastime again, imitating the call which he could so well counterfeit.

The notes were continued with great regularity at intervals of a minute or two, and so natural were they that Arthur would have been all on fire to seize his rifle and hurry in quest of the game had he not remembered how often he had been led upon a fruitless chase by the vocal powers of the poor idiot.

"We all excel in something," said my mother, "and Jason was made to call turkeys. But I do wish

he would be quiet; it makes me nervous to hear him."

"Jason," said a little negro girl who just then came in from the rear of the premises; "why, missus, Jason done gone asleep in de shade at de back ob de wash-house. I done seen him dis minute."

Arthur hastened out-doors, looked behind the wash-house, and having assured himself that the black boy had nothing to do with the gobbling, returned quickly for his rifle.

"It is a real turkey," he said, "and he's somewhere in the hollow."

The hollow was made by a depression of the ground about fifty rods from the house front, and running parallel with it. Upon its further side was a decayed stump, some four or five feet high, standing below the sloping bank, and with its top just visible from the house. Of this stump the portion next to the slope had so fallen away as to leave a large cavity capable of containing a man.

The gobble indicated the turkey's whereabouts pretty definitely.

"He's somewhere near that stump," said Arthur; "perhaps inside of it, sitting up on the rotten wood toward the top. I'm afraid he'll get high enough to see me. But I'll make a circuit, and creep around where the ground is lower."

He went out at the back door, so as to make sure of not being seen. The land on our right, a few rods from the house, was very low, the depression stretching off in crescent shape until it reached the gully, which crossed it at fair rifle-shot distance from the stump.

Arthur, young as he was, had already become an excellent marksman, having for two years possessed a rifle of his own, which father had bought him, and which was almost always in his hands. We had no doubt that, with anything like an ordinary chance, he would put a ball through the turkey's head, and return in triumph.

But somehow, after he went out, a sudden thought seemed to strike mother. Wasn't it strange that a turkey should come so far out of the woods, and keep up such a gobbling in the hollow? No, not strange, perhaps, nor very unusual; and she wondered at her own uneasiness. But her nerves had been shaken by poor Jason's incident.

The house had a half-story in front, with two small windows above the ground rooms, and mother's feelings impelled her to run up there for a better view. She wished to see where father was, and perhaps might discover something of the wild turkey.

I was close at her side. We saw father with his rifle away off across the fields, and the negroes at a distance from him engaged in their work. The stump, too, was visible nearly to its foot, and at intervals we caught sight of Arthur carefully working his way in a half-circuit toward the gully.

Father had evidently heard the turkey, and was warily approaching the spot where it seemed to be. His half-stooping posture showed that he feared the bird might get upon the stump and see him.

Suddenly mother started, and her face had a look of ghastly terror. Something which certainly was no turkey rose a little above the stump, between its shattered rim and the grass of the bank. I saw it too, and my blood ran cold.

[Pg 616]

It was something that greatly resembled the head of an Indian. We felt that the face must be peering through the grass toward my father, while we saw the black, gleaming hair behind.

Without doubt it was a Seminole warrior in ambush, watching father's approach.

Mother gave an agonized cry. "What shall I do?—oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed.

Would not any signal or outcry she could make be misunderstood at such a distance, and only hasten the catastrophe, since father was still thirty rods beyond the Indian, and eighty from the house? Then where was Arthur, who had now disappeared? And should she by a sudden alarm cause him to show himself, might not the Seminole rise up and shoot him on the spot? She was dizzy with her sense of the dreadful situation.

But in a moment I called out to her, "There's Arthur, mother! there's Arthur!" for I saw him among the rank grass, lying flat upon the ground, within good rifle-shot of the stump, which he seemed to be watching intently.

Once again the Indian's head was shown slightly, and we got an instant's glimpse of Arthur's rifle. But the black hair disappeared, and the weapon was lowered.

Father was now so near the scene of danger that we had no alternative but to watch. Terrible as was her anxiety, mother now felt that Arthur had discovered what kind of game the old stump contained. She knew that the Indian could not fire at father without exposing his own head, and that the moment it appeared it would be covered by her brave boy's rifle.

How our hearts beat for the few moments that intervened! Another gobble came from the stump. Father was working his way stealthily toward it in anticipation of a prize, and Arthur lay still as death in the grass.

All at once we saw the sunlight glance upon a mass of long raven hair that rose slowly above the gnarled wood which had hidden it. Father was within six rods of the spot. It was a dreadful moment.

Our eyes turned to Arthur. The grass in front of the slight knoll where he lay was not high enough to interfere with his aim as his elbow rested on the ground. We could see him drop his young face against the breech of his gun. The barrel gleamed for a single instant, a puff of smoke streamed

from the muzzle, and he leaped to his feet.

But there was a still more sudden leap from the old stump, for an Indian, with flying hair, and with his rifle still clutched in his hand, sprang up and fell dead against the slope which had concealed him from father's view.

The reunion which followed, when we all ran into each other's arms, joyful, yet thrilled with consternation, I will not dwell upon.

We found the dead enemy to be a tall young warrior, hideously painted, and having in his belt a hatchet and a knife.

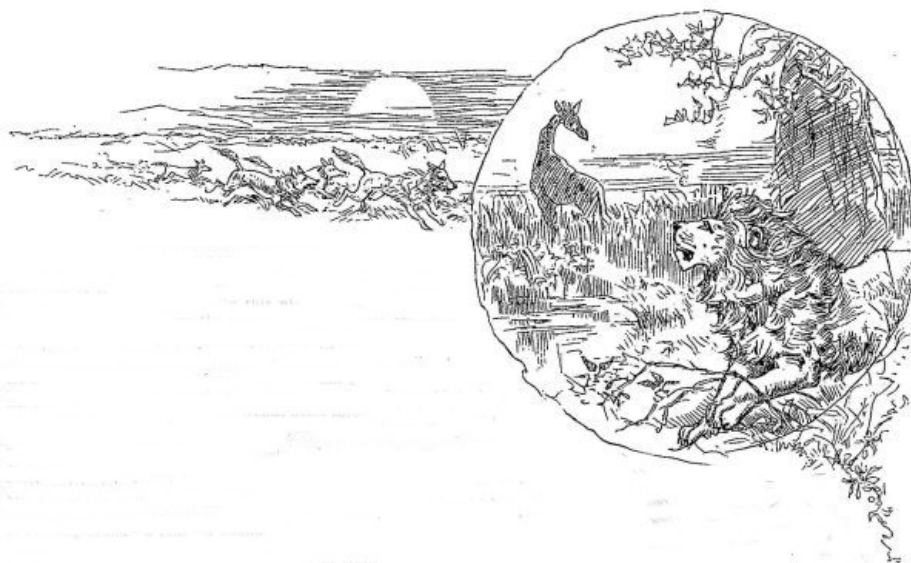
He had no doubt entered the gully from the swamp, and seeing father at a distance, had attempted to decoy him within gunshot by imitating a wild turkey.

