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WATCHING THE RISE OF THE WATER.

## THE MISTAKE ABOUT HAMP SEE.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

"Hamp See a dunce! Well, maybe so; but arter what I've seed, it 'ud take a smarter school-master than you to make me think so."

It was old Riley Vaughn who spoke, and although old Riley had no education, his hard sense and sound judgment were respected by all the men who sat there in the village post-office waiting for the mail. He had grown prosperous by dint of hard work and good judgment, and his neighbors were accustomed to ask for and to respect his opinions.

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"I did not say precisely that, Mr. Vaughn," replied Mr. Penruddock, the school-master. "I only said that my best efforts to educate the boy were rendered futile and nugatory by reason of his inexplicable inability to grasp and retain so simple a thing as the accidence of the Latin verb."

"That means, in plain English, that he ain't got no grip on what you teach him, don't it?" asked Riley.

"Yes, that is what I mean," replied the school-master, with something like a shudder at old Riley's English. "But I will make an honorable exception in the matter of mathematics. He seems instinctively to grasp arithmetical principles."

"Yes," drawled old Riley; "one o' your boys tole me Hamp could figger out how long it 'ud take fer a cistern to git full ef they was three pipes o' different sizes a-runnin' into it, an' two others o' still different sizes a-runnin' out."

"Yes, he is expert in the practical applications of arithmetic; and yet even in arithmetic his standing is not good, because he seems incapable of mastering the exact terms of the formulæ and rules."

"Well, now, look here," said old Riley, rising and striking the counter with his big fist; "it jest comes to this here: the boy ain't got no grip on your words an' things; but he's got a good grip on ideas an' principles, an' it's my belief that's the inside o' sense. I don't want to be unnecessarily offensive, but you an' all school-masters like you ought to teach parrots. They don't want no ideas; they jest want the words, an' that's your notion o' learnin'. That's the trouble o' this here country down here: men learn words, an' kin make speeches, but they can't do nothin'. Now I've seed that boy Hamp See do what nary a man in this county could do. I bought the fust reapin'-machine as was ever seed in these parts, an' when it come it was all to pieces, an' packed in

boxes. I sent one arter another fer all the blacksmiths an' wheelwrights an' carpenters hereabouts to set the thing up, an' I'm blest ef one on 'em could make out which end o' the thing was foremost. Not one on 'em could put any two pieces together. That 'ere boy hung around all the time, with his forred creased up like, an' finally he says to me, says he, 'Mr. Vaughn, let me try.' 'Well, try,' says I; 'an' ef you git her together, I've got a five-dollar bill fer you.' Maybe you won't believe it, but afore noon that very day that there reaper was a-reapin' wheat like a dozen hands. The boy jest seed right into the thing. Now I say ef he's a dunce, the sooner most people in these here parts loses their senses an' gits to be dunces, the better 'twill be for all concerned." And with that old Riley stalked indignantly out of the post-office.

Notwithstanding all that old Riley could say, however, public opinion was against Hamp See. It was certain that he was dull in his lessons. He could not keep up with Mr. Penruddock's classes, and instead of studying his Latin verbs, he was perpetually interrupting the school by asking Mr. Penruddock to explain things like thunder and lightning, and the presence of shells in the rocks on the mountain, and the curious ways that plants have of taking care of themselves—things which had no relation to the work of the school. It was agreed that Riley Vaughn could not know anything about education, because he was not himself educated. It was even said—and this came to Riley's ears—that he was prejudiced against education.

Even Hamp's mother was discouraged. Hamp was always "pottering," she said, instead of attending to his books.

"Why," she said, "he's been fooling with a spring up on the hill back of the house the whole season through. He's laid pipes to bring the water down here, and now he's turned the whole house into a mill." Then she would show her visitor what Hamp had done. He had constructed an ingenious water-wheel with which to make the most of the power afforded by the spring, and had set it at a variety of tasks. A stretch of line shafting passed under the floor of the house, and bands were passed through the floor to the churn and the sewing-machine, and even the sausage-chopper could be attached at will. "I don't deny that it's handy, and saves work," said his mother. "And now he's made a sort of fan in the dining-room, and has set that going too, so that it keeps the flies off the table. If we had a baby in the house, I believe he'd make the water rock the cradle. But it's discouraging about his studies. Mr. Penruddock is in despair, and says he don't know what is to be made of the boy."

The summer proved to be a very dry one, and the gardens especially suffered for water. When the people began to complain, Hamp had an idea. He always had an idea when an emergency arose. He went into his mother's garden and worked all day, digging a trench down the middle, and making little trenches at right angles to the main one, so that each bed was surrounded by them, and the larger beds crossed as well. He was very careful to keep all these trenches on one level. When he had finished, he laid a drain from his water-wheel to the main trench, so that the waste water, after turning the wheel, was carried into the garden and emptied into the trench. Little by little the main trench filled; then the water trickled into the smaller trenches, and as the spring from which it came was a never-failing one, the garden was supplied with water throughout the dry, hot summer, and such a garden nobody in that region had seen that season.

People said that Hamp See certainly was a handy sort of boy; but they were sure to add, "It's a pity he is so dull."

One day old Riley Vaughn was offering extravagant prices for horse, mule, or ox teams to haul stone. He had taken a contract to supply from his quarry the stone for the railroad bridge over Bushy Run, and now the time for delivery was near at hand, and no teams could be had. All the horses were at work on the crops, and it began to appear that old Riley must either lose money on the contract by hiring horses and mules and teamsters at ruinous prices, or forfeit the contract itself. He tried in every direction to get mules and wagons, offering twice the usual wages, but still he could get very few. He was in real trouble, with a loss of several thousands of dollars threatening him.

One day Hamp, who knew what trouble Riley was in, went down to the creek, and, cutting several twigs, began setting them up at a distance from each other, and sighting from one to the other. The few teamsters who were at work watched him curiously, but could not make out what he was doing. He went up the creek with his sticks, moving one of them at a time, and always carefully sighting from one to another, or rather from one over another to a third. In this way he worked up to the quarry, which was immediately on the creek, nearly a mile above the point where the bridge was to be built.

When he had done, he walked back, examining the banks as he went; then he presented himself before Riley Vaughn.

"Mr. Vaughn," he said, "I've an idea that will help you out of your difficulty."

"Will it hire teams to haul stone?" asked Riley.

"No; but it will enable you to haul stone without teams."

"If it will— Well, let me hear what it is," said Riley, changing his purpose while speaking.

"Raft the stones down," said Hamp.

"Now look a-here, Hamp See," said old Riley, "I've stood up fer you, an' said you wa'n't no dunce when everybody else said you was; but this here looks as ef they was right an' I was wrong. How in natur' kin I raft stone down a creek that ain't got more'n six inches o' water in it, a-bubblin' around among the stones of the bottom?"

"Well, you see," said Hamp, "I've levelled up from here to the quarry, and there's only two feet fall, or a little less, and the banks are nowhere less than five feet high; and so, as there's a good deal more water running down in a day than anybody would think, it's my notion to build a temporary dam just below the bridge—you've enough timber and plank here to do it with two hours' work of your men—building it, say, six feet high, there where the banks are closest together. Before noon to-morrow the water will rise to the top of the dam, and run over. When it does, you'll have six feet of water here, and four feet at the quarry, and your men can push rafts down as fast as they can load them."

"How do you know there's only two foot fall?" asked old Riley, eagerly.

"I've levelled it," said Hamp.

"That is, you figgered it out with them sticks?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you've got the right answer?" asked the old man, wild with eagerness.

"Perfectly sure. You see, it's simple. I plant my sticks—"

"Never mind about how you do it; I can't understand that ef you explain it; but look me in the eyes, boy. This thing means thousands o' dollars to Riley Vaughn ef you've got your answer right. I kin understand that much; an' ef you've worked out this big sum right for me, I'll choke the next man that says you're a dunce jest 'kase you don't take kindly to old Penruddock's chatterin' sort o' learnin'. I'll do it, or my name ain't Riley Vaughn, an' that's what I've been called for nigh onto fifty-five year now."

Old Riley was visibly excited. He called all his men to the place selected, and set them at work building the dam, while Hamp looked on, and occasionally made a suggestion for simplifying the work. The dam was finished at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at six o'clock the water had risen two feet six inches, while the back water had passed the quarry.

"There!" said Hamp; "that proves my work. The water is level, of course, as far up as back water shows itself, and we have six inches of back water at the quarry to two feet six inches at the dam: so the fall is two feet."

"It looks so," said Riley, who was also eagerly watching the rise of the water. The workmen had gone home, all of them convinced that this attempt to back the water a mile up the creek was the wildest foolishness; but old Riley and Hamp waited and watched.

"It doesn't rise so fast now," said Riley.

"That's because it has a larger surface; but it still rises, and the surface won't increase much more now, as there's a steep place just above the quarry, and it can't back any further up."

The two waited and watched. Midnight came, and the measurement showed three feet six inches depth at the dam. Still they waited and watched. At six o'clock in the morning the depth was four feet two inches. Then Riley sent a negro boy to his house with orders to bring back "a big breakfast for two." At seven o'clock the breakfast arrived, and the measurement showed four feet three inches and a half.

"It's a-risin' faster agin," said Riley.

"Yes; the level is climbing straight up the bluff banks now, and not spreading out as it rises," said Hamp.

At nine o'clock the depth was four feet eight and a half inches, and the men at the quarry had a raft ready, and were beginning to load it. Ten o'clock brought four feet eleven inches of water, and at noon there were five feet and four inches.

