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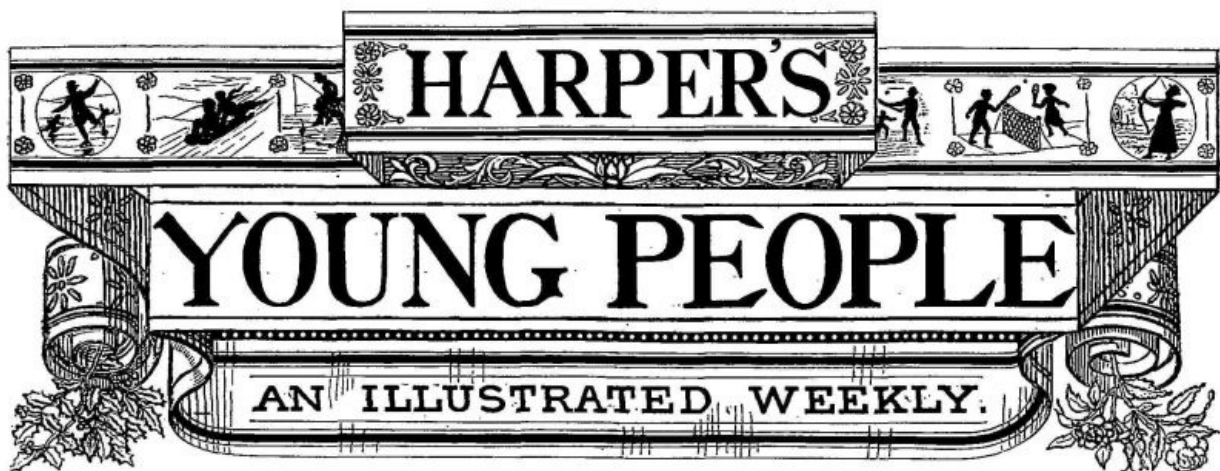
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 2,
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TIM SHOWS THE MARKS OF CAPTAIN BABBIGE'S WHIP.

**TIM AND TIP;
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.**

BY JAMES OTIS, AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TIM'S FLIGHT.

"STRAYED.—A boy from the home of the subscriber; and any one returning him will be suitably rewarded. Said boy is about eleven years old, has short light hair, a turned-up nose, and face very much tanned. When last seen he had on a suit of blue clothes considerably faded and worn, and had with him a yellow dog with a long body, short legs, and a short tail. The boy answers to the name of Tim, and the dog to that of Tip. Any information regarding the runaway will be liberally paid for. Address Captain Rufus Babbige, in care of this office.'

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"There, Tim," said the man who had been reading the advertisement aloud, from the columns of a country newspaper, to a very small boy with large dark eyes and a very pale thin face, who was listening intently, "you see that Rufe Babbige don't intend to let you get away as easy as you thought, for he's willing to pay something for any news of you, though I'll be bound he won't part with very much money."

"But he always said he wished I'd have sense enough to die," replied the boy, trying to choke down the sob of terror which would rise in his throat at the idea of being thus advertised for as though he were a thief; "an' it don't seem to me that there's been a day but what he or Aunt Betsey have given me a whippin' since my mother died. Look here."

As he spoke, the boy pushed the ragged coat sleeves up from his thin arms, showing long discolorations which had evidently been made by a whip-lash.

"It's all over me just like that, an' I don't see what he wants Tip an' me back for, 'cause he's always said he wished he was rid of us."

"It's a shame to treat a boy that always behaved himself as well as you did like that," said the proprietor of the country store into which the runaway had entered to purchase a couple of crackers, "an' I don't see what the folks up in Selman were thinking of to let him abuse you so. I don't approve of boys running away, but in your case I think the only fault is that you didn't run sooner."

"But now that he's put it in the paper, he'll be sure to catch me, for I'm only six miles from

Selman;" and the big tears began to roll down the boy's cheeks, marking their course by the clean lines they left.

"Folks that know him wouldn't any more think of sending you back to him than they would of cutting your hand off," said the man, as he shook his fist savagely in the direction Captain Babbige was supposed to be.

"But what does he want us for, when he's always wanted to get rid of us?" persisted the boy, stooping down to caress a very queer-looking dog, whose body seemed to have been stretched out, and whose legs looked as if they had been worn down by much running.

"I reckon I can tell you why he wants you, Tim, and when you get older it'll do you some good to know it. He's your uncle, an' your legal guardian, an' I've been told by them that knows that he's got quite a sum of money belonging to you, which would all be his if you should die. Some day, when you are of age, you come back here and claim it; but don't you let him get hold of you again now."

"Indeed I won't," replied the boy, trembling at the thought of the fate which would be his if he should be so unlucky as to fall into the Captain's clutches again.

"Run away from here so far that he can't find you, and when you get a place where you can go to work, be as good a boy as I've always known you to be, and you'll come out of this trouble by being a good, honest man. Here are a couple of dollars for you, and I only wish it was in my power to take you home with me and keep you. But Rufe Babbige would soon break that up, and the best thing you can do is to trudge off as fast as possible."

The boy tried to thank the kind-hearted shop-keeper, but the tears were coming so fast, and the big sob in his throat had got so far up toward his mouth, that he could not utter a word.

Just then a customer entered the store, and he hurried away at once, closely followed by the odd-looking dog, which displayed, in his way, quite as much affection for the boy as the boy did for him.

Down through the one street of the little village, out on to the country road, the two walked as if they were already foot-sore and weary; and when at last they came to where the road wound along through the woods, Tim sat down on a rock to rest, while Tip huddled up close beside him.

"It's kinder too bad to be called such names in the papers, ain't it, Tip?" said the boy, speaking for the first time since they had left the store, "an' I think he ought to be 'shamed of hisself to talk so about you. It ain't your fault if your legs is short, an' your tail gone; you're worth more'n all the dogs in this world, an' you're all that I've got to love me, an' we'll never go back to let Captain Babbige beat us any more, will we, Tip?"

Just then the dog, which had been chewing some blades of grass, got one in his nose—a mishap which caused him to sneeze, and shake his head vigorously, while Tim, who firmly believed that Tip understood all that was said to him, looked upon this as a token that the dog agreed with him, and he continued, earnestly:

"I know just as well as you do, Tip, that it wasn't right for us to run away, but how could we help it? They kept tellin' us we was in the way, an' they wished we'd die, an' everybody that was kind to us told us we'd better do just what we have done. Now we're off in the big, wide world all by ourselves, Tip, an' whether the Cap'en catches us or not, you'll love me just as much as you always have, won't you? for you're all I've got that cares for me."

The dog was still busy trying to settle the question about the grass in his nose, and after that was decided in his favor, he looked up at his young master, and barked several times, as if expressing his opinion about something, which the boy interpreted as advice.

"Well, I s'pose you're right, Tip, we ought to go along; for if we don't, we sha'n't even find a barn to sleep in, as we did last night."

As he spoke, Tim arose wearily from his hard seat, his legs stiff from long walking, and trudged along, while Tip followed as closely at his heels as it was possible for him to get.

It was nearly sunset, and as he walked on it seemed as if he was getting farther into the woods, instead of coming out at some place where he could find shelter for the night.

"Looks kinder lonesome, don't it, Tip?" and Tim choked back a sob as he spoke. "I don't want to sleep out here in the woods if I can help it; but it wouldn't be half so bad as if one of us was alone, would it?"

In this fashion, keeping up a sort of a conversation, if it could be called such, where one did all the talking, and the other wagged his short stump of a tail, the two journeyed on until it was almost too dark to distinguish objects a short distance ahead.

Only once since the store-keeper had given him the two dollars had Tim thought of what he had said regarding Captain Babbige's having money of his, and then he put it out of his mind as an impossibility, for surely he would not have scolded so about what the boy and his dog ate if Tim had any property of his own.

"I guess we shall have to sleep in the woods, Tip," said Tim, disconsolately, as the trees appeared to be less thick together, but yet no signs of a house; "but it won't be much worse than what Aunt Betsey calls a bed good enough for boys like me."

Just at that instant Tim was frightened out of nearly all his senses, and Tip was started on a barking match that threatened to shake his poor apology of a tail from his thin body, by hearing a

shrill voice cry out:

"Look here, feller, where are you goin' this time of night?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOTHER MICHEL AND HER CAT.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY T. B. ALDRICH. DRAMATIZED BY
O. G. L.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Countess.

Mother Michel, *her maid and companion.*

Father Lustucru, *steward to the Countess.*

An Apothecary, *friend of Lustucru.*

Moumouth, *the Countess's pet, and Michel's charge.*

COSTUMES.

Countess.—A yellow silk petticoat, with gay over-dress. Hair high and powdered. Jewels and fan.

Michel.—Black silk. Long silk mittens. A cap with lace strings. Apron, reticule, and knitting or fancy work.

Lustucru.—French small-clothes, dark colored. Hair in queue, and powdered. Also a cowl for Act II.

Apothecary.—Dark cowl.

MUSIC.

ACT I.

Duo.—Countess and Michel. "For a maid there is no denying." Cavatina (Zerlina), *Fra Diavolo*. Auber.

Solo.—Michel. "Vagabond." J. T. Molloy.

Duo.—Countess and Michel. "Silence" quartette.

ACT II.

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel. "A dairy-maid am I." No. 21, *Haymakers*. George Root.

Solo.—Michel. "I can not dance to-night." Old ballad. Music by Mrs. T. H. Bayly.

Solo.—Lustucru. "Lucy Long."

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel. "Lucy Long."

ACT III.

Duo.—Lustucru and Apothecary. Conspirators' chorus from *La Fille de Madame Augot*.

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel. "A dairy-maid am I." No. 21, *Haymakers*. George Root.

ACT IV.

Solo.—Lustucru. "Then you'll remember me." Balfe.

Solo.—Michel. "Serenade to Ida." Weingand.

Duo.—Michel and Lustucru. "On yonder rock reclining." *Fra Diavolo*. Auber.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Discovers* Mother Michel and Countess. Mother Michel is serving Countess, sitting before a mirror, admiring her hair.

Duo.—Mother Michel and Countess.

Tune—"For a maid there is no denying." Cavatina (Zerlina), *Fra Diavolo*. Auber.

Countess. Now, Mother Michel, how does my hair thus suit you?

Michel. Beautiful, beautiful, Countess. Of course just like you.

Countess } together { Oh no, oh no; oh no, no, *etc.*

Michel } together { Oh yes, oh yes; oh yes, yes, yes, *etc.*

Countess (at end of song). Ah, Mother Michel, I fear you are not sincere. To be sure, my hair is a miracle of handiwork, but beautiful!—Ah, Michel!