The occasion proved to be the only one on which the Seminole war was brought home to us, as the successes of the United States troops afterward kept the Indians at a distance from our neighborhood.



"WHO'S AFRAID OF A GOOSE?"—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.

[Pg 617]



THE LION'S RIDE.

The lion is the desert's King; through his domain so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim chief;
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more

The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er

With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends home through the lone karoo;

When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu—

Then bend your gaze across the waste: what see ye? The giraffe,

Majestic, stalks toward the lagoon the turbid lymph to quaff;

With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool

His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits astride Upon his giant coursers back. Did ever King so ride? Had ever King a steed so rare, caparisons of state To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;

His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.

Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise, Away, away, in wild dismay the camelopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain! As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain; In thick black streams of purling blood full fast his life is fleeting; The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the path of Israel traced— Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the waste— From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout from ocean, A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companions of their flight, the vultures whirl on high; Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly, And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race; By the foot-prints wet with gore and sweat their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear, the while With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile. On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain! The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and breathes his last; The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's fell repast. O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried: Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.



A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I have been in the back bedroom up stairs all the afternoon, and I am expecting father every minute. It was just after one o'clock when he told me to come up stairs with him, and just then Mr. Thompson came to get him to go down town with him, and father said I'd have to excuse him for a little while and don't you go out of that room till I come back. So I excused him, and he hasn't come back yet; but I've opened one of the pillows and stuffed my clothes full of feathers, and I don't care much how soon he comes back now.

It's an awful feeling to be waiting up stairs for your father, and to know that you have done wrong, though you really didn't mean to do so much wrong as you have done. I am willing to own that nobody ought to take anybody's clothes when he's in swimming, but anyhow they began it first, and I thought just as much as could be that the clothes were theirs.

The real boys that are to blame are Tom Wilson and Amzi Willetts. A week ago Saturday Joe Hamilton and I went in swimming down at the island. It's a beautiful place. The island is all full of bushes, and on one side the water is deep, where the big boys go in, and on the other it is shallow, where we fellows that can't swim very much where the water is more than two feet deep go in. While Joe and I were swimming, Tom and Amzi came and stole our clothes, and put them in their boat, and carried them clear across to the deep part of the river. We saw them do it, and we had an awful time to get the clothes back, and I think it was just as mean.

Joe and I said we'd get even with them, and I know it was wrong, because it was a revengeful feeling, but anyhow we said we'd do it: and I don't think revenge is so very bad when you don't hurt a fellow, and wouldn't hurt him for anything, and just want to play him a trick that is pretty nearly almost quite innocent. But I don't say we did right, and when I've done wrong I'm always ready to say so.

Well, Joe and I watched, and last Saturday we saw Tom and Amzi go down to the island, and go in swimming on the shallow side; so we waded across and sneaked down among the bushes, and after a while we saw two piles of clothes. So we picked them up and ran away with them. The boys saw us, and made a terrible noise; but we sung out that they'd know now how it felt to have your clothes carried off, and we waded back across the river, and carried the clothes up to Amzi's house, and hid them in his barn, and thought that we'd got even with Tom and Amzi, and taught them a lesson which would do them a great deal of good, and would make them good and useful men.

This was in the morning about noon, and when I had my dinner I thought I'd go and see how the boys liked swimming, and offer to bring back their clothes if they'd promise to be good friends. I never was more astonished in my life than I was to find that they were nowhere near the island. I was beginning to be afraid they'd been drowned, when I heard some men calling me, and I found Squire Meredith and Amzi Willetts's father, who is a deacon, hiding among the bushes. They told me that some villains had stolen their clothes while they were in swimming, and they'd give me fifty cents if I'd go up to their houses and get their wives to give me some clothes to bring down to them.

I said I didn't want the fifty cents, but I'd go and try to find some clothes for them. I meant to go straight up to Amzi's barn and to bring the clothes back, but on the way I met Amzi with the clothes in a basket bringing them down to the island, and he said: "Somebody's goin' to be arrested for stealing father's and Squire Meredith's clothes. I saw the fellows that stole 'em, and I'm going to tell." You see, Joe and I had taken the wrong clothes, and Squire Meredith and Deacon Willetts, who had been in swimming on the deep side of the island, had been about two hours trying to play they were Zulus, and didn't need to wear any clothes, only they found it pretty hard work.

Deacon Willetts came straight to our house, and told father that his unhappy son—that's what he called me, and wasn't I unhappy, though—had stolen his clothes and Squire Meredith's; but for the sake of our family he wouldn't say very much about it, only if father thought best to spare the rods and spoil a child, he wouldn't be able to regard him as a man and a brother. So father called me and asked me if I had taken Deacon Willetts's clothes, and when I said yes, and was going to explain how it happened, he said that my conduct was such, and that I was bringing his gray hairs down, only I wouldn't hurt them for fifty million dollars, and I've often heard him say he hadn't a gray hair in his head.

And now I'm waiting up stairs for the awful moment to arrive. I deserve it, for they say that Squire Meredith and Deacon Willetts are mornhalf eaten up by mosquitoes, and are confined to the house with salt and water, and crying out all the time that they can't stand it. I hope the feathers will work, but if they don't, no matter. I think I shall be a missionary, and do good to the heathen. I think I hear father coming in the front gate now, so I must close.

THEIR BEST SECRET.

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

Two healthy, happy New England girls had been hunting for May-flowers all the morning. They had found them growing so pink and in such quantities that they were too busy filling their hands to notice the sudden shadow sweeping over the sky. Percy Shipley in her brown calico, her dark blue apron, and her log-cabin sun-bonnet, Reba Bradford in her gray calico, her red apron, and a sun-bonnet to match Percy's, knelt breathless on the warm turf, bewitched—and no wonder—by the pink and white beauties that smiled up at them from among the dead leaves, like babies just awakening in their pillowed cradles. So the dash of impetuous rain fell, without any warning, smartly on the two log-cabin sun-bonnets; but they only laughed merrily at it, sprang up, and ran for the nearest pine-tree. Reba pulled off her "blindlers," as she called the sun-bonnet, while she ran. How black the cloud was growing! and against the cloud stood out all the more distinctly a low white steeple.

"Percy! Percy! run for the old church," cried Reba, wheeling about.

