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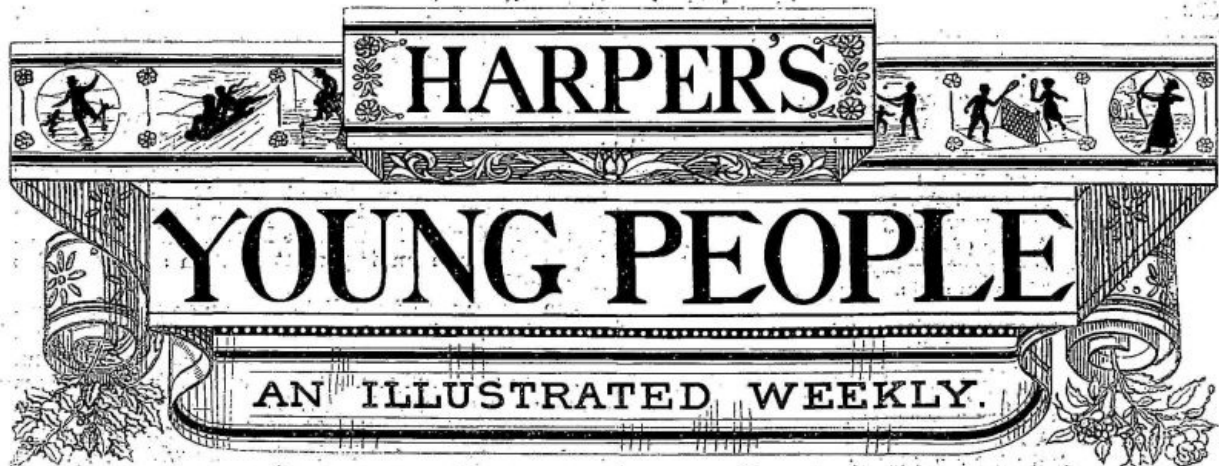
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 30,
1881 ***

[THE OLD GUN.](#)
[COMPENSATION.](#)
[AN ANCIENT TRAVELLER.](#)
[FROG-CATCHING.](#)
[TIM AND TIP.](#)
[PHIL'S BURGLAR.](#)
[GOOD-NIGHT.](#)
[SEEING THE BIG WORLD.](#)
[PENELOPE.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)
[A \(RIVER IN IDAHO\) STORY.](#)
[THE PEA-NUT.](#)



[Pg 689]

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THE OLD GUN.

'Mid the smoke and the heat of battle,
Where men fought for wrong or right,
'Mid the clash and the roar and the rattle,
Where fiercest raged the fight,
Stood the old gun,
Hurling his bolts of thunder
Into the ranks of those
Who dared to brave his anger,
Who dared to be his foes,
Dared face the gun.

'Mid the daisies and clover growing
On that long-ago battle plain,
Kissed by the soft winds, blowing
Over the graves of the slain,
Lies the old gun.
Around him frolic the children,
Noisy with innocent glee,
But silent and still he lies there,
Who helped make a nation free,
Asleep in the sun.

COMPENSATION.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

For every leaf of green,
A golden leaf;
For every fading flower,
A ripened sheaf.
For every parching beam,

A drop of rain;
For every sunny day,
The stars again.

For every warring wave,
A pretty shell;
For every sound of woe,
A joyous bell.
For every passing care,
A mother's kiss:
And what could better be,
Dear child, than this?

AN ANCIENT TRAVELLER.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

The oldest book of travels in Asia that has been preserved was written by Marco Polo, an Italian, who was born nearly two hundred and fifty years before his famous countryman Christopher Columbus discovered America.

The father and uncle of Marco, who were merchants in Venice, had already been to China, then called Cathay, and spent some years at the court of the Emperor Khubla Khan, who became their warm friend. On their return to Venice they had many wonderful stories to tell of the mysterious country they had explored, and the strange sights and adventures they had met with; and two years afterward they started again on their travels, with letters and presents for the Chinese monarch from Pope Gregory X. Marco, then a young man of twenty, went with them on this journey.

They travelled over land and water and desert, and had many hardships and dangers to encounter; but finally they reached the city of Cambalu (which was discovered in the seventeenth century to be Pekin), after a journey of *four years*! When the Khan heard that they were coming, he sent people to meet them a month and a half before they arrived, and directed that they should be received with every possible honor.

At last they reached the royal city, and were conducted at once to the Khan, before whom they prostrated themselves, after the fashion of the country; then they were invited to a magnificent banquet. The throne, which stood on a platform at the head of the long table, sparkled and glittered with precious gems; and on this was seated the monarch of Cathay, sparkling and glittering likewise in his festal robes, with his four wives around him, and a long string of attendants for each of the ladies.

Everybody who was considered to be in good society in Cambalu was present at this feast of welcome to the returned travellers; and jewels, and plumes, and gold, and precious stones, and brilliant colors, and beautiful faces were mingled together in bewildering confusion. After the company had left the table, jugglers and acrobats and musicians were brought in to entertain them; and very likely the tired strangers were glad enough when it was all over, and they could retire in peace to the splendid palace that had been arranged with every imaginable luxury, and hosts of servants to wait upon them and do their bidding.

The next day they presented the generous monarch with the Pope's letter, and a small bottle filled with the oil used for the silver lamps in the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Khan saw, from the reverent manner of the travellers, that this oil must possess rare virtues, and he received it with much gratitude. He was an intelligent man, and he asked many questions about their journey, and about matters and things in Europe, the Polos having become well acquainted with the Mongol language during their former stay, so that they could talk without an interpreter. His Royal Highness was particularly pleased with Marco, and said that he would give him an important position at once in his household.

The young man immediately began to study the language, laws, and customs of this strange country, that he might be able to perform the duties of his office, and the Khan soon had such confidence in him that he sent him on affairs of importance all over the empire.

It was in this way that Marco Polo learned so much about Cathay, and the book of travels which he wrote was read for a long time with the greatest interest. Now it is looked upon as an ancient relic; and the pictures are particularly funny. In one of them is a representation of the Khan in a portable room carried on the backs of four elephants, which are shaped very much like pigs, and have gorgeous rosettes on their backs, supposed to be intended for saddles. A crowd of people gaze with awe upon their sovereign as he is borne triumphantly along in this very novel manner, the front side of the room being open, so that all can see him.

Another picture, which is intended for an elephant hunt, represents the elephants shorter than the horses on which the hunters ride and shoot at them with bows and arrows—as though elephants would mind *that!*—while the trees seem to be growing on the elephants' backs.

Khubla Khan was at war with the sovereigns of the provinces south of his kingdom, and his

friends the Polos were of great use to him by showing him how to make and use the European machines, called catapults, for hurling immense stones against the walls and towers of besieged cities. These were highly thought of before the invention of artillery.

The monarch was very much delighted, and as soon as the machines were ready he sent the learned Venetians to head a fresh attack upon the important city of Sa-yan-fu. The banner of Khubla Khan was soon waving above the crushed walls, and the Polos were liberally rewarded with wealth and honors. Marco, who was the Khan's especial favorite, was made a noble of the empire, with a more magnificent palace and a larger retinue than ever.

After spending seventeen years of this exciting life, the Polos longed to see their native city again; but the monarch, who was now an old man, would not consent to part with them. Fortunately, however, for the homesick visitors, the Khan's granddaughter was to marry the King of Persia, and started on her journey to that country; but after travelling for eight months, the Princess and her attendants found that many of the provinces through which they had to pass were at war, and they turned back to Cambalu.

The Polos, seizing this opportunity of escape, promised to convey the bridal party safely by sea; and the Khan agreed to let them go, on condition of their returning to him again after a short visit home. Among the monarch's parting gifts were caskets of magnificent rubies and other precious gems.

It was eighteen months before they reached Ormuz, and during that time two or three of the envoys and six hundred of the Princess's attendants had died. The Persian bridegroom was dead also, and so was the monarch of Cathay, Khubla Khan.

The Polos now were freed from their promise to return; and after staying nine months in Persia—for they liked to explore every place at which they stopped—they started on their long journey to Venice. They arrived there in safety, after an absence of twenty-four years; and at first no one would believe that these outlandish-looking travellers were the real Polos. But they soon proved their identity, and became known far and wide as the most wonderful travellers of the time.

Marco was a prisoner in Genoa for four years, after a battle with the Genoese, and he amused himself during this dreary period by writing an account of his travels and his life at the court of the Khan.

[Pg 691]

FROG-CATCHING.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

When a man dwelling in the Drowned Lands of Canonoque, Canada, is capable of accumulating a small fortune by catching frogs for the New York market, surely some of our young people who are now spending their vacations near the shores of our lakes, rivers, and ponds ought also to make considerable pocket-money, if not as large a fortune as that of Pat Bowman, of the Drowned Lands, who follows up the frogs from early spring until late in the fall.

It is not only the pocket-money that is to be picked up, but while on the frog-hunts many lessons are to be learned in aquatic natural history. Then there is the fun of the thing. It's fun to get sunburned, and have a brand-new skin at the end of a week to attend church in. It's fun to step into a bumble-bees' nest, and have the bees chase you until you are only too glad to take refuge in the water, where they can't find you out. And it's fun to break through a musk-rat or turtle run, and to have your companions pull you out covered with black peat; then come the washing out of your clothes, and hanging them in the sun to dry; and while they are drying, then the sand-flies and mosquitoes come swarming about you in clouds, until in sheer desperation you conclude to do as the cows do—stand in the water and splash. And after you have stood in the water a few minutes, you find the horse-leeches and boat-flies have discovered you have legs, and are having a feast on them. By this time your clothing is dry. All this sort of experience was fun to me when I was a boy, and I often sigh for those happy days to return.

