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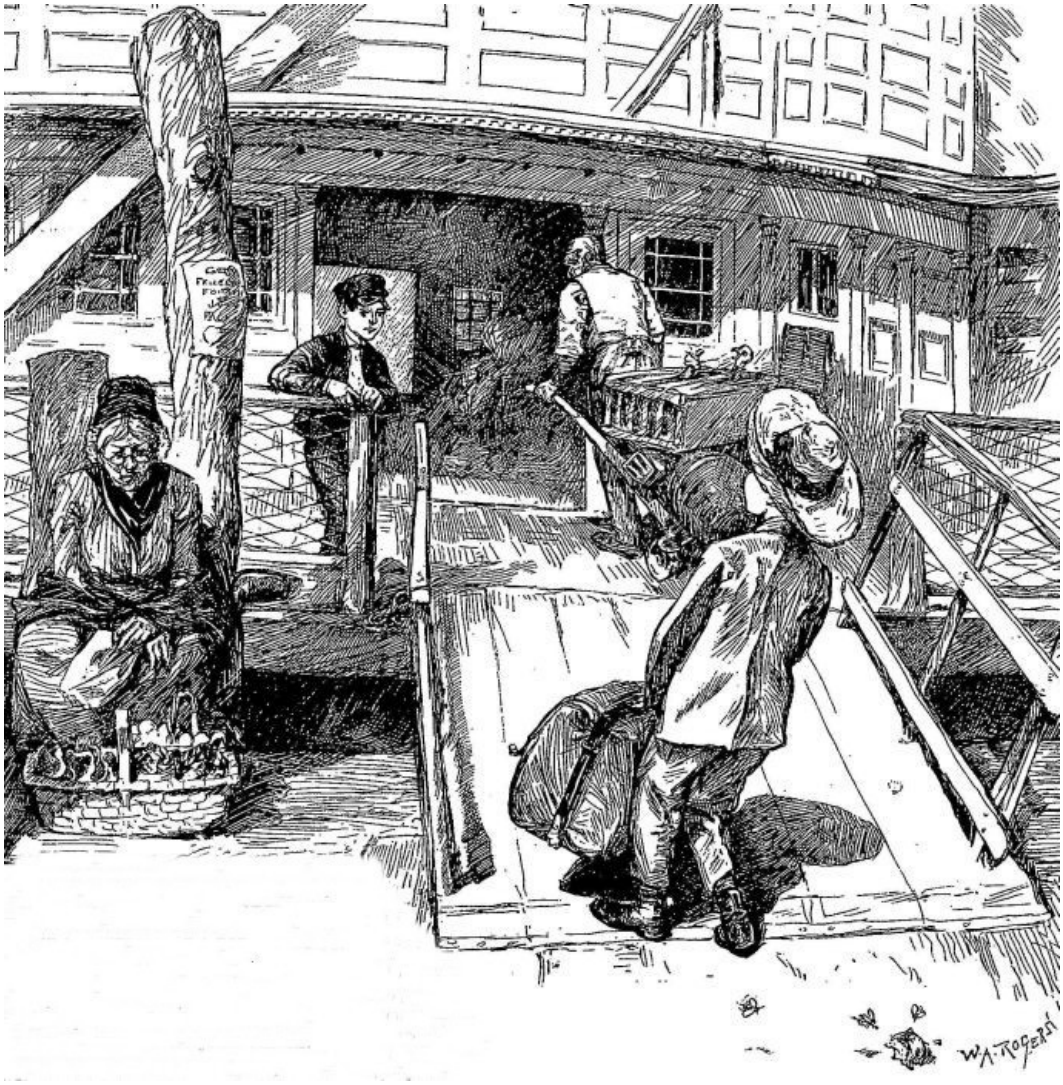


THE SMALL PASSENGER WITH THE LARGE VALISE.

[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.

Chapter VI.

TIM MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

When Tim left old Mose's kitchen it was nearly time for the steamer to start on her regular trip, and the passengers were coming on board quite fast. The bustle and excitement which always [Pg 706] attend the sailing of steamers, even though the trip be a short one, were all so new and strange to Tim that he forgot his own troubles in watching the scene around him. He saw Mr. Rankin near the kitchen, and was told by him that he could remain on deck until the Captain should ring his bell, when he would let him know of it.

Therefore Tim had an opportunity to take in all the details of the interesting scene. The deck hands were scurrying to and fro, wheeling in freight or baggage on funny little trucks with very small wheels and very long handles; passengers were running around excitedly, as if they thought they ought to attend to matters which did not concern them; newsboys were crying the latest editions of the papers; old women were trying to sell fruit that did not look very fresh, and everything appeared to be in the greatest confusion.