Away they flew, dashing through the alders, dodging under the birches, never minding the clinging blackberry vines, the low huckleberry bushes, the bit of bosky swamp. The rain, as if it

were running after them, pattered faster and faster. It was in a delightful panic of haste and heat that they brought up finally on the narrow stone steps of the old church, and drew a long breath under the ugly little portico with half its supporting pillars fallen out. Not another house was in sight; the road in front had ridges of grass through the very middle, saucily making themselves at home where it was plain horses did not often claim right of way nowadays. Ever since Reba and Percy could remember—indeed, long before that—the old church had stood just so, only growing more forlorn year by year, seeming to be forgotten by everybody. As the new village sprang up among the valley mills, the new churches were built there, and the low-roofed houses one by one crumbled away, which the Shipleys and Bradfords of fifty years ago had known in their prime.

"Let's get in if we can," said Reba, boldly.

"It don't look as if we could," Percy answered, doubtfully.

But nobody cared now to lock the disused door. At the united eager push of the two girls, it opened in a rusty, rheumatic way, not widely, but far enough for them to squeeze in.

"There!" said Reba. She pushed forward, sank on the pulpit stairs, and shook the water from her sun-bonnet.

"There!" echoed Percy, with a great sigh. She deposited the old brown egg basket full of the May-flowers that looked so pearly among the wealth of thick green leaves, took off her "blindens" also, and sat down in the nearest pew. They were both so out of breath that they said no more at first.

The longer they kept silent, the more still and solemn seemed the empty place. Dusty, indeed, littered, and defaced, it all was. Thick, dingy cobwebs hung from the pulpit; a gray hornets' nest showed in one lofty corner; the pulpit stairs were broken; many of the pews were gone entirely; splinters of board and laths, stray leaves of hymn-books, a tuning-fork, a broken lamp, fragments of mortar, and varied rubbish, strewed the uneven floor. In spite of all that, it was still a church to Percy. With reverent eyes she looked up at the pulpit, where the minister used to stand, at the gallery, where the singers' seats used to be. She wondered who used to sit in this very pew years and years ago; she wondered if the clothes they wore, their Sunday best, looked like the queer bonnets and gowns that Aunt Bethiah kept laid away in her old locker. When Reba said, "Percy," she started, half shocked, as though somebody had called out her name in service-time.

Reba, meanwhile, had been just as busy thinking, but her thoughts had been very different ones.

"Percy Shipley," said she, solemnly, "I've thought of something perfectly splendid."

"You have? What is it?" asked Percy, expectantly.

Reba was exploring the cobwebby pulpit. She leaned over the edge, and said, in a low, impressive voice, with a flap of the damp sun-bonnet toward Percy, who rose eagerly in her pew to listen: "Nobody uses this church. Let's you and I use it."

"What! preach in it?" gasped Percy.

"No, no," said Reba, laughing until the sun-bonnet fell out of her hand, and went tearing through the cobwebs, "but have it for our place, don't you see? to keep house, and tell secrets, and have a lovely time in. Oh, Percy! wouldn't it be grand?"

"Oh, Reba! would you dare?"

The soft, clear eyes, full of wonder and appeal, in Percy's pew, lifted up wide open toward the great black ones of Reba looking down from the pulpit. The dark ones, with a flash of excitement in them, never wavered.

"Dare? yes, indeed, I'd dare for both of us if there were anything to be afraid of. But there isn't, Percy. Why, nobody comes here; it's out of everybody's sight. We won't tell a soul; and as for asking leave, no one owns it, so there's no one to ask. And we can't hurt it." The pulpit spoke with authority and slight impatience. The pew replied gently but persistently.

"It would be the greatest fun, and it's just like you to think of it, Reba; I only mean that perhaps it would be wrong to play and make good times here. Remember, it's a church, Reba."

"Well, *let's* remember it's a church," answered the pulpit, meeting the scruples with a ready argument as skillful as any that may have proceeded from it before: "let's agree, to begin with, that we'll always behave when we're here, and just run outside if we want to be cross, or selfish, or anything not fit for a church. We won't do anything here that we'd be ashamed to do if we remembered its being a church. That will make it all right, for I'm sure, Percy, a church is the very place to be good in."



AT THE DOOR OF THE OLD CHURCH.
—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

The pew was convinced. Percy fairly clapped her hands, and cried, "It will be the very best secret we ever had, Reba!" as they helped each other enlarge upon the plan.

And I think myself that few girls have a nicer secret. With tidy housekeeping instincts that they had learned at home, Percy and Reba first set themselves to make the place as neat as circumstances would allow. They picked up the litter, and swept the floor over and over. Many a torn leaf of catechism and hymn-book they lingered to read over as they labored, imagining that they should find there something new and strange. They never did, and the catechism answers did not stay long in their memories; but a single couplet of one hymn that they found afterward they never did forget, perhaps because it was so associated with the sweeping of the old church. The line was this well-known verse,

"Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

As high as they could reach they rid the place of dust and cobwebs. Percy chose one square pew, and Reba another, to be peculiar personal property, in which to set up housekeeping, and many an imaginary comedy or tragedy they enacted in those pews, many an odd treasure came to be stored there with nobody to say, "Do take that rubbish off!" Oh! it felt grand to have so much room, so much airy, unused space, and to be able to trim up whenever they liked with evergreen branches, blossoming boughs, and all the lavish greenery they had patience to bring! Here they learned their lessons together; here they practiced each other on the "pieces" that were to be declaimed at school on exhibition-day. It was fine to see Reba ascend the broken stairs, and courtesying to Percy with a flourish, recite "Casabianca" or "We are Seven," until it would seem the very hornets' nest must be thrilled with her accents. Percy, somehow, never was willing, when her turn came, to occupy the same high place, but she used to be sure that she would make no mistake on exhibition-day if only she could have that same broken window, filled in with blue sky, to fix her eyes upon as she spoke.

She would not forget, nor let Reba forget, the compact they had agreed upon. To be sure, they were not often tempted to be cross or unjust to each other, but there did occur a crisis sometimes when one or the other would stop in the middle of an impatient word and run out of the church. Nearly always her companion would follow after; in the open air it would all be made up, and with arms entwined they would go peacefully back into the church again.

But there came a week when everything seemed to go wrong. It was intensely hot and dry. Reba complained fretfully that nothing but heat, dust, and flies came in at their windows. Percy declared that the hum of the hornets made her nervous.

"And, Reba," said she, "I don't think it's fair for you to disarrange the things in my part. You never used to do it."

"I haven't touched your things, Percy," retorted Reba, in a lofty tone; "and I shouldn't think you'd better say much, when you've been mussing over here in my pew the way you have."

"Why, Reba Bradford! what do you mean?"