Michel. Nay, your grace, my words are but too insignificant to express my admiration.

Countess. Well, well, never mind. Listening to flattery may strengthen my mind for hearing the truth; therefore I will let your speeches pass. But have you seen Moumouth this morning?

Michel. Ah, yes, madame. Chancing but now to pass the cellar stair, I beheld that sagacious animal watching, with intensest interest and quivering tail, a rat hole.

Countess (rapturously). Angelic creature!

Michel. And I disturbed him not, only called Father Lustucru's attention to him.

Countess. Ah, Michel, that is a great grief to me. Moumouth objects to Father Lustucru, my steward, who has always been so kind to him.

Michel. Yes, alas! never did I see one of your pets so prejudiced against one of your household.



Countess. Do not, I pray, refer to my other pets. And yet there is a consolation in speaking of their charms. My beautiful green parrot—

Michel (sadly). A victim to cold parsnips.

Countess (weeping). I can never forget how in his dying agonies he looked reproachfully in my face, and with his usual quickness at catching up words, cried, "To the mischief with your cold parsnips!" I can never forget. [*Overcome.*]

Michel. Yes, yes, Pompo would always say naughty words. And then there was Ponto, the ape—

Countess. Forbear! forbear! My anguish at finding him cold and drowned overcomes my heart. [*Weeps.*]

Michel. Cheer up, madame; Moumouth still lives, and is happy.

Countess. My constant fear is that he'll die or be killed.

Michel. Never fear. How well I remember the day we found him, and your noble conduct at that time!

Countess. Flattery again, Michel.

Michel (warmly). I can not flatter when I speak of that noble act. I have immortalized it in verse. Will you listen if I repeat it?

Countess. Proceed. For Moumouth's sake I will listen.

Solo.—Michel.

Tune—"Vagabond." James T. Molloy. (From second verse.)

Dirty, ragged, forlorn,
Saucepan attached to his tail,
Driven by many a stone,
He loudly his fate did bewail.
Cruelly and roughly
The boys around him crowd,
Shouting and laughing,
With their voices loud.
Pelted with mud,
The wretched creature stood
Appealing for help
From the boys rude.
Oh, how can one,
Boasting of any heart,
In such cruel sport
Ever take a part?
But mercy kind
Moved you to cry,
"Catch me you Cat
If you can; all may try."
Oh, what a chase
Therewith begun!
Every boy broke into a run;

They chased him o'er garden-wall,
 By alley, store, and stall.
 They snatch him, pull him, grab him, nab him. [*Very fast.*]
 Oh, then to your grace
 They brought him for francs five,
 Bearing him proudly aloft,
 A great deal more dead than alive.

Countess (who has listened eagerly). Bravo! bravo! Michel; it is a beautiful account of my Cat's rescue. I shall have it printed in gold letters on glazed paper.

Michel. Oh, thanks. Now you flatter *me*. But that reminds me. Father Lustucru gave me a letter for you this morning, which I forgot to deliver. [*Presents letter on a salver.*]

Countess. A letter? Ah! 'tis from my sister. [*She reads.*] Oh, Heaven! my sister is ill—has broken her leg—and writes to me to come to her. Michel, I faint. [*She faints.*]

Michel (fanning violently). Madame, madame, for your sister's sake, revive. [*Applies salts.*]

Countess (recovering). Now I am better; but, oh, Michel, to be thus torn from my home and my Cat, to rush to the suffering, is indeed sad.

Michel. I have no words with which to express my sympathy.

Countess. I must go immediately. Go, Michel, bring my bonnet and shawl, and order the carriage. [*Exit Michel and returns, bringing shawl and bonnet.*] And now, Michel, go bring Moumouth, my Cat, my charmer; let me once more embrace him.

Michel. Ah, madame, if you could spare him this sad parting! Think of his delicate nerves, his sensitive heart, and spare him this hour of agony. Believe me, he shall be well attended to for your sake, my loved mistress.

[*They both weep violently.*]

Countess. Yes, yes, I see the wisdom of this sacrifice, dear Michel. Moumouth shall not be broken-hearted by an anguished parting. Only care for him tenderly. And now, farewell.

Michel (overcome). Farewell, most beloved mistress, most beautiful Countess—

Countess. Hush; you will disturb Moumouth's watch of the rat hole, and bring him to witness this sad farewell. [*Softly.*]

Duo.—Countess and Michel.

Tune—"Silence."

Silence, silence—softly speak and sigh.
 Silence, silence—softly speak and sigh.
 There doth our Moumouth watching lie;
 There (*pointing the other way*) must we go without good-by.
 Silence, silence—disturb him not, I pray.
 Softly tread, softly tread, with footsteps soft and low.

[*Repeat.*]

Hush! hush! [*Repeat.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Lustucru's room. Lustucru discovered sitting at table in a happy mood.

Lustucru. At last! at last! I have not waited in vain; fortune has smiled upon my efforts, and rewarded my patience. The Countess has gone to her sister, and only stupid Mother Michel remains. No one saw me seize that wretched Cat last night and put him in the basket; no one saw my joyful dance around my treasure, and no one saw my look of bliss when I flung the Cat from the high bridge down, down into the great river. Mother Michel receive five hundred francs in reward for care of that Cat! I think not. Wretched, ungrateful beast! I am at rest now, I breathe freely: Moumouth is dead; revenge is mine. Ah! here comes Michel, looking, no doubt, for our Cat.

[*Enter Michel, hastily.*]

Michel. Good-morning, Lustucru; but have you seen Moumouth this morning? In vain have I searched for him.

Lustucru. Does your Cat ever come where I am? You know he hates me.





Michel. Alas! where is he? I left him last night by the parlor fire, and now I can not find him.

Lustucru (slyly). Can he be lost?

Michel. Ah, no, no! it is impossible. He is somewhere in the house.

Lustucru. He ought to be found. [*With feigned anxiety.*] He ought to be searched for this instant. Moumouth is a precious animal, whose value makes it well worth the search. Let us search for him.

[*They proceed to look under furniture and in corners, Lustucru chuckling and dancing whenever Michel's back is turned.*]

Michel. Alas! I left him only an instant.

Lustucru. I begin to believe that he is lost. It is a great misfortune for you. The

Countess—what will she say when she returns? She is capable of turning you out of doors.

Michel (indignant). Turn me out of doors! Father Lustucru, do you know of whom you are speaking?

Lustucru (politely). Certainly, madame. To Mother Michel—the Cat lover—and loser.

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel.

Tune—"A dairy-maid am I." No. 21, *Haymakers.* George Root.

Michel.

Mother Michel am I,
Maid to her Grace;
And I'll have you to know
I mean to keep my place.

Lustucru.

Father Lustucru am I,
Steward to her Grace;
And I'll have you to know
I mean to keep my place.

Michel.

Oh! will you be quiet,
You hateful old codger!

Lustucru.

Oh! will *you* be quiet,
Cat loser, and dodger!

Michel. } together {

Lustucru. } together {

Oh, in my life I ne'er saw
Such a bother—oh, bother, oh, bother!

Michel. } together { Mother Michel am I, *etc.*

Lustucru. } together { Father Lustucru am I, *etc.*

Lustucru (at end of song). Madame, do not be discouraged—

Michel. Oh, don't speak to me—don't, don't, I pray of you. [*Weeps violently.*]

Solo.—Mother Michel.

Tune—"I can not dance to-night." Mrs. T. H. Bayly.

Oh, who will bring him back to me?
Oh, who will bring me joy once more?
Who will set my heart at rest,
And Moumouth dear restore?
It makes my tears so doleful
As I think upon his charms—
Oh, who will bring him back to me,
Restore him to these arms?

[*Repeat first verse.*]

Lustucru (as her song ends, during which he has been chuckling). Mother Michel, I do bethink me, I dreamed of Moumouth last night.

Michel (groaning). Alas! alas! how did he look?





Lustucru. In good sooth, pale and sad, as if he were not well.
[*Groans also.*]

Michel. Oh, Lustucru, even *you* feel his loss, although he never loved you. I can forgive you everything, when I hear that groan of anguish. Where did you dream Moumouth was?

Lustucru. He seemed to be in the garden, under the lilac bushes, his favorite resort.

Michel. I will go and look there. Oh, Lustucru, this anguish!

[*Exit Michel. Lustucru dances, singing.*]

Solo.—Lustucru.

Tune—"Lucy Long."

Oh, Moumouth dear, my darling,
I hope you're nicely drowned,

And never more a-kicking
By Michel will be found.
Tra la! la! la! la! *etc.*

[*Repeat verse as refrain.*]

Enter Michel. Lustucru suddenly stops, and becomes doleful.

Lustucru. Was he there? Dear Mother Michel, *was* our charming Moumouth *there*?

Michel. Oh no! no! no! What shall I do!

Lustucru. Have you looked in the store-room? I imagined I heard a meowing just now as I passed by the door.

Michel. No, but I will go look. Oh, Lustucru, I forgive you everything, you are so kind. Oh, my Cat, Moumouth!

[*Exit, and is heard calling in the distance. Lustucru returns to his dance.*]

Solo.—Lustucru.

Tune—"Lucy Long."

Call, my charming Michel,
Call till you are hoarse;
You will not find your Moumouth,
For he is dead, of course.

Enter Michel, mournfully. Lustucru sober again.

Lustucru. Alas! my friend, you have not found him?

Michel. No, no. Moumouth, Moumouth, you break my heart. Come to my arms.

Lustucru (with hidden malice).

Oh, Mother Michel,
Your cat is not lost;
He's up in the garret
A-hunting the mice
With his little straw gun
And sabre of wood.

Michel (eagerly). He is in the garret? I hasten there on wings of love. Moumouth! pussy! [*Exit, calling as before.*]

Lustucru. What a cat-astrophe, and what fe-elin' she has! Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, miller's son, you are all excelled by this excellent woman, whose love for her Cat only exceeds her love for—five hundred francs that she shall not get. Ah! I have a heart for any—

Michel (heard without, shouting). Joy! he is found, my charming Moumouth! my Cat! my friend! Joy!

Enter with Moumouth in her arms.

Lustucru (who has stepped back, thunder-struck). Found!

Michel. Yes, yes. Give me joy, Lustucru. I could dance for joy.

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel.

Tune—"Lucy Long."

Michel (capering).

Oh dear, I am so joyful,
I can not help but dance.



Lustucru.

