

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Young People, August 9, 1881, by
Various**

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

Title: Harper's Young People, August 9, 1881

Author: Various

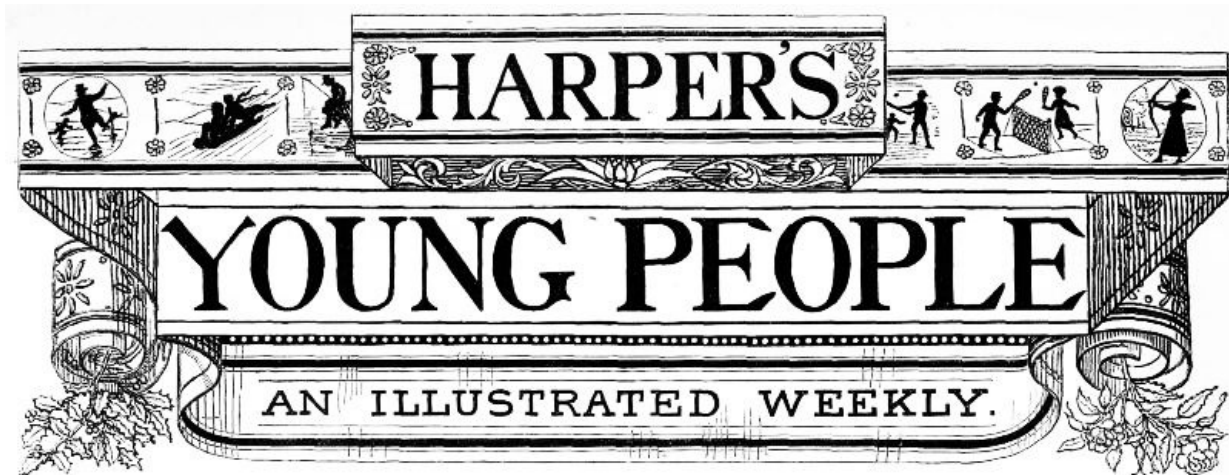
Release date: March 30, 2015 [EBook #48610]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 9,
1881 ***

[PICNIC SAM.](#)
[THE BABY ELEPHANT'S NUT-CRACKER.](#)
[SEA-WEEDS, AND HOW TO PRESERVE THEM.](#)
[TIM AND TIP:](#)
[BITS OF ADVICE.](#)
[JIM, THE FERRY BOY.](#)
[SWIMMING.](#)
[A BIT OF FOOLISHNESS.](#)
[MOWING.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)
[CHARADE.](#)
[MUD BOWS.](#)
[THEN AND NOW.](#)



[Pg 641]

VOL. II.—No. 93.

Tuesday, August 9,
1881.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW
YORK.

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

\$1.50 per Year, in
Advance.



PICNIC SAM.

BY WILL CARLETON.

You youngsters who haven't heard of Picnic Sam,
Just huddle up around here where I am,
And listen sharp while memory wanders to him,
And brings out what he seemed like when I knew him.
He lived in one of those high-stretched affairs
Called tenements, up any amount of stairs;
His room there, when the tired streets he forsook,
Was just what room he crowded in and took.
Though he "lived high," he never had the gout,
And for the most part took his dinners out;
Breakfast and supper were not in his way;
His motto always was, One meal per day;
Or rather, maybe, when you squarely met it,
One meal per day, providing I can get it.
His garments—well, you've stood and looked, perhaps,
At those plump, little, beaming, made-up chaps,
With nobby coats, and smiling painted faces,
The clothing dealer in his window places
(To make *meat* children envious, I suppose):
Well, Sam wasn't dressed at all like one of those.
Raiment like his no lively lad enjoys;
It had been cut for several different boys;
And, taking garments as they come and go,
He had about one suit—or nearly so.
Still, dry-goods are of life a small-sized part:
A bad coat often hides a first-class heart.
His face suggested, to the casual sight,
A bull-dog's when he's waiting for a fight;
And on it might be traced full many a streak,
As though it were not laundered once a week.
And yet his eyes were handsome, for a fact
(That is, of course, the one that was not blacked,
For he had fighting—more or less—to do);
But his well eye looked rather good and true.

[Pg 642]

You youngsters, huddle round here where I am—
I'll tell you why they called him Picnic Sam.
This young home heathen had, by day and night,
A regular first-class picnic appetite;
And, with a zeal good children stood in fear of,
Attended every picnic he could hear of.
When Sunday-schools were going to have "a spread,"
He'd always join, a week or two ahead;
And though no "verses" he had ever learned,

Tried to look serious like and deep concerned,
And (if some good boy he was sitting near)
Would answer every question, loud and clear.
'Twas strange, when near the time of feasting came,
How sure a school was to get Samuel's name.
"Why," said a teacher, rather prone to scoff,
"He'll smell a picnic full a fortnight off."
'Twas strange, in different schools he ravaged round in,
What various kinds of classes he'd be found in.
Three times he actually tried to pass
As member of an old folks' Bible class;
And once appeared (rough brick-bat among pearls)
In a small timid infant class of girls!
But in whatever company he came,
His appetite stood by him all the same.
No picnic near, in weather foul or pleasant,
But Sam and stomach managed to be present.
And when, with innocent, unconscious air,
He placed himself at table, firm and square,
With one eye partly closed, the other looking
Intently at the different styles of cooking,
And when, with savage-gleaming knife and fork,
He brought himself down seriously to work,
And marched through every dish in conquering glory,
And ravaged all the adjacent territory,
Making the table for some distance round
Look like a fiercely hard-fought battle-ground,
A smile upon his placid face would fall,
As if life wasn't a failure, after all.

But when the exciting dinner hour was gone,
Sam always felt quite uncalled-for and alone;
Felt snubbed and frozen and made quiet game of—
Sights that he didn't even know the name of,
But which he sensed as keenly (do not doubt it)
As if some foe had told him all about it.
He always felt by that vague feeling haunted
That hangs around folks when they are not wanted.
Because a boy is greedy, dull, and droll,
It needn't follow that he hasn't a soul;
Because his stomach craves more than its part,
It's no sign he was born without a heart;
Though ragged, poor, or coarse, or impolite,
He may resent a wrong or feel a slight.
'Tis dangerous work, this making game of folks,
Thinking, perhaps, they do not heed your jokes.
Don't fool yourself; for, ten to one, they know it,
And feel it worse in laboring not to show it.

Well, on one day particularly fine,
Sam felt himself invited to help dine
In a small grove, green, shady, fresh, and cool,
A recently discovered Sunday-school:
Which, when he'd joined, he'd muttered, "This'll pass;
It's a swell crowd; the board'll be first-class."
And so it was; and for an hour or more
Sam slew things as he never did before.
Wondering, with a gastronomic smile,
Where all these victuals'd been all this long while;
And made the teachers feel a great surprise
That they'd so underrated their supplies;
And in his stomach could not but confess
That life to-day was one good square success.

Then, after dinner, feeling perk and smart,
He tried to make a little social start,
And frisk and frolic round, like any other,
And be accepted as a boy and brother.
But all the children shrank, with scarce-hid loathing,
From a strange lad in such imperfect clothing;
And soon Sam's face a misty sadness wore,
As if to say, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."
He tried to put them under obligations
With street accomplishments and fascinations:
In turning somersaults and hand-springs led,

Whistled and sang, danced, stood upon his head;
Even tried a friendly sparring match, till taken
Right in the act, misunderstood, and shaken
(By the strong mother of the lad he battled),
Till the provisions in him fairly rattled.
But whatsoe'er he did, discreet or bold,
It seemed to drive him further in the cold.

The grove was near a river; on whose brink
Samuel sat down, with lots of time to think,
And watch some light boats swiftly past him go,
With happy children flitting to and fro,
Content to see *him* safe and dry on land.
And he thought, "No, I ain't much in demand."

Just then a trim young miss came tripping by,
With golden hair, and more than handsome eye;
And Sam remarked, his face full of glad creases,
"That's the smart girl that scooped 'em speakin' pieces;
I wonder if she learned hers like a song,
Or made the speech up as she went along.
She came out first, though last upon the track,
But spoke so long it held the dinner back;
Still, what she said was sweet an' soothin' rather,
'Bout how 'We all are children of one Father.'
If that's so, she's half-sister unto me—
At least I think I'll speak to her, and see."
Then, thinking pleasantly to clear the way,
He shouted, "Miss, this 'ere's a pleasant day."
But she flounced on, more haughty than before;
And Sam remarked, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."

While, roughly sad, the boy sat musing yet,
He heard a shout, "Help! help! our boat's upset!"
And following with his eyes the fear-edged scream,
Sam saw three children struggling in the stream.
And two were rescued; one went 'neath a wave;
The waters closed above her like a grave.
She sank, apparently to rise no more,
While frantic crowds ran up and down the shore,
And, 'mid the turmoil, each one did his best,
Shouting first-class instructions to the rest.
"It's the swell girl," thought Sam, "that's made this row;
I wonder how she likes the weather now.
I'd save her—if it wasn't too much bother—
'Good deeds for evil—children of one Father.'
I rather think she's gone down there to stay;
She can't be *yelled* up, if they try all day.
Wonder, if I should save her, 'twould be bold.
I've dove for pennies—s'pose I dive for gold."
Then throwing off his coat—what there was of it—
He plunged into the water, rose above it,
Plunged in again, and came once more to air,
Grasping a pretty golden tress of hair,
And a fine, stylish, shapely girl attached,
With pale, sweet face, and lips that with it matched.
He held her up till strong arms came from shore;
And soon she raised her eyes, and lived once more.

But Sam, poor boy, exhausted, choked, and beaten
With the prodigious dinner he had eaten,
Strangled and sank beneath the river's brim;
And no one seemed to care to dive for him.
Indeed, 'twas hard from the cold waves to win him,
With such a large part of the picnic in him;
And when at last he came out with "a haul,"
The school had one dead pupil, after all.



"POOR DRENCHED, DEAD HERO."

Poor drenched, dead hero!—in his tattered dress
Sam now was a society success.
They crowded round the dead boy as he lay,
And talked about him in a mournful way;
And from the teachers efforts did not lack
To resurrect and bring their scholar back:
They thronged about him, kept from him the air,
Founded him, pumped him, shook him up with care;
But useless was their toil, do all they could:
Sam and his dinner had gone on for good.

Nothing too nice that could be done and said
For this poor fellow—now that he was dead.
His casket was the finest and the best:
He went to his own funeral richly dressed.
They rigged him out in very pretty trim;
A rich, first-class procession followed him,
That reached the farthest distance up and down,
Of any often witnessed in that town;
And all the children, shedding tears half-hid,
Threw evergreens upon Sam's coffin lid.