"Why, Percy Shipley! you needn't pretend."

Reba's eyes flashed angrily; Percy's cheeks were all afire.

"Perhaps you know what you mean, Reba Bradford; I don't," said Percy, bitterly. "But I do know that the frosted cake my mother gave me, and that I saved to make a feast of with you, is all gone but a few crumbs, and nothing in my keepsake box is as I left it."

"And you don't know anything about the mottoes and sugar kisses I was saving up for you in my keepsake box, I suppose?" sneered Reba. "And you couldn't account for the way my gilt mug came broken here?"

"Do you dare to think I'd steal from you?" cried Percy, stamping her foot.

[Pg 620]

Oh, it was quite dreadful! They both forgot the place and their compact. I'm afraid they both called each other names, and the end of it all was that they marched off home different ways, one weeping angry tears, and the other vowing "never to speak to her again."

For three doleful days Reba did not go near the old church nor Percy's house. At the end of the three days she said frankly to herself, "If Percy should spoil all my things, and eat every sugar-plum I ever have, it would be better than this." She set off that very minute to go and tell Percy so. But Percy's mother met her at the door.

"No, dear, you mustn't come in," she said, kindly. "I know how you love Percy; but her fever seems pretty high, and you mustn't run any risk of catching it. Wait until she is better."

Reba gave a sob and hurried away, dreadfully shocked and frightened. Poor Percy! perhaps it was the sickness coming on that had made her so unlike herself that foolish day when they quarrelled. Reba instinctively hurried to the old church to cry by herself; and having arrived there, she did cry until every tear was spent. Her face was still buried in her apron, when there came echoing through the silent space a rough voice that said, pitifully, "Don't take on so; what is the matter?"

Reba was no coward, but she did give a great leap that brought her to her feet. A boy's face was peering over the gallery at her. It was a homely face, but a kind one. Reba was sure she had never seen it before.

"Who are you? What are you here for?" said she, sharply.

The boy laughed; then he grew sober at once. "I wouldn't tell you," said he, "if I didn't believe you're the 'pon honor sort. As 'tis, I'll tell you the whole truth, and trust you. If you shouldn't be 'pon honor, so much the worse for me. I'm running away."

"Running away from what?" questioned Reba, as sharply as before.

"From a bad master," said the boy, with a scowl, "and I was getting along very well till I hurt this foot of mine, not far from here. When I couldn't drag myself much further, I came in sight of this old church, and crawled in for the night. I was pretty hungry, and perhaps you won't blame me so much if I did rummage over your little traps down there in hopes of finding something to eat. I'm sorry I broke the mug; I hit it in the dark; and now you won't blame the other one, will you? I meant, any way, to clear her before I went."

"You've been here ever since?" cried Reba; "and do you mean to say you haven't had anything else to eat?"

"Oh yes," said the boy, cheerfully; "when I found I couldn't get along further till my foot healed, I hobbled out and found roots and berries quite near."

Reba loved adventures, and in Plumley adventures happened but rarely. She made much of this one, only longing for Percy to share it. How she enjoyed taking meat, bread, and fruit to the refugee in their own old church, tyrannizing over him, and making him bathe, bandage, and salve his injured foot just as she said, coaxing him to tell her the whole story of his hard life, and contriving a couch for him out of the few faded melancholy cushions to be found on the premises!

And when Percy was better, and able to talk, what a great thing it was to tell her all about the strange thing that had happened!

"He's just as much your boy as mine," declared Reba, magnanimously, "and I wouldn't do or say anything about him till you were well enough to tell what you think best, Percy. Everything about the old church is half yours, and more than half, and we'll remember better than ever after this, won't we?"

What Percy advised was that Reba's father should be told the whole story, and taken properly in his capacity of Doctor to see the lame foot.

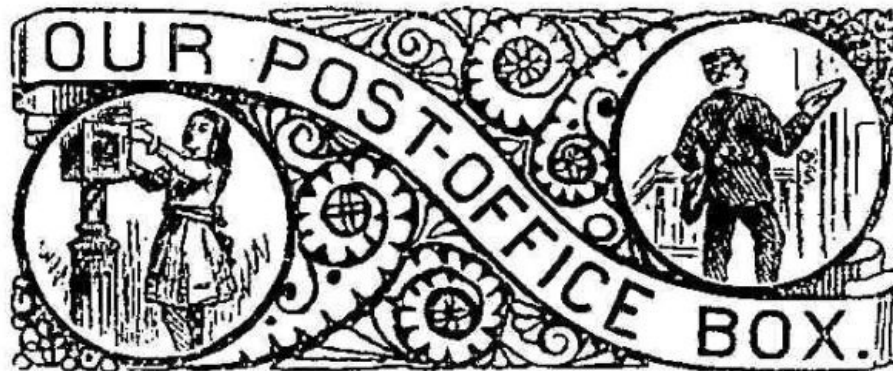
"Well, well, certainly the most unexpected call I ever had in my life," said the Doctor, when Reba proudly escorted him to the old church. "Who'd ever have thought of finding a patient here?"

But he took the kindest interest in the friendless orphan, carried him in his carriage to his own house, and ended by liking him so well for his plain, blunt, manly ways that, when the foot was healed, he engaged him as office-boy.

As long as the old church stood, Bob Sheffield used to look at it with gratitude; and years after a bolt of lightning had destroyed it during one summer night, Percy in her new home at the West, Reba in her stately house in an Eastern city, loved to tell the children stories of the good times two little country girls used to have under the roof of an old deserted church out in the woods.



[Pg 622]



Most of our boys and girls are busy, happy, and well. Do you ever think what a glorious thing it is to be simply *well*—not to have a headache, or a pain, or the least bit of weariness, no matter how long you play, or how high you climb, or how far and fast you run? Half the fun and pleasure you have comes from the fact that you can go to sleep the moment your heads touch the pillow, and that when you awake in the morning, you wake all over at once, and spring out of bed, ready for anything that may be before you. If you do happen to be ill occasionally, there are always kind hands to care for you; and it gives you a good chance to find out what a loving father and mother you have, so tenderly they see to your wants. Even the doctor, with his shrewd face and droll manner, becomes dear to you when you are sick; and you always call him yours, in a new way, after you have taken his pills and powders, with mother's nice jam to take their taste away. So now, boys and girls, will you please read the letter a lady has asked us to publish, and make up your minds about helping along in the work she proposes?