I give joy, oh, Michel,
For this most happy (?) chance.

Michel.

I'm so glad he's living,

Lustucru (*viciously*).

The darling little pet.

Michel.

The joy of my heart.

Lustucru (*aside*).

I'll have my revenge yet.

[Repeat together the first two verses.]

[Curtain falls on Act II.]

ACT III.

SCENE.—Lustucru's room. Curtains at back, parting in centre. Table in back, on which is a large plate and spoon. Music—Conspirators' chorus from "La Fille de Madame Augot." Enter to the introduction, slowly, Lustucru and Apothecary, attired in mysterious black cowls.

Duo.—Lustucru and Apothecary.

Tune—"Conspirators' chorus." *La Fille de Madame Augot*.

When one's conspiring he must not fear
To put to death his foes so drear.
Then this little hash we will gently mix,
And put an end to Moumouth's little tricks.
Hush! ah, hush! lest Michel hear.
Hark! ah, hark! Doth a step draw near?
Then softly tread, then softly tread,
And we will gently mix
A sweet little hash, a sweet little hash,
And put an end to Moumouth's little tricks.
Then boldly rouse, and lead the way!
Then boldly rouse, and lead the way!
Oh!

Apothecary (*tragically*). And now, Lustucru, mix it well.

Lustucru (*mixing hash in plate gloomily*). Hand me yonder phial, and quickly too.

Apothecary (*handing bottle*). 'Tis done.

Lustucru (*holding up plate*). 'Tis done. Revenge is mine!

[Both return to duo as before.]

Hush! ah, hush! a step draws near.
Hush! ah, hush! lest Michel hear, *etc., etc.*

[At end Apothecary goes out mysteriously.]



Lustucru. At last, dear Moumouth, I have you. Thou wast never known to refuse so sweet a hash. Why, 'tis charming. [Sniffing it sarcastically.] But yesterday that old fool Michel didst say thou hadst lost appetite. Blessed words! holy

inspiration! from them I obtained the idea.

[Michel heard without: "Moumouth! Moumouth!"]

Michel (*entering*). Ah! Lustucru, what shall I do? Moumouth will not eat his breakfast. All appetite is fled. He is breaking his heart for the Countess. Alas! what shall I do?

Lustucru. I heard your complaint last night, dear Mother Michel, and I have mixed a most appetizing hash. It is for our charming Moumouth.

Michel (*gratefully*). Lustucru, you are a miracle of goodness. I have it in my heart to embrace you. I shall bless you always.

Lustucru. Thanks for your prayers, Michel: prayers are what I most delight in.

Michel. But the hash, Lustucru? Let me hasten to my pining Moumouth, my

poor sufferer.

Lustucru (presenting the poisoned dish). Here, Michel, and bless you! And bless Moumouth too, although he hates me. Thank Heaven, I have a forgiving nature.

Michel (transported). Lustucru, you are an angel. Adieu; Moumouth awaits me. I fly, but I bless you. Lustucru, *I love you.*

[*Exit Michel with hash.*]

Lustucru (sneeringly). Love me, do you? Ah! Lustucru's an angel, a miracle of goodness! But what is this? Michel returns. [*Enter Michel.*] Ah! Michel, can you not find Moumouth?



Michel (sobbing). What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?

Lustucru. What is the matter?

Michel. Oh dear! oh dear!

Lustucru. What has happened? Is—is Moumouth—
[*Eagerly.*]

Michel. My poor Moumouth!

Lustucru. What! is Moumouth—dead?

Michel (unheedingly). He just looked up at me once, and waved his dear tail, then looked once more at me, and—
[*sobs*—and—[*sobs*]

Lustucru (eagerly). And died?

Michel. No, no (*sobbing*); he would not eat the hash.

Lustucru (beside himself). Oh! hey diddle dee! get out!

Michel (still weeping). I see you feel sad too. My Moumouth will die of starvation.

Lustucru (pacing the room angrily). Humph!

Michel. And I have just received a letter from the Countess saying she will return soon, and she hopes to find Moumouth well, and that she has reserved for me a handsome reward.

Lustucru (still pacing the room). Ho!

Michel. But since Moumouth refuses your hash, Father Lustucru, I think I shall taste it, to set Moumouth an example. It looks very nice.

Lustucru (alarmed). Don't touch it, I beg of you.

Michel. Why not? Is there anything wrong in the hash?

Lustucru. No, certainly not; but what is prepared for a cat should not serve for a Christian. It is necessary to guard propriety, and not trifle with the dignity of human nature.

Michel. Very well; Moumouth may suit himself. But I can not believe your hash is so *very* nice, or Moumouth would not have refused it.

Lustucru. Do not reflect on my hash, madame, because your Cat objects to it. Moumouth never *had* good taste.

Michel. Humph! I suppose that is because he never took a fancy to *you*. I think he has very good taste; he adores *me*.

Lustucru. Vanity! vanity!

Michel (fiercely). Egotism! egotism!

Lustucru. Mother Michel, beware!

Michel. Father Lustucru, take heed!

Lustucru. B-e-w-a-r-e, woman!

Michel. Man, take heed!

[*They burst into duo, same as Act II. Tune—"Dairy-maid am I." Curtain falls on them highly irate.*]

ACT IV.

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SCENE.—*Garden belonging to the Countess.* Lustucru *enters with a large bag and heavy cane.*

Lustucru (meditatively). At length my decision is made. Moumouth, the charming cat, shall go into this bag, and I, Lustucru, shall beat him to death. Ah! he shall not escape me again. Michel goes for a walk; I seize Moumouth; I tie him in this bag; and then—oh, then he shall die. I could fly for joy when I think of it. Michel will *not* have her five hundred francs, and perhaps she will be discharged. Dearest Moumouth, how grateful I ought to be to you for bringing me such joy!

Solo.—Lustucru.

Tune—"Then you'll remember me." *Bohemian Girl*. Balfe.

When other cats and other pets
Around me sweetly rove,
When other objects dear to me,
Appeal unto my love,
At such times then will my heart,
In joyful throbbing be,
Turned thankfully to Moumouth dead:
Oh! I'll remember thee—
Oh! I'll remember, I'll remember thee!

[*Exit Lustucru. Enter almost immediately Michel attired for a walk.*]

Michel. I thought I heard Lustucru here? Well, I was mistaken. I was going to leave Moumouth in his care—but no matter. Moumouth rests peacefully under yon lilac bush. Dear Cat, how sweet is his repose! I will sing softly as I go; so perchance in his dreams he may hear my song.

Solo.—Michel.

Tune—"Serenade to Ida." Weingand.

Softly shadows creep and linger
Where my Moumouth lies asleep;
And ye flowers that nod and blossom,
Over him your vigils keep.
Guard well my slumbering Moumouth;
Let no evil harm or pain,
And let him but wake from dreaming,
To sleep and dream again—
Dream on!

[*Exit slowly. A fearful cat howling is heard without. Enter Lustucru, bag in hand, full of Moumouth, and a club in the other.*]

Lustucru. At last! at last! Moumouth, you jewel, you angel. You refuse cold water diet and hash, but a beating you never refused yet. Beets are good enough, too, in their way, and you shall soon be a "dead beat." But first let me rejoice awhile. [Moumouth *struggles in the bag.*] Ah! you do not like being shut up in a bag? Then we will have to hasten affairs. One, two, three, and away we go. One, two— [Raises stick. Mother Michel is heard without, calling "Moumouth!" Lustucru drops his stick, dumfounded.]

Michel (without). Moumouth! Moumouth! Surely I heard Moumouth somewhere. [Entering.] Ah, Father Lustucru, have you— [In amazement.]. Why, what have you in that bag?

Lustucru. I—I was—beating a little meal, or corn—out—that—

Michel (sternly). Lustucru, that bag has something alive in it. Moumouth, where are you? [Moumouth *mews in the bag.*] Traitor [flying at Lustucru and grasping the bag], thou art unmasked.

Lustucru (dropping on his knees). Mercy, mercy, my good Michel—my sweet Michel.

Michel (swinging aloft the bag). Then you have endeavored to kill him all along? The hash was—

Lustucru. Poisoned. Oh, forgive me. And I tried to drown him! Oh, forgive me. I'll never do it again.

Michel. Ah, doubly dyed traitor! the Countess returns to-morrow, and then stern justice shall reign. Moumouth, rejoice. Victory, victory is ours. [Swings empty^[1] bag over Lustucru's head, while Moumouth is held in her arms.]

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel singing together.

Tune—"On yonder rock reclining." *Fra Diavolo*. Auber.

Lustucru.

Oh! pity me, I pray,
Nor let thy wrath on me descend;
Let my prayers move thy heart,
And mercy for me bend.
Your cat my rage inviting,



By tricks and ways so cute and skilled,
I could not see alive and well,
And so I wished him killed.
Mercy! mercy! Bend thy righteous pride:
The cat is well and healthy now—
Oh, would that he had died!
[Repeat last two lines.]

Michel.

On your knees now bending,
Justice shall be fully shown;
And my rage sternly descending,
You shall for this atone.
My heart you've caused to tremble,
With anxious fears and doubts assailed:
You would have killed my Cat had he
Been one-lived as he is one-tailed.
Tremble! tremble! Traitor doubly dyed,
You shall feel the pressure rare of my angry pride.
[Repeat last two lines.]

[Quick curtain, while Michel waves the bag and cat in triumph over Lustucru's head.]

PICKING BERRIES.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

Away to the hill-side on swift little feet,
Trot quick through the meadows in shadow and sun;
Broad brims and deep crowns over brows that are sweet,
And round rosy cheeks that are dimpling with fun.

And home from the hill-side on slow little feet,
With baskets as heavy as faces are bright;
And who will be first the dear mother to greet,
And see her surprise and her look of delight?

But she never will dream, by the berries they bring,
Of the millions they left where the sweet berries grow,
Away on the hills where the merry birds sing,
And the brook dances down to the valley below.

BLOCKADED BY A LION.

BY DAVID KER.

"Now, monsieur," says old Major De Launay, pointing to the vast jungle of monstrous reeds fringing the African coast far as the eye can reach, as the Tunis steamer heads seaward out of Bona Harbor, "if you want some sport, take a gun and go in among those reeds, and you may be sure of not having long to wait before you find yourself face to face with a lion."

"A lion?" echo I. "Why, I thought they had all been killed off long ago."