Now when you're tempted scornfully to smile,
If a poor boy doesn't come up to your style,
Or shrink from him as though perhaps he'll bite you,
Because he has some points that don't delight you,
Or think, because your "set" can do without him,
There's nothing much desirable about him,
Just recollect that squeamishness is sham,
And drop a kind thought on poor Picnic Sam.

LESSON STORIES.

[Written for the Young People's Natural History Society.]

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

THE BABY ELEPHANT'S NUT-CRACKER.

I suppose every reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has seen an elephant eat pea-nuts. Of course every boy who goes to a show has pea-nuts in his pocket, because pea-nuts seem somehow to be a part of the show. Sometimes I think they are almost a part of the boy, for that matter. Well, having pea-nuts in one's pocket, and being inside the show, it is quite a matter of course to feed pea-nuts to the elephant. The fun lies in the ridiculous difference of size between the pea-nut and the elephant; it seems in a high degree absurd that so huge a creature should care for so small a thing to eat, and the wonder is that the elephant does not lose the nut somewhere in his great mouth. If he could get pea-nuts by the pint, instead of singly, the wonder would be less.

But how many boys and girls ever saw the baby elephant eat pea-nuts? He does it in a way entirely different from that of his father and mother. He does not like the shells, and so he cracks the nuts as carefully as any boy does, and his method of doing this is as curious as anything about him. I found out his trick by accident one day, when the baby elephant was a very little fellow

indeed, weighing not more than five hundred pounds or so. I had taken three boys with me to the show, and of course each of us had a pocket full of pea-nuts. When we came to inspect the baby elephant, we offered him a nut. He took it with the fingers at the end of that wonderful trunk of his, but did not place it in his mouth, as his father or mother would have done. He laid it on the ground instead, and raising one of his great clumsy-looking feet, swept it backward so near the ground as to catch the nut between the foot and the hard earth, cracking it very neatly without crushing it. He knew enough not to step on the nut, and he used his foot so dextrously that a single stroke separated the kernel from the shell. Then he picked up the kernel with his trunk, put it in his mouth, and ate it with as keen a relish as if he had been a boy at recess.

This performance was so entertaining that we repeated it again and again. The elephant was willing enough, and before long all the boys and girls in that part of the show had gathered around us to see the strangely intelligent act. We boys (for I am always a boy when I am with boys at a show) fed Master Baby Elephant all the pea-nuts we had—there was a quart of them distributed among us—and when we got through, others took our places.

We had to go through that show without any pea-nuts to eat, but we had found out how the baby elephant manages to use his great clumsy-looking foot for a nut-cracker.

Now there are two or three things that puzzle me about this matter. I want to know how the baby elephant learned to crack his pea-nuts. Instinct? Well, that is a good word with which to pretend that we explain things that we do not understand, but it will scarcely answer in this case. In their wild state elephants have no boys to give them pea-nuts, and as a matter of fact they have no instinct about pea-nuts. The baby elephant did not learn this from the grown-up elephants, for they do not crack their nuts. I wonder if he imitated some boy whom he saw cracking a nut with his heel.

Another thing I am curious about. Will the baby elephant go on cracking his nuts in this way when he becomes a grown-up elephant? The grown-up elephants do nothing of the kind. If he does not continue the practice, and so become an exceptional fellow, but leaves it off after a while, at what age will he make the change, and why will he change? If he prefers cracked to uncracked nuts one day, why should he prefer the uncracked ones the next day? I wish I could work this puzzle out by going to the show every day, and feeding the baby elephant with pea-nuts until he grows up or changes his way of eating them. Perhaps the members of the Young People's Natural History Society through the country will keep up a series of observations until the matter is settled.

A POISONOUS FOOD-PLANT.

There is a shrub called manioc, or manihot, or cassava, which grows in South America, the West Indies, and Africa. It has a great bulbous root, and it is this root which is interesting. In that species of the plant which is most used the root has a bitter, acrid juice, which is deadly poisonous. The strange part of the matter is that both the root and the poisonous juice are used for food, and probably every boy or girl who reads this has eaten both.

The natives of hot countries dry the root, and make good wholesome bread out of it. It is only the juice which is poisonous or disagreeable in taste. But the juice itself contains a kind of starch, and when the liquid parts of it are evaporated, there remains—what do you think? Why, the tapioca of which your mother makes puddings.

But why isn't tapioca poisonous? Why is Brazilian arrowroot—which is only the manioc root dried and powdered—harmless and nutritive? What becomes of the poison, and how can we be sure that none of it remains in the tapioca or the arrowroot?

Pour a spoonful of alcohol on a plate, and set it in the air or sunshine. Then look for it half an hour afterward. The plate will be dry, and not even a smell of the alcohol will remain. Liquids which evaporate easily and completely in this way are called volatile, and the acid which renders manioc root poisonous is extremely volatile. When the least heat is applied to any mixture containing it, the acid quickly and completely evaporates, and that is the way in which it disappears in the process of making tapioca, or drying the root to make arrowroot of it. There is a small quantity of bitter material in the manioc juice which is removed by washing the tapioca as soon as it is made.

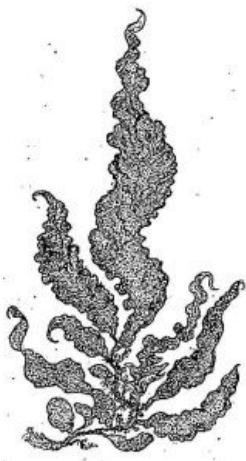
[Pg 644]

SEA-WEEDS, AND HOW TO PRESERVE THEM.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

When visiting the sea-shore for the purpose of gathering sea-weeds, or to learn something of their modest and simple lives, it will be noticed that twice in every twenty-four hours the water advances and recedes, affording an opportunity for the collector to follow the beach down to the lowest tide-mark, and thus make sure of some small portion of the beautiful marine vegetation of the wondrous ocean.

The first band or zone of sea-weeds encountered is that of the coarse olive-green sea-weeds commonly called bladder-weed or rock-weed. This alga is easily distinguished by the double series of round air-vessels with which the fronds



are studded, and the coarse midrib running up the centre of each frond. On all rocky coasts several varieties of this family of sea-weeds are to be met with. When trodden on, the air-vessels explode with a sharp report; from this fact it has been christened, by young people living on the coast, the snap-weed, to whom it affords much amusement. On this coarse weed, and under its dark and damp masses, in the tide pools and on the rocks on which it grows, are to be found many varieties of our most delicate and beautiful sea-weeds.



After the olive-green zone has been passed, the bright greens, brilliant reds, and purples are reached.

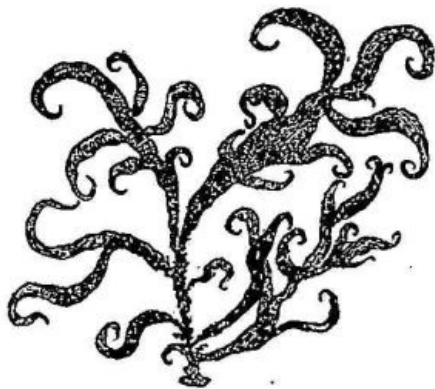
Sea-weeds are rootless plants, and do not derive their support from the earth, as do other plants, but obtain their entire subsistence from the water.

The small flat disk to be found on the end of the main branch is only for the purpose of adhering to the rocks, stones, or other objects on which they may be found attached.

I have figured five of the most beautiful types of sea-weeds common on our coast, but they are so learnedly and scientifically named (being without common names), as, for instance, *Polysephonia urceolata*, that I have depended on the simple figures to enlist the reader's interest, and have avoided the discouraging scientific names.



On many of the apple stands in the city of New York may be seen a dark purple-colored substance for sale; this is a sea-weed imported from the coast of Ireland, and is called sloake, or lava. By many it is considered as great a delicacy as pea-nuts. When mounted, it makes a very handsome specimen. The best paper for mounting the sea-weeds is ordinary drawing-paper, cut to a uniform size.

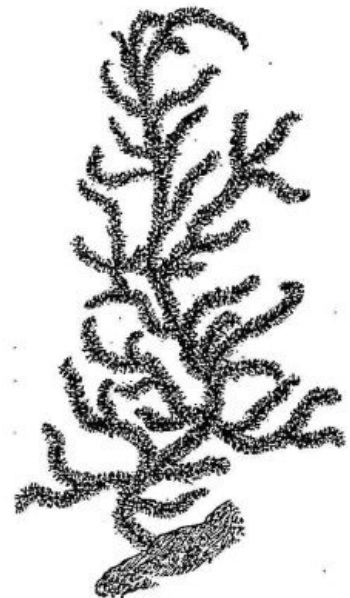


After the specimens have been thoroughly washed, the finest should be separated from the coarser ones, and placed in wide and shallow dishes filled with clean fresh water. Sheets of the drawing-paper are slipped under the specimens, which are arranged in a natural and graceful position as they float over the immersed paper. A camel's-hair brush and a coarse needle, with the assistance of the fingers, are all that are required for the arranging of the sea-weeds on the paper. When the specimen is in proper position, it is slowly and carefully lifted from the water on the drawing-paper, so as to retain the desired position of the sea-weed.

The mounted specimen should be pinned up for a few minutes to allow the water to drip off before

placing it in the press. There is no need of fastening the plants to the paper, as most of the sea-weeds are supplied with a glue-like material which fastens them firmly to the paper when in the press drying.

The most simple and cheap sea-weed press that I know of consists of two large boards, as shown in Fig. 1, at AA, and on the lower board (A) are placed layers of blotting-paper with layers of clean-washed pieces of old sheeting. The sheeting and blotting-paper layers are for the purpose of quickly absorbing all moisture from the sea-weeds. As soon as the water has dripped off the mounted specimen, it is carefully laid on two or three thicknesses of blotting-paper; on the face of the sea-weed a piece of the muslin or sheeting is laid; over the sheeting more blotters are placed, and on this second layer of blotters another set of sea-weeds. In this way all the specimens are disposed of, and the top board (AA) is placed; on this a soap box is placed, which is filled with either sand or stones, by means of which the desired pressure is obtained.



For a field press, the most simple form that I know of is shown in Fig. 2, which is made out of two pieces of three-quarter inch stuff, well strengthened with a frame of black walnut, fastened with three screws in each corner. After the sea-weeds are placed in position on one of the boards, the top board is laid on, and the specimens are brought under pressure by means of a stout strap. During the stormy days of next winter, when you are confined to the house, you will find real pleasure in arranging your pretty specimens in an album.