TO THE CHILDREN, LARGE AND SMALL, SICK AND WELL, WHO READ THIS PAPER:

Do you all want to do something for me? I am sure your answer is, Yes; for I think children always like to be helping others. Well, I want you to give me ever so much money. I imagine I see round eyes grow big, and hear you say: "Pray what for? You are a stranger, and we never have much money; nor do we know what you want it for,

anyway." I will tell you, for though you don't know me, it makes no difference, as I do not ask it for myself. I want it to do good to some poor little sick children, and to yourselves in giving it. In the city of New York, as most of you know, there are a great many little children who, when they are sick, or meet with an accident, have no one to take care of them, or if they have, are compelled to stay in a small close room, where there are a great many people, a great deal of noise, which makes it very hard for them to get well. Knowing this, some kind people have built a house, called "St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children," 405 and 407 West Thirty-fourth Street. It is an Episcopal institution, under the care of some kind women. They take in any child, black or white, of any creed, under fourteen years old, who has no disease which other little ones might take, so long as they have space and money to take care of them.

In the Rev. Dr. Houghton's church, Twenty-ninth Street, New York, is a society which sews for and takes care of sick little children; and this year they have furnished one ward in the hospital, for children under six years old. This is the ward I want you to take a special interest in. I hope you will go some day and see them. On any day, except Sunday, between 11 and 12 A.M., and 3 and 4 P.M., they will be very glad to see you. Oh, such a dear little baby as I saw there the other day! He had fallen down stairs and broken his hip, and his mother brought him there because the doctor said he never could get well in his own home; and though he had to lie on his back for some weeks, he was merry as a cricket, and seemed very happy. Those who can be up have playthings of all sorts to keep them busy; and for these also there is a nice, sunny, large play-room up stairs, where they have fine times. What I want you to send your money for is to endow a bed in this "little folks' ward." To "endow" means that when you shall have paid money enough, there will be one bed always there for some little sick child, and money to take care of it while there. This would be called the "Harper's Young People Cot"; and if every one of you tries to help, you will be able to have it. When you buy candy, it is soon eaten, and that is the end of both candy and money; but in this case the good of your money will last always, and the self-denial it costs will help you to grow stronger to "fight for the right." Jesus will know it, and will send His blessing to those who care for His suffering little ones.

"Little self-denials,
Cost us what they may,
Help us in this earthly life
To learn the heavenly way."

If you will all set to work in *earnest*, we shall soon be able to have the amount needed. Who will send the first contribution, and head the list? The first of every month the names and amounts contributed will be published in this paper, which has kindly offered its help. Send your contribution, with name, for "Young People's Cot," to St. Mary's Hospital for Children, New York, to Miss E. A. Fanshaw, care of Mr. George A. Fanshaw, 43 New Street, New York.

The sooner the better. Don't you remember that story of the "Daisy Cot" which pleased you all so much? Let us have a "Young People's Cot."

VERONA, ITALY, *June 23*, 1881.

Although so far away in the old city of Verona, I have the great pleasure to receive every week, through my papa's kindness, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which delights me. I think the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to receive little accounts from my notebook. I will send a letter now and then.

When in London I went to the great Westminster Abbey, in which I saw the urn which contains the bones of the two Princes murdered in the Tower in the year 1483. In the Tower I saw the steps where their bodies were found. In the Arsenal were primitive cannon-balls made of stone, and all sorts of old weapons; also ten small cannons presented to Charles II., when a boy, to practice with; also much old armor, and many instruments of torture. Among many curious things in the British Museum, I saw a gigantic land tortoise, which weighed 870 pounds when found, was supposed to be eighty years old, and was still growing.

In my next letter I will tell you about Paris.

I am nine years old, and before my next birthday I expect to see many old and wonderful things on the Continent.

ALBERTO D. M.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I was much interested in your account of the flying-squirrel given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 87, Vol. II. I have never seen this graceful little animal, but from what I have

heard, I suppose it is a pretty creature.

The little common squirrel inhabiting the woods is frequently seen where I live, on Walnut Hills. One day, when I was walking down a certain street with a friend of mine, I saw a pet squirrel nestling on the shoulder of a boy, who kept hold of a chain which was fastened around the little squirrel's neck. I did not think that this precaution was necessary, for the little creature did not show any inclination to run away, but, on the contrary, seemed quite contented.

I have often wondered whether or not squirrels would be happier when frisking about among the branches of trees in their native woods than when shut up in close cages. I should think that they would pine for their former freedom.

LIZZIE C. C.

Unless the squirrels are made captives when they are very young, they are very wretched in confinement. We once knew about a squirrel which really fretted itself to death in its cage, and we wondered how the boy who owned it could ever be happy afterward. He gave it quite a little funeral, and erected its monument in the garden, with an inscription; but that did not make up for its unhappy days, nor restore its life. A squirrel's cage should be large enough for a boy of twelve to stand up and take several steps in, and it should be dressed with green boughs, to make it seem as much like a bit of the woods as possible. Children who have such pets should not chain them unnecessarily, and they should be careful to keep their homes clean, and give them plenty of food and fresh water.

ETNA, CALIFORNIA.

I have just been reading some of your interesting letters, and I thought that I would sit down and write to your nice paper, which we all enjoy reading. We live in Northern California, among the mines, ninety-two miles from the railroad. Papa kept store for a while, and the miners changed gold for money; and once a man brought a piece of gold, that he had just dug out of his mine, in the shape of a horseshoe.

My sister is thirteen years of age, and I am eleven. We both take music lessons. We have a nice day-school and Sunday-school. There are fourteen little girls in my class in the latter. We are building a new church. My sister is secretary of the Sunday-school.

NELLIE J. F.

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost a year, and I like it ever so much. I just loved Toby Tyler, and wasn't the big, fat woman good? I like such *big* folks, because they are so kind always. I live away down in Maine, on the beautiful Kennebec River. Augusta is the capital, and is the head of navigation. We have large schooners which come up here, but no ships. The schooners bring coal, and carry away ice. Papa says the Kennebec produces the best ice in the world, and our ice crop last year brought into the State over \$1,000,000. I like the letters from all the boys and girls, and hope mine is not too long to be put in with others.

CHARLIE F. P.

We always wonder why Maine people say "away *down* in Maine." It is quite far up on the map. Yours is a nice letter, and the information about the ice is very pleasant in this sultry weather.

HOPE, INDIANA.

I love to read the children's letters in your nice little paper. I have two sisters, one eight and the other fifteen years old, and one brother who is twenty years old. For pets I have a little dog named Trippy and a little bird named Ruby. They are both very cute. I am thirteen years old.

We have a piano, and I spend a good deal of my time playing. I can not do much work, as I am crippled, and have to walk with crutches. I have been sick a long time. I was taken ill last November a year ago, but I am again able to go to school. I have been attending the young ladies' seminary this spring. It has just closed, and we had a musical entertainment, in which I was able to take part. My papa is postmaster in this place.