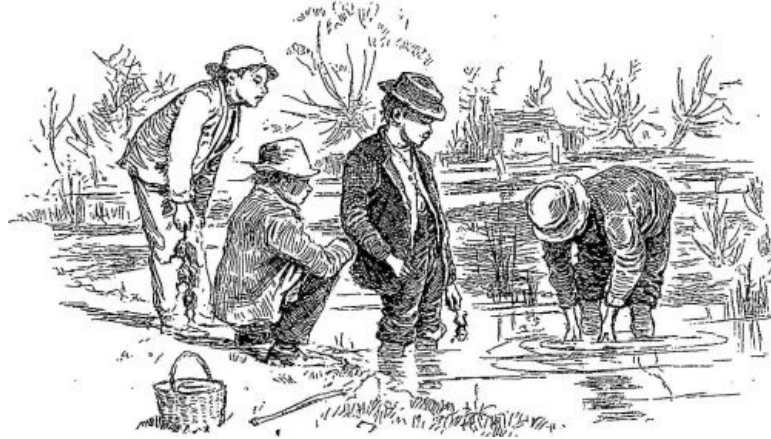
At the age of thirteen I became a frog-catcher. I discovered there was a demand in Fulton and Washington markets for frogs' legs, and that the price paid for them, as they ran, large and small (not very, very small), was one dollar and a half per hundred. But here was the trouble: how could I manage to keep the frogs alive and healthy until I had one hundred of them ready for market? At last I hit upon a plan, which was no less than to construct a pond in our then very large garden, and plant it with pond-lilies, sweet-flag, and cat-tails; in fact, to make it as picturesque as possible. To have the pond hold water, the bottom and sides were lined with clay to the depth of half a foot. To fill the pond we made a series of wooden gutters that connected with the garden pump. Every night we pumped and pumped, until we thought the old pump would surely go dry.

In our house lived a blind sea-captain; he was a bright, kind-hearted, good-natured old gentleman. He could navigate all over our large garden without tramping down the smallest radish, and as for thinning out carrots and beets, he could do it beautifully; he knew every weed by touch and smell. He was just as good as good could be, and all we boys thought the world of him, and he thought we were the best boys ever born. Now the captain liked everything in nature that had a voice, such as birds, crickets, locusts, katydid, and tree-toads, with which we kept the

garden well supplied, so that at night there was nearly a full orchestra of nature's musicians. On bass, basso, and basso-profundo we were short, but knew full well that as soon as the intended inhabitants for the pond were secured, those voices of the night would be forthcoming.

The first frogs we captured were taken with a scap-net toward evening, when they drew near the shore to feed, and to secure them we tied them by their hind-legs to a string. One evening we discovered a frog by his voice, which was that of a pure basso-profundo, and in strength that of three bull-calves in one. His home was in a small ditch of water, which, the minute approached, he would plunge into, and was lost to sight. By the great splash he made we knew that he must be a monster of a bull-frog. Night after night we tried to capture him, but failed. At last we determined to devote one entire Saturday to his capture.

There was one particular spot on the side of the ditch where he always sat when taking a sun-bath, but the minute he caught sight of us, in he would plunge, and disappear for an hour's time. At first we imagined he dived down into the deep mud bottom, and remained there until he thought all was quiet, or that we were gone away.



DIGGING OUT THE BIG FROG.

At last, by mere accident, we discovered his secret hiding-place to be a musk-rat hole, the entrance of which connected directly with the water of the ditch, so that all he had to do was to make a strong and long dive for the musk-rat hole, and he was safe every time. The only way left was to secure the entrance to the hole with a net, and then to go after him with spades and shovels and dig him out; which we did, and wasn't he a beauty? He weighed over a pound, and must have been seven or eight years old. After being in the pond a week, one bright moonlight night he condescended to join in with the other musicians.

We greatly increased the power of our orchestra by adding twenty-five common toads, which in the breeding season frequent the water, and are very noisy, and also one hundred of the shrill-piping Hylodes, or tree-toads, and two screech-owls, which were kept in separate cages at different parts of the garden, so that all night long they were calling to one another.

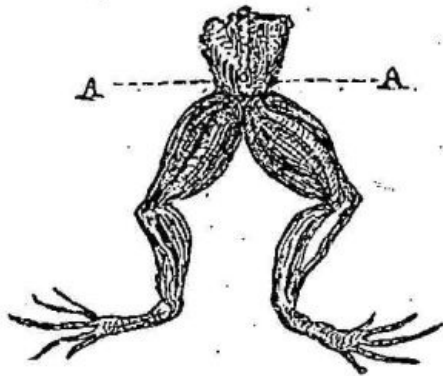
At the end of every two weeks one of the four members of the "Great Long Island Frog Company" took to market from two hundred to two hundred and fifty live frogs, for which was received a dollar and a half per hundred. In course of time sufficient capital was accumulated to purchase four hundred breeding gold-fish with which to stock the pond, so that on the second year we were marketing live frogs and gold-fish. All this happened many years ago, but the traffic in bull-frogs and bull-frogs' legs has been growing steadily, until it has attained wonderful proportions, as the following statements will show:

It is estimated by good judges that no less than fifteen hundred-weight of frogs' legs are sent to the New York market every year. New York State, New Hampshire, Maine, Pennsylvania, and the Canadas are the principal sources of supply. There is one dealer who has agents catching and purchasing frogs in all the above-named places.

Frog-catching begins early in the spring, and lasts until late in the fall. The frogs are caught without bait, all the tackle used being a rod or pole cut in the woods, to which is fastened a short and stout line. On the end of the line is fastened a broad stout hook. When a frog is discovered, the "froggist" drops the hook under the jaw of the frog, and with a quick jerk Mr. Frog flies up into the air, and is taken from off the hook, and placed in a bag. The frogs think the hook is alive, and snatch at it eagerly. Sometimes a frog, when the hook tickles his nose or passes over one of his ears, will lose his temper, and make a terrible lunge at it. I have seen old frogs lose their tempers entirely, so that the minute they caught sight of the end of the pole they would jump clear out of the water, and bite at it fiercely. A frog will never bite at anything when under water, as he is afraid to open his large mouth from fear of drowning. A frog kept entirely in the water, with nothing to rest on, will in course of time drown. When the hook is ornamented with a piece of red flannel, the frogs will jump for it several feet. Frogs bite best on warm, sunny days. When fishing for frogs at night, a reflector or bull's-eye is fastened at the bow of the boat. The bright light seems to daze the frogs to an extent that admits of their easy capture.

The frogs, when caught, are placed in cages made of laths or slats; the cages are about five feet long by four feet wide, and one foot in height. These cages are placed half in the water and half on land; the bottoms of the cages having a slight inclination, to allow the frogs to leave the water when so disposed. After being caged for a few days, they will begin to take food. Their favorite

food is young frogs, small live fish, insects, mice, and angle-worms. All of these must have life and motion, or the frogs will not eat them. Many attempts have been made to breed frogs artificially, but so far all have failed. The principal trouble seems to be the difficulty of obtaining natural food in sufficient quantities to prevent the old frogs from devouring their young, which they will do on all occasions. Again, the young frog, from the tadpole stage up to the perfect frog, is surrounded by enemies night and day—aquatic birds, turtles, lizards, snakes, leeches, insects, fish, water-rats, and, worst of all, his own relations. A female frog at five years of age will produce over a thousand eggs every year. Out of the thousand eggs not more than twenty-five ever attain over two years' growth, so constant is the warfare of their enemies.



There are two ways of preparing the frogs' legs for market. One is known as the Canadian style (see figure), which consists of leaving part of the back of the frog attached to the legs; this is done to make weight. The other is the Philadelphia style, wherein the legs are cut off close to the end of the back, or spine, after the legs have been skinned. In the figure the dotted line A A shows the Philadelphia style, which always brings the highest price. The legs are packed in half-barrels between layers of crushed ice, and will average from fifty to seventy-five pounds to the half-barrel. The prices paid for frogs' legs vary from twenty to sixty cents per pound, which is governed by the season of the year, the demand, and the supply. At the leading hotels—Delmonico's, for instance—seventy-five cents is the regular price per plate for cooked frogs' legs all the year round.

The method of cooking the legs is as follows. After the legs have been thoroughly washed, they are dried in a towel; they are then dipped in beaten eggs, and rolled in powdered cracker, after which they are fried in very hot lard or butter until slightly brown, and are served up with fine herbs and mushrooms stewed in butter.

Now it seems to me, as I said before, that the boys have a chance to make considerable pocket-money on frogs' legs. If I was still a boy, I would enter into an agreement with two or three of the largest and best-paying hotels to supply them with legs, fresh caught (remember, that's a big advantage you would have over the New York market), at just a few cents per pound below the prevailing market prices during the season. There is no reason, when you are out frogging, why you should not capture a few trout also.



THE BOOT-BLACK'S SHOWER-BATH.

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE ON BOARD THE "PRIDE OF THE WAVE."

When Tim first went on board the steamer which was to be his home, he thought, from the beautiful things he saw around, that he should live in a luxurious manner; but when he was shown the place in which he was to sleep, he learned that the fine things were for the passengers only, and that even comfort had been sacrificed in the quarters belonging to the crew.

He was given a berth in the forecabin, which was anything rather than a pleasant or even a sweet-smelling place, and had it not been that he had the satisfaction of having Tip with him when he went to bed, he would have cried even harder and longer than he did.

Captain Pratt had not made his appearance on the steamer that day; but the steward had told him that his duties as Captain's boy would begin next morning at breakfast, when he would be expected to wait upon the Captain at the table. The last thing Tim thought of that night was how he should acquit himself in what he felt would be a trying position, and the first thing which came into his mind when he awoke on the following morning was whether he should succeed in pleasing his employer or not.

After kissing Tip over and over again, and with many requests to him to be a good dog and not make a noise, Tim tied his pet in his narrow quarters, and then made his own toilet. He really made a good appearance when he presented himself to Mr. Rankin, the steward, that morning. His cheeks were rosy from a vigorous application of cold water and a brisk rubbing, and if he could rely upon his personal appearance for pleasing Captain Pratt, there seemed every chance that he would succeed.

During the time he had been at work the day before, Mr. Rankin took every opportunity to instruct him in his new duties, and that morning the steward gave him another lesson.

It was barely finished when Captain Pratt came into the cabin, and one look at him made Tim so nervous that he forgot nearly everything he had been told to remember.

The Captain's eyes were red, his hands trembled, while he had every symptom of a man who had been drinking hard the day before, and was not perfectly sober then.

Tim had never had any experience with drinking men; but he did not need any explanation as to the causes of the Captain's appearance, and he involuntarily ducked his head when his employer passed him.

"Now, then, what are you skulking there for, you young rascal?" shouted Captain Pratt, as he fell rather than seated himself in his chair.

"I ain't skulkin', sir," replied Tim, meekly.