While Tim was leaning on the after-rail of the main-deck, his attention was attracted by a very small boy, who was trying to get himself and a large valise on board at the same time. The valise was several sizes too large for the boy, and some one of the four corners would persist in hitting against his legs each time he stepped, and then, swinging around, would almost throw him off his feet.

Twice the boy started to go on board, and each time the valise grew unruly, frightening him from continuing the attempt lest he should be thrown into the water. Then he stood still and gazed longingly at the plank upon which he did not dare to venture.

It was a comical sight, and Tim laughed at it until he saw the boy was really in distress, when he started to aid him.

"Let me help you carry your valise," he said to the small passenger, as he darted across the narrow plank, and took hold of one side of the offending baggage. "Two can lug it better'n one."

The boy looked up as if surprised that a stranger should offer to help him, and then gave up one-half the burden to this welcome aid. This time the journey was made successfully; and as the valise was deposited on the steamer's deck, the little passenger gave a deep sigh of relief.

"So much done!" he said, in a satisfied way, as he took off his hat and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief that did not look much larger than a postage stamp. "Where are you goin'?" he then asked, turning to Tim.

"Why, I ain't goin' anywhere," replied the Captain's boy, not fully understanding the other's question.

"Oh!"—and the boy's face grew troubled—"I thought maybe you was goin' in the boat."

"So I am," answered Tim, now understanding the question. "I work here."

"Now that's nice;" and the little fellow sat down on his valise contentedly.

"You may think so; but if you knew Captain Pratt, you'd talk different."

"Why?"

"Perhaps you'll find out if you come on this boat much; but I guess I'd better not tell you."

The boy was silent for a moment, as if he was trying to understand what Tim meant, and then he said, abruptly: "Look here, I live down on Minchen's Island, an' I come up here to see my aunt. I'm goin' home on this boat, an' I want you to show me where I can get a ticket. If you will, I'll show you lots of things I've got in this valise."

"I don't know where it is myself, 'cause I ain't been on the boat only two days; but if you'll wait here, I'll go an' ask the cook."

The boy nodded his head as if to say that he would wait any reasonable length of time, and Tim started off to gain the desired information of old Mose.

In a few moments he returned, and taking his new acquaintance by the hand, would have led him to the clerk's office at once, had not the small boy pulled back in evident alarm.

"We've got to take the valise with us, 'cause somebody might steal it, an' there's two bundles of torpedoes, a whole bunch of fire-crackers, an' a heap of little sky-rockets in it."

Tim understood at once, and with a serious look on his face, as he thought of the great risk he came near running, took hold of one of the handles of the valise, the boy grasped the other, and the two marched up to the clerk's office. There, after some little discussion, the ticket was purchased, and the two retired to a more secluded spot for conversation.

"What's your name?" the boy asked of Tim. "Mine's Bobby Tucker."

Tim gave the desired information, and then asked in turn, "How long have you been up here?"

"'Most a whole week, an' I've had lots of fun. I had five dollars an' twenty cents that I earned all myself, an' I've got 'most half a dollar left. Let's go out on the wharf an' buy something."

There was no chance that Tim would object to any such brilliant idea, and the valise was left with old Mose for safe-keeping. Once on the wharf, both they and the apple women were very busy for five minutes, during which time they—or rather Bobby—bought fruit and candies enough to make both of them as contented as a boy could hope to be.

Luckily for Tim he got on the steamer again just as one of the waiters came to tell him that the Captain had rung for him, and he lost no time in making his way to the wheel-house. He had the good fortune to get there as quickly as Captain Pratt thought he ought to have done, and then got his employer's coat from his state-room as he was ordered.

After that he went back to his newly made friend, who was awaiting his return with considerable impatience, for he did not feel exactly certain that his valise with its precious contents was perfectly safe.

Tim took him to the cook-room, and while there showed him "one of the finest dogs in the country," which he led back to his old quarters, so that he would be out of the way at dinner-time.

At first Bobby was not inclined to look upon Tip either as a beautiful or a valuable animal; but Tim sounded his pet's praises so loudly that Bobby could hardly prevent himself from being convinced, even though the appearances were so decidedly against his companion's words.

Among other stories which Tim related as showing that Tip was one of the most intelligent of his species was the incident of his finding the cow so suddenly for Sam Simpson, which pleased Bobby greatly, and he said, in a wise tone both of praise and blame,

"He looks like a good dog, an' he acts like a good dog, but 'pears to me his legs is kinder short if you wanted to make him run after a bear."

"I never tried to make him do that, 'cause we don't have bears up where I come from. Are there any where you live?"