Please print this, as I have not seen any letters from this place.

GERTRUDE E. M.

It is very pleasant to play well. It is a real resource to yourself, and music enables you to entertain your friends agreeably. I am sure papa likes to hear his little daughter's piano. Girls who play should not grow tired of scales and finger exercises, but practice them faithfully, and they will be repaid by becoming fine performers.

DAYTON, OHIO.

This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope to see it printed before long. I write to congratulate the young naturalists on beginning, and hope the society will prove a success. I would like very much to join a society of this kind; but it is impossible, as there are no boys and girls old enough in our neighborhood to join.

ADDIE E. C.

You may be an independent member, and whenever you discover anything interesting, report to the Post-office Box.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to a paper, though my brother and I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since before Christmas. We live in Philadelphia in winter, but in summer we stay at Cape May. We feel very sorry for President Garfield, and I run to the bulletin-board to see how he is as often as a new bulletin appears.

We have a splendid large Newfoundland dog. He was too large and too curly to get an honor at the dog show, but we would not part with him for anything.

FRANCIS R. P.

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

I regard the Natural History Society as a very important arrangement, and agree with Madison C., Jun., in all but one thing, and that is that there should be no limited number.

GEORGE C. McI.

AUBURN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" so much that I wish it would never end. I live in Germantown, but am spending my vacation here. Before I came here I went to West Newton, and saw a steam road roller which came from England. I think it is great fun to make the wiggles.

W. S. N.

SAN AUGUSTINE, NEW MEXICO.

I have not been to school in my life. Mamma is going to get a teacher. I am writing this myself. I have a sister twelve years old; her name is Jessie. We have a pet pony, and his name is Billy. We live on a ranch. Papa keeps the Post-office. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number.

EFFIE D.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

I have a canary-bird named Dick, which I want to tell you about. When he was a young bird, he was so small that he could get through the bars of his cage, and one day, when he was hung out-of-doors, he flew away, and staid all night. Early in the morning my mother looked out of a window, and saw Dick on the porch, and she put the cage out, and he flew into it. He is very tame, and will come on my shoulder, and drink out of my mouth. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

Frank J. M.

No doubt the little truant was very glad indeed to find himself at home. Once upon a time, a long while ago, we took care of a friend's bird while she went away on a visit. The very day we expected her home, the cage door was left ajar, and Fluff flew away over the trees, and the garden wall, and out of sight. Imagine our despair. What to do we did not know. Finally, we borrowed a neighbor's bird, a very sweet singer, and set his cage and the deserted one, with its door open, side by side on the window-sill. The little girl of the family sat in the shadow of the curtain to watch, and two hours after our little fly-away came home, allured, we thought, by the songs of our borrowed bird, and perhaps by a thought of the nice fresh seed and cool water in his little house.

MARKESAN, WISCONSIN.

I am a little boy twelve years old, and live in Green Lake Co., Wis. I would like to tell the little readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* about the swarms of locusts we have here this summer. About half a mile west of our village there is a high hill covered with large oak-trees, and they are swarming with locusts, and they make a roaring noise which sounds like machinery; we can hear them very plainly down in the village. They have stripped some of the trees quite bare of leaves. They are harmless little creatures, only eating leaves of the oak.

I have a pure water-spaniel dog that will bring ducks out of the water, and anything else that I wish. I take him to the post-office and give him the mail, and tell him to take it home; he will take it in his mouth and run home, and wait on the veranda until mamma opens the door, and then he will wag his tail and seem so pleased.

[Pg 623]

Now I do so hope this will not go into the waste basket, as this is the second time I have tried to get a letter printed.

EDDIE ATKINSON.

Why did you not tell us your dog's name? He must be a splendid little fellow. What a pity the locusts should need so many leaves for their dinners! We should be sorry to see the oak-trees stripped, and glad that the locusts do not come every summer.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

I live at Beverly, New Jersey, and am ten years old. I am making a "Zoo" garden on a small scale, and will exchange a dried balloon-fish or star-fish, or a spike from a wreck at Atlantic City, for a small live snake, lizard, or gold-fish. "First come, first served."

W. H. E., 238 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Penn.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

This is my first letter to the Post-office Box. I am going away soon. I like HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. "The Brave Swiss Boy," "Toby Tyler," and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" are about the best stories. I will give a collection of one hundred and eleven (all foreign) stamps—as Finland, Russia, Japan, Cuba, Portugal, Brazil, Norway, Sweden, Newfoundland, Hong-Kong, etc.—for a good collection of shells. Correspondents will please write before sending. My address is

A. S., JUN., 258 Clinton Avenue.

Foreign stamps from Europe, East Indies, Bahamas, Cuba, and United States, for stamps from Asia, Africa, South America, Oceanica, Mexico, and Central America.

CHARLES L. MILLER,
Lock Box 108, Bristol, R. I.

Stamps from Denmark, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Norway, and Bavaria, for stamps from Mexico, Central America, Cape of Good Hope, Japan, New Zealand, and Nova Scotia. No duplicates given or taken.

L. B. CRANE,

Blue gum, cactus, orange, lemon, Spanish-bayonet, California moss, and a stone from California, for Indian relics or other curiosities.

R. H. DOWSE, P. O. Box 144,
Riverside, San Bernardino, Cal.

Five foreign stamps (no duplicates), for one Chinese or African stamp.

MORISON C. MANCHESTER,
40 Lawrence St., Lowell, Mass.

One of Scott's albums containing 350 stamps, 300 very rare, including 12 unused stamps, for a \$2 printing-press.

G. B. DONNELLY,
331 Hicks St., Brooklyn, L. I.

Leaves of the oak and hickory trees near here, for leaves from other places; or tree tulips, for foreign coins, or leaves from the large trees of California or other famous trees. Label specimens.

J. B., P. O. Box 1179, Canton, Ohio.

Seeds, mosses, flint glass, ferns, wood, and leaves, for fairy stories or a second-hand toy magic lantern.

E. A. SMITH, Conover, N. C.

Some French, German, and English stamps, for stamps from any other country, or stamps for coins if more desirable.

WILLIAM F. SEALY,
811 Second Avenue, New York City.

Pieces of bark from the white cedar of Canada, for foreign stamps and postmarks.

LIBBY AND ADELE TITUS,
P. O. Box I., Poughkeepsie, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

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

C. W. T., FLORIDA.—Florida was first visited in 1512 by Ponce de Leon, who went there to look for the fountain of youth. In 1565, the Spaniards built a fort at St. Augustine, and most of the country was held by Spain until 1763, when Spain gave it to Great Britain for Cuba, which the English had taken. The British kept Florida until 1781, when the Spaniards drove them out. After the Revolution, the country belonged to Spain until 1821, when it was sold to the United States. In 1845, Florida became a State of the Union.