"So they have everywhere else along the coast; but just here, as you see, it's a wild kind of country, and Monsieur Yellowmane has it all his own way. There are plenty of brave fellows among our Arabs here, and we Frenchmen don't consider ourselves cowards; but I can tell you that you won't find a man in all this district, Arab or Frenchman, who would go through those reeds after night-fall—no, not if you were to offer him a thousand francs."

"Wouldn't you do it yourself, then, M. De Launay?" ask I, rather surprised at such an avowal from a man whose reckless courage is a proverb throughout the length and breadth of Algeria.

"No, that I wouldn't," answers the old soldier, emphatically. "I've tried it once already, and I can promise you I won't easily forget how *that* adventure ended. Would you like to hear the story? Well, then, here it is for you:"

some stores; and as always happens with young officers when there's not enough duty on hand to keep them steady, we weren't long in getting into mischief. One day at mess somebody brought up this story of the reed jungle, and how no one dared go into it, and we all began joking each other about who should be the man to face the lions.

"De Launay's the one to do it!" cried Alphonse St. Foix, a young sub-lieutenant. "He's afraid of nothing. Don't you remember how he led the assault at Constantine?"

"It would hardly be a fair trial, though," said our senior Major, in his polite way; "for the lions would undoubtedly let him pass as one of themselves."

"Or if he were to put on a lion's hide," chimed in Claude Latour (who must have his joke, whatever happened), "they'd never find him out so long as he didn't bray."

At that there was a general laugh, which put me out so much that (more shame for me) I fairly lost my temper.

"Well," cried I, springing up, "for that one word I'll go and do the thing this very night, and *then* it shall be seen which of us is the lion, and which the ass."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted all, clapping their hands, and hallooing like madmen.

But poor Claude looked quite chop-fallen, for he had never intended to push the joke so far, and the moment we rose from table he came up to me and held out his hand.

"For Heaven's sake, Henri," said he, "don't go and get yourself killed just for that foolish joke of mine, which I ought to have bitten my tongue off sooner than utter. I never dreamed you'd take it so seriously, and I'm heartily sorry to have vexed you."

I answered not a word, but just looked him straight in the eyes for a moment, and then turned my back and walked off. Many a time have I been sorry for it since then, for the poor fellow was killed by those rascally Kabyles (Arabs) a few months later; but one always repents of these things too late.

Well, night came at last, and every officer who wasn't on duty turned out to see me start. It had been arranged that I was to set off a little after midnight, and that my comrades were to see me into the jungle at a point close to the sea, and then come to meet me about sunrise at another point farther inland. The whole length of my circuit through the reeds would be only a little over two miles, but this, in a tract where one step was generally supposed to be certain death, was thought quite sufficient.

I took my double-barrelled rifle and hunting knife (not that *they* could be much good against a whole jungle of lions), and the moment our watches pointed to half past twelve, off we started. I couldn't help thinking as we went along that there could hardly have been a worse night for the purpose, so far as *I* was concerned. The night was so still that you might have heard a step hundreds of yards away, and the full moon gave light enough to make out the smallest print of a newspaper, let alone the figure of a man. But, as we say, "when you've broken the shell, you must eat the egg"; so I kept my thoughts to myself, and tramped on.

It was a pretty long march, and a difficult too, down to the place for which we were bound. By the time we got there it was two o'clock, leaving less than two hours before sunrise. At last the great reed forest began to rise before us, shadowy and spectral in the moonlight. My comrades shook me by the hand, and wished me good-speed. In another moment the reeds had closed behind me.

Just at first I didn't feel it so much, for the excitement of the adventure kept me up; and, besides, I had quite enough to do in picking my way along, the reeds being a good deal higher than my head, and very nearly as thick as a man's wrist. But when the first excitement began to wear off, *then* it all came upon me at once, just like the shock of a shower-bath. Every time a reed rustled I seemed to feel the sharp teeth in my flesh already; and indeed it's a wonder how I ever escaped, for I could hear them moving on every side of me; but somehow or other none of them offered to touch me.

On I went—on, on, on—until I seemed to have done ten miles instead of two. In fact, I afterward found that I had gone far beyond the prescribed distance; but what could I do, with the reed-tops shutting out the very sky, until sometimes I had hardly any moon to steer by? At last the reeds began to grow thinner, and presently, just as I was getting fairly tired out, forth I came on to the open plain, with the first gleam of daybreak just dawning in the eastern sky.

Then I discovered, to my very great disgust, that instead of striking the point where my comrades were to meet me, I had gone ever so far beyond it.

"Well," thought I, "there's time enough yet, at all events, before sunrise. I'll just sit down and rest for five minutes, and then walk back to the meeting-place."

So down I sat upon a rock, and, as you might expect, was fast asleep directly.

I don't know how long I slept; but I awoke suddenly with that uneasy feeling which you sometimes have when somebody stands by your bedside and looks fixedly down upon you as you sleep. And sure enough somebody was looking fixedly down upon me; for when my eyes opened they rested upon the biggest lion I'd ever seen in my life.

I took in the full horror of the situation at a glance. My gun had slid down over the smooth rock, and was lying fully six feet away, with the beast right between me and it. My comrades, even if they hadn't got tired of waiting and gone home (as they most likely had), were too far off to be summoned by any shout. Add to this that I was already parched with thirst, and that the sun was

mounting, and making the rock on which I lay hotter and hotter every moment, and you'll have some idea of the nice predicament that I was in.

It's an awkward confession for an old soldier to make, but I must admit that I fairly lost my head. All hope of escaping went out of my mind at once; my only thought was to throw myself upon the lion, and get it over as soon as possible. But as I put my hand behind me to raise myself up, it struck against a big stone.

In a moment, as if some one had spoken it in my ear, I got the idea of a device that might save me yet. I clutched the stone, and keeping it well behind my back (for I knew that any sudden movement would bring the lion upon me at once), jerked it from me so as to let it fall among the reeds. At the crash that it made, the lion turned like lightning, and gave a spring in that direction, and I gave another, right across the rock to where my gun was lying. I had barely seized it, when the beast turned upon me.

After that it was all like a confused dream. The rush of the huge tawny body, the glare of the yellow eyes into mine, and the hot, foul breath steaming on my face, the flash and crack of my piece, the lion's hoarse, bubbling growl, and the report of my second barrel, seemed all to come together. I remember nothing distinctly until I found myself leaning upon my rifle, sick and dizzy, as if I'd fallen out of a window, with the lion dead at my feet.

Just then my comrades, startled by the shots, came running up. I was glad *then* that they hadn't seen me in my difficulty, although I wouldn't have thought it an intrusion, a few minutes before, if the whole French army had come up in a body. They praised me up to the skies, and insisted on carrying off the skin as a trophy. But when our old Colonel heard the story, he shook his head, and looked at me in a way that made me feel rather ashamed of myself.

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"M. De Launay," said he, very gravely, "to risk one's life in the cause of duty is the act of a brave man; to risk it uselessly, for the sake of a mere boast, is that of a fool. Always remember that in future."

And I *have* remembered it ever since.



A SCHOOL IN THE WOODS.—DRAWN BY A. HOOHSTEIN.

RABBITS AS PETS.

As a matter of course all boys and girls love pets, and the number they own is probably only limited by the space which their parents are willing they should devote to such purposes.

But very many boys are too liable, after they have had their pets a few days, and the novelty has worn off, to neglect them, and the little prisoners suffer more from want of care than, when they were first brought to their new home, they did from too much attention.

If your parents have decided that you can keep pets, do not get too many, for fear that they will need more of your time than you will be willing to give; and then be careful that you care for them properly, first learning what they need.

Since rabbits are more easily cared for than almost any other kind of animals, and can be procured more easily and cheaply, repaying their owner for his care by producing a large number of young ones, it may be a favor to many to tell just how these pets can best be kept.

In England, where a great many men keep rabbits, and raise young ones in order to produce as

many and as peculiar kinds as possible, one is able to buy all the fancy varieties, each of which is known by the manner in which the ears are carried. One kind is known as the "oar lop ears," another as the "horn lop," and the most expensive as the "real or perfect lop," where the ears hang straight down each side of the face. Then in these fancy varieties of rabbits the chin must be formed in a certain way, and the back must arch so that it is carried at least two inches higher than the head.

In that country very high prices are paid for what is called a perfectly formed animal; but since the habits are the same whether the ears hang down properly, or the back is sloped instead of arched, a pair of common white pink-eyed rabbits will afford quite as much pleasure as an expensive pair which do not look nearly as pretty, except to those who make a study of the animal.

Rabbits can be bought from almost any dealer in pets; but before making a selection the most important thing is to build a house for them, in order to have everything ready for their reception when they arrive.

Some boys seem to think that there is excuse enough for keeping their pets in a small box or barrel if they say that is the only place they have; but it is worse than no excuse, since they should give up the pleasure of owning animals if they can not care for them properly.

Rabbits need plenty of exercise, and that can be given in a limited amount of space provided the house, or hutch, be built in a manner to attain that object. A good one, suitable for from four to six rabbits, can be made by almost any boy who has any idea of using a hammer and saw. Build a box four feet square, three feet high at one side, and three feet six inches high at the other side, which provides for a sloping roof. Make the top nine inches larger all around, in order to have a projection which shall shelter the gimlet holes that are to be made for purposes of ventilation along the top of the sides.

Fasten the top or roof on with a pair of stout hinges at the upper or higher side, which will enable you to look in at the chambers of the house, and also to clean them. Any kind of a fastening may be used to hold it down when closed, and if there is any danger of the inmates being stolen, a staple and padlock serve the double purpose of protection and safety from their various enemies.

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The hutch should be divided by a flooring about half way up, in order to give a dining-room and sleeping-room story. The upper portion should be connected with the lower by a hole cut in the floor, about six inches square, with a narrow strip of board laid at as much of an angle as the width of the building will permit. The lower story is to be used as a dining and sitting room, and holes should be bored in the floor, about two inches apart, in order that the water may run off, while a door from six to eight inches square should be made in one corner of the building, to communicate with the yard, which should be built of laths firmly imbedded in the earth. The upper floor is to be divided into four rooms of equal size, each one connected with the others by openings cut through the partitions, about six inches square.

Such a house may be made of rough boards; and with a medium-sized yard, where the rabbits can run during the day, they will be as contented and happy as possible. But their owner may not be quite as happy regarding them, since it will be only possible to see them while they are in the yard or by raising the roof of the house. To obviate this, the entire front of the house can be formed of lattice-work made of planed laths. If this is done, a shutter made like the sides of the house must be provided, so that the building can be closed during a storm or in cold weather.