"Don't you answer me back," cried the Captain, in a rage, seizing the milk pitcher as if he intended to throw it at the boy. "If you talk back to me, I'll show you what a rope's end means."

Tim actually trembled with fear, and kept a bright lookout, so that he might be ready to dodge in case the pitcher should be thrown, but did not venture to say a word.

"Now bring me my breakfast, and let's see if you amount to anything, or if I only picked up a bit of waste timber when I got you."

"What will you have, sir?" asked Tim, timidly, as he moved toward the Captain's chair.

A blow on the side of his head that sent him reeling half way across the cabin served as a reply, and it was followed by a volley of oaths that frightened him.

"What do you mean by asking me what I'll have before you tell me what is ready? Next time you try to wait upon a gentleman, tell him what there is. Bring me some soda-water first."

This was an order that had not been provided for in the lessons given by Mr. Rankin, and Tim stood perfectly still, in frightened ignorance.

"Come, step lively, or I'll get up and show you how," roared the Captain, his face flushing to a deeper red, as his rage rose to the point of cruelty.

"Please, sir, I don't know where it is;" and Tim's voice sounded very timid and piteous.

"Don't know where it is, and been on board since yesterday! What do you suppose I hired you for? Take that, and that."

Suited the action to the words, the cheerful-tempered man threw first a knife and then a fork at the shrinking boy, and was about to follow them with a plate, when Mr. Rankin put into Tim's hand the desired liquid.

[Pg 694]

Tim would rather have gone almost anywhere else than close to his employer just then; but the glass was in his hand, the Captain was waiting for it with a glare in his eye that boded no good if he delayed, and he placed it on the table.

"Now what kind of a breakfast have you got?" shouted Captain Pratt, as he swallowed the liquid quickly.

It was a surprise to himself that he could remember anything just then, but he did manage to repeat the names of the different dishes, and to take the Captain's order.

Although he ran as swiftly as possible from the table to the kitchen, and was served there with all haste, he did not succeed in pleasing the angry man.

"I want you to remember," said that worthy, with a scowl, "that I ain't in the habit of waiting for my meals. Another time, when you are so long, I shall give you a lesson you won't forget."

Tim was placing the dishes of food on the table when the Captain spoke, and he was so startled by the angry words, when he thought he deserved pleasant ones, that he dropped a plate of potatoes.

He sprang instantly to pick them up, but Captain Pratt was out of his chair before he could reach them, and with all his strength he kicked Tim again and again. Then, without taking any heed of the prostrate boy, who might have been seriously injured, he seated himself at the table in perfect unconcern.

Mr. Rankin helped Tim on his feet, and finding that no bones were broken—which was remarkable, considering the force with which the blows had been given—advised him to go on deck, promising that he would serve the Captain.

"But I propose that the boy shall stay here," roared the Captain. "Do you think I'm going to let him sneak off every time I try to teach him anything?"

Tim struggled manfully to keep back the tears that would come in his eyes as he stood behind the Captain's chair, but they got the best of him, as did also the little quick sobs.

The Captain appeared to grow more cheerful as he ate, and although he called upon Tim for several articles, he managed to get along without striking any more blows, contenting himself by abusing the poor boy with his tongue.

It was a great relief to Tim when that meal was ended, and Mr. Rankin told him he could eat his own breakfast before clearing away the dishes.

Tim had not the slightest desire for food then, but he did want some for Tip. Hastily gathering up the bones from Captain Pratt's plate, he ran with them to the bow, where Tip was straining and tugging at his rope as if he knew his master was having a hard time, and he wanted to be where he could help him.

Tim placed the bones in front of Tip, and then kneeling down, he put his arms around the dog's neck as he poured out his woes in his ear, while Tip tried in every way to get at the tempting feast before him.

"I'm the miserablest boy in the world, Tip, an' I don't know what's goin' to become of us. You don't know what a bad, ugly man Captain Pratt is, an' I don't believe I can stay here another day. But you think a good deal of me, don't you, Tip? an' you'd help me if you could, wouldn't you?"

The dog had more sympathy with the bones just then than he had with his almost heart-broken master, and Tim, who dared not stay away too long from the cabin, was obliged to let him partake of the feast at last.

When Tim returned from feeding the dog, Mr. Rankin said all he could to prevent him from becoming discouraged on the first day of service; but he concluded with these words: "I can't advise you to stay here any longer than you can help, for you ain't stout enough to bear what you'll have to take from the Captain. It'll be hard work to get off, for he always looks sharp after new boys, so they sha'n't run away; but when we get back here again, you'd better make up your mind to show your heels."

These words frightened Tim almost as much as what the Captain had said to him, for he had never thought but that he could leave whenever he wanted to. Now he felt doubly wretched, for he realized that he was as much a captive as he had ever been when he lived with Captain Babbige, whose blows were not nearly as severe as this new master's.

The *Pride of the Wave* made but two trips a week, and each one occupied about two days and a half. This second day after Tim had come on board was the time of her sailing, and everything was in such a state of confusion that no one had any time to notice the sad little boy, who ran forward to pet his dog whenever his work would permit of such loving act.

Among his duties was that of answering the Captain's bell, and once, when he returned from a visit to Tip, Mr. Rankin told him, with evident fear, that it had been nearly five minutes since he was summoned to the wheel-house.



CAPTAIN PRATT ORDERS HIS BREAKFAST.

While the steward was speaking, the bell rang again with an angry peal that told that the party at the other end was in anything but a pleasant mood. It did not take Tim many seconds to run to the wheel-house, and when he arrived there, breathless and in fear, Captain Pratt met him at the door.

"So the lesson I gave you this morning wasn't enough, eh?" cried the angry man, as he seized Tim by the collar and actually lifted him from his feet. "I'll teach you to attend to business, and not try to come any odds over me."

Captain Pratt had a stout piece of rope in one hand, and as he held Tim by the other, nearly choking him, he showered heavy blows upon the poor boy's back and legs, until his arm ached.

"Now see if you will remember that!" he cried, as he released his hold on Tim's collar, and the poor child rolled upon the deck almost helpless.

Tim had fallen because the hold on his neck had been so suddenly released, rather than on account of the beating; and when he struggled to his feet, smarting from the blows, the Captain said to him, "Now bring me a pitcher of ice-water, and see that you're back in five minutes, or you'll get the same dose over again."

Tim limped away, his back and legs feeling as though they were on fire, and each inch of skin ached and smarted as it never had done from the worst whipping Captain Babbige or Aunt Betsey had favored him with. He entered the cabin with eyes swollen from unshed tears, and sobs choking his breath, but with such a sense of injury in his heart that he made no other sign of suffering.

Mr. Rankin was too familiar with Captain Pratt's method of dealing with boys to be obliged to ask Tim any questions; but he said, as the boy got the water, "Try to keep a stiff upper lip, lad, and you'll come out all right."

Tim could not trust himself to speak, for he knew he should cry if he did; and he carried the water to the wheel-house, going directly from there to Tip.

The dog leaped up on him when his master came where he was, as if he wanted a frolic; but Tim said, as he threw himself on the deck beside him: "Don't, Tip—don't play now; I feel more like dyin'. You think it's awful hard to stay here; but it's twice as hard on me, 'cause the Captain whips me every chance he gets."

Tip knew from his master's actions that something was wrong, and he licked the face that was drawn with deep lines of pain so lovingly that Tim's tears came in spite of his will.

He was lying by Tip's side, moaning and crying, when old black Mose, the cook, was attracted to the spot by his sounds of suffering.

[Pg 695]

"Wha-wha-wha's de matter, honey? Wha' yer takin' on so powerful 'bout?"

Tim paid no attention to the question, repeated several times, nor did he appear to feel the huge black hand laid so tenderly on his head.

"Wha's de matter, honey? Has Cap'en Pratt been eddercatin' of yer?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he continued: "Now don' take on so, honey. Come inter de kitchen wid ole Mose, an' let him soothe ye up a little. Come, honey, come wid me, an' bring de dorg wid yer."

While he spoke the old colored man was untying the rope which fastened Tip, for he knew the boy would follow wherever the dog was led. And in that he was right, for when Tip went toward the little box Mose called a kitchen, he followed almost unconsciously.

Once inside the place where the old negro was chief, Mose took his jacket off, and bathed the ugly-looking black and blue marks which had been left by the rope, talking to the boy in his peculiar dialect as he did so, soothing the wounds on his heart as he treated those on his body.

"Now don' feel bad, honey; it's only a way Cap'en Pratt has got, an' you must git used to it, shuah. Don' let him fret yer, but keep right on about yer work jest as ef yer didn't notice him like."

Mose bathed the wounds, gave Tip such a feast as he had not had for many a day, and when it was done, Tim said to him: "You're awful good, you are; but I'm afraid the Captain will make you sorry for it. He don't seem to like me, an' he may get mad 'cause you've helped me."

"Bress yer, chile, what you s'pose ole Mose keers fur him ef he does git mad? The Cap'en kin rave an' rave, but dis niggard don' mind him more'n ef he was de souf wind, what carn't do nobody any harm."

"But—" Tim began to say, earnestly.

"Never mind 'bout any butts, honey. Yer fixed all right now, an' you go down in de cabin an' go ter work like a man; ole Mose'll keep keer ob de dorg."

Tim knew he had already been away from his post of duty too long, and leaving Tip in the negro's kindly care, he went into the cabin, feeling almost well in mind, although very sore in body.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NOT UP IN HIS PART.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

PHIL'S BURGLAR.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

I am Phil Morris, fourteen years old, and the youngest clerk in Covert Savings-Bank. The cashier is my uncle Jack, and he began at the bottom, where I am, when *he* was a boy. He says that a boy had better grow up with a country bank than go West and grow up with the country. He thinks there's more money in it.

"If there's anything in you," he said one day, "you'll work your way up to be bank president some time." And I guess it's better to be president of a country bank than to be President of the United States. Anyway, you wouldn't have to be shot before folks began to find out that you were doing your level best to keep things straight. Uncle Jack says and does such queer things sometimes that people say he's odd. They tell about his being so wrapped up in our bank that he never had time to hunt up a wife. I notice, though, that when father and mother died, and left me a wee little baby, Uncle Jack found time to bring me up, and give me a good education to boot. Oh, he's as good as gold or government bonds, Uncle Jack is.