GEORGE C. McI.—The supply of bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1880 is exhausted.

We do not care to so much as mention the initials of one correspondent who sent a very dictatorial letter to the Post-office Box the other day, complaining because we had not published his exchange. Exchangers usually understand that the convenience we give them in *YOUNG PEOPLE* is a favor, and not a right; and if occasionally they are overlooked or obliged to wait a while, they must remember what we have often told them, that we print their offers as soon after receiving them as we can, and as nearly as may be in the order we receive them. We are quite sure the correspondent to whom we refer will regret his manner of writing when he thinks the whole affair over calmly and coolly.

JACQUELINE.—There is but a limited demand for French translations, and even experienced translators have great difficulty in finding publishers to look at their work. It would be excellent practice for you to translate the book you mention, but we do not think you would be successful in procuring anybody to print it for you. Translation should be literal, and elegant as well, and there is no better way of becoming familiar with the idioms of French or any other foreign tongue than by studying its literature, and rendering it into your own language.

ROBERT H. R.—Read article on "The Young Tin-Typers," *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 63, Vol. II.; and if that does not aid you, go to some obliging carpenter for help.

"SILVER SAUL," JOHNIE T. P., AND OTHERS.—You may send your puzzles for examination if you wish. Birds' eggs are not allowed as exchanges.

FRED H. W.—We can not give addresses, nor arrange for private correspondence.

William Shattuck, H. S. Buffum, Marion S. Hare, B. P. Craig, William H. Paine, Joe S. McKnight, and Edward W. Smith withdraw from our exchange list, their supplies being exhausted.

L. L. B.—The best authorities give *dec*-orative, which is the common pronunciation. The present æsthetic whim is, however, to say *de-cor*-ative. This usage is not yet general.

We can not adjust differences of opinion as to the worth of specimens and articles exchanged. It would be well in most cases for exchangers to have a brief correspondence by postal cards before sending their wares. Thus trouble would be avoided in the end.

J. C.—Frederick William Nicholas Charles is the Crown Prince of Prussia, and on the death of his father, the Emperor William, will succeed him on the throne of Germany.

"CANOE."—The price of a Racine canoe is \$75. Address E. G. Durant, Racine Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wis., for circular.

"INQUIRER."—The size of a bicycle is the diameter of the front wheel. On a 36-inch machine the "spools," or pedals, when the cranks are horizontal, should be 22 inches from the saddle, or seat.

"IN EXPECTATION."—You can probably ride a 44-inch bicycle.

E. J. HATCH AND H. J. WHEELER.—See HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 26 for directions, with working plans, for building a canvas canoe. The fine workmanship necessary in a cedar canoe could only be performed by an experienced and skillful builder. The best and safest sails for canoes are the triangular sails known as "leg-of-mutton," made of unbleached muslin, having a hoist of eight feet, and the foot laced to a boom of such a length that it will swing clear of the "dandy," or after mast. The "dandy," or "mizzen-sail," as it is sometimes called, should have a hoist of four feet, and a boom of the same length.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary H. Denny, Charles H. Brooks, Enos H. Dyer, Charlie Trimble, Robert N. McMynn, "*Lord Glenalvon*," *Percy L. McDermott*, "School-Boy," Frank S. Davis, George Washington, "King Billy," "Vi O. Let," Lizzie C. Carnochan, "Pickwick," "North Star," "Phil I. Pene," "Clem A. Tis," "Pepper," K. E. Brown, *Maud M. Chambers*, F. Trafford, Mamie and Josie, Charlie Trimble, Leo Marks.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

EASY NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of 11 letters, and am one of the United States.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is to unite.
My 8 is one of the vowels, and perhaps the most important.
My 9, 10, 11 is to sever.

MURRAY C. B.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

I am in drink, but not in eat;
Also in pea, but not in sweet.
You find me in ink, and not in pen,
In some little birds, but not in the wren;
Always in idle, and never in smart;
Likewise in sweet, and never in tart;
Also in lungs, and not in heart.
My whole are flowers which even a bride
Has been known to wear with grace and pride.

F. T.

No. 3.

EASY CONCEALMENTS.

Did you hear Leo pardon John? James ate a pear. Is Isaac at work in the barn? Did you see Rob at the gate to-night? Do you know bad Gertrude? I saw fish in the river as I came by. The Arab bit a sour apple. Her ring was set with a diamond surrounded by pearls. Did Henry pass here to-day?

REBA H.

No. 4.

MALTESE CROSS.

Central Letter.—In choose.
Top.—Free. Establish. Generation. A letter.
Right.—Generous. Certain. An animal. A letter.
Left.—Patient. Placed. An insect. A letter.
Down.—Leave. Thickened. Tar. A small animal. A letter.
Centrals read downward.—A deputy.
Across.—A word signifying to contract.

WILL A. METTE.

No. 5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A tall growing plant. 2. A gulf in Russia. 3. Easter morning food. 4. Very comfortable.

S. T. McK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 88.

No. 1.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

No. 2.

Cloves.

No. 3.

ATLAS
TOUCH
LUCRE
ACRID
SHEDS

No. 4.

TRAPPEAR
RAN EAT
AN AT
P R

No. 5.

P P
EEL SET
PECAN PEDAL
LAD TAP
N L

A personation, on page 592—Beethoven.

In No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued August 2, will appear the first chapter of a new serial story entitled

TIM AND TIP;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

By JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler."

The story of "Tim and Tip" is that of a homeless boy and his faithful dog, who follows him in all his wanderings, and shares in all his adventures. It is full of incident on land and water, and those readers who followed with such kindly interest the fortunes of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs, the monkey, will, we feel sure, sympathize equally with our new hero and his four-footed companion.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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

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

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

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

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

A RAILROAD PUZZLE.

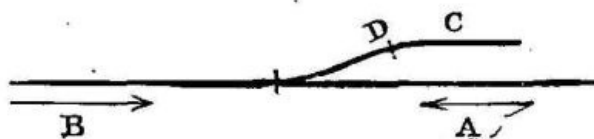
[Pg 624]

BY THE DOCTOR

Dear "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—Not many days ago I was travelling on a railroad, and here is what happened. The train on which I was riding came to a stand-still out in the country, away from any *dépôt*. On looking out to ascertain why we had stopped, I saw a long freight train just ahead of us on the *same* track, standing still, but headed toward us. In other words, we were going *down* the track, and they were coming *up*. Between these two trains there was a switch, on which stood a "gravel train." The engine of the "gravel train" was off the track, and so could not back up on the switch, and give room enough for our train to get on and let the freight train go by. In fact, there was only room enough on the switch to accommodate half of our train. The question was, How were we to get past each other?