Fill the chambers half full of hay; have a neat little drinking-trough just outside the door in the yard; and then procure your pets.

If you are anxious to raise young rabbits enough to provide all your friends with pets, get two or three females and one male. It is better that you get pure white ones, since those which are spotted are neither as cleanly nor as nice-looking.

In a day or two after they have been introduced to their new house they will be perfectly at home, and whether they thrive well or not depends entirely on you.

They are by no means dainty as to what they eat, provided it is green or vegetable food. Cabbage, lettuce, or turnip leaves, clover tops, carrots with the tops on, a little barley or oatmeal, corn or hay, makes up the full bill of fare for them.

Although some people say that rabbits require no water, it is better to be on the safe side, and give them plenty. It is true that they need but little during the summer, when they are fed almost entirely on green food; but in the winter, when they are living on hay and vegetables that have been stored, they certainly need as much liquid as other pets.

When the female has young—and she will have ten litters a year—she should have plenty of oatmeal and milk. Do not trouble or handle her at such times; but let her have her own way until the young are eight weeks old, when they should be taken from her, and put into a yard or hutch by themselves.

Be sure of one thing, boys, before you decide upon keeping any kind of pets—be perfectly certain that you are willing to devote to them all the time necessary to care for them, not feeding them

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A PET RABBIT.

too much for a few days, and then neglecting them almost entirely. Once positive that you are willing to do this, get all the pets your parents are willing you should keep, and you will find no slight degree of enjoyment in attending to the wants of the little fellows who are dependent on you.

DIGGING FOR INDIAN RELICS.

BY S. L. FREY.

In ancient times it was the custom to place in the grave or the tomb with the dead whatever had been most prized during life, perhaps with the idea that it could be carried by the spirit of the departed on its long journey to the unknown land. Whether we open the old graves of Greeks or Phœnicians, Germans, Norse vikings, Britons, Celts, or North American Indians, we are indebted to this early custom for much knowledge and light thrown upon the life of all these ancient peoples by the implements and ornaments that we find.

All the early nations and savage tribes have had much to do with war and hunting, and in the old graves we find many remains of their weapons. The very swords and spears used by Agamemnon, King of men, that some of you no doubt are reading about now in the Iliad, were found by Dr. Schliemann in the tombs at Mycenæ; and in France not long since a great tomb was opened, where long ago some fierce fighter had been buried with his armor on, his sword by his side, and with him his noble war-horse that had carried him through many a fierce battle.

You have many of you read of the Northmen, who a good many hundred years ago were the cause of so much trouble to the people of England and France, coming down from Scandinavia, and burning and stealing, and laying waste all the coasts. We know what kind of vessels these people sailed in; but it is a great deal better to actually see one for ourselves, as we can now, for it was only last year that one of these queer ships was dug out of a mound, which was the tomb of some great viking or chief. I think that Rollo and William the Conqueror and the human life of that age would seem more real to us if we could sit on one of the seats of that old vessel.

And so it is in this country. All the boys and girls have read about the Indians, and heard many stories of the life they led all over this broad land when our forefathers first came here, and many have seen the stone arrow-heads and other implements that the Indians used, and have themselves picked up these things that are scattered over the fields so abundantly in some places; but I doubt if there are any of you who have opened an old grave, and been astonished at the strange and curious treasures it contained. It is always hard to find these places in this country, where for the most part there are no monuments of any kind to mark the spot where the Indians buried their dead. If we could find them all, it would be an easy matter to fill a large museum at once, for the most finished and best preserved of these things are always found in the graves. I have found a few of these places, and they always contain relics of great interest. I once took from a single grave 189 arrow-heads, which seemed to indicate that the man was a great warrior, or perhaps one of the ancient arrow-makers.

But what I particularly want to tell you about now is the opening of some graves containing not only articles of Indian make, but also many other things that had been brought in by the white people when they first began to trade with the Indians.

This grave-yard was upon a side-hill that looked down upon the winding Mohawk and the rich intervals that line its banks. It was known to the boys of several generations as a place where they could pick up curious beads after the spring rains; and on a wet day in November I started off on a buckboard wagon, with a hoe and a spade, to see what I could dig up. As there were so many beads on the surface, I wanted to see what there was below. There was a hop-yard covering the whole hill, so I commenced by opening a trench between two rows of hops, and had dug but a few inches when I found a dozen or more red and white glass tubes about as large and long as a common slate-pencil. At a depth of three feet I came to the first grave.

Now at first thought it may not seem a proper thing to do, to disturb the bones of a man, even though he be a savage, and has lain in the earth hundreds of years; but we may want very much to know what manner of men they were, these early inhabitants of our country, and may perhaps be able to find this out, more or less, from their skulls and bones, and the things we find buried with them. So I carefully removed the earth with a knife, and found a great variety of glass beads. There had evidently been a grand necklace made of them; they were round and oval and octagonal, and of various colors—red and amber-colored and blue and green. They had no doubt been brought to America by some Dutch trader, as beads of this kind have been made at Venice for several hundred years, and are still made for trading with the savages of Africa and our Western Indians. Before the white traders came, the savages made their beads of bone and stone and sea-shells, for they were very fond of ornaments, and took great pains to secure jewels of some kind.

I took out a hundred or more of these beads, and also an oval tube of catlinite, or red pipe-stone, which is a peculiar stone much used by the natives for pipes and beads, and is only found in Minnesota. But this was only the beginning of the finds I made. To the Indian all things animate and inanimate were endowed with a spirit, and the idea seemed to be that the spirit of the ornament, or utensil, or weapon went with the spirit of the man on the long journey to the happy

hunting grounds.

The next thing I found was a white clay pipe with the letters R. T. stamped on the bowl, and this was one of the things that enabled me to determine the age of the place; for as R. T. probably stood for Richard Tyler, a celebrated maker of pipes about 1650, I could pretty safely conclude that some time during the latter half of the seventeenth century these things had been brought to America. Continuing to throw out the earth toward the foot of the grave (for the man had been buried with the beads around his neck, and the pipe in his hand), I found one triangular copper arrow-head—all that remained of the bow and arrows that were buried with him. A rude iron axe and a hoe next came to light. Axes of this kind are quite common on the sites of the more recent Indian villages; they have a peculiar mark, and were probably made at Utrecht.

At the foot of the grave I found a small copper kettle, and a rude iron hook to suspend it over the fire, and also what was by far the most interesting and valuable of the relics, a salt-glazed earthen jug of the kind known to collectors of ceramics as Grès de Flanders. It was without crack or flaw, and is an interesting specimen of this early pottery. Upon it are various devices stamped in the clay, the most prominent of which are two remarkably slim lions with enormous heads; the outlines of the designs and the lines encircling the jug are bright blue.

The kettle and jug were upside down, and in the former was the hollow shell of a small pumpkin or gourd. This, I think, is by far the oldest pumpkin to be found anywhere; it must be as old as the one that Peter, Peter, the pumpkin-eater, imprisoned his wife in.

Some other things in the grave were a rusty gun-barrel, seven copper kettles, two English pipes, an Indian clay pipe, a whetstone, about two thousand beads, fifty large wampum beads, two thimbles, a jew's-harp, a bear's tooth, a long bone tube, two earthen jars of native manufacture (one of them smaller than a tea-cup), and a rosary with a brass cross—seeming to indicate that the Jesuit missionaries had reached these people before this warrior died.

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With all these relics, one can form some idea as to what manner of men lived on the sunny hill-sides and by the shores of our rivers before civilization came to take possession of their hunting grounds, and drive them from their homes.

AND WHY?

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"A little bird's gone from my nest,"
Sang mournfully Robin Redbreast:
"Oh! somebody tell me, I pray,
Who carried the darling away."
"Katy did, Katy did," came quick in reply.
"And why?" Redbreast queried, "and why? and why?"
But no other word
From Katy was heard
But, "Katy did, Katy did, Katy did."

"A sweet bud I miss from my side,"
Said a red rose. "I watched it with pride,
It promised so lovely to be.
I wonder who stole it from me?"
"Katy did, Katy did," came quick in reply.
"And why?" asked the red rose, "and why? and why?"
But no other word
From Katy was heard
But, "Katy did, Katy did, Katy did."

"A kitten I've lost," mewed the cat;
"I left it upon the door-mat.
Its fur was as white as an egg.
Tell me, some one, who took it, I beg."
"Katy did, Katy did," came quick in reply.
"And why?" asked poor pussy, "and why? and why?"
But no other word
From Katy was heard
But, "Katy did, Katy did, Katy did."

Now I knew very well 'twasn't true,
For Katy such things couldn't do,
As carry off bud, bird, or kit;
For she is not larger a bit
Than her cousin the beautiful Prince Butterfly.
"And why do you fib so?" I asked her, "and why?"
But no other word

A BIT OF FOOLISHNESS.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

PART I.

When Jack and Alice Denfield's mother heard the story of this adventure of theirs, she was much annoyed at first, and thought they must have been in a good deal of danger. Afterward, when she was convinced that they came to no harm but very slight colds, she laughed at them heartily, and said it had been a good lesson, and if she had been twenty years younger she probably should have enjoyed it as much as they did.

They had all three been staying at the White Mountains; they had planned to be at the Glen House through July and early August, and then go to the sea-shore to stay until late in September. But the very first of August Mrs. Denfield found that she must go to Boston for a few days to attend to some business; and they were all sorry, for they had counted upon having a week or ten days more among the mountains. They had had a most satisfactory time, for they knew a charming set of people at the hotel, and every pleasant day there had been long drives or walks, small fishing parties or large picnics. Jack and Alice always were glad to be together; they were very near the same age, and had always been great cronies from their babyhood. They were equally fond of out-of-door life; Jack had said more than once that his sister was exactly as good company as another fellow, and she responded that she did not have such good times with anybody else in the world. I think it is seldom one sees such a friendship between a brother and sister. They both had a great many friends, but they were always delighted to have vacation come, and get back to each other.

They came in late to supper one Monday evening. They had been out all day, and it was their last chance for a long expedition, for they were to go down by the stage the next day to take the train. For a little while Jack was uncommonly silent, and did not pay much attention to the chattering of the other young people at the table; but suddenly he said to Alice, who happened to sit next him, "I have made a plan"; and she stopped to listen to it with great interest. "Suppose we ask mamma to let us stay here a little longer, and then go down to Boston by ourselves? She will have to be there for a week, she told me, and we could go up Mount Washington with the Eastfields and Dunns. You know they're going to walk up the mountain, and stay all night. It'll be great fun."

Alice was delighted at the idea, and after supper was over they went at once to propose this change of plans.