"I've missed it a little," said Hamp. "I said the water would run over the dam by noon, and it has still eight inches to rise before doing that."

"Well, that sort o' a miss don't count," said Riley. "You've worked the sum out right anyhow, an' the water's deep enough for raftin', an' still a-risin'. It'll go over the dam in two or three hours more, an' I'll do what I said: I'll choke any man 'at says John Hampden See's a dunce or anything like it. An' that ain't all," said the old man, rising and striking his fist in the palm of his hand. "They've been a-sayin' that ole Riley Vaughn didn't vally edication; now I'll show 'em. I'm a-goin' to make this dam a permanent institution. I'm a-goin' to build Vaughn & See's foundry an' agricultooral implement factory right down the creek there, an' put a big lot o' improved machinery in it; an' I'm a-goin' to send my pardner, John Hampden See, off next week to get the rest o' his edication where they sell the sort o' edication as is good fer him—not a lot o' words, but principles an' facts. You tell your mother you're a-goin' to New York right away, boy, an' 'at ole Riley Vaughn's a-goin' to foot all the bills outen your interest in the comin' factory. You'll study all sorts o' figgerin' work an' machine principles in the big school in New York what's called the School o' Mines, an' then you'll go to all the big factories an' things."

This scheme was carried out. Hamp spent three years in study, and returned an accomplished mechanical engineer. He went into the factory as old Riley's partner, and his work has been to improve machinery and processes. The firm own many patents now on things of his invention, and the factory is the centre of a prosperous region, in which Mr. Hampden See is an especially respected citizen.

# KNOTS.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS.

There are many knots used by sailors that would prove of good service to people on shore if they only knew how to make and apply them. Boys on a farm can put to excellent advantage these simple contrivances when they have to rely upon their own resources in the use of ropes and small lines. On shipboard there is a great variety of knots, hitches, bends, splices, etc., but the larger portion of these can only be adapted to the particular requirements of a vessel, many of them having a special duty to perform. The chief virtue of a knot is to hold well and be easily cast off.

There are three parts to a rope besides the ends: the *standing part*, which is the part leading from the end made fast; the *running part*, which is the part used or hauled; and the *bight*, which is the curve of the rope.



FIG. 1.

*A square or reef knot.*—First make a plain overhand knot as in Fig. 1. Take the uppermost end *b*, place it over and under the part *a*, and draw the ends tightly. Then it will appear as in Fig.

2. If you pass the ends in a contrary direction, you will make what sailors call a *granny* knot, which is a term of ridicule to the green hands, who often tie them through mistake. A story is told that a sea-captain, who had on board of his packet a number of passengers, and was continually missing from his well-stocked larder some of his choicest bits, concluded to set a trap, and catch the thief. He was uncertain whether the latter was among the sailors or passengers, so he secured his pantry door with a piece of rope, and made a *granny*. The next day he found a square knot in its place, and so traced the culprit to his crew, knowing that a passenger would naturally have tied the former over again. The square knot is used mostly in tying reef points, and can be easily undone. Now if you want a knot that will not slip in doing up bundles with twine, take another turn as in Fig. 3.



FIG. 2.

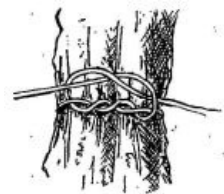


FIG. 3.

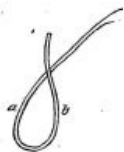


FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

A *bowline* is one of the best knots in use, and can be applied in many different ways. Lay the parts together as in Fig. 4. Then curl the part *a* over *b*, bringing the end up through the loop as in Fig. 5. This little twist must be acquired by practice. Now carry *b* around and under *a*, passing it down through the loop as in Fig. 6. Here you have a knot that is perfectly secure, and will not slip. A man can sit in the bight (*c*), and be hoisted to any height with safety; and if you want to lead an ox, a calf, or a horse, you can pass the bowline around his neck for a temporary halter, without any danger of choking in case of a sudden prance. This is the most important knot, and can be used in more situations than any other, and is always readily undone. It is very handy in making fast a boat's painter, and in tying fish-lines to sinkers.

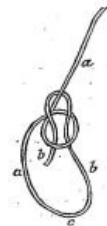


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

By means of two *half-hitches* (Fig. 7) one can secure with the end of a rope almost anything. When the same hitch is made around a spar it is called a *clove-hitch* (Fig. 8). A fisherman once had a daughter for whose hand there were two suitors—a sailor and a landsman. The father of the maiden was in a quandary which of the young men to choose for her future husband, as they both seemed to be equally



FIG. 9.

attractive; so one day he summoned them to his side, and gave each a long cord, saying that the one who made the greatest number of overhand knots (Fig. 1) in the least time should be accepted. They started to work in good earnest, the landsman drawing his long ends carefully through the loops, while the sailor rapidly slipped small half-hitches over his thumb as in Fig. 9, and when he had used up his cord in this way, passed the end through all the hitches, and quickly drew it out with the effect seen in Fig. 10, to the astonishment of his rival, who gave up the contest in despair.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

If you have a very long rope and wish to shorten it, the best way to do is to make a *sheep-shank*, which will never slip, no matter how taut the strain may be. Lay the parts as in Fig. 11, and then take half-hitches over the bights as in Fig. 12.



FIG. 12.

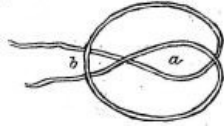


FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

A *true-lovers' knot* is only useful between sailors and their sweethearts. It has the peculiar charm of foretelling the feelings of the one you love. Place your cord or ribbon as in Fig. 13. Then put your fingers down through the loop *a*, and catch hold of the bight at *b* as in Fig. 14. Now withdraw your hand, carrying the bight along, and you will have the two knots as they appear in Fig. 15. After this, conceal them with your hand, and ask your fair friend to select one cord from each side and pull. If the knots separate, your hopes have been drawn asunder, but if they remain together, your future prospects are assured. Thus *a* and *b* would draw them apart.



FIG. 15.

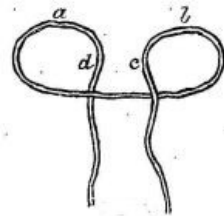


FIG. 16.

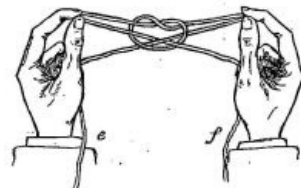


FIG. 17.

There is a favorite little trick called a *Tom-fool's knot*. It amounts only to a sleight-of-hand, and must be made very deftly to be effective. First hold the cord by the parts *a* and *b* as in Fig. 16. Then pass, with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, the part *c* under *d* and up through the loop. With the left hand pass *d* over *c* down through the loop, after which you will have the knot represented in Fig. 17, which can be at once drawn apart by the ends *e* and *f*.

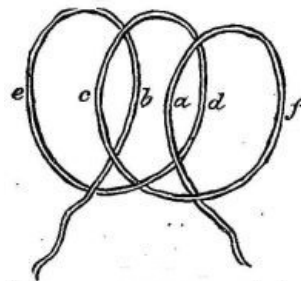


FIG. 18.

A *breastknot* is only an ornament. It can be tied with ribbon, and makes a very pretty bow, or can be used by the ladies as a frog for a sacque. It consists, first, of three half-hitches overlapping each other as in Fig. 18. Interweave the part *a* under *b* and over *c*; *b* over *a* and under *d*. Then draw out the bight *a* over *e*, and the bight *b* over *f*, when we will have the knot as in Fig. 19.

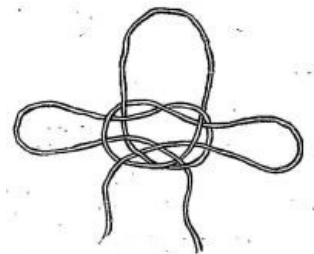


FIG. 19.

If you wish to fasten together the ends of two ropes on which there is to be considerable strain, form them in the shape of a *bucket-hitch* as in Fig. 20.



FIG. 20.

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

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

# BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

### TIM'S START IN LIFE.

During the first day of Tim's stay at the Simpson farm he was careful to help in every kind of work, and many were the praises he won from Mrs. Simpson, who held him up as an example to Sam, until that young man almost felt sorry he had brought him there.

At night Tim went with Sam for the cow, and here it was that Tip made a most miserable failure, so far as showing that he was a valuable dog was concerned.

Sam, remembering how easily the dog had found the cow the night before, wanted to wait by the bars, and let Tip go in and bring her out, and Tim was obliged to tell him that his pet had not been trained to do that.

Then Sam put on an injured air, as if his mistake had come from something Tim had said, rather than being an idea from his own rather thick head.

That night the boys and the dog went again to Mr. Coburn's store; not because Tim proposed to spend any of his two dollars, but because there was a great fascination about the place for Sam. He delighted to lounge around there at a time when he ought to have been in bed, listening to the conversation of older loafers, believing he was gaining wisdom and an insight into the ways of the world at the same time.

On that particular night there were not as many loafers present as usual, and the conversation was so dull that Mr. Coburn found plenty of time to question Tim as to every little particular about himself.

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Tim saw no reason why he should gratify the store-keeper's curiosity, and perhaps let some one know his story who would think it his duty to send information to Captain Babbige, so he contented himself by simply saying that he had come there in the hope of getting some work to do.

"Want to work, do yer?" asked a stout man with a very red face and gruff voice, who had been listening to the conversation.

"Yes, sir," replied Tim, a trifle awed by the gruffness of the voice.

"What can you do?" and the red-faced man now turned to have a better view.

"Most anything, sir."

"Where are yer folks?"

"My father an' mother are dead," said Tim, sadly, as he stooped to pat Tip's head in a loving way.