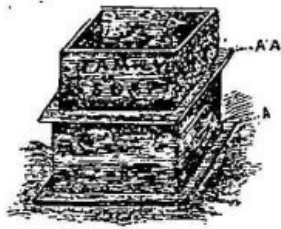


FIG. 1

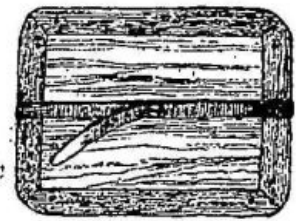


FIG. 2

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

[Pg 645]

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

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

SAM, THE FAT BOY.

Tim stopped as quickly as if he had stepped into a pool of glue, which had suddenly hardened and held him prisoner, and peered anxiously ahead, trying to discover where the voice came from.

"Didn't know there was anybody round here, did yer?" continued the voice, while the body still remained hidden from view.

Again Tim tried to discover the speaker, and failing in the attempt, he asked, in a sort of frightened desperation, "Who are you anyhow?"

"Call off yer dog, and I'll show yer."

These words made Tim feel very much braver, for they showed that the speaker as well as himself was frightened, and he lost no time in reducing Tip to a state of subjection by claspng him firmly around the neck.

"Now come out; he wouldn't hurt a fly, an' it's only his way to bark when he's kinder scared."

Thus urged, the party afraid of the dog came out of his place of hiding, which was none other than the branches of a tree, by simply dropping to the ground—a proceeding which gave another shock to the nerves of both Tim and Tip.

But there was nothing about him very alarming, and when Tim had a full view of him, he was inclined to be angry with himself for having allowed so short a boy to frighten him. He was no taller than Tim, and as near as could be seen in the dim light, about as broad as he was long—a perfect ball of jelly, with a face, two legs, and two arms carved on it.

It was impossible to gain a good view of his face, but that did not trouble Tim, who was only anxious to learn who this boy was, and whether he might be sufficiently acquainted with Captain Babbige to send him news of the runaway.

The new-comer did not appear to be in any hurry to begin the conversation, but stood with his hands in his pockets, eying Tim as though he was some strange animal who might be expected to cut up queer sort of antics at any moment.

"Hullo!" said Tim, after he thought the fat boy had looked at him quite as long as was necessary.

"Hullo!" was the reply.

"Where did you come from?"

"Outer that tree there," replied the boy, gravely, as he pointed to the place where he had been hiding.

"Yes, I saw you come out of there; but that ain't where you live, is it?"

"No."

"Where do you live?" And Tim was beginning to think that it required a great deal of labor to extract a small amount of knowledge from this fat party.

"Oh, I live over the hill, about half a mile down the road. Got anything good to eat?"

The question seemed so unnecessary and out of place, considering all the circumstances, that Tim took no notice of it, but asked, "What's your name?"

"Sam."

"Sam what?"

"I dunno, but I guess it's Simpson."

"Well, you're funny, if you ain't sure what your name is," said Tim, thoughtfully, forgetting his own troubles in his curiosity about this queer specimen. "What makes you think your name's Simpson?"

"'Cause that's my father's name."

By this time Tim had released his hold of Tip's neck, and the dog walked around Sam on a sort of smelling tour, very much to the boy's discomfort.

"Don't be afraid," said Tim; "he won't bite you. He's the best dog in the world if you only let him alone."

"I'll let him alone," replied Sam, still in doubt as to Tip's good intentions—"I'll let him alone, an' I wish he'd let me alone."

"He's only kinder gettin' acquainted, that's all. Say, do you s'pose your father would let me sleep in his barn to-night?"

"I dunno. What do you want to for?"

"'Cause I ain't got any other place."

If Sam hadn't been so fat, he would probably have started in surprise; but as it was, he expressed his astonishment by a kind of grunt, and going nearer to Tim he asked, "Where do you live?"

"Nowhere. Me an' Tip are tryin' to find some place where we can earn our own livin'," replied Tim, in doubt as to whether he ought to tell this boy his whole story or not. [Pg 646]

"Ain't you got any father or mother?"

"No," was the sad reply. "They're both dead, an' me an' Tip have to look out for ourselves. We did live with Captain Babbige, but we couldn't stand it any longer, an' so we started out on our own hook."

"Where do you get things to eat?"

"We've got some money to buy 'em with."

"How much you got?"

"I had two cents when I left Selman, an' Mr. Sullivan, that keeps a store down to the mills, gave me two dollars."

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Sam, eagerly, as his eyes sparkled with delight. "Jest the other side of my house there's a store, an' we can go down there an' get two big sticks of candy, an' have an awful good time."

Tim reflected a moment. He knew that he ought to keep his money; but Sam's idea seemed such a good one that the thought of the pleasure which would come with the eating of the candy was too much for his notions of economy; therefore he compromised by saying, "I will, if you'll let me sleep in your barn."

Sam quickly agreed to that (in order to get the candy he would probably have promised to give the entire farm away), and the three—Sam, Tim, and Tip—started off, the best of friends.

But before they had gone very far, Sam stopped in the middle of the road, as he said, mournfully, "My! but I forgot all about the cow."

"What cow?"

"Father sent me down here to find old Whiteface, an' I forgot all about her when I saw you."

"Well, why don't you find her now? Me an' Tip will help you."

"But it'll take so long, an' before we get back the store will be shut up," objected Sam, who stood undecided in the road, as if he had half a mind to leave old Whiteface to her fate while he made sure of the candy.

"Never mind if the store is shut up," said Tim, earnestly. "We can get the candy just as well in the morning, an' perhaps we'll find her so quick that there'll be plenty of time."

"Will you buy the candy in the mornin' if you don't to-night?"

"Yes, I will, honest."

"Cross your throat."

Tim went through the ceremony of crossing his throat to make his promise more solemn, and search was made for the cow.

Up to this time it was plain that Sam did not feel any great amount of love for or confidence in Tip; but when, after a few moments' search, his loud bark told that he had discovered the missing cow, his future was assured so far as Sam Simpson was concerned.

"Now that's somethin' like," he said, after they had started homeward. "When you've got such a dog as that, all a feller's got to do is to sit down an' send him after 'em. It's the awfulest hateful thing in the world to go off huntin' cows when you don't want to."

Tim had many and serious doubts as to whether Tip could be depended on to go for the cows alone, but he did not think it best to put those doubts in words, lest he should deprive his pet of his new-found friend.

It was only a ten minutes' walk to Sam's home, and when the cow had been led to her stall Tim proposed that Sam should ask permission for him to sleep in the barn.

"There's time enough for that when we come back," was Sam's reply, the thought of the candy he was to have in case they reached the store before it was closed for the night driving all else from his mind. "Come on; we'll catch Mr. Coburn if we hurry."

Now Tim would much rather have had the question settled as to his sleeping quarters before starting out for pleasure; but Sam was so eager for the promised feast that he felt obliged to do as he said, more especially since it was through his influence that he hoped to receive the favor.

Naturally Sam Simpson was not a quick-motivated boy, but no one could have complained of the speed with which he went toward Mr. Coburn's store that night, and Tim found it hard work to keep pace with him.

The store was open, but the proprietor was just making preparations for closing. The candy, placed in two rather dirty glass jars, was in its accustomed place, and beamed down upon them in all its sticky sweetness, delighting Sam simply by the view to such an extent that his face was covered with smiles.

With a gravity befitting the occasion and the amount of wealth he was about to squander, Tim asked to be allowed to see the goods he proposed to buy, in order to make sure they were of the proper length.

Old Mr. Coburn rubbed his glasses carefully, wiped his face as a sort of preface to his task, and set about making this last sale of the day with the air of a man who knows he is called upon to deal with very exacting customers.

It was fully five minutes before Tim could settle the weighty question as to whether it was better to buy a stick of peppermint and one of lemon, and thus by dividing them get two distinct treats, or to take both of one kind, and thus prevent any dispute as to whether he had made a just and equal division.

While this struggle was going on in the purchaser's mind, Sam fidgeted around, standing first on one foot and then on the other, watching every movement Tim made, while Tip searched over every portion of the store, very much to Mr. Coburn's annoyance.

The decision was finally made, but not before Mr. Coburn hinted that he could not afford to burn a quart of oil in order that his customers might see how to spend two cents, and with a peppermint stick in one hand and a lemon stick in the other Tim left the store, followed by Sam and preceded by Tip.

To make a fair division of the sweet feast was quite as great a task as the purchase had been, and it was begun in the gravest manner.

The two sticks were carefully measured, and by the aid of Sam's half-bladed jackknife broken at the proper place. A large rock by the side of the road served as seat, and there the two boys munched away as slowly as possible, in order that the feast might be prolonged to the utmost.

Tip sat close by, watching every mouthful in a hungry way, but refusing the portion Tim offered him.

Now that the feast was fast fading away into only a remembrance, the thought of where he was to spend the night began to trouble Tim again, and he asked, anxiously, "Sure your father will let me sleep in the barn?"

Before the candy had been purchased, the fat boy had been perfectly sure Tim could sleep in his father's barn, but now that the dainty was in his possession, he began to have some doubts on the subject.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, his mouth so full of candy that Tim could hardly understand him. "Father an' mother will be in bed when we get home, an' it won't be any use to bother 'em. You come right up stairs to bed with me, an' we'll fix it in the morning."

"I'd rather ask them, an' sleep in the barn," said Tim, not half liking this plan.

"But they'll be asleep, an' you can't," was the quiet reply.

"Then I'd rather go in the barn anyway."

"Now see here," said Sam, with an air of wisdom, as he sucked the remaining particles of candy from his fingers, "I know father an' mother better 'n you do, don't I?"

"Yes," replied Tim, glad that Sam had made one statement with which he could agree.

"Then you do jest as I tell you. We'll creep up stairs like a couple of mice, an' in the morning I'll fix everything. Mother wouldn't want you to sleep in the barn when you could come with me as well as not; an' you do as I tell you."



PEPPERMINT, OR LEMON?

It did not seem to Tim that he could do anything else, and he said, as he slid down from the rock, "I'll do it, Sam, but I'd rather you'd ask them."

Sam, content with having gained his point, walked silently along with Tim by his side, and followed by Tip, who acted as if he knew he was going out to spend the night without a proper invitation.

When they reached the house, not a light was to be seen, and the three crept up stairs, not quite as softly as mice, but so quietly that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson did not hear them.

That night Sam, Tim, and Tip lay on one bed, and neither of them lost any sleep by thinking of his possible reception in the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT BEING OBLIGING.