"I do not know why not," said Mrs. Denfield, slowly. "You are surely familiar enough with travelling, and almost grown up, at any rate, you tall creatures! But you must not take any longer journey" (they had all three wished to go farther up among the mountains); "you must be in Boston Saturday evening."

So next day Mrs. Denfield started off by herself, and Alice said, just after the stage had gone, "I wish we had asked mamma if we could not walk part of the way; we could send our trunks on by the stage to North Conway."

Jack's eyes began to shine with delight. "Of course she wouldn't mind," said the boy. "Don't you remember how sorry she was when you couldn't go down through the Notch with the rest of us last summer, because you had sprained your ankle? Let's do it, Alice. We can go up Mount Washington to-morrow, and come down next day. Yes, there will be just time enough to reach Boston Saturday night. Why, it's nothing to do; we have walked almost as far a dozen times."

"But not by ourselves," said Alice, "in such a wild country. I'm not a bit afraid, though—you needn't think that."

So they made their plans, and kept them great secrets, for Jack said that everybody would insist upon going with them, and making a public occasion of it, and it would be much better fun to go alone by themselves. They had often taken short excursions together, and they knew that they could get on much faster. It was settled that they were to start early Friday morning, and to say good-by to everybody the evening before, and then go away even before any one would be down to see them start by the stage.

The walking party up Mount Washington was a grand success, and the afternoon and evening of the day were just the right sort of weather, cool and fresh and bright, with a most glorious sunset, and a clear though very late moonrise. But next morning it was damp and cloudy, and most of the party thought it would be more sensible to drive back to the Glen instead of walking. They found that the clouds were only around the tops of the high mountains, and that it was really a pleasant day, after all, when they reached the valley; and after they had told the story of their expedition, the party scattered itself about the piazzas and rooms of the hotel, and Jack presently went to find Alice, and asked her eagerly why it would not be a good plan to take half their journey that day, and the rest the next, and spend the night somewhere on the road. Then they would have more time in North Conway, for there were some friends there whom they both

wished to see.

"We will start by the stage just after dinner, and ride a little way, and then get down," Jack told his sister; and Alice at once hurried off to finish their packing, and to say good-by to her friends.

They meant to go ten or twelve miles that afternoon. Jack was sure he remembered the road perfectly, and knew where they could find lodgings for the night. Some one found out that they were going afoot, and said that it was a capital day for it; but the long climb up the mountain the day before seemed to have tired almost everybody but themselves, and no one offered to accompany them except two or three of their cronies, who strolled along with them for half a mile or so.

Our friends were in the highest spirits, and started off at last side by side without a fear, keeping step and looking around at each other every few minutes to smile and say what fun it was. Jack had a traveller's bag slung over his shoulders with a strap, and Alice carried a little lunch-box and her light jacket, and they both had the sticks which they had carried on all their tramps about the mountains. They felt like people who were journeying in earnest, and were not merely out for a stroll.

They were both capital walkers; they had had good practice during the last few weeks at the Glen, and they went gayly down the road for the first few miles without taking much thought of anything but the mere pleasure of walking. There had been a good many rains, and the streams were full, and the foliage was as fresh and green as if it were the first of June. The mountains stood up grand and tall, and there was not a cloud to be seen.

"It is even clearer than yesterday," said Alice. "I am sorry we are not just coming to the mountains instead of just going away. Jack! there must be trout in that brook."

"I was just thinking of that," said the boy. "Here is a line in my pocket; I mean to cut a little pole and rig it, and go up the hill a little way. You could be resting."

But Alice disdained the idea of being tired, and sat down to wait in a most comfortable place under a pine-tree. "I wish there was another line," she said. "I put all my tackle in my trunk before we thought of letting mamma go on without us."

Jack was soon ready, and pushed in through the bushes, and in the silence that everything kept but the brook, his sister could hear him for a few minutes as he went on from point to point, sometimes snapping the dead branches that he stepped upon. It was growing warmer, and she was, after all, not sorry to sit still for a little while. She called to Jack once or twice to be sure he had not gone too far away, and he whistled in answer, softly, as if there might be some chance of a trout, and at last he did not answer at all.

Alice looked at the mountains, and pulled an envelope out of her pocket and began to make a little sketch of a strange old tree the other side of the road, and she did not hurry about it; so after she had finished it she said to herself that Jack had been gone long enough. There was no possible danger of his losing his way, but it was long past the middle of the afternoon already, and they must go on. So she whistled again and again the odd little call with which Jack was very familiar, but he did not answer. He had evidently gone a good way up from the road; and she shouted, but he did not shout to her, and she said to herself that it was very wrong of him, and that there was no more fishing to be done on that journey out of sight of the road. She grew very worried at last, and annoyed as well; the mosquitoes had grown troublesome, and she did not like staying there alone for so long; and the thought seized her that her brother must have fallen over the rocks and hurt himself badly, for it was over an hour since he had gone away.

She followed the brook up its bed for some distance, and at last she heard the bushes rustling, and called eagerly, and there was Jack, safe and sound, with three or four good-sized trout on a birch twig.

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"There are the best trout I have caught this summer," said he, triumphantly.

And Alice forgot to scold him at first, she was so pleased. "We must have them for our supper," she told the proud fisherman; and they hurried back to the roadside.

"I haven't been gone long, have I?" asked Jack, persuasively. "I hated to turn back, you know."

And Alice said that they must hurry; it was already nearly five, and they had five or six miles further to go to the house where they were to spend the night.

But Jack was hot and tired, and said he must have some biscuits, and rest a few minutes. It was so bright a day that it would not be dark early. And who cared if it were? The road was straight and safe enough, and it would be much cooler after the sun went down a little. It was really very hot, and Alice was satisfied, now that he had come back, and she made no objection when he had finished his lunch, and had taken a drink of the cold brook water, and threw himself down to rest.

"You have been sitting still here while I have been going up the side of the hill," said he. "No wonder that you are ready to go on."

Alice wrapped the trout in some great beech leaves, and tied a bit of fish-line round them. One was unusually large, and Jack was very proud of it, and told her what a hard time he had in catching it, and how it came very near going into the brook again after he had fairly landed it. After a while they got up unwillingly and set off again. The sun was almost down behind the mountains, but the air seemed to grow hotter, and hotter, although they were in the shade. The leaves were perfectly still on the trees; there did not



"I WISH A STAGE WOULD COME BY."

had my little scales here," said Jack; "I took them out of my pocket only yesterday."

seem to be a breath of wind.

"I don't think this is very good fun," said Jack, angrily; and Alice laughed, but she thought that pedestrianism in hot weather was not so full of pleasure as it might be.

"I wish a stage would come by," she said, laughingly. And when they met one bound for the Glen a little later, I think they were both tempted to hail it and take passage.

Jack whistled manfully, and they both made fun of themselves, but the little knapsack which Jack carried was not the trifling weight it seemed at first. It was as heavy as lead; and he wondered what was in it, and shifted it to the other shoulder and back again with a manner as if he did not like to carry it at all. "It must have been the tramp yesterday that makes us so fagged," said he. "We have walked so very far, you know. I say! look at those clouds coming over. It's going to rain. There's going to be a tremendous shower. What had we better do?"

But Alice did not know. "Go on, I suppose," said she, "as fast as we can. Very likely some one will drive by. Somehow I never thought of its raining."

"Nor I either," answered Jack, dismally. "I wish I had not stopped for the trout: that took up so much time. But aren't they beauties?" and he held them up for consolation. The leaves about them were already wilted, and the colors of the fish looked dull. "I wish I

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.



CLEARWATER, MINNESOTA.

My home is on a farm a mile and a half from the banks of the Mississippi. In the winter, men go out hunting deer. In spring, there are lots of geese, and there are plenty of wolves too, which come prowling around to catch our hens and chickens. We have forty little chickens. We have had a great many strawberries this summer. My kitten has four perfectly white feet. He is a fine mouser, and catches both mice and squirrels. His name is Major. School closed a week ago. I had two pieces to speak, and two to sing. I am twelve, and my sister is eight years old.

ESTELLA.

NIAGARA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I am eleven years old. I have got three rabbits, five ring-doves, and two little white kittens. The *Chicora* and *City of Toronto* run two trips each from here to Toronto every day except Sunday.

I have an uncle out in the Rocky Mountains. He is coming home soon.

I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much.

JOSEPH B. S.

CLIFTON, OHIO.

I have a large Maltese cat, and his name is Kitty Clover. I am writing this letter with my friend Pearl. I am seven years old, and am reading in the Fourth Reader. I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and the "Daisy Cot" was lovely.

MARY BELLE B.

Here is Pearl's letter:

I am nine years old. Our school has been closed four weeks. I read in the Fourth Reader too. I have not seen my mamma for a week. I am visiting in the country. I have a little canary, and I call him Dicky. I had a kitty, but it ran away, and mamma fears it was killed. I have two brothers. My little brother cried twice when "Toby Tyler" was ended.

EVA PEARL R.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

I am away out in Arizona. The place would seem quite a wilderness to some of you. We live a mile out of town, but we have a fine public school to attend. I have two brothers and one sister. We all go to meet papa when he brings YOUNG PEOPLE home, and whoever gets the paper first has to sew it, after cutting the leaves. I like the "Pinafore Rhymes" best of anything, and "Kitty Kimo" especially. I have a little cunning kitty named Topsy. We went to the show June 16, and saw two large elephants. They waltzed gracefully, and kept time to the music. They looked beautiful when dancing, and when the musicians played mournfully they lay down and pretended that they were dead. There were other animals at the show, as well as a living skeleton, two little brothers only three feet high, one thirty-four and the other thirty-one years old, and a droll couple with square eyes, who came from Madagascar.

MAUD F. D.

BATAVIA, OHIO.

I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is the best story we have had yet. I have a printing-press with which I can print cards and little papers. I am in favor of the Natural History Society, and I hope it will succeed, as I think a good deal of knowledge can be gained in that way.

P. F. J.

NEW YORK CITY.

This' is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. I have three sisters and two brothers. My mother once had a canary-bird, but it broke its leg, and then it died, and we missed it very much. I do not go to school, but have a governess who teaches me at home. We have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number. Good-by.

GRACE L.

SPENCER, IOWA.

I am nine years old. I attend a large school-house here, and have a very kind teacher, who knows how to draw very beautifully. We are now practicing for the closing summer exercises. A little girl and myself are to speak "Beautiful Snow." My eldest sister teaches school, and my big brother is a clerk in a store. I have *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, and YOUNG PEOPLE, and I received the latter as a prize for printing very nicely.