**CAPTAIN PRATT MAKES TIM AN OFFER.**

"Well, now, see here," and the man took Tim by the arm, as if he was about to examine his muscle. "I'm the captain of a steamboat that runs out of the city, and I want just such a boy as you are to work 'round at anything. I'll give you three dollars a month, and find you. What do you say to it? Will you come?"

Tim was not exactly certain what the gruff-voiced man meant when he said he would pay him so much money and "find him," and he hesitated about answering until he could understand it.

Mr. Coburn thought it was the wages that prevented a speedy acceptance of the brilliant offer,

and he hastened to show his friendliness to the captain by saying:

"Such offers as them don't grow on every bush, sonny, an' you had better take it. I've known Captain Pratt a good many years, an' I know he will treat you just as if he was your father. Three dollars is a good deal of money for a little shaver like you."

Tim looked at Sam for a moment doubtfully, and then he thought of what Mr. Simpson had said about his remaining at the farm.

"Can I take Tip with me?"

"Oh, that's your dog, is it? He hain't a very handsome one, but I suppose you can find a chance for him somewhere on the boat. Yes, you can take him."

"Then I'll go with you."

"All right. I shall start from this store to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Will you be here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tim, and then he beckoned Sam to go out. He had made up his mind suddenly, and now that it was too late to draw back, he wanted to talk the matter over, and hear what Sam had to say about it.

There was no need for him to have feared that Sam did not look with favor upon the plan, for before they were out of sight of the loungers in the store that young man burst out in an envious tone:

"Well, you are the awfulest luckiest feller I ever heard of! Here you've gone an' got a chance to run a steamboat, where you won't have anything to do but jest sail 'round wherever you want to. I wish it was me that was going."

If Tim had been in doubt before as to the wisdom of the step he was about to take, he was perfectly satisfied now that Sam was so delighted with it, and he began to think that perhaps he had been fortunate.

Mr. Simpson did not seem to think the opening in life which had been so suddenly discovered for Tim was so very brilliant, and Mrs. Simpson actually looked as if she felt sorry. But as neither of them made any objection to it, or offered the boy a home with them, there was nothing to prevent him from carrying out the agreement he had made.

At a very early hour on the following morning Tim was up and dressed. Sam's glowing pictures of the happy life he was about to lead had so excited him that he was anxious to begin it at once, and his sleep had been troubled by dreams of life on a steamboat under all kinds of possible and impossible circumstances.

Mr. Simpson gave him twenty-five cents as a nest-egg, to the fortune he was about to make, and when Mrs. Simpson packed a generous lunch for him, he choked up so badly that it was only with the greatest difficulty he could thank her for her kindness.

"Be a good boy, and never do anything to be ashamed of," was the good lady's parting charge, and he answered:

"I'll try hard, so's you sha'n't be sorry you was so good to me."

Sam walked toward the store with him, while as lonely and envious a feeling as he ever knew came over him as he thought of all the things Tim would see, simply because he had neither home nor parents, while he, who had both, was obliged to remain where he could see nothing.

"I wish it was me that was goin'," he said, with a sigh of envy.

"If I had as good a home as you've got I wouldn't want to go away," replied Tim, gravely; and yet Sam had talked so much about the charms of the life he was so soon to lead, that he had already begun to look upon himself as a very fortunate boy, and was impatient to begin his work at once.

The walk to Mr. Coburn's store was not a long one; and although they were there fully half an hour before the time agreed upon, they found Captain Pratt ready and waiting for them. In fact, it seemed almost as if he feared his new boy, however unimportant the position he was to occupy, would not keep the agreement he had made.

"I'm glad to see you on hand early, for it's a good sign," and the captain's face was wreathed in what he intended should be a pleasing smile, but which really was an ugly grimace.

Tim hardly knew what reply to make, for that smile caused him to feel very uncomfortable; but he managed to say that he would always try to be on time, and the captain, in the excess of his good nature, gave him such a forcibly friendly slap on the shoulder that his teeth chattered.

In order to reach the city from the four corners where Mr. Pratt lived it was necessary to ride four miles in a carriage, and then take the steam-cars.

An open wagon was the mode of conveyance, and as the driver was quite large, while Captain Pratt was no small party, there was no other way for Tim to ride save curled up in the end, where he could keep a look-out for Tip, who was, of course, to follow on behind as fast as his short legs would permit.

When everything was ready for the start, and Captain Pratt was making some final business arrangements with Mr. Coburn, Sam bade Tim good-by.

"You're awful lucky," he said, as he clambered up on the wagon, where he could whisper in his friend's ear, "an' if you see any place for me on the steamer, send word right up—you can tie a note on Tip's collar an' send him up with it—an' I'll come right down."



Sam would have said more, but the horse started; he nearly tumbled from his perch, and Tim's journey to the city had begun.

It seemed to Tim that Captain Pratt changed as soon as they started. Instead of keeping up the idea of fatherly benevolence, which he had seemed to be full to running over with, he spoke sharply, and did not try to avoid hurting the boy's feelings.

If, when the wagon jolted over the rough road, the boy's head came in contact with his arm, which was thrown across the back of the seat, he would tell him to keep down where he belonged; and if he heard Tim's heels knocking against the axle, he would scold him for not holding them up.

Between this sudden change in the kind captain's ways and his fear that Tip would not be able to keep up with the wagon, Tim was feeling rather sad when the *dépôt* was reached. [Pg 679]

During the ride on the cars Captain Pratt took very little notice of Tim, and when they arrived at the *dépôt* he simply said:

"Here, boy, go down to Pier 43, and tell the steward of the *Pride of the Wave* that I have hired you; he'll set you to work."

Tim had no more idea of where Pier 43 was than he had of the location of the Cannibal Islands, but he started out with a great show of pluck and a heavy heart.

With Tip following close at his heels, Tim walked some distance without seeing either wharves or water, and then he inquired the way.

The first gentleman to whom he spoke was a stranger in the city, and knew no more about it than he did; the second directed him in such a confusing way that he went almost opposite to where he should have gone; but the third one gave him the directions so clearly that he had no further trouble in reaching the desired place.

The *Pride of the Wave* was not a large boat, and to any one accustomed to steamers would have seemed very shabby; but to Tim she appeared like a veritable floating palace, and it was some time before he dared to venture on board of her.

Finally he saw one of the deck hands, who, despite his dirty clothes, did not appear to be awed by the magnificence of the boat, and Tim asked him where he should find the steward.

The man told him to go below, and, with Tip still close at his heels, he went down the brass-covered stairs to the cabin, which was lined with berths on either side, wondering at all he saw, until he almost forgot why he was there.

He was soon startled out of this state of wonderment, however, by hearing a gruff voice shout, "Now, then, youngster, what do *you* want?"

"I want to see the steward," replied Tim, in a voice which could hardly be heard.

"I'm the steward. Now what else do you want?" replied the party who had spoken first, and who was a little, old, rather pleasant-faced man, with a voice about six sizes too large for his body.

Tim repeated the captain's words as nearly as he could remember them, and the steward looked him over carefully with just the faintest show of pity on his face.

"You don't look as if you'd stand it very long to work for the captain of this boat; but that's none of my business. Whose dog is that?"

"That's Tip: he's mine."

"You'd better take him ashore. The captain ain't over and above fond of dogs, and he won't be likely to fall in love with one as ugly as that."

"But he told me I could find a place for him somewhere on the boat," said Tim, quickly, alarmed even at the suggestion that he part with Tip.

"Did he tell you so before or after he hired you?"

"Before I agreed to come he said I could keep Tip with me," replied Tim, wondering at the question.

"Then he'll forget he ever said so; and if you think anything of the dog, you'd better leave him on shore."

"But I can't," cried Tim, piteously, his eyes filling with tears. "Tip's the only relation I've got, and there's no place where he could go."

Tim's distress touched the man's heart evidently, for he said, after a moment's thought: "Then you must find some place on board where the captain won't be likely to see him, for he would throw him overboard in a minute if he took the notion. Come with me."

The steward led the way to the bows of the boat, where the freight was stored, and after looking about some time, pointed out a little space formed by some water barrels.

"You'd better tie him in there for a while, and then if you are going to stay very long on the boat, give him away."

"But the captain said I might keep him with me," cried Tim, fearing to leave Tip in so desolate a place.

"Well"—and now the steward began to grow impatient—"you can try keeping him with you if you want to run the risk, but I promise you the captain will make quick work of him if he sees him."

Tim hesitated a moment, and then stooping down, he kissed Tip on the nose, whispering to him, "I wouldn't leave you here if I could help it, Tip; but be a good dog, and we'll have it fixed somehow pretty soon."

Tip licked his master's face in reply, but did not appear to understand the command to be a good dog; for when the rope was put around his neck he began to howl dolefully, and his cries went straight to Tim's heart, inflicting as much pain as a blow on his flesh.

With the tears dropping very fast from his eyes, Tim tied Tip in the narrow place which was to serve him as home, at least until Captain Pratt's intentions concerning him could be known, and then returned to the cabin as the steward had told him.

But as he started to go, Tip looked up at him so piteously, uttering a whine that sounded in Tim's ears so sad, that he ran back, knelt down by his dumb friend, and kissed him over and over again, saying, as he did so: "Do be good, Tip. You don't know how bad it makes me feel to have to leave you here, an' I'd do anything in the world to have you go with me every step I take; but you've got to stay here, Tip, an' I've got to leave you."