"Well, I never saw any, an' father says there ain't any; but I've heard 'em in the woods, an' I know they was bears 'cause they made such an awful noise. You come down to the island and see me,

an' bring the dog with you, an' we'll kill some."

Tim was perfectly sure that Tip was able to kill any number of bears, and he told his companion so, adding that he hardly thought he could get away from the steamer long enough to make any kind of a visit; but Bobby felt sure it could be arranged somehow.

While they had been talking about Tip, the boat had started, but, among the freight as they were, they did not know it until the pitching of the steamer as she left the harbor told that some change had been and was being made in their position. [Pg 707]

Running hastily out to the rail, where they expected to see the wharf with its bustling crowd of hucksters and passengers, they saw to their astonishment the green rolling billows of the ocean. To Bobby, who lived on an island, the sea was no new sight, and his astonishment was only occasioned by the fact that the steamer had left the dock; but to Tim, who had never seen a body of water larger than the river in Selman, the scene was one that filled him with the greatest wonder.

He remained by the rail, only able to look over the top of it by standing on his toes, gazing on the sea, until Bobby asked, impatiently, "What's the matter? ain't sick, are yer?"

Until that question was asked, Tim had not thought of such a thing as being seasick; but the moment Bobby spoke, it seemed as if the entire appearance of the water changed. Instead of looking grand and beautiful, it began to have a sidelong motion, and to rise up and down in an uncomfortable way.

"No, I ain't sick," he said to Bobby, "but I feel kinder queer."

"That's it! that's it!" cried Bobby, eagerly; "that's the way folks begin when they're goin' to be awful sick."

Tim looked up in despair. Each succeeding motion of the boat made him feel worse, and that was speedily giving place to a very uncomfortable sensation in the region of his stomach.

"What shall I do?" he asked, in a piteous whisper.

"Go to bed, an' you'll be all right in the mornin'. Where's your berth?"

Tim made a motion toward the forecastle, but did not trust himself to speak. His stomach was already in too queer a condition to permit of words.

"I'll go down with you, an' see that you're all right," said Bobby, sagely. "I'm used to goin' fishin' with father, and I won't be sick."

Tim was about to follow his friend's suggestion, when the horrible thought occurred to him of what the result might be in case Captain Pratt knew of his being in bed in the daytime, and he went to ask advice of old Mose.

The old cook's advice was the same as that given by Bobby, and was followed at once, because it came from a semi-official source, and in a few moments afterward Tim was groaning in his berth, while Bobby sat by his side, and tried to persuade him to partake of some of the candy he had bought just before leaving port.

Tim refused the offering, and for the first time in his life looked upon candy as the stickiest kind of a fraud. He felt as though the kindest thing any one could do would be to throw him overboard in the midst of that treacherous sea which was causing him so much internal commotion.

He had been in his berth about an hour, although it seemed to him fully a week, when Mr. Rankin came into the forecastle, and told him that Captain Pratt had given positive and angrily issued orders that he be brought on deck.

A moment before, Tim would have thought it impossible for him to move, and felt that he would not be frightened by a dozen Captain Pratts; but the instant Mr. Rankin spoke, the thoughts of that whipping, the smart of which could still be felt, was sufficient to give him strength to make the attempt.

Staggering to his feet, encouraged by the kind-hearted steward, who pitied him sincerely, he crawled up the narrow companionway, shuddering as he went, and catching his breath in sickness and fear at each lurch of the steamer.

Bobby, who was awed into silence by the fear of the Captain which he saw plainly written on the faces of Mr. Rankin and Tim, would have gone with his friend at least a portion of the way if Tim had not motioned him back. If he was to be whipped for being sick, he very much preferred that his new friend should not witness the punishment. It was with the greatest difficulty he managed to keep on his feet as he staggered along the deck to the wheel-house, and just as he reached there, and had opened the door, a sudden lurch of the steamer sent him spinning into the room headlong.

It was unfortunate that Captain Pratt was sitting directly opposite the door, smoking, for he was directly in the way of Tim when the steamer shot him into the wheel-house like a stone from a sling, and the boy's head struck with no gentle force full on the chest of his irritable employer.

The mildest-mannered man would have been provoked if a boy even no larger than Tim had been thrown at him in this way, and Captain Pratt, always ill-tempered, had all his ire aroused by the blow that very nearly took away his breath.

As soon as he recovered from the effects of the blow, he seized Tim, who had continued on his flight until he landed, a forlorn little specimen, in one corner of the room, and shook him as a cat

shakes a mouse after she has had a long chase to catch him.

"Is this the way you try to get even with me?" cried the angry man, slapping Tim first on one side of the head and then on the other with a force that made his teeth chatter. "What do you mean by such actions? Answer me—what do you mean?"