Did you ever think that a person may be very selfish and very unselfish at the same time? Ethel is very fond of making presents to her friends. If Edith or Nannie admires a work-box, a book, or a pencil of hers, it is at her service. She delights to surprise her school-mates with little gifts, and often Mattie finds a bunch of violets on her desk, which have come from Ethel's conservatory, or a great golden orange is added to Sadie's luncheon, and it is sure to have been brought from Florida by Ethel's Uncle Tom. Ethel is full of kind thoughts, and is as liberal and generous as possible with things that cost her nothing. But still I do not regard her as unselfish, and I will tell you why.

She is not the least bit obliging. If she is seated in her little rocker by the south window, and mamma or auntie comes in, ever so tired, it does not occur to Ethel to offer her chair, that either of the ladies may rest. Indeed, if you hint it to her, she shakes her head and says, "There are plenty of chairs in the room; why should I give up mine?" Not long since Cousin Polly and little Agnes Lee arrived unexpectedly, and as there were other guests in the house, mamma was compelled to ask Ethel to give up her pretty room, and sleep for the night with her younger sister. Would you believe it, Ethel was so vexed that she pouted and sulked in Cousin Polly's face, would take no notice of the child, and finally cried herself to sleep? Not one of the family ever dreams of asking Ethel to run up stairs or down on an errand, to mend a ripped glove, to carry a message, or to do the slightest thing which will put her out of her usual way. They know that she is not an obliging girl, and, strangely enough, the very school-mates who accept her flowers and oranges, are much more fond of Mary Ann, a plain, dumpy little body, who never has anything to give away, but who is always greeting everybody with kind looks and words, and who, wherever she goes, is helping along.

JIM, THE FERRY BOY.

BY WADE WHIPPLE.

Waterview is in West Virginia. It overlooks the Great Kanawha River, and a very pretty river it is, too. You would think so if you were permitted to look out of any of the eastern windows of Waterview some bright summer morning, and see the willow and plane trees nodding to you from the opposite shore, and opening here and there to give you a glimpse of beautiful hills crowned with snowy clouds and bright blue sky.

And maybe if your eye chanced to rest on the cabin just at the foot of those beautiful hills, with its white-washed face peeping out of the maze of green and gold that almost hid it from view, you *might* wish to live there, even though the only way to bring it about would be by exchanging homes and natures with Jim, the Ferry Boy.

Jim was the light of that little cabin—yes, the *light*, for though his skin was as dark as the dusk, his happy and contented spirit shone out of his laughing eyes like sunbeams breaking through the chinks in a black cloud.

He was the ferryman at Waterview—a boy, and yet a man in all that was needed to fit him for his calling, being strong, courageous, and faithful. To be sure, "the ferry" was nothing more than a skiff of one-boy power, but it called upon Jim to get up at all hours of the night, and face the wettest kind of storms and the roughest kind of people, and these elements would have taken all the picnic flavor out of the business for you.

It was all the same to Jim, however. You could shake him out of the knottiest of naps, and drop him into the dingiest of nights, and he



would take hold of the oars with as good a will as any of you would reach out for a box of bonbons. But with not quite as good a will, perhaps, as he would take to an old family fiddle during the gaps between work. His "mammy" insisted upon it that Jim got his good-nature out of that fiddle.

"Dar's a drefile heap o' fun in dem chil'en w'en dey's togedder," she would say; "and wedder Jim stirs de fiddle or de fiddle stirs Jim dar's no tellin', on'y dey tickles each udder mos' pow'ful, now I tells yer."

And it is a little circumstance connected with that very same fiddle that I have undertaken to tell you of. You see, Jim had a habit of taking that instrument with him on his trips across the river, and when waiting for a passenger he would prop himself up on the shore end of his boat, and coax "Dan Tucker" and "Clar de Kitchen" out of the strings in a way that might have made the frogs dance if there had been any one else about to call off the figures.

Well, on one occasion Jim had just laid his fiddle on the bank to help a passenger aboard, when a signal from the other side of the river caught his eye, and in his haste to get over and "bag his game" he rowed away without his old musical friend. On a bluff overlooking this part of

the river, standing at his doorway, as Jim moved away, was Colonel Turner; and seeing the deserted fiddle lying on the ground, under cover of the trees and rocks along shore he stole down there, captured it, and brought it into the house. You see, he had a joke in mind.

Among his household goods was an old bass-viol—one of those very, *very* big fiddles you have seen in orchestras, that keeps a man bobbing up and down over its giant body like a washer-woman doing her best to rub the wrinkles out of a wash-board.

Well, the Colonel took that out of its hiding-place, and in a few moments it was lying in the very spot whence he had taken Jim's queer little music-box.

Presently the swarthy young ferryman came paddling across with his passenger, and running his boat into the little cove his frequent landings had cut in the river-bank, landed fairly on shore before he discovered the bass-viol lying there, with its great neck reaching out toward the river as if to take a drink.

Was he surprised? You would have thought so if you had seen his eyes bulge out, and his mouth open in a way that suggested the yawn of an alligator, as he exclaimed, "Sakes! how dat fiddle's growed!"

Then, with a degree of reverence in keeping with the measure of his surprise, Jim walked about from side to side of the monster, and finally ventured to reach out and thrum one of the great strings. If it had been run through him it could not have shaken him more than did the whirring sound which followed, and caused him to exclaim:

"Massy me! I done feel de ruts ob dat note movin' 'way down un'er my heel!' Lucky I warn't big 'nuff ter set de hull machine go'in', else dar'd been a earfquake sho' 'nuff.—Hullo dar!"

[Pg 648]

This exclamation was caused of the fact that his interest in the wonderful growth of the fiddle had caused him to forget his boat, which had meanwhile drifted from shore, and was being carried down stream as rapidly as a rather brisk current could bear it.

Before the Colonel (who was watching the comedy from his doorway) suspected his intention, the little ferryman had seized an oar that was lying on the bank, launched the big fiddle, and, astraddle of its bridge, was vigorously paddling in the wake of the escaping truant.

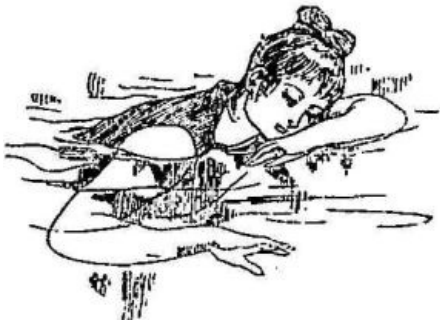
"Hey! you Jim!" shouted the Colonel, "where are you going with that fiddle?"

"Whar de fiddle's gwine wid me, I 'speck," was Jim's response, as he glanced back over his shoulder.

"But don't you know the water'll shrink that machine, and take all the music out of it?"

"Hit'll stan' a heap o' shrimpin', Kurnel, 'fo' it gits back ter my meshure; but dis chile's *bizness* won't stan' any shrimpin', an' dat's why I's ticklar 'bout dat ar boat. Bizness 'fo' pleshure, Kurnel."

Did he catch the boat? He was gaining on it when they turned a bend in the river, and it is very likely he caught it. At least he "caught it" from the Colonel when he came back with that soaked fiddle.



AT EASE.

On the first day of June the public swimming-baths in New York city were opened for the season. It is only a few years since the "City Fathers," as the Board of Aldermen are sometimes called, came to see the advantage of providing places where those of their children whose lives are passed in crowded tenement-houses and hot, dirty streets could wash and be clean. The aldermen built schools and paid teachers, and thought they had done their duty; but cleanliness is next to godliness, and health is even more important than reading and writing. The bath-tub is not in great favor with persons who have not been brought up to it, but every boy and girl likes to paddle about in the water in hot weather; and where there is a chance to swim, very few will long be content with paddling. Swimming is natural to most land animals, and a man could swim as

readily as they but that he lacks confidence. It is very easily learned, however, and when learned, how delightful and healthy an accomplishment it is! and to what noble deeds does it not open the way!

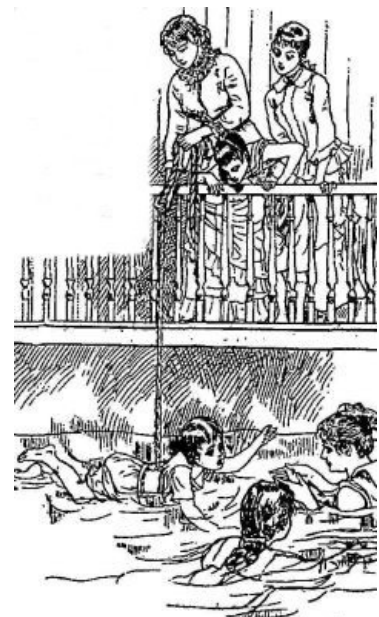


A FREE SWIMMING-BATH—WOMEN'S DAY—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

You will read in the newspapers from time to time of persons who have risked their lives to stop runaway horses, or to rescue helpless persons from an awful death in a burning house; but the heroes who have distinguished themselves by saving life in the water far outnumber those; for among a travelling people such as ours, danger by water is much more frequent than fires, or any other situations where the act of a single person may save life. Prince Bismarck, the great German Chancellor, may cover the breast of his uniform with medals and stars and orders of knighthood; but the decoration which he wears most frequently, and values more highly than all, is a medal which he received for rescuing his groom from drowning many years ago.

There is a story of a loving and overcautious mother who forbade her children to go into the water until they had learned to swim. Of course it is impossible for any one to swim before he has had an opportunity of trying; but in the absence of a teacher, a beginner will learn much more easily if he studies the positions and movements as given in the following hints. The first rule in learning to swim is, take things coolly. Remember that you can swim naturally if you can only put aside all nervousness and excitement.

Salt-water is the best to swim in on account of its greater buoyancy, but it is very difficult to learn in the surf. If you bathe in still or running water, be careful to choose a place free from weeds, and with a hard bottom, sloping gradually down to deep water. Be cautious about holes which would take you over your head, especially when bathing in an unknown place. Never venture out into deep water trusting to corks or life-belts to keep you afloat. Such help will never teach you to swim, and may lead you into danger. You need have no fear of taking cold *in* the water; but if you stay in long enough to get chilled, you will most likely take cold when you come out.



TEACHING THE LITTLE ONES TO SWIM.