Then as the dog whined again, he cried, passionately, "Oh, what lonesome things we are, Tip! an' we ain't got anybody but each other in all this wide world"; and with both arms around Tip's neck, he gave way to a perfect flood of tears. "Now *do* be good, Tip, an' don't make me feel so bad," he said, as he wiped his eyes on the dog's head, and prepared once more to leave him.

It seemed almost as if the dog understood what his master had said, for he stopped whining, and made no sound, but kept wagging his little stump of a tail until Tim did not dare to look at him any longer.

He turned resolutely away, and, with eyes still blinded with tears, walked down into the cabin, where he was soon busily engaged in the not very pleasant occupation of cleaning knives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE FLAMINGO.

The flamingo is a beautiful inhabitant of all marshy regions in the tropics. It is found in great numbers in South America and the West Indies, and in Africa, Southern Asia, and China. It is a bird of wondrous beauty. It has a slender, gracefully formed body, long thin legs, and a very long, flexible neck. When it stands erect, its neck stretched in the air, its head is fully six feet from the ground.

The feathers on the body of the flamingo are white, delicately tinted with rose-color. Its wings, which are very large, are of the most brilliant scarlet, and the long quills are black. It is a very sociable bird, and is always seen in flocks of several hundred. The appearance of a flock of flamingoes, as described by travellers, is one of startling magnificence. Seen from afar, wading or swimming in the inlets of salt-marshes—for the flamingo loves best to keep near the sea-coast—one would think that an immense army of red-coated soldiers was encamped there, instead of a flock of harmless, defenseless birds. In South America the flamingo is called "the soldier-bird" by the natives, and Humboldt, the great German traveller and naturalist, relates a very amusing story, which he gives as an actual occurrence, illustrating the fitness of this name. A new township of Angostura had been formed; but the inhabitants were scarcely settled in their new homes when, one morning, a wild cry of alarm spread through the little village that an immense body of men in red garments, probably hostile Indians, was advancing. Such weapons as were at hand were hastily seized, and all the men rushed out to defend their homes. Suddenly the supposed hostile army rose in the air, and forming a long line of flashing scarlet against the clear blue sky, took its course in the direction of the great salt-marshes around the mouth of the Orinoco.

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Naturalists have encountered great difficulty in their attempts to study the habits of the flamingo in its native haunts, for it is a very shy and cautious bird, and no flock is ever found without a sentinel posted to give notice of the approach of danger. This is usually the largest, and probably the oldest and wisest, bird of the flock. At the least sound it lifts its large head as high in the air as the long neck will allow, and looks about on every side. If any boat or hunter is seen, the whole flock, with loud screechings, instantly vanishes among the tall water-grasses.

When the flamingo sleeps it draws one leg up among its breast feathers, and bending its neck backward, rests its head on the middle of its back, with the beak erect in the air or buried in its wing. It is a graceful, rapid swimmer, and flies easily, stretching its long neck before and its legs behind, like the crane and stork. Its nest is described by those naturalists who have been fortunate enough to see it as an immense heap of mud and water-grasses in the depths of some solitary swamp, where the mother bird broods patiently for thirty days on her two glistening white eggs. When the little ones are hatched they take to the water immediately, and swim about as lively as young ducks; but they are not strong enough to fly for some months, and not until they are three years old do they attain the full magnificence of their scarlet plumage.

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**A FLAMINGO AND HIS ENEMY THE OCELOT.**

The harmless and peaceful flamingo has many enemies besides man. Beasts of prey are prowling abroad at night, and pounce upon these birds while they are sleeping in their marshy homes. In the great South American swamps the ocelot is one of its most formidable foes. The ocelot is a very small member of the panther family, and is found in Mexico and all through the American tropics. It is a tawny-colored creature, covered with glistening black markings. It has the same habits as other members of its family, spending the day asleep in some secluded thicket, and roaming the forests at night and early dawn in search of birds and small animals.



**BIG BOY AND LITTLE MAMMA.**

Mamma, my dear, if a robber should come,

A terrible robber, one might, you see,  
I'd frighten him off with my sword and drum,  
And you would be perfectly safe with me.

And if you and I in a gloomy wood  
Should meet a bear as we walked some day,  
With my bow and arrows, like Robin Hood,  
I would drive the fierce old bear away.

But now I am tired, and sleepy too,  
And I wish my mamma would lift me down.  
There's a laughing look in her eyes of blue,  
As they answer her boy's so big and brown.

She feels on her lips his coaxing touch,  
She clasps him fast in her loving hold,  
And she murmurs, I'll never fear robber much,  
Unless he should steal this heart of gold.

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## KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

[Pg 682]

BY CLARA SAVILLE.

- 1066.—William the First, "The Conqueror," came over the sea from Normandy;  
Matilda of Flanders, his Queen, worked the far-famed Bayeux Tapestry.
- 1087.—William Rufus built Westminster Hall, London Bridge, and added to the Tower;  
But had no gracious Queen to share his throne and power.
- 1100.—Henry I., "Beauclerc," his Saxon subjects' favor strove to gain;  
Matilda of Scotland, his first wife, then Adelia of Louvain.
- 1135.—Stephen, his crown to gain, cost England many precious lives;  
Matilda of Boulogne—her abbey at Feversham no longer survives.
- 1154.—Henry II., Fitz Empress, first of the Plantagenet line of Kings;  
Eleanor of Aquitaine, of whose beauty "the troubadour" sings.
- 1189.—Richard I., the first King who fought in Palestine;  
Berengaria with him went, Princess of Navarre's royal line.
- 1199.—John signed the Magna Charta—o'er his crown the great sea rages;  
Isabella of Angoulême his Queen, "the Helen of the Middle Ages."
- 1216.—Henry III. had civil wars, where many of his people fell;  
Eleanor of Provence his Queen, surnamed "La Belle."
- 1272.—Edward I., the last King to hold the Crusader's lance;  
Eleanora of Castile first wife; then Marguerite of France.
- 1307.—Edward II., murdered monarch of a kingly race;  
Isabella, "the Fair," from France, most beautiful of face.
- 1327.—Edward III., to claim his rights in France, lost many brave men slain;  
Philippa of Hainault, his loving wife, from Belgium's fertile plain.
- 1377.—Richard II., feeble King, to Bolingbroke his crown he did resign;  
Anne of Bohemia, then Isabella of France, Queen at the age of nine.
- 1399.—Henry IV. obtained a usurper's crown through many cruel deeds;  
Joanna of Navarre, a lovely lady, long imprisoned in the Castle of Leeds.
- 1413.—Henry V. carried war again to the sunny land of France;  
Katherine of Valois, not long a Queen, whose beauty did entrance.
- 1422.—Henry VI.'s reign was troubled by the wars of York and Lancaster;  
Margaret of Anjou's varied life was one of sorrow and disaster.
- 1461.—Edward IV.'s stormy reign first learned the art of printing;  
Elizabeth Wydeville, an English widow, won the heart of this King.
- 1483.—Edward V., whose reign was the shortest in English history;  
The death of this King and his brother was for some time a mystery.
- 1483.—Richard III., last of the Plantagenets, cruel King and dreaded hater;  
Anne Neville, hopeless Queen, daughter of Warwick the King-maker.
- 1485.—Henry VII.'s coronation united the red and white roses,  
With Elizabeth of York wedded, the flowers were blended in posies.
- 1509.—Henry VIII., six Queens had he: Katherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn,  
Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katherine Howard, Katherine Parr, who outlived him.
- 1547.—Edward VI., gentle, scholarly Prince, who wept to sign an execution;  
His short reign gave future fears to those of the rising Reformation.
- 1553.—Mary I. lost many faithful subjects by her fires and her bigotry;  
Philip II. of Spain exceeded her in deep designs and cruelty.

- 1558.—Elizabeth, wise, despotic Queen, last of the line of Tudor;  
To crush her sovereign power, Spain sent her great "Armada."
- 1603.—James I., a Scottish King, of the old Stuart race;  
Anne of Denmark, who in dramatic shows displayed much art and grace.
- 1625.—Charles I. trouble had with Church and State that led to civil warfare;  
Henrietta Maria of France, whose queenly life was one of toil and care.
- 1649.—An interregnum followed, and Oliver Cromwell ruled with power and strength  
O'er England, the "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth."
- 1660.—Charles II., restored to his forefathers' throne of wealth and glory;  
Catherine of Braganza, with Goa, in Hindostan, in addition to her dowry.
- 1685.—James II., whose bigotry and cruelties exiled him from his native land;  
Mary Beatrice of Modena, a beauteous lady, born to command.
- 1689.—William III., the Prince of Orange, wise statesman and great general;  
Mary II., of the house of Stuart, foundress of Greenwich Hospital.
- 1702.—Anne, last of the house of Stuart, celebrated for her victories;  
Prince George of Denmark her husband, and admiral of her navies.
- 1714.—George I., a German Prince, first monarch of the house of Hanover is seen;  
Sophia of Zell his wife, but never crowned in England Queen.
- 1727.—George II. had fought on German soil, and troubles had with the "Pretender";  
Caroline of Anspach, a Queen of superior talents, grace, and character.
- 1760.—George III. lost the American colonies during the longest reign in English annals;  
Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a lady of the strictest code of morals.
- 1820.—George IV., in his reign were numerous inventions;  
Caroline of Brunswick, whose woes caused great dissensions.
- 1830.—William IV., "the Sailor King," had served in England's navy;  
Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, a benevolent, kind, and gentle lady.
- 1837.—Victoria now reigns, and her people love her dearly;  
Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, for whom she mourns sincerely.

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## UNCLE HARRY'S FIRST PANTHER.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"Say, Uncle Harry, you've shot 'most everything; did you ever shoot a panther?" inquired Charlie, as he looked up from the book he was reading.