"I don't mean anything," said the boy, piteously. "I was comin' in all right, when the boat tipped up, an' I slid right along. I was seasick, an' I couldn't help it."

"Then I'll help it for you," roared the Captain, and he flogged Tim until he thought he had been punished enough to cure him.

It seemed to Tim as if either the flogging or the sickness would have been sufficient alone, but to have both filled his heart with all the sadness and grief it could well contain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE BOARDERS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Clark," said Jim Ridgeway, "it's no use. We sha'n't board the *Rip Van Winkle* this morning."

"Why not?" exclaimed Barbie Kyle; but little Ben was reaching over too far after a stick in the water, and before she could pull him back a shrill, cracked voice came down from the bank above the beach:

"Look a-heah, you chil'en! wot you doin' wid my boat?"

"We're going to board the *Rip Van Winkle*," shouted Clark Ridgeway, and Willy Kyle added:

"Yes, Kisedek, and if we hadn't kept your boat off shore, she'd have been high and dry by this time."

"Dat's so. De tide's out, but it's a-comin' in agin. Jes' you fotch de boat right in."

"Are you going a-fishing?" asked little Ben Kyle.

"I's gwine foh some flounders 'way 'cross de bay. Jes' you chil'en let de *Wip Van Rinkle* alone. She ain't no wreck ob yourn."

"Now, Kisedek Pound," said Barbie Kyle, "she's right there, and she's been there ever so long."

"Dat's so. Dah she is. But she's gwine away, chil'en."

"Going away!" said Jim Ridgeway. "I'd like to see her do it. She's half full of water, and stuck in the mud."

"Dat's so, but den it ain't jes' so. Dar's been men a-nailin' up de holes in her so she'd float. Dey jes' druv away all de black-fish. De fish won't come no moah, now dey can't git inside."

"We want to board her anyhow," began Jim Ridgeway; but Willy Kyle interrupted him:

"Do you know what they're going to do with her when she's mended?" [Pg 708]

"Wot'll dey do wid her? Wid dat ar ole wreck? Dat's de berry queshion yer fader said to yer uncle de Kernel yes'erday. An' de Kernel he said back to him dat she was mos' used up 'nuff to be builded over new foh to be a man-ob-wah."

"Did father say so too?"

"Wot did he say? No, sah; he tole de Kernel back not to 'buse a pore ole wreck dat away. She was good for sumfin yit. Come, chil'en, git outen de boat."

Kisedek Pound's deeply wrinkled and very black face, with its wide fringe of white whiskers, had been all one friendly grin as he came down to the water's edge. He had even grumbled to himself: "I'd take de hull lot ob 'em wid me ef dey wasn't done gone shuah to skeer de fish."

Now, however, all five of them began to beg, and they were too many for old Kisedek Pound. It was but a few minutes before he was pulling his boat, with the children in it, out toward the bar on which the *Rip Van Winkle* had been run ashore, nearly a year ago, with two large holes in her side, made there by the clumsy head of a raft of logs. There she had lain ever since, almost high and dry at low tides, but not one of the children had thought of boarding her until that morning.

"Put me up first," shouted Clark Ridgeway, as the boat's nose struck the wreck. "Now, Barbie, give me your hand. Boost her, Willy."

Jim Ridgeway came near getting a ducking, clambering up without any help, and little Ben Kyle, just as Kisedek Pound hoisted him within Clark Ridgeway's reach, gave a great squall.

"She's all alone! I'm afraid! Nobody's in her!"

"Ob course dah isn't," said Kisedek. "Not eben de black-fish. Dey was pumpin' ob her all day yes'erday."

Ben's fright was over in an instant, for the older children were already taking possession of the wreck, and were exploring it in all directions.

It was great fun, only there was very little to be discovered by the "boarders."

"She isn't so bad a wreck," said Jim Ridgeway. "Look at her masts."

Barbie Kyle was looking down the hatchway, and she almost shuddered as she exclaimed,

"Jim, would you dare to go down stairs, and see what's in the cellar?"

"Cellar! Why, Barbie, that's the hold. Maybe there is something down there somewhere."

"Away down there? Do you s'pose the folks ever lived there and kept house?"

"Of course they did. They cooked, and they had beds there. That's where the cargo was, till she got wrecked, and they ran her on the bar. Then it was full of water."