If you find that you do not get



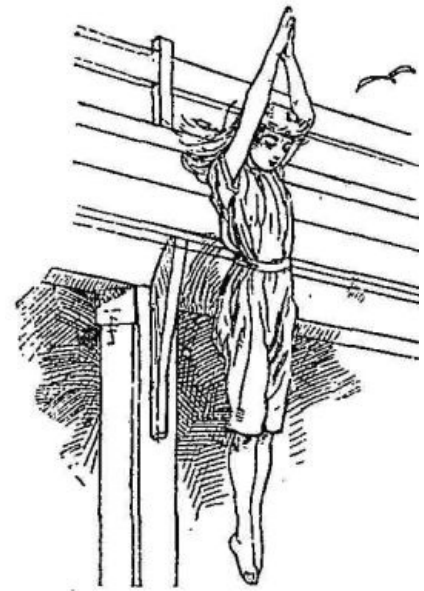
FISHING.

warm as soon as you are dressed, you may be sure you have staid in the water too long, and your bath has done you more harm than good.

It is a great mistake to think that swimming is a sport solely for men and boys; for not only do those girls who learn to swim enjoy doing so, but it is quite as important for girls to know how to swim as for boys. Nearly every large city is provided with swimming-baths, private and public, where every facility is afforded for swimming and learning to swim. In New York city there are seventeen of these baths, nine of them private, to which a small admission fee is charged, and eight of them public. In the private baths

certain compartments are always reserved for women and girls, and the public baths are devoted to their use on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

On the preceding page are a number of sketches made by Mrs. Shepherd in one of the largest of these public baths. Some of the girls who visit these baths become very expert swimmers, and think nothing of taking a flying leap from the roof of the bath-house, swimming the entire length of the bath under the water, and doing other feats that appear very wonderful to the little ones just learning to swim by the aid of lines made fast to their waists.



A JUMP FROM THE ROOF.

ENTERING THE WATER.

Enter the water until as deep as your waist, when you can stoop and duck your head and the rest of your body; then advancing until the water reaches to your breast, turn your face toward the shore. This direction is given to increase your confidence, as you must remember that as you advance you are getting into shallower water.

Leaning gradually forward, extend your arms, keeping your hands together sideways, the thumbs close together, and the palms slightly turned from you; and just as your chin touches the surface of the water, draw a long breath, at the same time bringing your hands round toward your sides. If you do this steadily and regularly, you will find your feet leave the bottom, and that you have succeeded in supporting yourself. You may not do this at the first attempt, or even at the second or third; but that will be because your heart has failed you, and you have made the motion too quickly or irregularly.

If you have not yet acquired that perfect confidence necessary to enable you to become a swimmer, you may at first allow one foot to touch the ground; but if you find you can manage without doing so, so much the better.

THE STROKE.

At the same time that you bring your arms back to your sides, you must draw up your legs, and extending your arms again as in the first movement, strike your feet out steadily behind you.

The action of the legs in swimming is most important. The strokes should come from the knees, not from the hips, the feet spreading wide apart, and striking backward and downward, in order to obtain the greatest amount of resistance from the water, and the ankle-joints firm.

When you have learned the stroke with the arms and that with the legs, you are able to swim. Always make your strokes with steadiness, and not too rapidly, taking a fresh breath every time you strike out. After all, you will find hard-and-fast rules on this subject are not of much use, as you will soon naturally breathe at the right time.

SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

In order to swim on your back, you must, of course, first turn over. This is done exactly as you turn in bed. Drop the arm and leg opposite to the side to which you turn, and embrace, as it were, the water with the other. This movement seems very difficult, but it is a perfectly *natural* one, and you have only to obey the impulse of your will in order to perform it.

Having turned over, let your head lie well back, no other part of your body being out of the water, the hands close to the hips, and then strike out with the feet as directed in your first lesson in breast swimming.

In swimming on your back you can use your hands in various ways, as you may desire to go faster

or slower. If in no haste, merely paddling with them by the sides of your hips will greatly assist, or you can push them down from the waist toward your thighs, bringing them back edgewise, so as to offer as little resistance as possible to the water. But the greatest speed while swimming on your back is to be attained by stretching both hands as far as possible out of the water behind your head, and bringing them with a rapid sweep edgewise into the water again, opposing your palms to the water, so as to get as great a pressure as possible. You can, of course, at the same time use your legs, though you can progress by the use of your arms alone, but with nothing like the same speed.

RESTING—FLOATING.

In swimming you often want to rest yourself, and this is done by *change of action*. It is surprising the amount of relief a tired swimmer finds by merely changing the manner of progression; the different sets of muscles it brings into play afford ease to those he had hitherto been using; in fact, in long distances this is one way in which a swimmer has moments of rest.

The greatest change is naturally that from vigorous exertion to perfect repose, that is, floating. In order to float, keep your head well back, and straighten your legs, which will naturally drop a little downward; you can either stretch your arms behind your head, or if you are really floating to rest yourself, and not merely trying to lie flat on the water, you can cross them behind your back.

In this latter position they give increased buoyancy to the head and upper part of the body, and you will find it also enables you to breathe more freely, and to look around you.

SIDE SWIMMING.

For a short distance the greatest speed can be attained by swimming on the side.

Start in the usual manner on your breast, and, when off, incline to your right side, presenting that side of your head and that arm to the water, striking out with it to the full extent, the motion of your legs continuing the same as when starting; but your left shoulder being now out of the water, your left arm must be used by being thrown out as far as you can, without stretching, and drawn back as you make your stroke, the hand being hollowed; the action is, in fact, that of *pulling* yourself through the water.

[Pg 651]

If you follow our directions, and keep up your courage, you will have gained such confidence that you will no longer have any dread of the water, and will be able to swim on your face, your back, and your side, as well as to rest yourself by a change from one style to another, or by floating.

[Continued from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 92, August 2.]

A BIT OF FOOLISHNESS.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

PART II.

The wind suddenly grew very cold, and blew the trees angrily, and turned their leaves the wrong way, until it seemed like a furious storm. It had been still, and the sun had been hot and glaring, but suddenly the air felt like autumn, and our friends looked around every now and then to see the shower chasing them, and covering the hills and woods with heavy white mist. The fragrance of the wet pine woods was very sweet, and the coolness was delightful, but the clouds looked strangely yellow, and as if a great deal of rain would pour out of them presently, while there were flashes of lightning every now and then, and distant thunder began to growl among the mountains.

"It will be here in a few minutes," said Jack, looking at his sister anxiously. "I'm awfully sorry, Alice." And they both hurried; as if by walking fast they could get away from the rain. "And our clothes have all gone to North Conway! how shall we ever get dry?" he added, ruefully; but Alice laughed.

"You know we were all drenched coming home from Gorham that day. It wasn't very bad, and it won't be chilly like this for very long, at any rate."

The first great drops of the rain began to spatter among the leaves, and our friends found the shower at first very refreshing, but when their clothes became so soaked that the weight of them was something surprising, and streams of water began to run along the road, they did not like it so well; but they made the best of it, and laughed heartily, though they were both beginning to feel very tired, and wondered if there would never be an end to the woods. It was growing darker too, and if some one did not drive by before long, it would be most discouraging. Early in the afternoon they had passed several loaded carts, besides pleasure parties that were driving to or from the Glen House, but for some time there had not been a traveller on that part of the road except themselves.

The rain ceased falling; it had been a heavy shower, but luckily it did not last long. They had taken shelter under a great beech-tree when it had become altogether too hard work to walk, and Alice wrung the water out of her skirts as well as she could, and they started on again.

The clouds looked very heavy, and the sunset was a very pale one, and it seemed to be growing dark early. In that deep valley the twilight begins much sooner than out in the open country, and Jack and Alice had lost so much time already that they were a good way from the house they meant to reach by seven o'clock, and just after that time Alice said, despairingly:

"I don't believe I can walk much further, Jack. I'm ashamed to give in, but I don't think I ever was so tired in all my life."

"I'm tired myself," said Jack; "it's the hardest walking I ever did; but I suppose there is nothing to do but to go on. I think it's very odd that it is so long since we have passed anybody."

Alice went on without saying any more for a little while, but at last she sat down by the road-side, while Jack stood at her side and waited uneasily.

"I think we are getting out of the track of the shower," said he. "Suppose we go on a little further, and find a good dry place, and build a camp fire, and get dry and rested at any rate. I begin to feel like an old jelly-fish trying to roll along on his edge."

Alice laughed, and started out again. It was really getting to be drier footing, and the air felt warmer, and it was not long before Jack touched the earth with his hand, and said that he was sure there could be nothing but dew on the ground, and they might as well stop. They listened and listened for the sound of wheels, but even the thrushes had stopped singing, and all they could hear was a brook tumbling over the ledges, and the cry of a hawk or an owl far in the woods.

Jack chose a safe place at the side of a great rock, where there seemed to be no danger of setting the woods on fire. It was so dark they could scarcely see, but they heaped up a pile of pine-needles and dry twigs and birch bark, and it seemed very cheerful when they had lighted it. Jack was delighted because Alice had some little wax matches in the bag he carried on his shoulder, and I think the first flicker of the fire gave a great pleasure to both our friends.

"I'm going to find some larger wood," said Jack, "and then I am going to cook the fish. I shall starve to death. We are like the Babes in the Wood, aren't we? Get as near to the fire as you can, Alice, and you'll soon be dry."



TRYING TO GET DRY.

They had a magnificent blaze before very long, and Alice hung her jacket and wet, heavy skirt on stakes beside it. They were in a little open place not far from the road, and Jack began to tell stories of his experiences the summer before when he had been off on a fishing and camping-out excursion with some friends in the Maine woods.

Alice had heard them all before, but they were none the less interesting. She had always wished to camp out herself, and this experience was, after all, a great satisfaction, now that she was a little rested, and was getting dry and comfortable. It was not so bad to be damp even, but she hated the thought of going any further that night.

In the lunch-box there were still some hard crackers and a paper of salt, and after Jack had baked his three trout—and he did not do it badly either, for a guide had taught him once how to wrap them in some leaves and dig a little place in the hot ashes for an oven—they ate their supper, and were as jolly as possible. The fire was a great success; they had gathered all

the old dry wood they could find, and at last they were willing to let it go down, for it was growing too hot: the night was warm at any rate. They sat together on the slope and leaned against the rock. The trout had been very good—they only wished there had been more; but they were very comfortable, and they watched the strange shadows the flickering light of the fire made among the trees. They were neither of them a bit afraid, and presently Jack was silent for a few moments, and his sister found that he had gone to sleep.

She would not wake him, she thought; he might sleep a little while just as well as not, and they could go on if they liked an hour later. By that time the moon would be up, too. Alice looked up through the branches at the stars; there was an old hemlock almost overhead that was like a roof, but there seemed to be very little dew falling.