"Of course he has," interrupted Tom. "Don't you remember the skin he has in his room?"

"That panther was nothing to my first," said Uncle Harry, with a laugh.

"Tell us about it," pleaded Charlie, as he drew his chair closer to his uncle's.

Uncle Harry laughed again good-naturedly, and commenced as follows:

It was the summer your father got married that I took my first trip into the Adirondacks. I went up to Martin's, hired a guide, and we started off for Little Tupper Lake, where we were to camp. We selected a camping-place at the head of the lake, where there was a good spring of water, and soon had our tent up, and the camp fixed. Certain bear and panther tracks around the spring did not add to our sense of security; but the guide assured me that they would not come into camp in the daytime, and that at night the dog would give warning. For the first three or four days all went well; we shot a deer, caught plenty of trout, and had a good time generally. But one afternoon, about four o'clock, Hank Sweeny, my guide, came to me with the announcement that the dog was gone.

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"Chawed up his rope, and skedaddled," as Hank expressed it. "I reckon he must 'a smelled that thar panther that was to the spring last night. He's death on panthers."

"What are you going to do?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Well, I reckon I'll fetch some more wood into camp, so as you can keep up a fire, then I'll take and row around the lake and up the creek, and yell for him; he won't go fur," answered Hank.

"Then why not let him come home himself?" I suggested, for I had no fancy for being left in camp alone; for we had been in camp all the morning, and Hank had filled my head so full of panther stories that I trembled at every sound.

"Why, you see, he'd start out for home over on Long Lake ef he got lost," explained Hank. "And then ef he should tree a panther, he'd set at the foot of the tree till 1976 ef I didn't call him off. You ain't afraid to keep camp for an hour or two?" he added.

"O-h-h n-o-o!" I murmured.

For the next few minutes Hank busied himself in collecting a large pile of pine boughs and dry sticks for the fire. Then he shouldered my light rifle, and handing me his heavy one, he remarked: "I guess I'll start. Keep up a good fire, and don't go fur away from it, as the panthers come close

to camp sometimes along the edge of the evening, and climb into a tree; then when a feller goes under, they drop on him. I'll leave my heavy rifle for you, for it would give you a better chance if anything should turn up."

"Hadn't I better go with you?" I ventured.

"And leave the camp alone?" answered Hank, in fine scorn. "Why, that deer would draw all the cats in the neighborhood. Keep the fire a-going, and you're all right."

I thought to myself that I would much prefer to be out of the way when all the cats in the neighborhood came to investigate the deer; but Hank was in the boat, and I could hear the splash of the oars as he pulled up the lake. I sat by the fire, with Hank's rifle on my knees, listening as the sound of his voice calling the dog died away in the distance. I examined the rifle, and saw that it was loaded; it was one of the old pattern repeating rifles, and kicked like a mule. I tried to whistle, but it was a failure. I endeavored to turn my thoughts to something else, but it was no use. The story of the man who fell asleep beside the camp fire and was eaten up by a panther, of the other man who had a panther jump on him from a tree and who lost both eyes in the struggle, and of various other men who had been killed or wounded by the fierce animals, were uppermost in my mind. I sat and watched the sunlight fade, the gold and crimson melt off the fleecy clouds, and the shadows as they gathered thicker and deeper in the valleys. Except for the occasional weird and demon-like laugh of the loon far down the lake, everything was perfectly still, and every sound seemed magnified; the cracking of a twig seemed the tread of a bear, the buzz of a night beetle, the growl of a panther. I sat, I don't know how long, till suddenly my heart almost stopped beating as I heard the steady but stealthy sound of footsteps on my left. I did not dare to move. At last, with a desperate exertion, I turned, and there in the crotch of a low tree, about twenty feet from me, sat an immense panther just ready to spring. It was so dark that I could just distinguish the outlines of his form, and his two eyes gleaming like coals of fire. I raised the rifle carefully to my shoulder. I took aim right between the eyes, fired, and missed, I supposed, for the beast was in the same position, and I could see his eyes wink and glare at me vindictively. I shot again, but as before with no effect. I grew desperate, and fired the whole five shots as rapidly as I could, and was just reaching for my revolver, when Hank came rushing up the bank followed by his dog.

"What on earth is the matter?" he shouted. I pointed to the motionless form in the tree, and gasped, "A panther! See his eyes! Shoot him, Hank!" I was nearly beside myself with fear by this time, and my hair stood on end, like wire.

Hank looked at the tree for a moment, then turning to me, fairly shouted, "A panther! Why, you —" and here he burst into a roar of laughter. "A panther! Why, it's—" and again he laughed so heartily that he had to hold on to a tree for support. At last, when he had recovered himself somewhat, he went to the tree, and reaching up into the crotch he took down a—blue army coat with brass buttons. As he unrolled it and gazed at the holes made by my bullets he burst into a fresh fit of laughter. Every bullet had taken effect, and as Hank remarked, "It was of no use except for the top to a pepper box." Here Uncle Harry stopped and laughed at the recollection of the scene, then he added, in explanation, "You see, children, the coat was rolled so that two of the brass buttons showed and glittered in the fire-light like the eyes of some wild animal. I promised Hank a new coat and unlimited tobacco if he would say nothing about it; but the story was too good to keep, and all the way home I was teased with sly hints about my panther hunt. Hello, it's ten o'clock. Come, off to bed every one of you," added Uncle Harry, looking at his watch.

"You didn't save the skin of that panther, did you, Uncle Harry?" said Charlie, as he left the room.

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[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 94, August 16.]

## PENELOPE.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

### CHAPTER II.

To any one unaccustomed to serving in a shop the duties seem very perplexing. Left alone, Nora sat down behind the counter feeling decidedly confused by the novelty of her position. There was a glare of gas-light in the window above the fancy articles, and Nora watched the faces of the passers-by who peered in, sometimes pausing for a more critical survey, sometimes hurrying on with absent-minded glances, but it seemed to her as if a real customer never would appear. Finally, with a rush of frosty air, a small boy appeared who wanted some needles; then a bevy of girls who had wools to match, and drove Nora wild with their questions. These were followed by a cross old gentleman, who had evidently been induced by his wife to match some silk, and who vented his ill-humor on poor little Nora, scolding her about the silk, and the change she made, and everything she tried to do for him. To his visit succeeded an interval of solitude, and then the pleasant figure of Mrs. Bruce came hurrying in, her face glowing from the night air, and a tempting parcel of Cambridge sausages in her hands.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Bruce, "what do you say to stopping another 'arf an hour, and then

trying a bit of supper? Why, wot's on your mind?"

For Nora's face had suddenly colored.

"Dear Mrs. Bruce," she exclaimed, "I have such a favor to ask of you. You sell fancy articles, and I know we have one or two things that might fetch something. Oh, *could* I put them in your window?"

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"Why, of course," said Mrs. Bruce, cheerily; "why not? Here, run and get them. I'll wait a minute."

Nora flew up stairs, but on reaching the upper room found her mother sleeping so peacefully she had not the heart to disturb her. But she felt sure her purpose could not be disapproved, and so she opened a small trunk, searching among their few possessions for the articles she had referred to. There was a sandal-wood box which Nora knew from childhood, in it were a few of Mrs. Mayne's girlish treasures, and opening this Nora drew out a pretty, old-fashioned hand screen, just such as fashion, tired of novelty, is bringing back to use. The faded colors, the delicate scent, the decoration, all would have made it valuable to the bric-à-brac collector of to-day. And there, painted fancifully across the back, was the name

## PENELOPE.

Nora held the little screen carefully in her hands, puzzling over the name, unknown in her family she was sure, yet bringing back to her mind the wintry morning when she had seen the Deanery gate open, and that pretty, unknown "Penelope" come out in the clear crisp sunshine of the morning. "Oh, if she were only here to buy it!" thought Nora, hastening down stairs with her treasure. Mrs. Bruce approved highly of it.

"You see, people are buying the old things now," said the good woman. "So put it in the window, and we'll see what it will do."

Nora tremblingly chose a place for the little screen. She tried to be very conscientious, and interfere with none of Mrs. Bruce's wares, but she contrived to hang the screen so that the name "Penelope" shone in the glare of the gas. Then she sat down, feeling as if she were awaiting a Fate. People came and went; a few customers who were more troublesome than profitable; some of the hurrying glances were bestowed upon Nora's screen, but no one asked to examine it. The savory odors from Mrs. Bruce's kitchen were finding their way into the shop, making poor Nora hungrier than ever, when she noticed a tall young man in passing look critically at the screen, and then turn back, and finally open the door.

Nora's heart throbbed.

"Will you let me see that screen, miss, if you please?" he said, politely.

Nora unfastened it from the line with rather nervous fingers. The young gentleman held it up in the light, examining it carefully. It was a moment of suspense that to Nora seemed an hour. Then she heard him say, half under his breath, "Penelope—queer—"

"Yes, sir," said Nora, earnestly; "it *is* an odd name. I don't know how it came there; it—" Then she stopped short, remembering there was no necessity for explanation to this stranger.

The young man seemed, however, scarcely to have heard what she had said. He continued his inspection of the quaint little screen, finally lifting his eyes with a look of amusement or pleasure in them, as he said:

"How much is this?—it is wonderfully good."

Nora hesitated.

"What do you think it is worth?" she asked, timidly.

The customer looked surprised.

"Is there no fixed price?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Nora, "it is mine, you see. Mrs. Bruce let me put it in the window. I—we—my mother—"

Her cheeks were crimson. She stopped, not knowing how to continue the explanation. The young man looked at her very kindly. Something in the care-worn little face, the pathetic eagerness of the eyes, told Nora's story.