We live in rooms over the bank, where old Mrs. Halstead keeps house for us. Underneath, we do the business. There's heaps of money in our two big vaults.

Last summer—and, mind you, this was while *I* was away on vacation—two men broke into the building. They came up stairs, and into Uncle Jack's room. One had a bull's-eye lantern that he flashed in Uncle Jack's face as he sat up in bed, and the other pointed a big pistol right at his head.

"Tell us where the vault keys are, or I'll shoot you," he said.

"Oh, Uncle Jack," I broke in, when he was telling me about it, "what *did* you do?"

"What would you have done?" he asked, in his odd way.

"I know what I *wouldn't* have done," I answered him, straightening up a bit—"I wouldn't have given 'em the keys."

"Ah!" Uncle Jack says, kind of half doubtful, and then went on: "Well, I told them to shoot away. And they knew as well as I did that shooting wouldn't bring them the keys. So when they found they couldn't frighten me, the scoundrels tied me, and went off in a rage, with my watch and pocket-book."

That was last summer. One night along in the fall Uncle Jack started off down town. "It's Lodge night, and I may not be back until late," he said. "You won't mind staying alone—a great boy like you." And of course I said "No."

But somehow, after Mrs. Halstead went to bed, I found I *did* mind it. I don't know what made me feel so fidgety. Perhaps it was reading about a bank robbery in Bolton, which is the next town to Covert. It was thought to be the work of Slippery Jim, a notorious burglar. And while I was thinking about it, I dozed off in Uncle Jack's easy-chair.

"Ow-w-w!" I sung out all at once. And if you'd woke up of a sudden to see a rough-looking man, with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes, standing right in front of you, you'd have done the same. "What—what do you want here?" I sort of gasped; and I tried to speak so he wouldn't hear my teeth knock together.

"The vault keys—where are they?" he answers, short and gruff. And then he kind of motioned with his hand—I suppose to show the revolver he was holding.

I was pretty badly scared; but all the same, I didn't mean he should have those vault keys, if he shot the top of my head off.

"Come, hurry up," he said, with a sort of grin. And I noticed then that he had red whiskers, and some of his upper front teeth were gone, so that he didn't speak his words plain.

"I should know you anywhere," I thought. "Strategy, Phil Morris," I said to myself, bracing up inside; for a story I'd read about how a lady caught a live burglar came across me like a flash. "Please don't shoot, sir," I began to say, with all sorts of demi-semi-quavers in my voice—"please don't; indeed I'll show you where they're kept." So making believe to shake all over, I took the lamp, and led the way into Uncle Jack's bedroom. "The k-k-k-eyes are in th-there, sir," I told him.

You should have seen how my fingers trembled when I pointed to the little store-room that opened out of the chamber. The keys were there, true enough, but I'd like to see any one except Uncle Jack or I find them. I suppose you have heard of such things as secret panels.

The store-room floor is lower than the chamber floor. Many a time, when I haven't been thinking, I've stepped down with a jar that almost sent my backbone up through the top of my head.

"In there, eh?" said my bold burglar, quite cheerful like, and pushed by me to the open door.

I set the lamp down, and my heart began to beat so that I was almost afraid he could hear it. "Now or never," I whispered.

It was all done quicker than you could say "knife." I put my head down like a billy-goat, and ran for the small of his back. "Butted" isn't a nice word, but that's just how I sent him flying headlong into the closet. I heard him go down with a crash that shook Mrs. Halstead's biggest jar of raspberry jam off the shelf.

[Pg 696]

I didn't stop to take breath until I'd locked the door and barricaded it with Uncle Jack's big mahogany bureau—just as the lady did in the story. Then I breathed—and listened. What I heard made my eyes stick out a bit. First I almost felt like crying. Then I laughed until I did cry. I suppose the excitement made me hystericky. It wasn't ten minutes before I roused up Mr. Simms the constable, and Jared Peters, who lives next door. Mr. Simms brought along an old pepperbox revolver and a pair of handcuffs. Jared Peters had his double-barrel gun, but in his flurry he forgot to load it.

Up stairs we hurried. The two men pulled away the bureau, and Mr. Simms, who was in the army, stationed us in our places.

"Look a-here, you feller," Mr. Simms called out, "the strong arm of the law is a-coverin' of you with deadly weepens. Surrender without resistance.—Phil, yank open the door."

I flung open the door. Jared Peters covered the prisoner with his gun. He was covered with something else too—Mrs. Halstead's raspberry jam, that he'd been wallowing round in. He didn't look proud, though, for all he was so stuck up.

Before he could open his mouth Mr. Simms had him handcuffed and dragged out into the chamber.

"There," he said, with a long breath, "I guess *you* won't burgle no more right away."

"For goodness' sake, Simms—Peters—don't you know me—Mr. John Morris, cashier of the savings bank." That was what the prisoner said just as soon as he could speak.

Well, I didn't wait any longer. I just bolted for my own room, where I could lie down on the floor. And there I lay laughing until I was purple clear round to my shoulder-blades. Then I went to bed.

"Philip," said Uncle Jack, solemnly, while we were at breakfast next morning, "I should beg your pardon for trying to test your courage in the—the consummately idiotic way I took to do it last night, but"—and he looked pretty sheepish—"I—I think I got the worst of it."

"I think you did, sir," I answered him, choking a bit.

"The disguise was a good one, though," he went on, with a sort of feeble chuckle, "and leaving my false teeth out, changed my voice completely—eh, Phil?"

"Yes, sir—until you hollered out in the closet that it was all a joke, and wanted me to let you out," I answered him, as I got up and edged toward the door.

"Why didn't you let me out then?" roared Uncle Jack, who is rather quick-tempered.

I hope I wasn't impudent. Truly, I didn't intend to be. "Because, Uncle Jack," I said, as I turned the door knob, "I have heard you say more than once that he who can not take a joke should not make one." And as I dodged through the door I heard Uncle Jack groan.

[Pg 697]



NOT TALL ENOUGH.

GOOD-NIGHT.

[Pg 698]

BY W. T. PETERS.

Good-night, happy stars,
With your yellow eyes;
Good-night, lady moon,
In the evening skies;
Good-night, dusky world
And the boundless deep;
I am tired out;
It is time to sleep—
Time, time to sleep.
Good-night! Good-night!

Good-night, weary boy;
It has been decreed
That some mysteries
Only a child can read;
But the sweet child-heart
May you always keep,
And the stars will be yours,
And the boundless deep—
The boundless, boundless deep.
Good-night! Good-night!

SEEING THE BIG WORLD.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

Andrew, the florist, set out one fine day for a trip to the wood that lay a mile beyond his greenhouses.

He was a grand old man, who loved all the beautiful things God has scattered over this earth, from the tiny grass blade pushing up through the brown mould, to the mighty oak spreading its

branches like a giant in the forest. As he entered the wood he marked how the sunshine, flickering down through the trees, made patches of gold on the green turf, and turned the pebbles in the brook into pearls. Time had not dimmed old Andrew's eye nor dulled his ear, nor had he lived his sixty years without learning to understand the soft voices of nature. As he strolled thoughtfully along he became aware of a gentle murmuring sound proceeding from groups of flowers that seemed to nod and smile when he drew near them. Throwing himself at full length on the turf, he listened; at first he could make nothing out of all the sweet babble poured into his ear, until Jack-in-the-pulpit became spokesman for the occasion.

In a pretty speech Jack told how they had heard of a grand flower show that was soon to come off in the great city, and confessed to the annoyance he and his companions felt at always being neglected on such interesting occasions, closing his long address by praying that the wild flowers might be treated with as much respect as the Pelargoniums, the Gladioluses, and all their other fashionable cousins.

Andrew heard Jack's remarks with a smile that was more sad than merry, marvelling how these innocent creatures, shut up in the heart of the wood, could have heard anything of the show.

"I have it," said he: "some gadding bee, or perhaps a gossiping sparrow, fresh from town, has carried the matter. Well, well, they must learn how profitable is content, and how foolish silly ambitions."

"My pretty dears," sighed the old man, leaning on his spade, and regarding the blossoms, "you will 'never be sorry but once, and that will be always.' As well might a fish try to live on land as you in the stifling city."

So saying, Andrew thrust his spade deep into the rich soil, disengaging the delicate roots that bound the flowers to their sylvan home.

When he had deposited as many Trilliums, Lilliums, Violets, and Anemones in his basket as he desired, the good old man proceeded to a boggy spot in the woods, and brought away with him Lady-slippers, Orchids, Pitcher-plants, Irises, Sundews, and Sweet-cicely, who wished to see the big world too.

Andrew now turned to go home, but, dear me! his work was but half done, for a butterfly, fluttering seaward, carried the news to the pine-barrens, and straightway Pyxidantha, the beauty, cried out—and the soft sound of her crying came pitifully: "Don't leave me all alone in the pine-barrens; it is too lonely; I too would see the great world at the flower show."

"It is strange that you've never been lonesome before," thought Andrew, stooping down where the wee pink beauty sat on her mossy throne, and lifting her gently into his basket. Nor did his labors end here; for a troop of Daisies in a field near by heard the tidings, and almost burst their green jackets in impatience to be going; nor could he resist the pleadings of a band of young Buttercups, so he kindly added these to the delicate passengers in the wicker car, and hastened on. But once more his fine ear caught the sound of complaining.

Looking toward his right hand, he discovered a group of ancient Dandelions bowing their gray heads to him, and listening, heard them sighing: "Once we had tresses like the sun. Why come so late, so late?"

"Too late! too late!" chimed another voice.

"Ay, ay, too late," replied the old man, trudging on toward his greenhouse, for he had much to do to prepare his rustic beauties for their trip to the city.

"Oh dear," said a young Violet a week after, when they were all flourishing in the greenhouse, "why am I always to be in the shade, and that great Japonica towering above me?"

"And I too," murmured a Wind-flower, flushing faintly.

"Who cares for any of them?" chirruped a Daisy. "Here or there matters not to me."

"*You* are near the sun, madam," argued an Orchid.

"Be quiet, all of you," roared Jack-in-the-pulpit. "Who'll care for Japonicas and such common folk when *we* go to town?"

There was common-sense in that, so the wild flowers settled down in silence.

The day before the show there was a fine uproar in the greenhouses. The wild flowers babbled and laughed and danced on their stems for joy. No one knew it but Andrew, and he said nothing.