The mosquitoes were beginning to be troublesome, now that the fire was down, and she said to herself that she would get some more wood presently if Jack did not wake—and in three minutes more she was as sound asleep as Jack himself.

He waked first; it was late in the night, and the moon was high in the sky. The fire was out, and at first he could not think where he was; but Alice was there, sure enough, and the hemlock-tree,

and the rest of the woods. He felt a little stiff and chilly, and he started to his feet to look around, and suddenly he heard two or three roosters crowing, and at that sound he began to laugh.

"Alice! Alice!" said he; and his sister waked quickly, but was even more bewildered at first than he had been.

"I never slept better in my life," she said, sleepily. "There's nothing the matter, is there, Jack? Ought we to go on, do you think? I am as stiff as Rip Van Winkle, and my arm is sound asleep." And she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Will you listen to those old roosters?" asked Jack, going into fits of laughter, and Alice laughed too. "There must be a house close by," he told her, "and we thought we were cast away. I suppose if we had walked ten minutes longer, we must have seen it." And they gathered up their possessions and took the road again. I do not think they cared to take another nap on the ground. Jack said that the mosquitoes had had their Christmas dinner in summer that year, and though he did not confess it, his neck was very stiff, and they both began to sneeze with great energy.

There was really a small house about an eighth of a mile away, and our friends walked about it and surveyed it in the moonlight. A sleepy little yellow dog appeared and barked at them, and after Jack had pounded at the door for some minutes, some one opened a window and asked what he wanted.

"Can you take two people in for the night?"

"Deed I can't," said the woman, snappishly. "We don't keep tavern. Young fellows like you better be to home this time o' night. Trampin', I s'pose, ain't ye? The men-folks is all to home here, so ye needn't try to scare me."

"I'm not a tramp," mentioned Jack, with great dignity and politeness. "We started to walk through from the Glen, but the shower stopped us a while, and it got dark, and we didn't know we were near any houses until we heard your roosters crowing. We've been asleep in the woods."

"Oh!" said the woman, in a different tone. And after a minute's meditation, she added: "Well, you kin go into the barn, I s'pose, and sleep on the hay—on your right hand 's you go in; it's new hay. We ain't got a spare bed in the house. I do' know's I kin do any better for ye."

Alice was in the shadow, and at some little distance from the house, and she and Jack laughed as they went to the barn. "She said there was some new hay, didn't she?" Alice asked. And as they laid themselves down in it, it seemed a most luxurious bed. There was an old horse in the barn, who looked at them with astonishment as they opened the door, and the dim light shone in upon him. The dust made Alice sneeze worse than ever, and she watched the moon shining through the cracks of the barn, and after a good while she went to sleep again.

Early in the morning somebody came to the door, and our friends waked unwillingly.

"My good land sakes alive!" said the woman who had talked to them from the window. "Why didn't ye say there was a lady with ye? I looked round for your mate, and I couldn't see nothing o' nobody. I took it for granted ye were two young fellows, and I was all sole alone. My man's gone down to North Conway, and I thought I wouldn't bother to get up and let ye in. Well, I am mortified and ashamed. You should ha' had the best I got. I hope ye ain't got your death o' cold. 'Twas a warm night, though. Wan't ye eat up with 'skeeters? Why hadn't ye spoke, young man?"

"I don't know," said Jack. "I supposed you knew. I didn't think. My sister was right out in the yard there." And they all laughed.

"I'll get ye some breakfast anyway," said the woman, who seemed very good-natured that morning, though she had been so cross the night before. "I've got a nice young fowl picked all ready, and I'll have her fried with a bit o' pork in no time at all. Come into the house now, won't ye?"

Such a breakfast as our friends ate that morning! and such a pleasant ride as they had to North Conway afterward! for Mrs. Dummer, their hostess, was going there to meet her husband, who had gone down some days before. It was too hot, they thought, to walk the rest of the way, and yet there was a fine breeze blowing. I think they were a little tired after their experience the night before, but they were young and strong, and the wetting did not do them a bit of harm after all.

Mrs. Dummer brushed and cleaned Alice's dress for her—at least they did it together. It was blue flannel, and made short in the skirt, and so, after it had its crumples taken out by a little ironing, it looked as well as ever.

[Pg 653]

Mrs. Dummer seemed much excited by their adventures, and she was sorry to part with her guests. She had not been married very long, she said; she had lived at North Conway in a boarding-house for several years, and it was a great deal livelier there in the summer-time. She did not know how she was going to like living 'way up in the woods on that lonely farm after cold weather came. But she said, shyly, that "he" was real good company, and that her sister was going to spend part of the winter with her.

"If you would come and stop a while some time, he'd take you off fishing," she told Jack; "he's a great hand to go off for trout." And Jack promised to remember the invitation the next summer.

It seemed an uncommon adventure at the time, and our friends enjoyed it on the whole, only they were sorry afterward they had not walked all the way to North Conway, and poor Jack never has ceased to mourn because nobody can ever know how much his big trout weighed.



**A LITTLE FLOWER
MISSIONARY.**

MOWING.

Into the fields both young and old
With gay hearts went:
The pleasant fields, all green and gold,
All flowers and scent.
And first among them old man Mack,
With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack—
Two eager boys whose feet kept time
In restless fashion to this rhyme:
Sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

There are tasks that boys must learn, not found
In any book—
Tasks on the harvest and haying ground,
By wood and brook.
When I was young but few could bring
Into the field a cleaner swing;
But you must take my place to-day,
Cut the grass, and scatter the hay.
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

Straight and clean is the only way—
You'll find that out—
In other things than cutting hay,
I make no doubt.
So be sure through the nodding grass
Straight and clean with your scythe to pass;
It is far better than any play
To mow the grass and to toss the hay.
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.



"STRAIGHT AND CLEAN IS THE ONLY WAY."



COURBEVOIE (SEINE), PARIS.

[Pg 654]

I am a little girl five years old, named Emma. I have lived over a year in France with papa and mamma and my little sister, although we were all born in America. Our home is on the beautiful river Seine, near Paris.

I have already crossed the great Atlantic Ocean three times. My grandpa in America has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me since the first number, and my mamma reads many of the stories to us. I have asked mamma to write and tell you some of the sights of every-day life in France. I can neither read nor write myself, but I will tell mamma what to write about, and she will express it better than I could. The French people enjoy living out-of-doors. If they have only a tiny garden no larger than some of our grass-plots in America, they buy an iron table, chairs enough for the family, and perhaps two or three others for relatives or friends who may come to take a meal with them, and then they eat out-of-doors, enjoying themselves around these little tables in the garden more than they would staying in the house.

They are easily pleased, these French people, in the country. In the summer they have many charming fêtes. Every little town or village in France has, at some time during the warm weather, a fête. A convenient piece of land is taken possession of or else rented by the authorities in charge of the fête. They sub-let small portions of the land just large enough for each merchant to erect a table upon, like our tables at fairs in America. The merchants bring their families with them, for the fête lasts several days. They sleep in the large wagons in which they bring their articles for sale, and they set up little stoves, each with a long pipe attached, and there the women cook their meals. The "draught" out-doors is sometimes very troublesome, and the poor women have hard times to prepare their dinners. Each merchant spreads out his array of goods on his table in as tempting a manner as possible, and over each table is arranged a little shed to protect the goods in case of rain.

At these fêtes in the country one meets all the world. There are the doctors, the lawyers, and all the grand people, as much amused and pleased as the laborer in his blue blouse. Besides the tables of goods, there are many funny things to make people laugh. There are balloons sent up in the air—not great balls shaped like immense pears,

but made to represent men, women, and little boys and girls. These are colored to show their faces and hair, their bright waists, skirts, or trousers, and then they are inflated with gas and sent off in the air. They look very funny as they float away higher than the houses and trees, like great fat men, women, and children. I have been at fêtes with my mamma, and have seen gentlemen and ladies laughing as merrily as the peasants at these droll balloons. Sometimes, when not properly inflated, they come tumbling down, and then the spectators fairly scream with delight.

At the fêtes, too, they have odd-looking circus tents, where for fifty centimes (ten cents of American money) one can see the poorest circus shows imaginable. There are queer views of all kinds—fires, murders, and earthquakes. These exhibitions may be seen for about three cents.

The other day we saw at a fête a sort of panoramic view of what goes on in a person's stomach after eating salt pork sent from America. The French government is opposed to receiving salt or smoked pork from America, because it is said that trichinæ have been discovered in it. In this exhibition we were shown the stomach as it should be, and the stomach after its owner had eaten American pork. The effect was very startling, the various organs and intestines twisting about in the most bewildering manner possible.

They have wooden horses with women's heads of different nationalities, French, German, African, and Russian. These wooden horses go round very rapidly, a real horse turning the machinery which sets them in motion. You can have a nice ride for two cents, to the music of a hand-organ.

But I shall weary you if I tell you any more. Perhaps I will write again, and describe more of the life of the people who dwell in sunny France.

A. F. H.

FRESNO CITY, CALIFORNIA.

I want to tell you about my little rooster. He is a very pretty brown color, so we call him Brownie; and one of the story-books says that Brownies used to be good to little babies, and that's another reason why we gave him the name. Now I'll tell you what he did to deserve being named after a Brownie. My mamma bought him to eat; but he got away, and, the next day here he came fussing and scratching with five baby chicks—three of them little downy fellows, the other two a little older—with their little tails and wings just growing. He took the best care of those chickens. It was funny to see him. He was only just broiling size himself, but he would ruffle up and try to fight big hens if they came too near. He didn't know how to brood over his babies, but he would sit down and let them snuggle under his wings and feathers the best way they could. He doesn't know how to cluck, either; but he makes his little rooster sounds in the nicest, softest little voice you ever heard. There's one old hen—old Graywhack we call her, because she's gray and whacks all the other chickens—and she's so cross that all the rest are afraid of her, and run away, cocks and all, when she comes up to them. But Brownie doesn't; he bustles up and makes almost as much fuss as she does, and this always, though he gets a whack now and then.

His biggest chicks are big enough to take care of themselves now, and they are so pretty, both little black hens, and we call them Nig and Blackie. The cats killed one while it was little, but he still has two, and takes as good care of them as ever. He is learning to crow first-rate now, though sometimes he squawks awfully.

Mamma reads me all the stories every week, but I like "Toby Tyler" best of all, and I think the man who shot Mr. Stubbs ought to have been very sorry.

My mamma wrote this for me.

MAYNARD D. (6 years old).