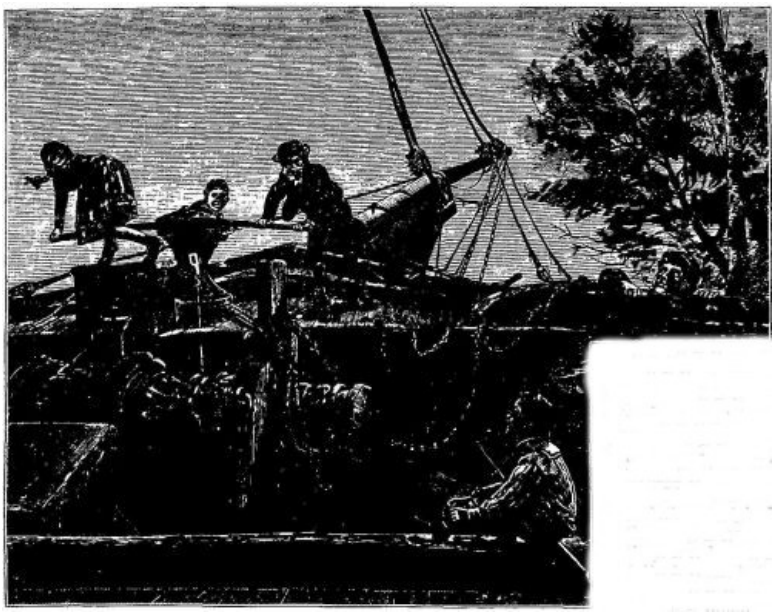
"There's water there now."

"Not much. Didn't you hear old Kisedek? He used to come and catch fish—"

"Come on, boys," shouted Clark Ridgeway, just then; "we can make this thing go round."

"That's the capstan," said his brother. "It lifted the anchor."

"Guess I know that. Only there isn't any anchor to lift."



"WIND HER UP! WIND HER UP!"

Barbie Kyle herself seized one of the capstan bars, while little Ben tugged away at the capstan itself, shouting, merrily,

"Wind her up! wind her up!"

Old Kisedek Pound had rowed away as soon as he delivered his passengers, and he had gone nearly half a mile before he suddenly poised his oars, and exclaimed, very dubiously:

"Dat's so. Dat's de one ting I nebber t'ought ob. How de nashin'll dem chil'en git ashoah time foh dinnah? I jes' don't want to see Missis Kyle 'bout dis time. Noh Missis Ridgeway. De chil'en's safe 'nuff. De ole *Wip Van Rinkle* won't sink wid 'em no deeper. I tell ye wot, ole man, ef you knows wot's good foh yourself you jes' go an' ketch youah flounders, an' den you go an' fotch dem chil'en ashoah. It's jes' like me. Dat's wot Missis Kyle'll say. An' Missis Ridgeway. I guess I jes' won't go home by de way ob her house."

He anchored his boat on his chosen fishing ground, and the flounders bit well, and all the while he was pulling them in the fun went forward merrily on board the *Rip Van Winkle*.

The tide had turned before the "little boarders" took possession of their prize, and now it was rippling strongly around her stern. The water on the bar was fast growing deeper, but none of it poured into the wreck, as it would have done before the holes in her side were mended.

"Hurrah!" shouted Clark Ridgeway. "Her stern's lifting up, and her deck's almost level."

So it was, and it made a better place to play on, but there had been yet another change in the situation. With the rising tide a breeze had risen, and with the breeze a thick white fog had drifted up the bay from the sea. Still, all the children knew something about tides and breezes and fogs, and they were not a bit scared when they found they could not see the shore. [Pg 709]

"Barbie," said little Ben, at last, "I want to go home."

"Kisedek's coming."

"I want him to come now."

"Don't be afraid. He'll come.—Oh, boys, the wreck's moving!"

They all held their breath for a moment, and looked at each other, but Willy Kyle shouted, "Hurrah! We're afloat! We've got a ship of our own! Let's play sailor."

It was about the only thing they could do, and it helped them keep up their spirits, but there was

no mistaking the fact that they were "afloat." That high tide had easily lifted the *Rip Van Winkle*'s nose out of the mud, and it was now steadily bearing her along, up the bay. The fog was too thick to guess in what direction they were going, and the old schooner swung around a good deal, but the water was pretty smooth, for the breeze was a light one, and they could not see any danger.

"Barbie," whimpered Ben, "if we hadn't wound her up, she wouldn't have gone. Do you s'pose she'd stop if we unwound her?"

"Don't be afraid, Ben. Old Kisedek'll come for us."

He was coming at that very moment, only he had not the slightest idea where to go, and he was the most puzzled old black man within a hundred miles of that bay. He had caught his flounders with uncommonly good success, and then he had pulled back across the fog-covered water, to the spot where he expected to find his young passengers.

"Right about yeah. It's de berry spot. Yes, dah's de float wot I tied to when I ketched dem big black-fish. But whar's de *Wip Van Rinkle*?"

It was an awful question for Kisedek Pound, and the perspiration came out upon his black face in great beads.