Such a snipping and binding and showering was kept up all day that when evening came they were glad to fall asleep in their packing boxes, nor did they waken until daybreak, when the men moved them into a large covered van on wheels.

By-and-by they heard a great trampling of hoofs, and a clatter. The horses were being harnessed to the van. Presently, with a jerk, they were off to the wonderful city—the big world they had never seen.

Now began their troubles in true earnest. The ground quaked and trembled beneath them; it was pitchy dark. Would the sun never shine again? Could no one speak a word of encouragement or consolation?

On, and on, and on they kept going, until at last, as nothing fearful happened, they ventured a little conversation.

"What a dash I shall cut at the show!" exclaimed a Turk's Lily.

"And I, in white and pink ribbons!" cried the pine-barren's beauty.

"Be quiet, little vanity," muttered a muffled voice in the corner. "Who will look at you when I am by?"

Andrew knew the great scarlet Amaryllis had spoken, and he said to himself, "We'll see, my fair lady."

The beauty cowered in silence, but a Violet whispered, "Shame!"

When the flowers reached the hall, with its long baize-covered tables, they forgot their troubles, and were greatly pleased. Men were running to and fro, boxes were being opened, and flowers all muffled from top to toe were coming in by the dozens. Here stood a regiment of Azaleas in white hoods and muffs, like a young ladies' boarding-school ready for a winter walk. There stood a company of Lilies with their night-caps on, and yonder a tall object swathed in tissue-paper. "Who can she be?—some grand personage truly," whispered a Daisy.

[Pg 699]

At that moment came a young man with sharp scissors. He cut off her cloak, and there stood lovely Miss Clereodendron, in white and scarlet from head to foot. "How exquisite!" cried all the flowers together.

But soon they found other wonders. On a table near at hand lay the daintiest sprays of flowering Peach, Almond, and Cherry, bunches of tiny Jonquils, creamy Magnolias, flaming Pirus, and May-apple.

As soon as all the flowers were comfortably settled in their stands and vases, they began to look around, and recognized their neighbors.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jack-in-the-pulpit; "who expected to see *you* here?"

"Why not, as well as you, Sir Impudence?" retorted May-apple, sharply.

But by-and-by the visitors came pouring in by the dozens. Beautiful ladies swept by in silks and diamonds and laces; gallant gentlemen came too, with eye-glasses perched on their noses. They did not even look at the wild flowers.

The wild flowers grew troubled, and commenced to murmur; but Jack whispered, "Bide your time."

"I don't envy them," said an Orchid, looking complacently down at her own yellow slippers.

"Nor I," laughed a Daisy, smoothing her satin petticoat.

"If they didn't hold their heads so high, they would see us," murmured a Violet.

But the crowd passed on, drawn by the brilliant beauties of the Cacti, the flames of the Amaryllis Lilies, the purple of the great Pansies.

"They will never come near us," sighed the Violet.

"I faint—I faint!" murmured the Pitcher-plant, dropping her urn.

"Oho! oho! now we shall have a change," cried Jack, as the clock struck three. And sure enough the bright-eyed school-children came trooping in, and caught sight of them.

"Oh, my darling little Violets, where did you come from? And oh, you sweet, sweet Daisies!" cried one yellow-haired lassie.

"And these Buttercups!" screamed another.

"And droll old Jack; who would have thought to see *him* in town?" chimed a third.

"Tit for tat, Master Jack," whispered May-apple, tartly.

The moment the children recognized the beauties of the wild flowers, every one else did. Old gentlemen with high-bred noses came and peered at them through big spectacles. Young ladies talked of their families, and—oh, horrors!—said they would like to dissect them. Old ladies smiled on them pleasantly, and one, a grandmother, actually shed tears, and said, "I haven't seen their like in fifty years."

But now it began to grow tiresome, this big world they had come to see; the sunlight streamed through the great windows, the tiny blossoms grew faint in the sultry air. When would the hum of speech grow silent, the clouds come brooding above them, and the soft rain-drops patter down?

The flowers grew fainter and fainter. A grand old man is now speaking at the end of the hall; but they can not listen.

"Oh, for a breeze from the pine-barrens!" sighed the beauty.

"Give me to drink the dew of the meadow," moaned the Daisy.

"I die for the woodland shadows," murmured the Violet.

"And I for the sound of cool waters," wept the Lily.

CHAPTER III.

"Why, aunt," exclaimed Penelope, "what do you mean? Surely you can't have seen this screen of Lion's?"

"But I *have*, dearest," Miss Harleford said, dreamily. "I have seen this long ago—before you were born. Oh, Penny dear, it all comes back to me. This screen, I am *sure*, is one your own papa gave to Nora Phillips, an American girl who visited us at Baynham. Oh yes, love, I am sure of it, for we had such a discussion about it; and don't you suppose I would know my dear brother's painting? I was looking over his shoulder half the time he was putting in those letters—'Penelope.' Dear, you were named Penelope, I believe, for her sake. Your mother was very fond of the name, and when it was suggested, your father remembered pretty Nora. Well! well!"

"But *she* was not Penelope," said the girl, wonderingly. "Oh, aunt, what does it all mean?"

"But we always *called* her Penelope in fun, because she was such an indefatigable little worker. Oh, what a darling she was, and how we all loved her!"

"But what became of her?"

"Well, my dear, you see, after she and her father went back to America, we rather lost sight of her—she and my mother had a little misunderstanding. It is all a long time ago, and your grandmamma and my dear brother are both dead. Nora may be gone as well, but I seem to see her now just as she stood, laughing gayly, with this screen in her hand. Oh, where can she be? Where did Lion find it? I feel as if I *must* know."

Penelope felt as if she would dearly like to solve the mystery of her cousin Lionel's present. She went back to the breakfast table very grave, and so preoccupied in manner that she had to explain herself at once; and then all the young people were fired by the story. What did it mean? Penny grew absolutely mournful trying to understand it, but it was finally resolved to write to Lionel, who, in a few weeks at least, would let them have the history of the screen, so far as he knew it. This was all that could be done at present.

Penelope and her aunt were only visitors at the Deanery. Their own home was ten miles distant from Nunsford. There Penny was mistress of a beautiful old home known as The Manor. Miss Harleford had been for years as a mother to the girl, and although her uncle, the Dean of Nunsford, was her legal guardian, she knew no heavier rule than the gentle old lady's. If there could be needed a complete contrast to poor Nora Mayne, it might have been in the petted heiress of Harleford Manor. Every one tried his best to make her life happy, and I think only her natural loveliness of disposition saved Penelope from being completely spoiled.

The letter to Lionel Harleford, Penelope's second cousin, who had just gone to India, was dispatched at once, and for days Aunt Letty talked over old times with her brother and nieces. The Dean only half remembered the beautiful, bright American girl who had visited his mother's house, now Penelope's, twenty years before; but Miss Harleford recalled so many scenes to his memory that he was soon as eager about Lion's letter as the most romantic member of the family could desire. Many conjectures were put forth, many ideas suggested; but who could guess that not half a mile away the once light-hearted Nora Phillips lay poor and dying!

Meanwhile things continued to sink lower and lower with Nora and her mother, the worst feature of their case being the fact that kind-hearted Mrs. Bruce could no longer keep them; her son James had suddenly appeared, and declared himself horrified to find his mother keeping lodgers who could not pay their rent; and so, with many tears, poor Mrs. Bruce had broken this news to Mrs. Mayne.

"Of course we must go," said poor Nora, looking at the tender-hearted landlady with a white face and set lips. "Oh, Mrs. Bruce, I know it isn't your fault, and if the day comes when I can earn anything, you shall be paid."

Mrs. Bruce wept bitterly the day that saw Mrs. Mayne, still weak and ill, leave the house with Nora, whose brave heart was tried to its uttermost. Where were they to go? Nora could not be sure enough to tell even Mrs. Bruce. She had sold the last of their wardrobe that morning, and as Mrs. Bruce refused to take a penny from them, they started forth with money enough to pay somewhere for a week's lodging.

"I will try to let you know where we are, Mrs. Bruce, as soon as possible," said Nora, turning back with a weary smile as they were leaving.

Mrs. Bruce wiped her eyes, and vented her feelings upon James, her tall, vulgarly dressed son, who was gazing with great satisfaction upon the lodgers' departure.

"You good-for-nothing creature!" exclaimed his mother, angrily indignant.

Mr. James Bruce smiled sarcastically. He did not share any of his mother's compassion for forlorn lodgers.

"Never you mind, mother," he said. "You'll thank me one of these days."

Days passed with no tidings from the Maynes. Mrs. Bruce could not forget her lodgers, and Nora's face, as she had seen it last, haunted her painfully. Where were they? Had the mother died? Was Nora ill? Were they starving? These and many other conjectures tormented the poor woman as the days lengthened into weeks, and no sign was made by mother or daughter. Many

times Mrs. Bruce's tears fell over her woofs when she was alone in the shop, and recalled the December evening Nora had served there, uniting so much sweet good-humor with her refined, lady-like ways, which had from the first captivated the heart of the simple-minded country-woman. Mrs. Bruce had a small assistant now in the person of a niece, and this young woman was never tired of hearing about Miss Mayne. She was listening to one of her aunt's stories as they sat over the fire in the shop one February day, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Law, aunt, there's Miss Penelope Harleford in the Deanery carriage—coming in here, too!" and there, sure enough, was bright Miss Penny, in a long fur cloak, and a pretty felt hat shading her sweet young face. "A picter," as Mrs. Bruce said, "worth taking down." Young Miss Harleford came hurrying in, looking very eager and interested.

[Pg 701]

"I've come to inquire for some one who sold a screen here, Mrs. Bruce," said the young lady, cheerfully. "My cousin, Mr. Lionel Harleford, bought it here in December—a young lady sold it to him."

"Land, miss!" cried Mrs. Bruce, "so she did, my poor pretty! I wish I knew where she was now—she and her mother."

Penelope looked dismayed.

"And you *don't* know!" she exclaimed.

"I wish I did," repeated Mrs. Bruce. "Mary Jane and I was just talking of her. Gone, poor lamb, she and her mother, and I know nothing of them."

And Mrs. Bruce proceeded to detail the history of Nora and her mother, so far as she knew it. The sad, simple story left no doubt upon Penelope's mind as to who they were.