I have twenty-five different kinds of birds' wings that I would like to exchange for birds' wings from Florida or California. Also an Indian flint arrow-head and spear-head, iron, copper, and gold ore, white sand from Galveston Bar, Texas, gray sand from Cape Hatteras, sea-shells, barnacles from a wreck, fresh-water shells, etc.; would like to exchange for other minerals, ores, fossils, and petrifications. Write before exchanging.

I have never walked, being paralyzed in my lower limbs from birth, yet I manage to get around. I have a team of white goats, Billy and Bob. With them I go gunning, and travel sometimes five or six miles. I enjoy fishing and boat-riding. I built myself a little skiff, and called her *Little Eva*, and in this I sail out of the Brandywine into the broad waters of the Delaware, and am often gone for hours. I have lots of fun, although I never took a step in my life. I am always jolly. I have served papers for three years, and make from three to four dollars a week. I did not lose a day last winter; no matter how cold or snowy, my customers would always know that Johnny and his well-known team would

be faithful. I will send a photograph of myself and team to editor if desired.

J. S. JEFFERIS,
1502 Walnut St., Wilmington, Del.

The picture you give of a brave sunny disposition, which makes the best of things, instead of pining and fretting, is a very attractive one. We hardly need the photograph of yourself and your sturdy team, because your pen has made us see you quite plainly. Still, if you send the photograph, we will be glad to look at it, and it shall be given a place of honor at the headquarters of the Post-office Box. Never to have taken a step in one's life seems like a great hardship, but instead of moping about it, you have resolved to be as busy, useful, and happy as you can. No wonder your customers wait until you are ready to come along to serve the papers. We are glad you can go for a sail in the skiff, and that you have so many pleasures and resources.

But, Johnny, we are sorry that you shoot the birds, and we fear you do, or else how have you collected so many birds' wings? We wish the little girls who read Our Post-office Box would decide that when they grow up they would wear no wings nor plumes in their hats, and that the boys would all resolve to be bird protectors. If any who read your letter are possessed of pretty feathers or wings, we shall not object to their exchanging with you, but we do not want to think that any poor birds will be deprived of their lives, on purpose, because of this. We are glad to print your letter, birds' wings and all, on account of its manliness, and the lesson it gives us to accept the situation, whatever it is, and do our duty in it cheerfully.

BEDFORD, OHIO.

I have had YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and have all the numbers except two or three. I liked "Toby Tyler" very much, and if the new story shall be as nice as that was, I for one will be satisfied. I have read a number of Jimmy Brown's stories at my school, and they make everybody laugh. The one about the pig was very funny.

I have a very pretty kitten, but I can not decide what its real name is, for papa calls it one name, mamma another, my sister something else, and I something else still; but it answers to the name Kitten whoever calls. Good-by for this time.

NETTIE E. H.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am so glad to get my dear little paper every week. I liked "The Moral Pirates" ever so much, and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. But dear little Toby Tyler was best of all. I wish we could hear more about him.

MADIE L. F.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE from a news dealer in Jacksonville. I like "Toby Tyler" and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" the best of all the stories.

I live on an orange grove on the St. Johns River. I read the story of Coachy in No. 50, and the letter of Bessie Rathbun in No. 87. I have a Coachy that will eat out of my hand. My brother had one, but she ran away, and we never could find her. We have a little dog named Jetty. She is black and tan. I have a Coachy rooster also.

My little brother has a yellow hen that we raised, and he calls her Greeny. Whenever he tries to catch her, she stops right still till he has her. She always pecks anything he is eating. She used to lay in the house, but she don't now, because we won't let her.

I have a large copper cent of 1818 and one of 1819; also, some Florida moss, water from the St. Johns, and an ounce of soil. I will exchange any of these things for foreign stamps, coins, Indian relics, and curiosities of any kind.

F. C. SAWYER, Beauclerc Bluff, Fla.

WYOMING, ILLINOIS.

This is my second letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have had my first volume of YOUNG PEOPLE bound into a book, and I intend to bind every volume.

I liked "Mildred's Bargain," "Toby Tyler," and "Susie Kingman's Decision" very much, and also think "Aunt Ruth's Temptation" and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" very good.

Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I am very much interested in the colored school at Woodside, North Carolina, and hope to send the children some books.

HATTIE G. S.

WOODSIDE (NEAR LINCOLNTON), NORTH CAROLINA.

KIND FRIENDS AND CHILDREN,—The mail on Saturday, July 16, brought me packages from David Shipman and Fred Tocque, Brooklyn, N. Y., John W. Slattern, New York city, and Belle Wallace, Luzerne, N. Y. Many, many thanks for the books you have sent; thanks, too, for the kind notes and letters that some of you wrote. It would give me great pleasure to see you all, and talk with you. The old numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* will all be new to these children. Dear Fred and Belle's lesson papers are very nice; and oh, how we all wished you could have seen our happy scholars on Sunday, with new books and the bright pretty cards! My children help to teach them, and they were happy too, and were particularly delighted at Pete's little Leonard with a Golden ABC primer; the little fellow almost danced for joy. Uncle Pete was much pleased with the appeal in *YOUNG PEOPLE*; and when my little daughter read it to him, he kept saying, "Dot's ez-ac-er-ly so," with his eyes rolled up so that you could see only the whites, as he always does when very happy.

We hope, from the books that have already come, that the school-house and organ will come too. We want to paint the names of all of you who help, inside the house. It will seem that you are sharing in the good work if your names are in view, and it may be that in the days to come some of you may find your way to this out-of-the-world place, and see the fruits of the dimes you are now saving.

Since I wrote the above, four little packages have come—two unmarked, one from Mary O'Neil, Rochester, N. Y., and one from N. J. Logan, Jun., Logan's Ferry, Penn. Thanks again for kind wishes and helping hands. Thanks, too, to the mamma who wrote that sweet letter, and who used to live not so very far away from here. Pete's Ida is *so very happy* with a new reader and a "sho'-'nuff" copy-book, as she calls it.

Good-by, dears, for this time.

(MRS.) ALICE RICHARDSON.

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since the twenty-third number. I am eleven years old, and began going to school when I was seven, and in the last two years I have not missed a single day. I was promoted to the Fifth Reader the last term. I read "Studying Wasps," from *YOUNG PEOPLE*, to my class, and they were very much amused. I have had very good teachers, and love them dearly. I have joined the Trinity M. E. Church, and go to Sunday-school. My pastor is the Rev. W. N. Searles, formerly of New York. I have an excellent Sunday-school teacher, and I try to remember what I am taught.

ALBERT J. B.

AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

I accept the office of President of The Young People's Natural History Society, and will do all in my power to make it a success. I am in a dilemma about how long my term of office will extend. As I am only a boy, I have some fears that I may not prove equal to the position, but I will do my best.

In regard to girls, I would say certainly admit them.

The question of money will, perhaps, cause discussion. Some persons think that regular dues should be paid into the treasury every week, or whenever a branch meets; others think that an initiation fee of twenty-five cents should be paid whenever a new member joins. I would advise to charge no dues nor initiation fees whatever. If any necessary expenses occur, they can be met by a personal contribution by any member, or by mutual consent of the members of the special branch it can be settled in any way—except as above—they may deem proper.

To our city members who are now in the mountains or by the sea-side I would say, Keep your eyes open, and find out all you can about what you see, and let us know all about it. To our country members, and those who do not reside in the large cities, I would say, Be especially diligent in finding objects of interest, study them well, and report to us your progress.

You can find on the salt-meadows and along the sea-shore the bench pea and the wild bean, and many quaint prickly plants, such as the salt-wort and samphire; there are also the sabbatia, marsh-mallow, and rose-mallow. In the fresh-water swamps and ponds, the swamp milkweed, button-bush, the balsams, cardinal-flower (gorgeous in its red), and near it the great blue lobelia, wild yellow lily, sun-dews, blue veronicas, arrow-heads, pickerel-weeds, sweet-flags, and cat-tails. On the hill-sides and shady ravines, the flaming azaleas, the great laurel, the aromatic winter-green, pine-sap, and the coral-root. In the rocky woodlands there are countless varieties of asters, golden-rods, thoroughworts, and corn-flowers.

There are many other varieties growing all over the land, in the shady glens, in the sunny meadows, or in the forests, and even on the summits of our highest mountains.

In answer to some young folks in the West about grafting rose-bushes, etc., I give below what a prominent pomologist recently told me.

He said that the first thing necessary was a sharp flat-bladed knife, which should be kept for this purpose only. If it does not cut smooth and clean, the two edges will not fit well together. He then cut a graft, having cut off a branch of a bush to correspond; the two were matched as nearly as possible, and bound tightly together by a plaster spread with grafting wax, which can be procured from any farmer or at a seed store. The object of this was to keep the sap in, and to exclude all moisture, which would be sure to cause decay in the wood.

One or two other styles were shown and explained, such as *tongue* and cleft grafting. The graft itself is cut like a wedge, and a cleft made in the centre of the stock, into which the slender point should be fitted closely, and then well covered up with wax. One thing, he said, must always be remembered: the graft must be placed, not in the centre of the cleft, but toward one side, so as to cause the inner layers of bark to meet in a line, at least in one place. The reason of this is very plain; for when the sap begins to ascend into the new graft, it will follow this inner bark, and so, in a like manner, the descending sap will soon flow downward to form new wood, and unite firmly with its main stalk. Instead of sending down roots into the ground, as cuttings do, it strikes its forming wood into the stock itself, and soon becomes a part. *Tongue* grafting, or, as some call it, whip grafting, is done by making notches in each to correspond as nearly as possible, and is somewhat preferred, because it is likely to hold the two parts more closely together and in their proper places.

In conclusion, if any members of our society would like to have me visit their branch in the vicinity of New York, I shall be happy to do so, and hope that my presence there may make the meeting pleasant and instructive; and that this letter may increase your interest in natural history is the wish of your President,

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON,
293 Eckford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I have been visiting in a place where there were no papers for sale, and therefore I had to wait till yesterday for three numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I think that the Natural History Society will be very nice, and I shall at once lay a paper before the Providence society for the collection of coins, stamps, curiosities, and minerals, of which I am president, with a view to including natural history. I am very impatient to hear from "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" for I am much interested in it. I was very nearly drowned, about a week ago, in the river.

I have secured a very few nice stamps to exchange lately, and if you will put my offer into the paper, I will be much obliged. One Persian, two South African Republic, one Nouanggur, one Deccan, one Buenos Ayres, and two United States locals, to exchange for good Indian curiosities, arrow-heads, coins (good ones), stones from noted places, and rare stamps. Please write to arrange exchange.