"No, sah. I jes' don't want to hab no conversation 'bout it wid Missis Kyle. Wot she'll say I doesn't keer to know."

He pulled around and over the vacant piece of water where the vanished wreck had been, and then a sudden thought struck him.

"Dem chil'en dey jes' couldn't hab took her off agin de tide. I'll find 'em."

He took to his oars desperately, and the tide helped him. At that rate he could have soon explored the whole bay.

"Oh, de fog!" he gasped, as he paused for breath. "Hi! dat's more'n fog." He drew in a long, full measure of the damp air, and then he shouted to something big and black about ten feet from him: "Ship aho-o-oy! Mars' Wot's-yer-name, hab you' seen anyt'ing ob a lot ob chil'en wid an ole wreck?"

"Hurrah, Barbie! there comes Kisedek Pound. We're all right."

"Chil'en," said Kisedek, solemnly, as he came along-side, "doesn't you know it's stealin' to run away wid anoder man's ship wot's had all de holes in her patched up? I's gwine to tell yer moders soon's ebber I git ye all ashoah."

There was great excitement for a few minutes on board the *Rip Van Winkle*, and then she was left, without crew or passengers, to be swept on by the tide, until she again ran aground on a muddy flat further up the bay.

Long before that occurred, however, old Kisedek Pound had explained to "Missis" Kyle and "Missis" Ridgeway why their children were not home to dinner.

MASTER SATURDAY AND HIS FRIENDS.

MASTER SATURDAY'S PICNIC.

BY AGNES CARR.

Little Master Saturday, who is devoted to holidays, and perfectly revels in all sorts of jollifications —although, poor boy, being a "Saturday's child," he has to "work hard for his living"—made up

his frivolous little mind this summer to give a picnic, and invite all his cousins the Days to spend the livelong day with him in the "merry green wood." [Pg 710]

It was easy to obtain leave of absence from his master, Mr. Workaday, on condition that he performed certain tasks before he went; so the earliest bird had not yet started out on his worm-hunt the next morning when Saturday popped briskly out of bed, and was so spry that all his "chores" about the house and barn were finished up long before breakfast, which so pleased Mrs. Workaday that she gave him a fine large frosted cake for his lunch.

"And a jolly good plummy one it is," remarked Saturday, with satisfaction, as he carefully packed it, surrounded by pickles, in a large basket, and set off for Monday's house, where he found the little girl, with her sleeves rolled up, merrily working away at the wash-tub.

"Dear Monday," he said, "will you not come to my picnic?"

"How can I," said Monday, "when I have all these clothes to wash and hang on the line."

"Oh, I will help you," said Saturday; and pulling off his coat, he set to work with so much vigor that in half an hour all the handkerchiefs and aprons were flapping gayly in the breeze, and the tiny queen of the soap-suds, hastily cutting a generous supply of sandwiches—for the Mondays always have a plentiful stock of cold meat in the house—they started off together to invite their cousin Tuesday, the little girl's pretty face peeping shyly out from beneath a picturesque gypsy hat, for every one knows that "Monday's child is fair of face," and all these little people were named for the day on which they were born.

Tuesday lived in a cozy, vine-covered cottage, and she opened the door for them herself, looking as red as a peony, and carrying a large flat-iron in one hand. On hearing their errand she at first danced for joy, for being "full of grace," she was rather fond of dancing, but stopped suddenly, exclaiming,

"But I have not finished my ironing yet."

"Oh, we will help you," said the two visitors; and before the hands of the clock had travelled half around the dial the clothes-horse was filled with nicely smoothed garments.

"It is so warm I will take lemonade," said Tuesday, bringing out a dozen lemons.

The syrup for the lemonade was soon prepared, and the three Days next called on Wednesday, whom they found as "merry and glad" as ever, busily helping his mother bake bread and pies in the great Dutch oven.

He would be delighted to join the party if they could wait until the last loaves were brown enough to come out of the oven, and meanwhile, to keep them out of mischief, his mother set them to filling tarts with strawberry jam, they being her contribution to the entertainment.

"Shall we invite Thursday?" asked Saturday. "He is always so 'sour and sad.' I'm afraid he will spoil all the fun."

"It would be too bad to leave him out," said Wednesday. "And perhaps he may be more cheerful to-day."

As they expected, they found Thursday with an ugly scowl on his face poring over a Latin grammar, with his little dog Tempus growling at his feet.

Whether time flies or not, Tempus certainly did at every cat, cow, or other animal he met, and he now, true to his name, flew at the children as though he would devour them.

"Lie down, sir," shouted Thursday, kicking at the dog, and frowning crossly. "Cousins, what brings you here to-day?"

"We have come to ask you to my picnic," said Saturday, politely.