"I think," said her customer—"I think it is worth about two pounds."<sup>[1]</sup>

Nora's eyes glistened. Two pounds! She could scarcely believe her senses. Was it possible!

"Oh!" she whispered. "Is it *really*—do you want it so much?"



**THE OLD-FASHIONED HAND SCREEN.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.**

The young man laughed good-naturedly.

"I want it very much," he answered. "I have a cousin named Penelope."

And almost before the young girl could realize her good fortune her customer was gone, the evidence that she was not dreaming being the two gold pieces shining in her hand.

Mrs. Bruce was delighted; but when Nora wished her to accept the money in payment for the room—the rent of which was long overdue—she stoutly refused. "Give me ten shillings," she said, busily making the change. "There, now. I've a cozy bit of supper ready for your mother, if you'll carry it up to her." A nice plate of mashed potatoes and steaming brown sausages was ready in the little parlor. Nora could hardly express her appreciation of the good woman's kindness. She carried the little tray up stairs with a grateful heart. Her mother was awake, and, putting down the supper, Nora hastened to tell her story; but to her surprise her mother listened in dismay.

"Oh, Nora!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayne. "What have you done, my darling? I would rather have parted with *anything*, before that little screen. It was my one relic of the past!"

Poor Nora! her heart swelled with grief. She was tired and worn with anxiety, and looking at her mother piteously she burst into a flood of tears.

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The Deanery at Nunsford is a large old house full of beautiful rooms, each, it seems to me, setting the charms of the next at defiance. There is a wide long hall leading to the dining-room, with deep windows fronting the garden, and in winter-time their seats are always full of flowers: roses clambering against the old lattice-work panes; hyacinths filling the air with odors; and pots of yellow primroses, which so early star the borders of every Devonshire garden.

On a certain January morning one of these bright windows was made brighter still by the figure of a tall, brown-haired young lady who had stopped to open a parcel on her way to breakfast.

"Penelope—Penny!" called half a dozen voices further up the hall, where the Dean's children were grouped about the fire. "Do come; we won't go in to breakfast without you."

"I *am* coming," said Penelope, slowly. "I've got a birthday present from Lionel," she added. "Poor boy! he is far enough away now." And still looking at her gift, Penelope Harleford, the Dean's niece, made her way toward the eager little group just as the Dean himself appeared in the dining-room door.

"Lion has sent Penelope a present," said Joe, the youngest boy. "Look, papa; it is a funny old fan."

"No," said Penelope; "it is a hand screen, and it is so quaint and pretty."

And the little screen, which at that moment Nora Mayne would have given a great deal to possess again, was put into the Dean's hands.

"Mayn't I show it to Aunt Letitia before breakfast?" pleaded Penny, with a coaxing air. "I know she would be so interested in it; she dearly likes old things."

"As you like, dear," said the Dean, giving her blooming cheek a pinch. "Hurry back, though; we don't see so much of you, now that Aunt Letty is back again."

Pretty Miss Penny laughed and ran away, holding her treasure tightly, stopping half a minute in a bend of the old staircase to look at it again, and to whisper, "Poor dear Lion—poor Lion!" and then hurrying on to a door, before which she paused, knocking lightly.

The "Come in" was in a sweet low voice. Penelope opened the door leading into a beautiful room rich in color and arrangement. A crippled lady, the same Nora Mayne had seen carried to the Bath-chair, was seated near the window.

"Well, my love, have you breakfasted already?" said the lady, holding out a thin white hand.

"No, aunt," said Penelope, kneeling beside the invalid's chair; "but I want you to see Lion's birthday present to me. Poor boy! He put it up the night before he sailed for India. Isn't it charming?"

Miss Harleford, Penelope's aunt, took the screen rather carelessly in her hands, then she uttered a quick, sharp little cry.

"Penny," she exclaimed, "where did Lion get this? I have not seen it in over twenty years, but I remember it perfectly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## FLORRY'S HOOPLE.

Isn't it dreadfully horrid,  
Caught in this hoople again?  
Here with the sun on my forehead,  
Ever so far down the lane.  
Caught in this hoople again;  
Nurse didn't know I was skipping  
Ever so far down the lane,  
Hope I'm not in for a whipping.

Where is my bonnet, I wonder?  
I think I have dirtied my dress;  
Just like a hoop-skirt, ain't it?  
Makes me look grown up, I guess.  
Yes, I *have* dirtied my dress;  
Pity to vex mamma so;  
Yet if I get in a mess  
She will forgive me, I know.

Pity to vex mamma so;  
Think I'll go home and be sorry;  
She will forgive me, I know.  
And call me her dear little Florry.  
And it is dreadfully horrid,  
Here all alone in the lane,  
With the hot sun on my forehead,  
Caught in my hoople again.



I am going to tell HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about a flood which we had here July 27. It was caused by the breaking of a water-spout, and nearly drowned mamma's gray pony Sally, which was picketed near the creek. It happened in the afternoon. Mamma was reading to us. We could hear the sound of the water coming, but thought it was the rain on the hills. Sarah, our nurse, went out for something, and we followed her and when we got to the door, we saw Sally in trouble, and Sarah ran to see what was the matter. There was Sally in about eight feet of water; she had run down in a gully when she saw the water coming, but she broke her rope and got out, without being hurt much, though the force of the water rolled her over several times. Mamma and Pleasance went further down, and saw the wave coming, and mamma said it was like a great column of muddy water. The flood lasted about twenty minutes, but it did not do us any harm. It took a tub and a hen-coop away, and moved a great many large stones, besides destroying a bridge.

MARIAN BEATRICE M.

---

EBENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, but we came up here in the mountains for the summer. It is very cool and pleasant here, and I like it very much. I have been an invalid for two years, and have to walk on crutches. I can not walk far at a time. I have a chair on wheels in which I ride when I am tired of walking. My brother and I have a pony that we call Daisy. I have a phaeton to drive out in.

I like "The Cruise of the Ghost" best of all the stories so far. I like the Wiggles very much; mine have appeared in three numbers. I can draw quite well, and I am learning to paint in oil colors. When in the country I try to sketch a little.

WILFRED H.

---

SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS.

As so many little boys and girls have told about their pets, I thought I would tell about mine. I have a white mouse named Pippo; he is very tame, and I have taught him to jump through a ring. I have a cat named William A. Bolus, and a dog named Dottie Dimple, besides numerous hens and chickens, and a few pigeons. I have a goldfinch named Bright Eyes. Having no brothers or sisters, I think a great deal of my pets.

LILIAN C.

---

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

I live on a farm, am twelve years old, and have lots of chickens and turkeys, a pet deer, and a pet lamb. We have thirteen cows, and sell cream. The pasture is a distance from the house, so I sometimes go after the cows on horseback. Once, lately, my horse stuck fast in the mire, and another time the horse and I rode straight into a bees' nest. Sometimes I have great trouble in driving home the cows.

JOHNNIE E. B.

---

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

I am twelve years old. I am a little cripple, and have not been out of bed for six months, with the hip-disease. I can not move except as others move me. Will some of the young people who read your paper send me something to read, as that is the only amusement I have? We used to live in Chicago, where my father got me books from the public library, but there is no public library here, so I have nothing to read. I shall be very much obliged if some of the little boys and girls who can run about will send me something to amuse me. I have no mother, and my sister takes care of me.

ALFRED JUDD.

---

CENTRE DALE, RHODE ISLAND.

I read all of "Toby Tyler," and am very glad Mr. Otis is writing another story. I liked "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and it reminded me of a boat my brothers and I made last summer. We built a raft seventeen feet long and four feet wide. We made oars, and went rowing after pond-lilies; and when we reached a place in the river where we could dive, we would jump into the water, and have a good swim. I am ten years old, and am learning to ride. I like to read the letters in the YOUNG PEOPLE, and so thought that perhaps some little boys would like to read what I have written.

J. C. B., JUN.

Your brother Walter's letter came safely with yours, but we could not give space to both.

---

BARABOO, WISCONSIN.

Having seen a letter from Blanche P. in No. 92, I thought that I too would send a letter from our town.

I went yesterday to the Devil's Lake, which is about three miles from here. It is surrounded by bluffs. On one side of the lake there is a large hotel called the Cliff House, where a hundred guests from all parts of the country are being entertained. But the other side is generally chosen by picnickers. It is called Kirkland, because it is owned by a man whose name is Kirk.

Arriving at 7 o'clock A.M. at Kirkland, we went over to Sandy Beach, a place famous for bathing. From there we strolled to Alaska Grotto, which is a kind of little cavern in the rocks, where it is as cold as ice. In the afternoon we went in bathing, and had a ride on the lake in a row-boat to a little log-cabin owned by a club of gentlemen.

At Kirkland there are four cottages, and a large house called the Pavilion, all of which are furnished with dishes, cot beds, etc., and rented to persons who wish them at so much a week.

SADIE H.

---

CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

We live a mile from the village. We have a great black curly Newfoundland dog named Bruno, who is very nice, but runs off to the village whenever he can get a chance. We have two canary-birds, two cats, two horses, and a colt.

ALLIE B.

---

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I have wanted to write a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I first subscribed to it, but mamma thought I wrote too badly. I am very glad that another story is to be published by the author of "Toby Tyler," as that is my favorite story. My little brother has the smallest pony I ever saw. It is so gentle that he can easily catch and ride it, though he is only seven years old. I am nine, and have never yet been to school.

ELLEN W. W.

---

LUZERNE, SWITZERLAND.