LULU McP.

NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I have a little rabbit with pink eyes. I go to school in winter, and make mud pies in summer. My sister is four years old, and my brother is three. Her name is Carrie, and his is Pagnie. I am eight years old. My grandpa fell on the stones in the brook not long ago, and hurt his leg very badly.

ALICE P. Q.

What a pity for grandpa to have had such an accident! Do you ever make your pies in clam-shells or broken dishes, and trim them with parsley? They look very pretty when dressed in that way; and though not good enough to eat, they give the little baker a good appetite for real tarts and turn-overs.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I want to tell you about our cunning little dog. She is a blue Skye, and her name is Gypsy. She follows mamma all over the house. Sometimes she gets behind a table, or lies down with her head on a stool for a pillow. She begs and speaks. Sometimes she walks on her hind-legs. We play hide-and-peek together, and I tell Gypsy to go up stairs while I hide. When I call her, she runs down as fast as she can, gives a little turn at the bottom of the stairs, and then hunts till she finds me. She is very fond of ice-cream. Sometimes I put my coat on her, and mamma puts a dunce cap on her head. She then looks very funny indeed. We have a cat that is pure white. Her hind-legs are paralyzed, so she goes along like a kangaroo.

LUCY.

Poor puss! How sorry we are for her! Gypsy must be very droll; and we think Gypsy's little mistress is very kind and patient, or else she could never have taught her pet so many tricks. It is not fair to let her wear a dunce cap. She ought to have a little hat and feather.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am very much in favor of the Natural History plan, and think Gracie B——'s

suggestion of having it in a separate department is very nice. I want to know whether single persons may send in reports. I am going away soon, and I will get a good many curious things. I have also a very nice book called *The Child's Book of Nature*, which is in three parts—Plants, Animals, and Light, Heat, etc. I am ten years old.

MARY B. B.

Of course individuals may send reports.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I shall become a member of the first Natural History Society formed in Chicago. I think the first meeting should be devoted to games, and to letting the members become acquainted with each other.

WILLIAM R. E.

The way to start a thing is to *start* it by setting about it at once. Many of our boys simply intend to join when societies shall be formed, and so we are afraid they will lose the benefit the society would be to them. Can you not begin by asking the boy next door to join you in looking for something interesting close by—say, for instance, in the garden, or on your first walk together? Then invite some others. We would advise you not to devote your meetings to play.

PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN.

"The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" and "Toby Tyler" have been splendid. I read Our Post-office Box, and especially enjoy hearing the boys and girls tell about their pets, and the nice times they have at home and school.

I want to tell you about my dear little brother. He was a year old on the 22d of June. He was very weak, and we had to be very careful of him. The doctor said he must be out a great deal, and mamma used to let me take him out. On the 1st of July he was as well as ever, and I had him out a good while. At tea-time I placed him in his little chair at the table, but in a little while he had a spasm, and soon he died. This is the third brother I have lost in four years.

WALTER M. C.

It is no doubt a comfort to you to remember that you took good care of the little one while you had him with you, and that you sometimes gave up a game with the other boys that you might assist your mother by taking the delicate baby out in the fresh air.

GREENVILLE, OHIO.

I thought I would write and tell you that I live in Greenville, on the site where Wayne made his treaty with the Indians, November, 1812. My sister and I have four pets—two canaries, one pony, and a dog. Every time we let the canaries out of the cage, they hop over to the rocking-chair, and get on the rockers for us to rock them. I love your paper very much, and would not do without it. I am twelve years old.

PEARL L. M.

P. S.—Please tell Mr. Otis to write a sequel to "Toby Tyler," and delight hundreds and thousands of children.

In this number Mr. Otis begins "Tim and Tip," which will probably please you as well as "Toby Tyler" did.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Do you think Mrs. Richardson, of North Carolina, would like any picture cards with printing on, or back numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*? I can send them if you think she would. I have two or three books also.

That No. 4 puzzle in No. 89 is just about true. Every Tuesday night, when I come home, I shout, "Has *YOUNG PEOPLE* come?" and last week I had fidgets from Monday till Thursday. I always get the fidgets on Monday, and sometimes on the Thursday after it has come, I like it so much. The Post-office Box is my favorite; then comes Jimmy Brown, and then "The Cruise of the 'Ghost.'" I collect postal cards only, because they

are samples of the printing done in different countries and times. I send cards I printed myself at father's office. I have sold 125 kites this month.

T. W. S.

The cards are beautifully printed, and you are quite a man of business in the kite line. But about those "fidgets," what do mother and sisters think of them? You must try to keep cool. By all means, send Mrs. Richardson some picture cards or nicely printed reward cards, with any back numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* you can spare, and the books you mention. She will find a use for them.

MARYSVILLE, OHIO.

I like all the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE* so much that I can not make a choice. I have a little sister whose name is Flora. She is four years old, and I am eleven. We each have a swing. Hers is in the grape arbor, and mine is under a large apple-tree. I had a pet kitten about two years ago, and called it Daisy. Sometimes when we were eating, and I moved my head, she would jump upon my back, and pull and bite away at my hair as if she were going to pull it off; and as that was not polite, I always made her jump down. One morning when papa went out to feed Bill, the horse, he found her dead before the barn door.

HELEN N. C.

MENOMONEE, WISCONSIN.

I am afraid my last wiggle was too late for the paper, as I sent it only a few days before the paper came, but I hope I will have better luck with this one. Mamma says she is sure mine would have been published had it been in time, as it was so nearly like the artist's idea. Papa has gone back to Arizona, and I shall coax him to write for *YOUNG PEOPLE* a story all about centipeds and spiders and other poisonous things, as he sees them there every day.

Mamma says when the Natural History Club is formed, *YOUNG PEOPLE* will be *perfect*.

LOTTIE G. N.

Little correspondents must send wiggles, etc., very promptly if they wish them to appear.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. I have only taken the paper a little while, but a lady gave me many of the earlier numbers. Please explain whether there is a charge for advertising exchanges.

I am going to the Catskill Mountains, and expect to see a great deal that is new and wonderful.

GEORGE T.

There is no charge for printing exchanges.

BARABOO, WISCONSIN.

I have seen so many letters in Our Post-office Box, and thought them so interesting, that I have resolved to try to write one myself. I will tell you of an experiment I tried this morning. Unlike most other girls, I can never find anything very interesting to do. After awhile I remembered a picture I had seen in a magazine, and I set to work to see if I could do what a little boy in the picture was doing. I first took two or three pea pods, and began to make a boat. I first opened the side of a pod, and took out the peas, and then I stuck a pin through the end that I had split open, putting the head downward. I then took a little piece of a stick, and stuck it in the pea pod for a seat. It made a very pretty boat.

BLANCHE P.

We all have our lazy days, little Blanche, when it seems as if there is nothing we particularly care to do; and when such days come, it is wise to try your plan, and see whether or not there is some entertaining little experiment which we can make. You might try to solve the puzzles in this paper the next time you feel that you don't know what to do next.

MENLO PARK, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

I wish some of the correspondents, or the editor himself, would inform me how to make a squirrel trap, for we are perfectly infested with squirrels, and also with rats and mice. I live on a little farm in a pretty little village called Menlo Park, and I am sure that I would not be happy at all if I were in the city of San Francisco. I am also sure that Master Robert C. W. would find that he is very much mistaken in his wish to be there, could he make the trial. I make visits once in a while to the city, and I am sure that my little brothers and sister and I enjoy it much more than if we were to live there.

FREDERICK H. H.

Although squirrels are cunning little fellows, and in most cases it would be a shame to kill them or to disturb them in any way, they do sometimes appear in such numbers as to become pests. In this case simple box or figure-four traps, such as every boy knows how to make, may be used with success to catch them. Better still is the small-sized steel-trap known as the Rat-Trap, arranged with bait hung above it.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am twelve years old. My brother and I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and wish it would come twice a week instead of once. I think the stories in it are very interesting. My brother likes "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies" the best. I think Jimmy Brown is a very peculiar boy, and I like his stories, and wish he would relate another of his sad incidents soon. This is my first letter to *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

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ORPHA A. H.

BROOKLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I would like to start a Natural History Society, but there are no boys or girls around here who take any interest in such things.

I have quite a collection of stamps now. I very much like the stories Jimmy Brown writes, and wish he would write about some of the *good times* he has at home. My father owns quite a large farm, and he is very busy now, as harvest-time is here. We have for pets four cats and seven kittens.

I have lost the address of one of the correspondents who wished for postmarks, and can not find it. The correspondent will oblige me by sending his address to

ANNIE DRYDEN.

The boy who answered my letter, and sent me a stamp from the Cape of Good Hope, did not send me his address, and I do not know how to find him.

WILLIE R. WATSON.
112 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Penn.

Little correspondents who are as careless as the boy referred to, will wonder why they receive no equivalent for what they send. You should always write your full address in every letter you send, and to every person.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Soil and sand from Cayuga Lake, Pennsylvania iron ore, petrified wood, white gypsum, and white coral, for red coral, or other than Pennsylvania and Lake Superior iron ores, or for insects and curiosities.

Please tell me if I may join the Young People's Natural History Society alone, for I can not form any society here. I am thirteen years old.

Do American cuckoos lay eggs in other birds' nests? If not, please describe nests and eggs for me.

H. L. WILLARD, Cayuga, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

Join it by yourself, of course, and write us a letter whenever you have anything worth telling.

The American cuckoo does not adopt the indolent and dishonest ways of the European cuckoo about its nest. It lives in thick woods, and builds a nest of sticks and grass on the branch of some low tree. Its eggs are bright green, and it lays four or five. We are sorry to say that while its food is chiefly insects, snails, and berries, it sometimes steals and sucks the eggs of other birds. There are three kinds of cuckoo in the United States. The commonest has a yellow bill about an inch long, is greenish-brown above, and grayish below. One of the world's great poets, Wordsworth, wrote some beautiful stanzas addressed to this bird, in which he asked whether it were really a bird or only a wandering voice. It is very shy and solitary, but its note is cheery in the spring and summer.

Ingersoll's patent rubber family font, price \$1, for the first volume of YOUNG PEOPLE, or a three-draw spy-glass. Send postal before exchange.

FRED WILLIAMS,
Box 80, Rockland P. O., Ontonagon, Mich.

Mexican garnets, and jasper stones from York Beach, Maine, for ores, fossils, and agates; or ocean curiosities, and pressed ferns and leaves, for minerals, petrifications, and pressed sea-weeds; also two ounces of colored sand from York Beach, Maine, for the same from other localities. Please label specimens.