At this, Thursday began to grumble and cry, whining out: "But I can't go, for I have to 'cram' to-day for examination. It is just my luck."

"Oh, never mind," said Monday, smiling sweetly, "I will stay and help you with your lessons, while Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday call on Friday, and I guess you will be ready in time."

So down she sat by the mournful student, and being a bright little Day, soon made a great deal clear to poor Thursday that was very dark before, while the other three hurried off to see Friday.

There have been "Black Fridays," and "Blue Fridays," but this was a very "Good Friday," and very "loving and giving," and she met them at the garden gate with both hands full of flowers, which she forced upon them, looking meanwhile as sweet as a rose-bud herself.

"Oh, Friday," they all called in a breath, "you must come to the picnic with us."

"I should love to," said Friday, "but I have the parlors to sweep, and a huge pile of stockings to darn."

"We will stay and help you," said the children, "for we won't go without you." So they all went to work with brooms and dust-pans, and needles and thread, and as many hands make light work, the rooms were soon as neat as wax, while not a pin-hole could be found in one of the hose.

"I have just made a lot of hot cross buns," said the cook, filling a paper bag, and tucking it under Friday's arm. Monday and Thursday too now joined them, bearing a large basket of golden pears, and followed by Tempus, who trotted along, quite serenely for him, sniffing at the lunch so anxiously that Friday presented him with a bun on the spot, and they then all started in a body for Baby Sunday's. "For we must take little Sunday," said Tuesday; "he is always so 'good and

gay.'"

But Sunday's mamma did not approve of picnics for such little folks, and thought him too young and delicate to go.

The children, however, argued down her scruples, saying, "Of course it would be wrong for him to go to the woods alone, but surely there could be no harm with six Week Days to take care of him and do all the work."

So, on condition that Saturday and Monday would keep him between them on the road, and not let him fall, Mrs. Sabbath finally consented, dressed the boy in his best "bib and tucker," gave him a basket of sweeties and a dozen kisses, and sent him off as "blithe and bonny" as a lark.

The party being now complete, they started off with a hop, skip, and a jump for the jolly old wood, where the bees, birds, and flowers all buzzed, warbled, and nodded them a gay welcome.

"Hurrah!" shouted Saturday, tossing his cap in the air, "now for fun," and all the little people joined in the cheer, even Thursday venturing to smile a wee bit.

Sunday was chosen King of the festival, and seated high up on a moss-covered stump, while the other Days ran hither and thither, gathering for him the prettiest wild flowers and ripest and sweetest berries.

"Let us play 'Here we go round the barberry bush,'" suggested Monday, it being a favorite game with all the Days; and they were soon repeating in play what they had already accomplished in earnest—"washing, ironing, and folding clothes so early in the morning."

Then Tuesday led them in a lively dance, as light and graceful as an elfin sprite; and Wednesday twined beautiful wreaths of oak leaves for their hats, and daisy chains for their necks.

Thursday alone was cross and sullen, sulking by himself, because Monday gave so many berries to little Sunday, and he persisted in knocking off the heads of the flowers, and robbing the radiant butterflies of their wings, until tender-hearted Friday was almost in tears, and offered him a bright dime she had in her pocket if he would stop doing so; and I am sorry to say he was mean enough to take it.

Saturday, meanwhile, who felt himself to be the host, was working like a little Trojan, unpacking bags, boxes, and baskets, spreading the cloth beneath a glorious old oak-tree, and bringing fresh sparkling water from a spring that gushed clear as crystal out of the solid rock, with which Tuesday brewed the lemonade. [Pg 711]

"Make it sweet, and make it sour," laughed Wednesday, giving Tuesday's hand a squeeze that made her cry, "Don't take me for a lemon, I beg," and shower the squeezer with powdered sugar.

The forest, too, was not behindhand in adding to the rural feast, for the blackberries and blueberries hung thick and heavy on the bushes, tender wintergreen leaves grew beneath the children's feet, and down by a baby brook, that ran cooing and gurgling along into the arms of its mother, the river, they found quantities of spicy watercresses, while the wild roses, marguerites, and clover blossoms gave quite a festal appearance to the board. As at all picnics, they ate ants with their pickles, and flies with their bread and butter, but they only seemed to add a flavor to the repast, seasoned as it was with so much fun and frolic.

"Now, Sunday, sing for us," said Saturday, when they had all finished and were lying about on the green grass.

Sunday knew nothing but hymns, but these he sang in a sweet little childish voice, very pleasant to listen to; and he now warbled away with all his baby might, the older children joining in the choruses.

"Where is that singing-bird?" asked a cheerful voice behind them, as Sunday ended with a pretty trill, and they all turned to see a merry-looking old gentleman coming toward them.