A hard trip we had across the English Channel from Southampton to Havre, and then we had a half-hour trip in a steamboat over to Trouville. We staid a week there, till we found a pretty chalet in Villers-sur-Mer, called "Chalet des Bosquets," where we kept house for three weeks, and went to the beautiful beach every day, and found shells and petrified things. The Normandy peasants were great fishers; even the women were out in deep water catching shrimps and crabs. The summer weather coming on, we hurried through Paris to Switzerland, spending one night in Bâle. We are in Luzerne for five weeks, and have been all over the place, have seen the old walls, the bridge of the "Dance of Death," Thorwaldsen's "Lion," in memory of the brave Swiss guards slain in defending Louis XVI. in 1792. We read Schiller's "William Tell," and have seen his chapel on the lake, as we visited Seelisberg, high up on a high hill, with beautiful pine forests, and a lovely view.

HARRY G.

---

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Every winter flocks of paroquets fly about, and last year we had one for a pet. We fed him on cockle-burrs and sugar-cane, and cold mornings he would sit under the stove with the cats. Sometimes he would slip away, and once he staid out all night. In the morning we heard him calling, went out, and brought him in. We have had ripe figs this summer. They are very nice when eaten fresh from the tree. I was eight years old last May.

E. PEARL F.

---

NEW YORK CITY.

I am eleven years old, and my brother is seven years. I had a sweet little baby brother, and he was so pretty and cunning that every one loved him. He had golden curls, and could say everything, although he was not yet two years old. He died on the 19th of July last, and we all miss him. I think "Tim and Tip" promises to be splendid.

JOHN H. B.

---

LYNN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I think I ought to write something for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, because I look just like Toby Tyler. My hair is red, my face is freckled, and I have an Uncle Dan'l, only I don't live with him. I have a black cat; its name is Tish, and it has two little kittens.

I have three big brothers. One of them has been to Colorado. He came home last winter, and brought nearly a trunkful of specimens.

I liked "Toby Tyler" the best of any of the stories, but I think Jimmy Brown is cute, and I was sorry he made such "A Terrible Mistake." My sister writes this for me, because I'm too small to do it.

DANNIE D.

---

HILLSBORO, MISSOURI.

My sister and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and love it dearly. We always look for it on Thursday. We enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box. My sister is twelve, and I am nine years old. We have three brothers younger than ourselves. I saw a letter in one of our papers written by a little boy who signed his name Frankie Thomas, which is the very same name as that of our youngest brother. We have talked a great deal about it, and we wonder if he is as sweet and pretty as our dear little Frankie is.

ESSIE T.

---

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl six years old. I can not read very much yet, so my mamma reads YOUNG PEOPLE to me. I have a little brother Arthur; he is in the country now. I would rather stay with my mamma. Before we moved to the city we had a black dog named Prince, who would play "hide-and-seeek" with us, and would always find us. I had a dear little pussy named Flossie, but she died. She used to curl herself up in my hat and go to sleep. I have four dolls, and lots of *treasures*. When I am old enough I will write a letter myself.

GERTRUDE.

---

In the little letter which accompanied the stanzas which follow the writer said:

My mamma has written some verses for my little brother and sister and myself, and I think they are very sweet. Mamma has been very sick, and not able to read or write for eight years, and she had to write these verses by FEELING, as she can not look over and write them. I am eight years old, and my home is in Eatonton, Georgia. My name is

**RICHARD'S DISAPPOINTMENT.**

I drove them down to the meadow,  
Dolly and Dilly and Kate,  
And my steps like theirs grew quicker  
As we neared the pasture gate;

For beneath the shade of a cedar,  
Where no clover ever grew,  
I had built a MASTER bird-trap,  
And set the trigger true.

I knew a little redbird  
Whose feathers every one  
Were as bright as the juice of a berry,  
Or the stain of the setting sun.

My heart went patter, patter,  
As I thrust my fingers through  
The trap that held a captive  
Where the gnarled old cedar grew.

My heart beat like the rain-drops,  
And (the redbird in my thought)  
I felt a fluttering winglet,  
And cried, "You're caught! you're caught!"

But alas for the dreams of childhood!  
The bird was only gray;  
And with angry frown and feature  
I tossed it far away.

That night beside my mother  
I told my grief with tears,  
And I've not forgot her answer  
Through all these weary years.

She said: "Oh, little Richard,  
The bird with the homely coat  
Has all the sweetest music  
Of the forest in its throat!

"And never forget, my darling,  
As life you travel through,  
That some of its sweetest blessings  
May gray-coated come to you."

---

LITTLE COMPTON, POINT SEACONNET, RHODE ISLAND.

I wanted my mamma to write to you when I was in Troy, but I had not any pets to write about, and my mamma told me to wait till I got to the sea-shore.

Now we are here. The ocean is all around us except on one side. We are on the lowest part of Rhode Island, on a point reaching away out into the ocean. I am almost the only little girl, as there is only one other here. She is May Kempton, and she lives here always.

May has five kittens. One kitten has double paws, and three kittens have two to three toes more than they ought to have, and one kitten is like all other kittens. There are a great many interesting things about here, but my mamma says I must not tell about too many at a time. Captain Williams is the lobster man, and once in a while he takes us out sailing in his vessel. It will hold about twelve people. His arms are all tattooed, and he tells very nice stories about shipwrecks. I am trying to learn the names of all the sails, and to "box the compass." I am going to a Rhode Island clam-bake. In my next letter I will tell you about some real live decoy-ducks.

NETTIE SPENCER A.

---

Post-office Box would begin to think how nice it would be to save a little *money* to send her, so that the school-house which she so much wants could be built. As she will give the land and the timber, and Pete and the other men will perform most of the labor, it will take but a small amount of money. Who will do without a pretty ribbon or a pound of candy, and help to raise this little school-house under the grand old pines at Woodside?

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—It is with very much pleasure that I now acknowledge the little packages that I have had from you since I wrote before. We still keep hoping that we will get the school-house in time, and in the mean while we keep on with the Sunday afternoon school in the dining-room. How much I would like you all to be here and help us teach them! When they get very sleepy, my sister wakes them up by letting them sing. Since I wrote I have had packages from Miss Nellie J. Parker, 748 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Willie Olmstead, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Nettie Birkitt, Winnebago, Ill.; Frank Butzow, Martha Butzow, Mary Butzow, Emma Butzow, Watseka, Ill.; Gracie Macomber, Grand Isle, Vt.; Nellie and Samuel Willets, Old Westbury, Long Island; Georgie Hitchcock, Champlain, N. Y.; Mrs. C. B. Keese, Asa Keese, David Keese, Ed. Bukan, Turner's Junction, Ill.; Carroll P. Wilson, Troy, Tennessee; David Shipman, 29 Clinton St., Brooklyn; Miss Mary O'Neil, Rochester, N. Y.; Hubert D. Richardson, Box 492, Nashua, N. H.; Glenn Woolfenden, Neosho, Newton Co., Mo.; Alberta Ulman, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; Fanny Stains, Adrian, Mich.; Martin C. Longstreth, 500 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Grace and Louisa Todd, Meriden, Conn.; Louise Keney, Salina City, Cal.; Charley Ungen, Eaton, Ohio; Elmer Wallace, Elk Point, Dakota; Nellie Ritz Burns, Lewistown. The State was not written on your postal, my dear Nellie, so I could not write to you, as I wished. With many thanks to you all from myself and family, Uncle Pete, and the whole Sunday-school, I am very truly your grateful friend,

[Pg 687]

MRS. RICHARDSON.

The members of the Natural History Society will be glad to learn that Mrs. Richardson will organize the Woodside branch, and send reports from time to time. Her own family and her scholars will form the branch, under her charge.

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HOLTON, KANSAS.

The Holton branch of the Natural History Society met for the first time on July 26. There were but few members. George S. Linscott was elected president. I am glad the society has been organized, as it will promote an interest in nature among the children of this town. We have a good book that we intend to use at the meetings of the club. There are three or four boys and girls here who take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, but who are only nine years old. As yet none of our club have discovered any facts worth reporting. We will meet every two weeks, and I will report the doings of this society regularly once a month.

E. S. BECK, Secretary.

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The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

One stamp from each of the following countries, for a triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp and a Straits Settlement stamp: Denmark, Austria, Switzerland, Canada, Holland, Brazil, Belgium, Hungary, England, France, Germany, and Bavaria.

CARTER COLQUITT,  
Walton House, Clayton, N. Y.

---

Stamps from Germany, England, Canada, Bermuda, island of Cuba, and U. S. Revenue stamps, for stamps from any other nation. Stamps from Mexico especially desirable.

E. E. HIDE,  
Allegany Co., Belmont, N. Y.

---

I would like to exchange 2-cent (brown) issue of 1871, and 5, 6, 10, and 30 cent U. S. stamps, and 1 and 2½ penny English stamps.

FERD B. HESSE,  
236 South Second St., Brooklyn, E. D.

---

A newspaper published at Natal with news of the war there, for five specimens of minerals, to weigh about three ounces each.

SAMMIE RISIEN,  
Goesbeck, Limestone Co., Texas.

---

E. H. Randolph wishes to be addressed during the summer at 13 and 15 Park Row, New York City.

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I live in the country, and two of my cousins are visiting us this summer. Papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year for my brother. I would like to exchange a stone and a little soil from New York, for the same from any other State or Territory; and also some everlasting-flowers that grow here, for pressed leaves, ferns, or flowers from any place in the United States. Correspondents will please label what they send, and be sure to write their address in full so I will know where they come from. Will they please inform me if they receive what I send, and wrap their packages securely?