HOWARD R. GUILD, 101 Waterman St.

BOSTON, *July 22*, 1881.

DEAR "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—My little girl is sorry that many of her exchanges are not yet made. Her list is a very long one, and her stock gave out some time ago, so she has not answered any new correspondents. But she and her papa (I should have put papa first) have a careful list, and this summer they hope to collect curiosities enough to begin new exchanges, as well as to pay all the old debts. I think if some of the mammas knew all I know on this subject, they would—well, they would say, "Bless you, yes; never mind the trouble; it is worth it."

Several juvenile collectors of minerals, sea-shells, pressed flowers, Indian curiosities, relics, etc., are organizing a society for the collecting and exchanging of such articles, and as we have not appointed officers yet, we would like to hear from young people who would like to join us. We expect to have members in foreign countries. Could any one mention a nice name for our society?

ROBERT C. MANLY, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

BABYLON, LONG ISLAND.

I thought I would like to tell the boys and girls where I am spending the summer. We have a splendid cool house here in Babylon. I go sailing, rowing, riding, and bathing. The places here are very handsome, and many people have lakes and ponds in their grounds. Two papers are printed here every week. We have a hotel and a horse-car. Today we set a trap to catch a squirrel. Babylon is on the Great South Bay, where there are all sorts of fishing and splendid sailing; but sometimes we have very heavy squalls, and sometimes we are becalmed. They have just finished the new railroad dépôt, and we have a large park. There are five churches here, and three of the Sunday-schools have an annual picnic.

I have no pets, except a dear little cunning baby sister, who sings and dances very prettily. I look forward to YOUNG PEOPLE'S arrival every week, for it is very good company. I have a brother, with whom I have great fun boating, and two sisters. We get lovely pond-lilies in the season. They smell so sweet! Summer is the best part of the year.

My father is a captain in the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. I suppose some boys and girls don't know what N. G. S. N. Y. stand for, so I will tell them. Those letters mean National Guard, State of New York. Papa's company is Company B. The armory is a very handsome building, covering a whole square block, and each company has a room of its own. Papa goes to the city of New York every morning. We have spent three summers in Babylon, and are very fond of it. I am twelve years old.

HENRY F. S.

H. H.—COFFEE.—The coffee-tree grows wild in Asia and Africa. It sometimes grows to a great height, but is usually kept down by cutting to about five feet, so that the berries can be easily picked. The plant is raised from the seed, and is set out in the coffee plantations when one year old. It begins to bear when three years old, and continues productive for twenty years. The leaves are evergreen, and the flowers and fruit are often seen upon it at the same time, as, like the fig, it bears several crops during the year. The fruit looks like a cherry, is red or dark purple, sweet, and good to eat. The seeds of the fruit, gathered and dried, produce our coffee beans. Coffee has been used by Oriental nations for ages, but it was introduced into Europe about three hundred years ago. The first coffee-house was opened in London in 1652. A French gentleman, Captain Desclieux, brought the first coffee-plants to America, about one hundred and fifty years ago. He procured them from the Jardin des Plantes (Garden of Plants) in Paris. The sea was rough, and the voyage was long, and finally the crew and passengers were put on an allowance of drinking water; but the good captain divided his with his coffee-trees, and succeeded in bringing one safely to Martinique. All the coffee-plants in America came from that one.

Coffee is grown in Brazil, Java, Sumatra, India, Ceylon, Arabia, Abyssinia, Central America, the West Indies, Venezuela, the United States of Colombia, and Peru. The very best is Mocha, which comes from Arabia; but the next best, which is good enough for epicures, is brought from Java. A good deal of so-called Java coffee, however, comes from Brazil, which raises half the coffee in the world.

Dellie H. Porter writes that her stock of tomahawks is exhausted, and that she received nearly five hundred applications, and of course could not answer them individually. She hopes no one will be offended at her silence.

P. H. Mayer has no more minerals.

L. C. H.—Insert an advertisement of inquiry in the Melbourne papers. You may hear of your

brother in that way.

Sammie Risien, Groesbeck, Texas, wishes to hear from Charlie K. S., Lake Eutis, Florida, with regard to the culture of the pine-apple. Please tell him, first, when you plant the pine-apple to produce a crop; second, Can the plants be sent by mail?

S. R.—Carbolic soap will probably alleviate the sufferings of your unfortunate dog. Wash him thoroughly with the soap and tepid water at least once a week. Spratt's soap is sold by dog-fanciers for the purpose of destroying fleas.

JOHN J. H.—Directions for building such a boat as you desire were published in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 23, Vol. I.

Leigh Wilson, Bolckow, Missouri, wishes to know the address of a forgetful correspondent who sent soil and stone in a parlor match box, without name or residence. W. A. Miller, Tarrytown, New York, wishes a similar favor from a correspondent named Elliott.

Nettie Prau, John M. Furman, and H. Jagoe withdraw from our exchange list, their supplies being exhausted.

H. E.—Both new and cancelled stamps are available in a collection. Postmarks are not marks on stamps, but are the marks placed on letters at the post-offices to indicate when they are sent and when received.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sammie Risien, Lewis A. Storrs, Eddie S. Hequembourg, *Robert R. F.*, J. W. and D. A. S., Susie Howes, "*Chiquor*," "Tim and Tip," "Venus," Clare Campinan, "School-Boy," "Old King Cole," Lyman Shorey, "Princess Daisy," "Lodestar," "Will O. Tree," *W. R. Githens*, Alice C. Hammond, Bert Fuller, R. N. Pepper, "Comet," Mary E. Burchard, Luella M. Harper.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first is what all men require
My second's self to make;
My whole is what old folks desire
When they their ease would take.

FRANK NELSON.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. Indispensable in boxing. 2. A wooden pin used on board a ship. 3. Surfaces, or planes. 4. Something which is becoming very popular. 5. To waste away. 6. Crafty or cunning. 7. Found in a store, but not in a shop.

CHIQUOR.

No. 3.

CHARADE—(To Douglas).

My first around the world doth glide
Within my second's roomy side;
My whole a useful thing is reckoned,
Though seldom first, and often second.

NORTH STAR.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first in fair veranda is, but not in narrow porch.
My second's in a burning lamp, not in a flaming torch.
My third you find in garments new, and not in fabrics old.
My fourth in any daring crew, and also with the bold.
My fifth is in the tame and soft, not in the rough and wild.
My sixth is in the mother good, not in the naughty child.
My seventh's in the bonny boat, not in the glancing oar.
My eighth is in the little grain, and is not found in more.
My ninth is in the tender flute, not in the noisy horn.
My tenth is in the currant red, not in the ripened corn.
My whole, a name of ringing sound,
Is heard wherever wheels go round—
A railway man, whose fame, 'tis clear,
Has filled our Western hemisphere.

W. SCHERZER.

No. 5.

HOURLY-GLASS PUZZLE.

One of the Territories of the United States. A river in France. A tarrying-place on a journey. A letter. A vegetable product. A mountain in Asia. A peninsula in the southern part of North America. Centrals read downward spell the name of another of the Territories.

JESSIE A. ALBA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 90.

No. 1.

C S
M O P O L D
C O M E T S L O O P
P E T D O G
T P

No. 2.

Money.

No. 3.

By hammer and hand all arts do stand.

No. 4.

COME EBRO
ORAL BAIT
MAIL RIOT
ELLA OTTO

No. 5.

1. Cord. 2. Dark. 3. Cart. 4. Trap. 5. Flat. 6. Atom. 7. Hare. 8. Tint. 9. Spar. 10. Corn. Zigzags.—
Carpathian.

[For exchanges, see third page of cover.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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

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

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

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

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.



[Pg 656]

TOO MUCH CHICKEN.

CHARADE.

BY BONBON.

My first is under lock and key,
And often kept in chancery,
Or in a prison-house maybe.

My second, you will find, is made

In every style, of every shade,
And gracefully on forms displayed.

My second in my whole may be
Retained with great security,
If in my first you turn the key.

A PERSONATION: WHAT AM I?

I lay imbedded in a cavern, struggling faithfully for days, weeks, and even months, to see the light. I was rewarded for my perseverance one day by coming in contact with a hard object, which shone brightly, and made a ringing sound. Instantly I heard loud laughter, as though my appearance was very welcome. Presently I felt a soft, damp substance touch me, which at first surprised me very much; but as I found it was a near neighbor, I soon became acquainted with it.

As soon as I had grown large enough to be useful, I was washed every morning, and properly taken care of, for which I repaid my owner by making myself as useful as possible. I had the bitter as well as the sweets of life, but it was not until my later years that I knew what it was to really suffer.

I was one day attending to my duty, when I experienced a shocking and most acute pain, which so affected my mistress that she immediately took me to a very kind man, who relieved me of the cause of my trouble. It was found that I had become somewhat discolored from frequent use, so the physician had to attend to me several times. At last he succeeded in restoring my health, which resulted in lengthening my days; and though rather aged, my owner still considers me of great use.

MUD BOWS.

There is a form of archery in the Madras Presidency, in India, which is popular with young British officers. The bows have two strings, with a connecting patch in the middle. The missiles are *golees*, or balls of sun-dried clay, a heap of which is dutifully provided every day by the *malees*, or gardeners. The targets are usually crows, hawkers, or other objectionable natives, or fragile and inexpensive earthen pots. Experts attain surprising range and accuracy with these rude contrivances. Novices are apt to smash or grievously bruise their left thumbs with the projectile on its discharge, no little skill being required to direct it clear of the wooden part of the bow.

FAGOTS.

Disentangle the lines composing the bunch of Fagots, Fig. 1, trace each of them carefully upon a piece of card-board, cut these into the general shapes of the lines drawn upon them (see Fig. 2, which represents a bit of card-board with a fagot drawn upon it), and arrange them so that the "fagots" will form an outline drawing of an animal.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

THEN AND NOW.

BY W. T. PETERS.

When skies were overflowing,
When noisy winds were blowing,
And all the land was cold,
We went abroad, scarce knowing
That dandelions were growing
In gay rosettes of gold.

But when the skies were bluer,
And all the land looked newer
And lovelier for the rain,
When every cloud was banished,
The dandelions then vanished,
And but their ghosts remain.



"It's getting awful! Been sitting here all morning, and only caught a lot of little good-for-nothings."



"Hi! that was a good nibble."



Caught!

MORAL: *Small boys should be satisfied with small fish.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may

copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

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

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

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

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

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

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

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

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

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

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do

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

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

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

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

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

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

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

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

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

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

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

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

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

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

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

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

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

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

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

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

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

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

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