"Nora Phillips," she said to herself. "Yes, she was Mrs. Mayne, I feel sure, and so near us!"

She confided a few facts only to Mrs. Bruce, and then sorrowfully drove back to the Deanery, where she and Aunt Letty held a long confab in the twilight. What could be done? Aunt Letty cried, and Penelope shook her head sadly, but she declared that she would not give up the search suggested in so strange a manner that it seemed her duty to continue it. Could Penelope and her aunt have seen Nora at that moment, I fear they would have gone to rest with a bitterer heart-ache.

Afternoon service was over the next day at the abbey church, yet Penelope lingered with little Joe, loitering down the path, where the snow still lay white on the ground, talking to the little boy about the service, which that day had peculiarly impressed her. She was thinking of Nora Mayne, recalling Mrs. Bruce's description of the sweet young girl whose life was so heavily burdened.

"And I," thought Penny, with a shamefaced color—"I have *everything*, and yet how cross and selfish I am!"

"Penelope! Penelope!" cried out little Joe, pulling at her hand; "see those sparrows—do they mind the snow?"

And at this moment Penny heard what she thought the echo of her name.

"Penelope," said a strange voice; there was a faint, despairing ring in it.

Penelope stood still, turning her head quickly in the direction of the unfamiliar voice. Standing in the side path was a girl's figure; the hands were tremblingly clasped together, the face, thin and pale, eagerly watching her.

"Penelope—is it Penelope?" said the tired voice again. "Oh, was it for you he bought the screen?"

And in a moment more Nora Mayne felt her hands fast imprisoned in young Miss Harleford's. There were tears running down the English girl's cheeks.

"Oh, Nora," she said, joyfully, "I am so thankful to have found you!"



"PENELOPE—IS IT PENELOPE?"—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

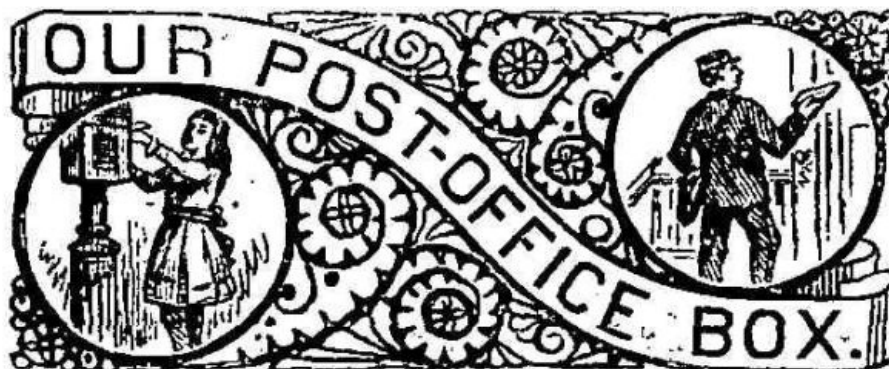


EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING.

MAMMA. "If you continue to be so naughty, I'll have to buy a whip to punish you with."

MIMI. "But when I'm good, you'll let me play with it, won't you, mamma?"

[A fact.]



[Pg 702]

SCHLOSS KIS-TABOR, POST: ROHITSCH, STYRIA, AUSTRIA.

My brother and I are so glad to get YOUNG PEOPLE again! We both like it so very much! I will tell you something about this part of Croatia. It is called "Zagoria," which means "beyond the mountains." Our peasants live principally on maize, made into bread and a sort of porridge. They are a good-natured and gay-tempered people, and always singing. Our most important products are wine, "slivovitz" (plum-brandy), and dried plums. Not far from us, on a lofty hill, stood a Celtic Temple of the Sun. Later, the Romans conquered the Celts, and we have some ancient Roman coins and broken bronze objects dug up in the vineyards. Looking out from our windows one sees innumerable churches, chapels, castles, picturesque ruins, and far-away snow-covered Alps. It is very beautiful. We have a pet donkey, and a pretty little carriage to drive in. I am collecting coins, fossils, and minerals.

Last week a Bosniak came into our court-yard leading a bear caught in Slavonia. He waltzed, saluted, kissed his master, and then held up the tambourine for money. We sent him some wine and bread, which he devoured greedily.

LUCY KAVANAGH.

CAMP CARLING, WYOMING TERRITORY.

My two little boys, aged four and six years, want me to tell you that they were very much interested in Mr. Frey's article about Indian relics. They tried this summer with their mamma to dig up a grave on a hill near the South Platte River. But being in a ledge of rock, the mamma and little boys were not strong enough to get down more than two feet, and had to give it up. Mamma tried to hire a man to dig for her, but the men were all afraid of small-pox. It was said that thirty years ago more than a thousand Indians had died of small-pox, and had been buried in that vicinity. A ranchman on a neighboring hill, however, had opened one, and we obtained some clam shells, a red clay pipe, a thin piece of bark with some blue writing on it, and a round leather amulet worked with beads. A few weeks later, Sidney and Willie drove with their papa and mamma through North Park, Colorado, into Middle Park, and on a hill near the range which separates the two parks they found about a hundred graves which had never been molested. They wanted very much to open them, but had no shovel, and could not spend the time to stop. I wonder how many more of the Young People have tried to open graves.

MRS. MARY E. B.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

I am nine years old. Papa has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for me ever since it was published. I like the stories very much, and would like to see the little girls who write such nice letters. I have one sister and two brothers. I wish the little readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* could see my cat Polly. She can knock on the door, walk on her hind-feet, and beg for food like a dog, and will come to us when we whistle, and do lots of cunning tricks.

My brother Arthur has a dog whose name is Brownie, and he can laugh. He looks so funny. We have two pigs, and a horse. Mamma one day found a coal-black kitty in the street, and brought him home. He is now a big cat, and very pretty. Mamma calls him Frank.

When I write again I will tell you about my doll family.

LOUISE L.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I have a little Scotch terrier named Nellie, and she loves me dearly. Every time I enter the house she kisses me, and will stand on her hind-legs, sit up, beg, and do lots of tricks. I am seven years old.

HARRY L.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I think the stories of "Toby Tyler," "The Moral Pirates," and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" are very nice, and I hope the story of "Tim and Tip" will be equal to any of the three. Another boy will write on the rest of this sheet.

EDDIE G.

I have a velocipede, and so has Eddie G. He and I are great friends, and we have nice times together. We have some pigeons at our house, but we intend to give them away. We have given away all our chickens. We had three canaries, but one flew away, and my mother is afraid the cat got it.

A. T.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Seeing the article in No. 93 on "How the Baby Elephant Eats Pea-Nuts," I thought I would write and tell you of a nut-cracker which I discovered in the same show that contained the "baby." My father and I were watching a number of the larger elephants hunting for pea-nuts thrown in the straw, when I saw one of them who, if he found a nut, would take it up with his trunk, and rub it against his leg until the shell was cracked, after which he proceeded to eat the kernel. I am glad C. H. Williamson has accepted the presidency of the Natural History Society. I for one am entirely in favor of

admitting girls.

C. M. H.

Your interest in the article about the baby elephant, and your own observation of the way the baby's big brother managed his pea-nuts, prove that you will be a good member of the society. Some of our boys and girls are, we fear, waiting to be very dignified before they send any letters with regard to what they have seen. Some wish to send a long report. The better way is to write about interesting things, one at a time, just as they are noticed.

BENTLEY'S, MARYLAND.

I often think about Toby Tyler. If he had only staid with the circus, he would not have lost dear Mr. Stubbs. I am anxious to know how the boys who went on "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" got along with their canoe cruise, or if they ever had one.

McB.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We have observed so many nice little girls writing to you that we have been thinking for some time that we would send you a letter. We are Hawaiians, as our mother is a native of the island, though our father is a white man. We live close to the mountains, and have quite a number of birds around our place. Land-shells are as numerous on the mountains as sea-shells are down on the beach. Some time hereafter we may probably visit New York, and then we shall not forget to go and see the editor of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and thank him very much for making such a nice paper for children. It has been a great comfort to us, and amused us many a lonely hour. We are a large family, consisting of father, mother, four sisters, six brothers, one nephew, and one niece. *Aloha* (love to you).

LYDY, ELIZA, and HANNAH.

Our love to you, little friends. We will be glad to see you in New York some day.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am thirteen years old. I came to New York from England, May 23, 1880, on the steamship *City of Chester* (Inman Line). We made a short trip of nine days and eight hours. I like this country very much, but sometimes wish myself back in the old home. I began to take your paper about two months ago. I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" was a very instructive and interesting story, and I hope "Tim and Tip" will be more so. I like the Post-office Box very much, especially the puzzle column. I have made an effort to write an enigma myself, and have sent it with this letter.

HUGH P. W.

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.

We were very much gratified to see dear Mary's name among those who had sent answers to the tangles. The letter she wrote you in July was her last writing. She was taken sick the following Monday with malignant diphtheria, and before another Sabbath closed, her trusting heart was asleep in Jesus. His name was the last upon her lips. I wish that all who die could exercise her calm, unquestioning faith in Christ. The Thursday before she died, she looked eagerly in the puzzle department for her name. I explained again that it could not possibly be in for a week yet at least. "I wonder if they will publish my enigma, mamma? If I get well, I'll send that diamond I made up yesterday." On Wednesday she felt so well, and all day amused herself drawing birds and trees, and made a diamond and some-beheadings. She thought so much of *YOUNG PEOPLE*! She was a poor scribe, but her thoughts were very quaint, and expressed in the language of culture. She rarely made a grammatical error, and all things fine seemed natural to her. As we all grow interested in the little folks whose names fill your departments, I thought I would send you this notice that the dear bird who brightened our home for so brief a time, and who promised our hearts such lofty pleasure through her active mind and bright imaginings, will never on this earth sing for you again.

MRS. E. C. BURCHARD.

From time to time in our great circle of readers, dear children, some drop from the ranks. Little Mary will never be forgotten in her earthly home, and those who loved her here will hope to meet her again where there is no death. We are glad she found so much pleasure in YOUNG PEOPLE.

NEW YORK.

I am only five years old, and my mamma is going to write this letter for me. I think "Toby Tyler" was a "booful" story; but I did cry when Mr. Stubbs got "shotted." And I want you, please, to ask Mr. Otis not to kill Tim's poor little doggie. Tim's the boy in the new story. I have got three little new kittens, and I am going to name them Toby and Tim and Tip.