SARABELLE BAYLES,  
West Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y.

---

Minerals, for minerals, ores, and other curiosities.

M. L. E., 51 Spencer St., Albany, N. Y.

---

Stones and soil from California, for stamps, coins, or sea-shells.

E. T. WHEELER, Berkeley, Cal.

---

A card printer wishes a pair of good French fencing foils, for a font of script type.

ARTHUR POOL, Earlville, Ill.

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Stamps from Cuba, Belgium, and Barbadoes, and other rare stamps, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope; or other foreign stamps, for ore or any kind of curiosities.

GEORGE H. ELDER,  
99 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D.

---

*Golden Days*, for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Have all the first volume, except between 7, and 23, and 31. Wish HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE between 20 and 40, and 41 and 53; U. S. and other stamps, for curiosities and Cape of Good Hope stamps.

J. H. TODD,  
Box 225, Oakland, California.

---

A 2-cent U. S. Internal Revenue stamp, for any foreign stamp, except from Canada. England, Denmark, France, Austria, Italy, and Germany. Five U. S. postmarks, for any foreign stamp, except from the above-named countries. Will receive offers for a New York State coin of 1863, and for an eagle cent of 1857.

ROSIE BALL,  
7 Sycamore St., Buffalo, N. Y.

---

Rare U. S. stamps, newspaper stamps of Austria, a South German state stamp, and rare

stamps of Italy, Spain, and Brazil, also an Agricultural Department stamp, for stamps from Spain, which are an earlier issue than 1870, or 1-penny Bahamas 1859, or 10, 12, 15, 30 cent Post-office Department, U. S.

CHARLES WARREN, Box 54, Plymouth, Mass.

---

A fret-saw, designs, saws, and all complete, for a printing-press and materials, autographs of eminent persons, or a microscope. Stones from Madagascar, U. S., and foreign postmarks, for books, coins, minerals, stamps, ocean curiosities, or Indian relics.

ALBERT E. DWELLE, McPherson, Kan.

---

A piece of oak cut by a soldier friend from the prow of the iron-clad *Merrimac*; a piece of olive-wood from Jerusalem, and a piece of asbestos, for a genuine Indian bow and arrows. Please write to arrange exchange.

F. W. GLASIER, Adams, Mass.

---

White coral, curious rocks from Crève-Cœur Lake, shells from the Pacific Ocean, quartz crystals, for books of all kinds on mineralogy.

"MINERALOGIST," 903 Cardinal Avenue,  
West St. Louis Station, Mo.

---

Sea-shells and other ocean curiosities, for Indian curiosities.

C. PERCY RUSSELL, Deal Beach, N. J.

---

Postmarks and rare stamps, for curiosities.

MISS FRANKIE PRATT, Keokuk, Iowa.

---

Hard stamps and postmarks, etc., for department stamps of all kinds, stamps from Africa, Asia, Canada, South and Central America, Cape of Good Hope triangular especially desired, or curiosities of any kind, wood from historic trees, etc.

F. S. MILLER, Westfield, N. J.

---

Five foreign stamps, for one from Asia or Africa (no duplicates given or taken).

E. BIDWELL,  
Box 584, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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Specimens of red granite, antimony as it comes from the mine, Spanish fivepenny and eleven pence values, old English pennies and halfpennies, and other coins, for foreign coins or old American cents coined before 1815, or nickel cent with small eagle 1856, or two-cent pieces 1872 and 1873 if in good condition, or U. S. half-dimes 1794-1805. Please write before sending any coins and arrange exchange.

ABNER H. GRAHAM, P. O. Box 22,  
Milltown, Charlotte Co., New Brunswick.

---

Ten postmarks (no duplicates), four U. S. postage stamps, all different, and one German



postage stamp, for one triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp.

RAY EDMISTON,  
Minier, Tazewell Co., Ill.

---

Five or six pounds of good type, leads, and copper cuts to exchange for Indian relics, minerals, fossils, skulls, curiosities, shells, and old coin.

FLETCHER M. NOE,  
130 E. N. York St., Indianapolis, Ind.

---

A stamp of Hong-Kong, Brazil, and Mexico, for one three-cornered stamp of the Cape of Good Hope; twenty foreign stamps (no duplicates), for a stamp of Egypt, Japan, Peru, and Iceland.

JAMES H. ROBINSON,  
431 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

---

Stamps, for stamps. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Hong-Kong especially desired.

JAMES HUGH,  
1710 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

---

Indian arrow-heads picked up near the spot where General G. A. Custer fell; also some of the bayonets from the guns used in the battle of Bull Run, for anything suitable for a museum. Please write before sending.

H. E. RALD,  
Care of Mr. Collin,  
Rye Beach Hotel, Rye, N. Y.

---

Three-dollar printing-press with type, for a scroll-saw or something useful.

WALTER J. LEE,  
357 East Fifty-third St., New York City.

---

A good microscope, for any of the following U. S. coins: Half-cents of 1796, 1831, '36, '40 to '49, inclusive, cents of 1799 and 1804, or a quarter-dollar of 1823 or 1827. Exchangers will please write before sending coins.

VANCE S. SHOBER, Cumberland, Md.

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

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GEORGE L. D.—A drop of camphor or of chloroform will kill a moth or butterfly painlessly, and you can then fasten it to a card; to preserve them from dust, it is best to keep your specimens in a glass case.

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R. L. H.—The worm you send was so crushed in the mail that it could not be identified, but it is not a parasite which usually infests rabbits. To free your rabbits from vermin, wash them with a strong infusion of carbolic soap.

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HALLIE J. PERKINS, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—In forming your Natural History Society you may include any friends you choose. Whether or not they are subscribers to YOUNG PEOPLE makes no difference. You will find it a good plan to read the correspondence in YOUNG PEOPLE at your meetings. Be sure to send your reports.

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H. F. L.—To have beautiful autumn leaves you must take pains to gather perfect ones, of rich colors and pretty shapes. You may preserve them by passing over the freshly gathered leaves a warm iron, on which you have rubbed bees-wax, or you may press the leaves between the pages of an old book, and when dry, coat them with very thin varnish, put on with a soft camel's-hair brush. The secret of pressing flowers and ferns successfully is in laying them immediately in a dark place under a weight, and changing the papers over them as these become moist.

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Fred Gutyalin, 3 East Forty-seventh Street, New York City, withdraws from exchange list.

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Daisy Rollins's address is Post-office Box 186, Columbia, Missouri, not Columbus, as published. Write to her until September 13.

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Some of our correspondents have sent such silly *noms de plume* in answer to puzzles that we have really felt ashamed to print them. In two instances the names sent were inadmissible. Please select sensible fictitious names when you do not desire your own to appear.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Paxton," "Will O. Tree." "*Unknown*," E. Pearl Lisk, John H. Busch, H. Elkena, "Comet," A. A. Beebe, Alice M. Walther, Annetta Jackson, Lee Marks, "School-Boy," Willie J. Baldwin, Eva J. Ward, H. N. Pleis, Jemima Beeston.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### THREE EASY WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. Appertaining to kings. 2. To cut off. 3. Donated. 4. A skilled person. 5. Slow time in music.  
2.—1. To stop. 2. An artist's picture rest. 3. Out of the true course. 4. An old-fashioned vehicle. 5. A girl's name.

H. D.

3.—1. Sour. 2. A collection of laws. 3. Unemployed. 4. Far below the surface.

F. A. H.

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### No. 2.

#### ACROSTIC—(To Cal I. Forney).

Place the names of four animals in such order that their initial and final letters read downward will spell the names of two others.

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### No. 3.

#### BEHEADINGS.

Behead to discourse, and have a movement of the arm; again, and have either of two.  
Behead a fraud, and have warmth; again, and have to take food.

**No. 4.**

**ENIGMA.**

My first is in forest, but not in field.  
My second's in breastplate, not in shield.  
My third is in English, not in Dutch.  
My fourth is in little, not in much.  
My fifth is in inn, not in hotel.  
My sixth is in scream, and not in yell.  
My seventh's in blacksmith, not in miller.  
My whole is a massive pointed pillar.

MAURICE E. W.

---

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 92.**

**No. 1.**

Dandelion.

**No. 2.**

L  
CAN  
CANED  
LANTERN  
NEEDY  
DRY  
N

**No. 3.**

1. Bowl. 2. Tart.

**No. 4.**

1. Pot. 2. Spar. 3. Are. 4. Brag.

**No. 5.**

1. Birds of a feather flock together.  
2. A watched pot never boils.

**No. 6.**

1. A soap-bubble. 2. A walnut.

**No. 7.**

A peach.

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SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 20, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 21.

## WIGGLES.

Although "Wiggles" have formed a feature of *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the beginning, and have excited a very general interest amongst our youthful artists, many of our correspondents write that they do not understand them. For the benefit of these we will explain that Wiggles, sometimes called "recondite forms," are lines forming portions of the outlines of pictures. New Wiggle No. 21 is one of these lines, and it forms part of the outline of a picture already drawn by "our artist." The object of those who attempt to solve the Wiggle problem should be to draw a picture containing this line. In looking over the Wiggles on this page you will see that Bessie R. Hull had very nearly the same idea of a picture that our artist had when he drew Wiggle No. 20. We have room to publish only a few of the hundreds of ideas of each Wiggle that are sent to us, and there is no regular time fixed for their publication; but those that are drawn with the greatest care, and sent in the earliest, stand the best chance of being published. Will Bessie R. Hull please send us her full address?

### FOOTNOTES:

[1] Ten dollars.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 23, 1881

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