S. and L., Box 62, South Berwick, Me.

Acacia or cotton seed, specimens of Texas rock or soil, for Indian relics.

C. H. DOBBS, JUN.,
Robinson, Texas.

A steel hand bracket-saw, frame in good condition, with six blades, and fifty designs, including Swiss clock design, for an international stamp album in good condition and a small collection of good stamps, or the flags, coats of arms, or rulers of the countries. Thirty different stamps, for a moss or Superior agate, any kind of ore, a perfect arrow-head, or a garnet.

T. P. MORGAN,
Garnett, Kan.

One button of silver as it comes from the assayer of the Contention Mine, Tombstone, for S. W. Durbin's Stamp Catalogue of 1879 in good condition. Write before sending.

T. D. W., JUN.,
Box 550, Delaware, Ohio.

Buttons with shanks, for minerals and other curiosities. Correspondents will please write before sending.

SARA J. COATSWORTH, Galena, Ill.

Lead, zinc, and copper ores, hematite iron ore, iron pyrites, serpentine volcanic rock, scorïæ, cannel and peacock coal, mica, cotton seed, razor-shells, crystals of tourmaline, corundum, flint, asbestos, Chinese coins, old American copper coins, tripoli, woods, also a large number of ocean shells and fossil shells and plants, any and all of which I will exchange for fossil shells, plants, and animals. A trilobite especially desired, also Indian relics and arrow-heads.

E. V. SHEERAR,
Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

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

Freddie W. Shelley and Ernest F. Taylor withdraw from our exchange list, their supplies being exhausted.

LOUIE S.—PRESSING MOSS, AND SCENTS.—Mosses, like ferns and flowers, should be gathered when in fine condition. Lay them smoothly between large sheets of newspaper, and cover them with a heavy weight, changing the paper once in three or four days. Some varieties of moss may be best preserved by simply shaking out in the air and drying.

The most delicate liquid perfume for the handkerchief is cologne, which is made by distilling balm, mint, lavender, rose leaves, and other sweet things in alcohol. The best cologne is imported, and bears the name of Jean Maria Farina, but it is expensive, and very good cologne indeed is made by many of our druggists at a less cost. The nicest sachet powder for clothing, note-paper, and other uses is pulverized orris root. This smells like violets; and if you make little bags, fill them with orris powder, and keep them in your bureau drawers and boxes, you will be sure to have a faint flower-like fragrance about you wherever you go.

MINNIE K.—You may write to Our Post-office Box as often as you please, and we will enjoy reading your letters, but we can print one only once in a while.

EVA G.—We do not know that stamps have anything which can be called a language, like the language of flowers. They are conveniences invented to help the correspondence of the world along. At a glance you perceive that it would not be possible for all the people who write letters to pay money for them, because that would cause a great deal of delay. We place a stamp on the corner of the letter, and that represents the money which was spent for the stamp. The money goes to the government to pay the expenses of the postal service.

As to your little verse, we could easily translate it for you, but prefer to let you do it for yourself, partly because, if you are studying French, it will be a pleasant exercise, and partly, too, because this Post-office Box is meant for young people who read English, and we have not room for any other language in its crowded columns. Now haven't we "taken notice of your little letter"?

EDDY A.—THE BAROMETER.—About two hundred years ago an Italian named Torricelli was making some experiments to find out why fluids would rise up in tubes when the air was drawn out. He filled a glass tube thirty-three inches long, and open at one end, with mercury, and then he put his finger over it to keep the mercury in, turned it bottom upward into a bowl of mercury, and took away his finger. As mercury is very heavy, it would seem as though it would have run out of the tube into the bowl, but it did not; it fell a little way, and remained stationary in the tube. He found that it rose and fell with the changes of the weather, being affected by the pressure of the outside air. All the barometers that have been made since Torricelli have been on his plan. It may give you a hint for the one you think of making.

E. C.—WASHINGTON'S SALARY.—General Washington received no salary either as Commander-in-Chief or as President of the United States. But he kept a very careful account of all his expenses, and they were paid by Congress.

INQUIRER.—Secretary Blaine and the other cabinet officers receive a salary of \$8000 per year.

BICYCLING.

VICTOR MURDOCH.—Send to the bicycle manufacturers who advertise in YOUNG PEOPLE for circulars that will give you the desired information.

R. EDMUNDS.—It is impossible to tell how large a bicycle you will require unless you state your height and the inside measure of your leg. Yes, the Mustang bicycles have rubber tires.

F. P. BENEDICT.—The address for which you ask is, Smith Machine Co., Smithville, Burlington Co., N.J.

C. LONGSTRETH.—To join the L. A. W. send your application, with \$1 and a 3-cent stamp, to K. N. Putnam, Cor. Secretary L. A. W., 54 Wall St., New York City.

"THE CAPTAIN."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from *Frank J. Marion*, C. Burr, Nellie Brainard, "School-Boy," Charles W. Fernald, Jeremiah, *Belle and Alice*, *O. W. Simons*, Mary E. Slattery, D. A. Wing, William B. Hadley, "Phil I. Pene," Augusta Low Park, Nelson Wilson, Henry Drinse, *George M. Brennan*, *Aunty Batty*, *L. S. and L. S.*, Alice E. Thorp, *Belle Babcock*, Lizzie C. Carnahan, *Frank Graves*, "Strawberry," "North Star," Belle H., *Mary E. L.*, L. W. and M. W., "Wm. S. Burgh," Clara Blank, E. McHugh, G. Volckhausen, Louie S. L. Shorey, Joseph B. Senior, Annie Dryden, Kate T. Wendell, G. Host, "Comet," J. H. Jenney, Jemima Beeston, "Venus."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 4, 2, 9 is a boy's nickname.
My 6, 7, 8, 3 is an animal.
My 1, 8, 3, 5 is a participle.
My 6, 5, 2, 4 is an ore.
My whole is a beautiful flower.

WM. S. BURGH.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A tin vessel. 3. An unpleasant experience. 4. A camp. 5. A state of distress. 6. Deprived of moisture. 7. A letter.

WM. S. BURGH.

No. 3.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. My whole is a useful article.
Behead, and leave a bird.
Curtail, and leave part of a lady's dress.
2. My whole is liked by children.
Behead, and leave skill.
Curtail, and leave the produce of a tree.

GEO. GRAPHY.

No. 4.

REVERSIONS.

1. Reverse a kitchen utensil, and get a boy's plaything. 2. Reverse a mineral, and get knocks. 3. Reverse a verb, and get an epoch. 4. Reverse to boast, and get apparel.

CAL. I. FORNY.

No. 5.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

1. B-r-s-f-f-a-h-r-l-c-t-g-t-e-.
 2. A-a-c-c-p-t-e-e-b-i-s-.
-

No. 6.

TWO CHARADES.—(By a boy aged 8).

1. I am flexible, thinner than glass, round when standing still, and oval when shaken. I burst at a touch, or when I strike anything solid. In a dead calm I slowly sink, in a little wind I float, in a strong breeze I rise.
 2. My outside is hard. My inside is soft, and good to eat. My middle is neither hard nor soft, and is not good to eat.
-

No. 7.

ENIGMA.

Now, little bright eyes, who am I?
My heart is hard, my cheek is round;
I swing beneath the earth and sky,
The merry sunbeams kiss me oft,
Till I grow big and sweet and soft,
And then, for your delight, am found.

MAMIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 89.

No. 1.

Dumb-bell.

No. 2.

Clock. Rash. In. Crick. Knight. Ebony. Trap. Whole word, Cricket.

No. 3.

SILVER
IDEAL
LENT
VAT
EL
R

No. 4.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. 5.

ALICE.

No. 6.

BEAR
EASE
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[Pg 640]

DISAPPOINTED.

BY UNCLE "CHALAK."

Brick, bat! Brickety, bat!
A woolly dog and a little cat
Sat in the barn door, enjoying the sun,
Watching their chance to have some fun.

Rick, rous! Rickety, rous!
A good-sized rat and very small mouse
Sat on the edge of the horse's manger,
Never giving a thought to danger.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!"
Barked Mr. Dog to Pussy Meow:
"I'm going to catch that rat, while you
Can have the mouse to make a stew."

"Meow-meow! Fiss! Scat!"
To the woolly dog replied the cat:
"Just give your tail a gentle swing
When you're quite ready to make the spring."

"Tweak, tweak! Tweakety, tweak!"
Squeaked the rat to the mouse so weak:
"That woolly dog and little cat
Will try to catch us, I'm sure of that."

"Eak, weak! Eakety, weak!"
Replied the mouse, in a fainter squeak:
"We'd better not wait for it to be tried;
Let's jump down now and run and hide."

The woolly dog gave his tail a swing,
The little cat made a terrible spring;
The mouse disappeared through a hole in the floor,
The rat scampered out through the open door.

The doggy silently scratched his ear,
The pussy sighed and dropped a tear.
"It's all your fault," said the dog, in a huff,
"You cats never move quickly enough."

"'Tis no such thing," was pussy's reply;
"I moved as quick as the flash of an eye.
Your own lazy tail is all to blame;
If *it* had wagged quicker, we'd have caught the game."

Fire-crackers.—Fire-crackers are made in China, where, on account of the cheapness of labor, the price is only two cents a bunch. As there are eighty in a pack, a Chinaman makes forty fire-crackers for less than a cent of our money. Most of them are made by poor people in their spare time. Merchants in Hong-Kong buy them, and place them in boxes holding forty packs each. They are so cheap that shippers could not afford to pay much for having them carried, so they are used as ballast in ships that bring silks and teas. The Chinese letters printed on the wrappers of fire-cracker packs are the advertisements of the dealers. "Fire-bangs," as they are sometimes called, are used almost all over the world. In the United States, their use in the North is on the Fourth of July; but in the South, Christmas is the great time for them. In England, they are most popular on the 5th of November, Guy Fawkes's Day; and in South America, on days of Church festivals. In China, everybody fires them on New-Year's Day; and in some of the Chinese cities they can be heard at almost all hours of every day, because the people think the noise of their explosion will frighten away evil spirits.



"Oh, mammy! mammy! he's broke loose; he's swallerin' me legs off. He's a bull-hound!"



"If a body meet a body coming through the
rye,
If a body greet a body, need a body cry?"

FOOTNOTES:

[1] If a well-behaved cat is not procurable, Moumouth can remain *in* the bag.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 2, 1881

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