AMY E. V.

The kitties are Blossie's "chillun."

MONTE SANO, HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I would like to tell you what a nice time I am having on our lovely mountain, four miles from Huntsville, where I am spending the summer. I make beautiful sand houses, and my mamma ornaments them with fairy feet, which she makes with her hands. They look like a baby's tiny foot. I have a dear little baby brother, whose name is Tyler. For fun we call him Toby Tyler. I am going to send an offering to the "Young People's Cot," for I think it will be very nice to have one which the readers of the paper may claim. I enjoy my paper very much, as I am now beginning to be able to read it myself.

EDWIN L. W.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am ten years old, and have never been to school, but study at home. We have a cat that was born with three legs. His name is Trip. The first time Trip ever saw Rover, our dog, he ran right up to him, and ever since he always runs up to Rover when frightened. Once we had a Maltese cat who was very fond of Rover, and Rover was fond of Tom. Once mamma and papa were looking out of the window, and they saw Tom with his tail full of burrs, and Rover pulling them out. He got them nearly all out, when he came to one that stuck so hard that when he tried to pull it out it lifted Tom right up in the air. Tom was rather surprised, but concluded that it was all right, while Rover did not know what to do. At last he put his paw on Tom's tail, so that he should not be lifted up, and pulled out the burrs. Papa did have a live porcupine, but it died. I like the YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. I think that "Toby Tyler" was splendid.

M. N. W.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

I am sure I shall like "Tim and Tip" as much as I did "Toby Tyler" for it begins so well. I wrote a composition on Toby, and I know a boy who has a monkey that is the very picture of Mr. Stubbs. I am almost ten years old.

EDDIE L. M.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

My father has coal-works, and the engineer is teaching me how to run his locomotive. It is about the best one in the United States, and it is named for me.

LOUIS B. H.

BLACKFOOT, ONEIDA COUNTY, IDAHO.

I thought I would write a letter, as I have seen no letters from this part of the country.

My brothers Willie and James and I sent 50 cents each to get your nice paper. I am the oldest, so I wrote for it, and had it come in Willie's name, because he thought it would be so nice to have it addressed to him. We have no schools here, and we study at home.

FRED J.

OWENSBOROUGH, KENTUCKY.

I am almost ten years old, and I live in Kentucky, on the Ohio River, and first and last have lots of fun. I have the cutest dog. His name is Dodger. He is only a puppy, but can shake hands and carry sticks like anything. Our whole family mourned Mr. Stubbs's sad death. I have some queer stones and pebbles that I found in our Kentucky caves and creeks and on the hill-sides, that I will exchange for things from other States.

MALCOLM H. McINTYRE.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Some fifty days ago I sent to a boy in Mankato, Minnesota, 250 postmarks, he agreeing to send Indian relics in exchange. I have asked him to send them three times, but he will not answer. If he is out of relics, he ought to return the postmarks or send some word.

FLETCHER M. NOE.

Perfect honor and honesty should be observed by exchangers. We hear complaints like this with regret, and hope the delinquent boy will explain the matter. Several correspondents are in trouble because those who have written to them have carelessly omitted to give their proper names and addresses, or have written illegibly.

We have spoken of this frequently, but we call attention to it now because it has been almost impossible for us to read some of the exchanges lately sent to the Post-office Box. Please write plainly, and with ink; pencil marks are rubbed off in the mail. Again we say, in answer to several inquiries, that there is no charge for exchanges. We do not accept those which offer or ask for money, however, because they come under the head of advertisements, and refer to buying and selling.

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA.

My home is on a farm two miles from Falls City, four miles from the line of Kansas, and eight from the Missouri River. I have three brothers and two sisters at home. We read the first chapter of "Tim and Tip" to-day, and we do not blame Tim for running away. We think it will be a very good story.

Like many of the young people who write for the Post-office Box, we had a pet. It was a young mare named Nelly, and she was so gentle that any of us could ride her; but last week, when she was in the pasture, she lay down to roll near a rattlesnake, and it bit her so that she died in three days. She swelled very much, and suffered terribly, and we all felt like crying when she died. Papa has buried her in the orchard. She left a little colt only six weeks old, and we have given it to another mare, who now has two colts to care for. There used to be a great many rattlesnakes here, but they are getting scarcer every year. I wish some good saint would drive all the snakes out of Nebraska, as St. Patrick is said to have banished them from Ireland.

MAMIE H. H.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Foreign stamps, for same. Write to describe exchange.

E. E. BROWN, Comstock's Bridge, Conn.

Three varieties of Chinese coins, for not less than twenty rare U. S. or foreign postage stamps; or a genuine Japanese silver coin, very rare, for a *Collectors' Directory*; or a rare silver coin of Bogota, issued in 1853, for an international stamp album.

J. W. MILNES, P. O. Lock Box 19,
Bloomfield, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Pieces of abylona from the Pacific Ocean or Chinese coins, for rare U. S. or foreign postage stamps.

CHARLES S. MILNES, Lock Box 9,
Bloomfield, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Two hundred and twenty-five postmarks, of which all are different, and 135 are Michigan, for 150 foreign stamps, all different. Rare, revenue, and common stamps, for bills, minerals, coins, relics, and ores, stamps from Guatemala, Transvaal, Uruguay, and Ionian Isles; three Cuban, two Mexican, or two Danish West Indian stamps, for a 7 or 90 cent War Department stamp or a Chinese stamp; five rare stamps, for a good arrow-head. Please write before sending stamps. Also the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE between 52 and 71, for five foreign stamps; and numbers 74 and 76, for 33.

TEDDY SMITH,
641 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Louis Sinclair, by Laurence Lancewood, crystallized flint that will cut glass or wood, bark from Missouri, a sprout of persimmon, a sprout of peony-flag, and of flowering-almond, for a pair of gold-fish; also some of the above, for a bouquet of everlasting-flowers. Write before exchanging.

FRANK BRYAN, Papinsville, Bates Co., Mo.

A great basketful of pretty flints, fine white marble, granite, potter's clay, and twenty carnelians, a few chalcedony, and in another month a large supply of thirty kinds of flower seeds, for ores, minerals, or anything suitable for a museum. Write address plainly on each package, even if only a postal be sent.

ANNA and L. FAVRE,
Ontario, Story Co., Iowa.

A large number of duplicate album cards to exchange with collectors.

E. S. R.,
7 Joslyn Park, Rochester, N. Y.

Soil from Louisiana, for flower seeds.

FRANK W. SHOTWELL,
192 Harmony St., New Orleans, La.

A genuine Indian bow and two arrows, which were made by the Chippewa Indians, who live north of here, for the largest assortment of minerals or curiosities offered me. Correspondents will please write soon.

HORACE MITCHELL, Duluth, Minn.

Six foreign stamps, all different, for one of the following U. S. stamps: 2, 3, 7, 10, 12 cent Department of State; 7, 10, 15 cent Navy; 2 or 6 cent Executive; 2, 10, 12, 15 cent Justice; 7 or 90 cent War; or forty stamps for the \$5, \$10, \$20 Department of State.

H. B. F., P. O. Drawer 184, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Youth's Companion for 1880 and part of 1881 (unbound), for Vol. I. of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Send postal before sending YOUNG PEOPLE. An old Mexican and a Venezuela stamp, for a U. S. half-cent of any date. Some silk-worm eggs, on card-board, from Japan, for half-cent or odd silver coins. A lot of Kansas and Western postmarks, for department stamps.

"A READER OF YOUNG PEOPLE,"
P. O. Box 1341, Moline, Ill.

Fifteen postmarks, for ten foreign stamps (no duplicates) or two foreign coins of any date; a piece of soapstone from Kate's Mountain, Wisconsin, for minerals, curiosities, stamps, coins, or stones.

RALPH J. WOOD, Coldwater, Mich.

One picture card, for one foreign stamp or three postmarks; a stone from New York, for one from any other State or Territory.

FLORENCE POPE,
P. O. Box 60, Scottsville, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Germany, France, Japan, Hong-Kong, and other rare stamps, for rare stamps and curiosities of all kinds.

ROBERT FERGUSON,
890 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

A Dexter scroll-saw in good order, for a self-inking printing-press, chase not less than 2 by 4 inches, and in good working order. Please write before sending press, and describe it.

W. H. S., care James A. Guest,
Burlington, Iowa.

A piece of petrified sea-bird, for Indian relics, Indian arrow-heads, moss, plants, sea-shells, minerals, ores, pressed ferns and flowers, stone and soil from any other State, coins, woods, star-fish, papers, fossils, or Florida sea-beans; ten foreign stamps, for soil and stone from any other State.

WHITMORE STEELE, care of Captain H. S. Steele,
Babylon, L. I.

A 3-cent adhesive of 1851 and '61, a 3-cent envelope of 1853, or a 6-cent envelope of 1870, for rare foreign stamps.

GEORGIE C. WEISSERT,
193 Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

My entire museum (which contains 250 specimens), for a good repeating rifle or a good bicycle. Write a postal to Professor W. S. Ryland for information.

LAMAS H. PORTER,
Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

Stones from Ohio and Lake Erie, for the same from any other State, lake, or river.
Marble from Vermont, New York, Kentucky, or Italy, for the same from any other State
or country.

LYON CAUGHEY, Seville, Medina Co., Ohio.

Florida moss and minerals, for things suitable for a museum; South American and
Florida shells, for minerals and curiosities.

GEORGE SCHULZE,
Box 42, Okawville, Washington Co., Ill.

Three pieces of English money, dated 1722, 1747, and 1806, and a silver coin of East
India, dated 1841, for Indian relics. Write, stating the relics you offer in exchange.

W. G. FLANAGAN,
Johnstown, Cambria Co., Penn.

German, French, English, and Italian stamps, for stamps from Asia or South America.

W. J. MURRAY, P. O. Box 91, Annapolis, Md.

A pair of fine young bantams, for a collection of butterflies, minerals, or Indian relics.

SYDNEY BROWN,
23 West Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J.

Foreign coins and stamps from India and Denmark, for 24 and 90 cent of any issue, and
30-cent of any issue except present one.