Of course one of the trains could be backed up to a switch at the nearest *dépôt*, and let the other by, but that was some miles away. Neither did we wish to wait until the engine of the "gravel train" could be put upon the track, and then back up to give us room on the switch at hand. One or the other of these things would have to be done if some method were not known by means of which—and the little piece of unoccupied switch—we could accomplish our desire.

We did get past each other, occupying only twelve minutes, *leaving the cars of each train in the same order in which they stood when we met*. I give this to you for a puzzle. If any of you have fathers who are railroad men, they must not tell you how until you have tried a long time yourself. I give a little sketch, which you may use if it will make things any plainer. The freight train was about three times as long as the passenger train. From the beginning of the switch to the engine D there is room for *not more than half* of the passenger train; so if you think that will help you any, you are at liberty to use it.



A is the passenger train, going down.

B is the freight train, going up.

C is the "gravel train," on the switch.

D is the engine of the "gravel train," off the track.

A GAME OF BALL AS PLAYED IN JAPAN.

There is a Japanese ball game which is very popular in its native land, and which might well receive some attention in this country. It is known as "Temari." The "Temari" is a ball about two inches in diameter, and made generally of cotton wound round with thread, so that it keeps its roundness and is elastic. Its outside is often ornamented with figures made of threads of different colors. A number of girls stand in a circle, and one of them—say, for example, our friend Jessie—takes the ball and throws it perpendicularly on the ground, and when it rebounds, she strikes it back toward the ground with her open hand. If it rebounds again toward her, she continues doing just as before. But if it flies away, the one toward whom the ball flies, or who is nearest to the direction of the flying ball, strikes it toward the ground, as Jessie has done, and the game continues until one of the players misses her stroke or fails to make the ball rebound. She then steps out of the circle, and the others play again in the same way as before until another girl fails and is obliged to step out. The same process continues until there is only one girl left, to whom belongs the honor of victory.

LULU TAKES CARE OF KITTY.

BY M. E.

They brushed the clothes, they beat the clothes,
One sunny April day—
Their winter clothes, I mean—and then
They packed them all away
In paper boxes tied around
With very strongest strings,
First freely sprinkling them with some
Tobacco dust and camphor gum,
And other sneezy things.

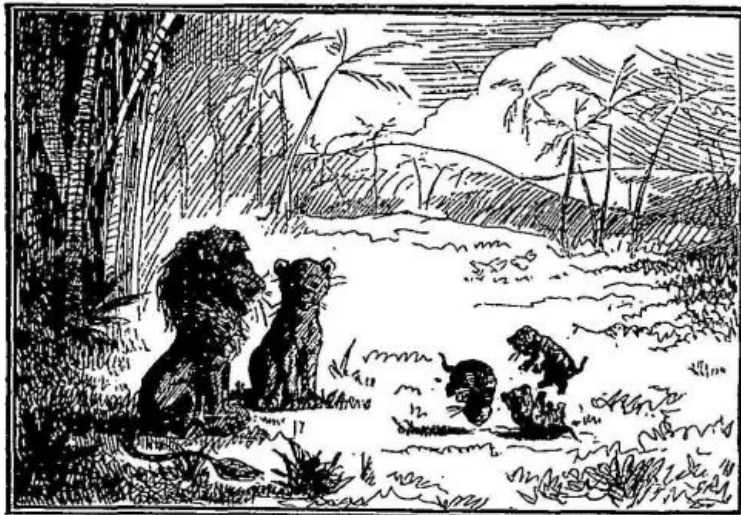
And when, their labor done, they took
Their tea and toasted bread,
"Why, where is kitty?" some one asked,
And "I know," Lulu said;
"She's in my dollie's biggest trunk;
I brushed and beated her;
There can't not any moths, I dess,
Det into her nice fur.
She scratched my finders when I put
The camphor stuff about.
Div' me some toast that's buttered froo."
They left it all to her, and flew
To let poor kitty out.

COAL FOR NOTHING.

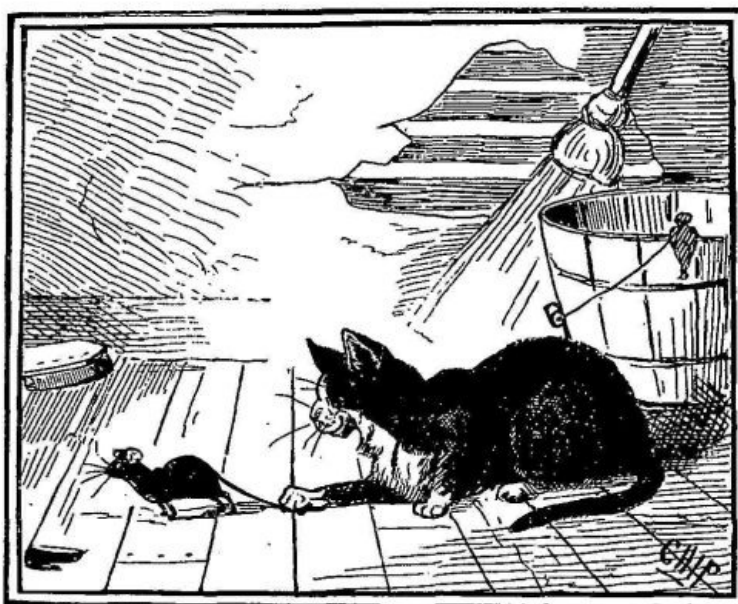
If any one wishes to be supplied with coal for nothing, he has only to rent a house near a railway, invest in a monkey, and follow the example set in the following story:

An eminent menagerist lived in a suburb where forty trains a day passed his garden. The weather was cold, but coal was expensive. The menagerist, however, was a man of resources, and conceived a plan for utilizing the forty trains a day. From his menagerie in town he brought a large Barbary ape, which unfortunate animal was chained to the top of a pole at the end of the garden.

The result was as pleasant as owning a colliery, without any wages to pay, or fear of floods and explosions. Every fireman, and occasionally an engineer, on the passing trains, had a shot with a lump of coal at the Barbary ape. The ape was never hit, but the garden was littered with coal, which the menagerist triumphantly conveyed to his cellar.



"WHAT A PLEASURE IT IS TO SEE THE DEAR CHILDREN ENJOYING THEMSELVES!"



"GOING FAR?"

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JULY 26, 1881 ***

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

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic

works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this

work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this

electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the

solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.