N. C. TWINING, JUN., Batavia, Kane Co., Ill.

Stones from Pennsylvania, for stones from any other part of the world.

NATTIE PRATT,
Glen Mills, Delaware Co., Penn.

A shell, a stone from Indiana, petrified wood, a petrified wasps' nest, and other
curiosities, for curiosities.

ALBERT BREWER,
Danville, Hendricks Co., Ind.

Chinese bark from California, and a hedge that George Washington planted at Mount
Vernon, for Indian relics.

CLARENCE BREWER,
P. O. Box 222, Danville, Ind.

I have a fine collection of silk cocoons, and would like to exchange some for foreign
stamps from any country except France, Germany, or Italy.

ALBERTO DAL MOLIN, care Giuseppe dal Molin,
Verona, Italy.

Twenty stamps, for an Indian arrow-head or any foreign coin except Canadian; forty stamps, for a U. S. half-cent. No duplicate stamps given.

JOANNA MAY WYLIE,
Prairie Centre, Lasalle Co., Ill.

Ten War Department stamps, for ten from Jamaica.

CHARLES WILLIAMSON,
88 East Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Two books, both nearly new—*Lucy Woodville's Temptation* and *Reuben Inch*—to any one who will send me the back numbers of *St. Nicholas* for 1881 and the successive numbers as soon as they shall have been read. Please write before exchanging.

JESSIE LEE RENO, Marengo, Iowa.

Fifteen foreign stamps and ten postmarks, for three alligator's teeth.

H. S. WHITTEMORE,
Box 79, Needham, Mass.

A stone from Massachusetts and one from New Hampshire, for curiosities.

FANNIE METCALF,
61 Vernon St., Lowell, Mass.

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

At the request of a correspondent we publish this sensible extract from an exchange, in the hope that our young people will follow its excellent advice:

THE FACE.

It is a mistake to believe that a good complexion depends upon the use of such and such cosmetics. It really depends upon digestion, which itself depends upon our mode of life. Persons who rise early and go to bed regularly at ten, who take plenty of air and exercise, eat with moderation at regular hours, having their meals at intervals long enough for the digestion of one to be thoroughly accomplished before they begin the next—these persons are sure to digest well, and in consequence have clear, healthy complexions, which will require no other cosmetics but plenty of soft water and good toilet soap. The hygiene of the eyes is very simple. For them, as well as for the complexion, good digestion is equally necessary; more so, for no cosmetic could remove the yellow tinge which biliousness imparts to them, and if some mysterious pencils can supply the insufficient shadow of rare eyelashes, good health alone can give them that brightness which is their principal beauty. Never read in bed or in a reclining attitude; it provokes a tension of the optic nerve very fatiguing to the eyesight. Bathe your eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough, though, to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening; and we have known several persons who, after using this simple tonic for a few weeks, had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them, continuing, of course, the oft-repeated daily use of salt water. Never force your eyesight to read or work in insufficient or too glaring light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is mortally injurious to the eyes.

E. L. Douglas, Whitby, Ontario, Canada, wishes the address of the person who sent him a box containing coral, and marked K. M. S.

J. H. C.—By Chinese stamps are meant Hong-Kong stamps issued by the British government.

C. E. C. Diffenderfer withdraws from the exchange list.

WROTON M. KENNEY.—There is no better book for the reading of an intelligent lad who wants to know how his country is governed than *Politics for Young Americans*, by Charles Nordhoff, published by Harper & Brothers. The price is 75 cents.

JENNIE AND JULIA.—It is difficult to assign you subjects for compositions when we do not know your grade of advancement. If you wish to excel, read good books, choose easy topics, about which you know something, and write as though you were telling a story to a child or talking to your friends.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Parton," Theresa Morro, C. Burr, Alfred R. Meeker, "North Star," "Unknown," Flora A., "Dandy," "Lodestar," Annie Gail, Wroton M. Kenney, G. Volckhausen, "Venus," Abel Foster, "Jersey City," William Wolff, Jessie Newton, J. H. Jenny.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

PYRAMID.

Across.—1. A letter. 2. Jurisprudence. 3. Surfeited. 4. That which fades from view.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A resinous substance. 4. Tardy. 5. To harry. 6. A prefix. 7. A letter.

AEROLITE.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—(To North Star).

My 2, 3, 5, 6 is a cobbler's tool.

My 1, 7, 8, 9 is a past participle.

My 6, 9, 4 is a boy's nickname.

My whole is an English statesman.

LODESTAR.

No. 3.

GEOGRAPHICAL WORD SQUARE.

A noted city in Arabia. A gulf east of Africa. A river in Russia. A country in Asia.

WROTON M. KENNEY.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In apple, not in cherry.

In joyful, not in merry.

In riddle, not in guess.
In mixture, not in mess.
In pleasure, not in pain.
In miller, not in grain.
In Harper's, not in YOUNG PEOPLE.
In church, but not in steeple.
In garden, not in bower.
My whole's a sweet and modest flower.

M. L. EDGERLEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 93.

No. 1.

Arm-chair.

No, 2.

B
F I D
F A C E S
B I C Y C L E
D E C A Y
S L Y
E

No. 3.

Freight-car.

No. 4.

Vanderbilt.

No. 5.

W Y O M I N G
S A O N E
I N N
T
T A R
S I N A I
Y U C A T A N

A personation, on page 656.—Tooth.



BLACKBERRIES.

A (RIVER IN IDAHO) STORY.

BY C. E. M.

One fine day a friend of mine named—(two towns in Maine) suggested to me that we should take advantage of the—(mountain in Alaska) by going to drive.

We trotted slowly past the—(town in Kentucky), where an exciting game of—(town in Wisconsin) was going on, and after passing through the—(town in Vermont) of the town, were soon enjoying the refreshing coolness of the woods.

Suddenly the horse gave a—(point on the coast of England), and (city in West Virginia) in the narrow road, bordered by high—(strait in British America), the carriage overturned, and we were both thrown out.

Fortunately this did not prove a serious—(cape in Australia), for we were but slightly bruised, and the horse made no attempt to run.

On looking about to discover a—(bay in Ireland) to our steed's fright, strange enough in such an unfrequented (lake in Canada) spot, I suddenly perceived in the middle of the road a large—(sea of Europe) (river in Idaho), with (sea of Asia) spots.

While—(town in Maine) was trying to right the buggy, I cautiously advanced, and seizing a—(city in Arkansas), hurled it with all my force at the (river in Idaho).

My aim did not prove—(bay in Africa), and the animal's head was smashed to—(river in Australia).

"(City in Arizona), (city in North Carolina)!" cried my friend. "Hereafter, in any such—(bay in Australia), I shall rely on you to—(river in Austria) me."

The coast being now once more—(cape in Ireland), we finished our drive in—(river in British America), without further excitement than that caused by a—(cape in Newfoundland) with a team which tried to pass us.

I for one was heartily glad to come in sight of the—(city in Germany) of our little town; and after a joyful—(island in the Indian Ocean) with my family, was quite ready to say—(cape in Greenland) to—(town in Maine), notwithstanding his—(cape in Washington Territory) on the subject of my bravery.

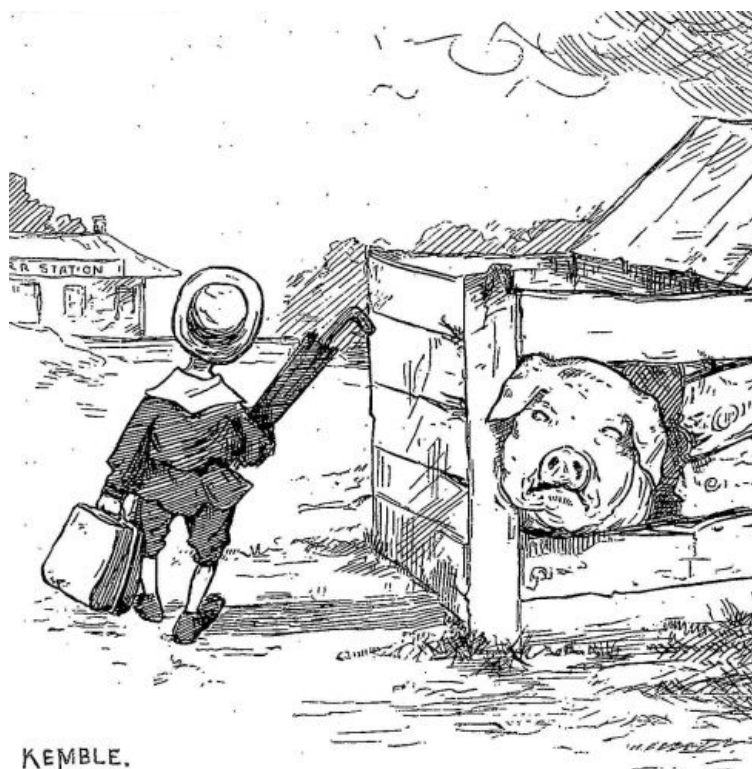
THE PEA-NUT.

The pea-nut is the fruit of a plant common in warm countries. It is sometimes called the ground-pea and ground or earth nut, and in the Southern States the goober or goober-nut. Still another name for it is pindal or pindar, and in Western Africa it is called mandubi. The plant is a trailing

vine, with small yellow flowers. After the flowers fall, the flower stem grows longer, bends downward, and the pod on the end forces itself into the ground, where it ripens.

Pea-nuts are raised in immense quantities on the west coast of Africa, in South America, and in the Southern United States. The vines are dug with pronged hoes or forks, dried for a few days, and then stacked for two weeks to cure. The pods are picked by hand from the vines, cleaned in a fanning mill, and sometimes bleached with sulphur, and packed in bags for market. Pea-nuts are sometimes eaten raw, but usually roasted or baked. In Africa and South America they form one of the chief articles of food. Large quantities of them are made into an oil much like olive-oil, and which is used in the same way. It is also used in the manufacture of soap. A bushel of pea-nuts, when pressed cold, will make a gallon of oil. If heat is used, more oil is made, but it is not so good. In Spain, pea-nuts are ground and mixed with chocolate. Pea-nut vines make good food for cattle.

The pea-nut gets its name from the shape of its pod, which is like that of the pea.—*Young Folks' Cyclopædia*.



KEMBLE.

MR. PIG. "Humph! now I can take a little rest."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, AUGUST 30, 1881

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