"It is Grandpa Week!" they all cried, bounding toward him.

"I am glad, my children, to see you so happy," he said, patting each head kindly, "and gladder still to learn from your parents that you have all remembered 'duty before pleasure.'"

"That we did," said Saturday, thinking how hard he had worked for his picnic.

"And so I have brought you some little rewards."

"What can they be?" asked the children, clustering around the old gentleman, who drew numerous packages from his capacious pockets.

"You, Monday," he said, "are 'fair of face,' so I have brought you a parasol to protect it from the sun. Tuesday is 'full of grace,' so she must have a pair of fancy slippers in which to dance and skip more lightly. Wednesday is 'merry and glad,' and this *Nonsense Book* will surely make him 'laugh and grow fat.' While Thursday, I am sorry to say, is so 'sour and sad,' he only deserves this birch rod; but in consideration of his progress at school I have added a collar for Tempus, and trust he will hereafter improve both his time and temper. Friday is so 'loving and giving,' I was sure nothing would please her like a knot of true-blue ribbon, and a box of sugar-plums to share with you all; while, as Saturday has to 'work hard for a living,' I shall give him his present in money, to spend as he likes."

"But have you nothing for Sunday?" asked the children.

"To be sure I have," cried Grandpa Week, catching the little boy in his arms and fastening a glittering belt about his waist.

"'The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay;'

"and Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the Weeks together."

"Hurrah for grandpa!" shouted all the young folks, hastening to thank him for their gifts. And then, as the sun's great red eye was blinking sleepily in the west, clinging to the hands and coat of the old man, they wended their way from beneath the protecting branches of the hospitable woods.

THE RHINOCEROS.

When the rhinoceros is at home—where it is probable he had much rather be than dragged around the country in a gaudily painted cart as one of the attractions of a menagerie, or confined in some zoological garden, where he is prevented from goring the small boy who gazes at him as impudently as he pleases—he lives in Asia or Africa. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that he *fights* in those countries, for the greater portion of his long life is made up of combats with his relatives or any other animals who come in his way.

In Africa there are four varieties, distinguished by the natives as follows: the borele, or black rhinoceros, the keitloa, or two-horned black, the moohooho, or common white, and the kaboba, or long-horned white rhinoceros. The first two are smaller but more fierce than the white ones, and are quite as willing to hunt the sportsman as to be hunted. The largest of the Africans is the long-horned white rhinoceros, which has been found eighteen feet six inches in length, and the circumference of its broad back and low-hanging belly is very nearly the same number of feet and inches.

There are three species of the Asiatic rhinoceros, two of which have but one horn, while the third has two. These are much smaller than their brothers from Africa, and their skin hangs in folds.

Mr. Greenwood says that the hunters and writers who have asserted that a bullet will hardly pierce this animal's hide are mistaken, and that a rifle-ball will penetrate the loose, baggy covering with little or no difficulty. The belief that the hide was so tough probably arose from experiments made with that which had been toughened almost like horn by a process employed by the natives, who make from it whip-stocks and walking-canes.

Mr. Gordon Cumming, the celebrated hunter, in speaking of the largest African species, says: "It is about as large around as it is long, while the body sets so low on its legs that a tall man a-tiptoe could see across its back. Attached to its blunt nose—not to the bone, but merely set in the skin with a net-work of muscles to hold it—is a horn more or less curved, hard as steel, sharp, and more than a yard long, and immediately behind this is a little horn, equally sharp, and nearly straight." His eyes are very small, and as useful to him by night as by day. His ears are long, pointed, and tipped with a few bristles, which, with a tuft at the end of his tail, make up all the semblance of hair he possesses.

The length of the horn varies in the different species, the main horn of the kaboba exceeding four feet, while that of the moohooho is seldom over two feet. In all cases, among the double-horned animals, the rear one—that is to say, the one nearest the forehead—is always short, not often more than six inches.

There are many singular superstitions regarding the horn of the rhinoceros, which is not as valuable for its ivory as that from the elephant. Rhinoceros-horn shavings are supposed by many people to cure certain diseases, and it is believed that if poison be poured in a cup made of the horn, it will burst it. A German writer says: "This horn will not endure the touch of poison; I have often been a witness of this. Many people of fashion at the Cape have cups turned out of the rhinoceros horn; some have them set in silver, and some in gold. If wine is poured into one of these cups, it immediately rises and bubbles up as though it were boiling, and if there is poison in it, the cup immediately splits. If poison is put by itself into one of these cups, it in an instant flies to pieces.... The chips made in turning one of these cups are ever carefully saved and returned to the owner of the cup, being esteemed of great benefit in convulsions, faintings, and many other complaints."

As to whether the horn of the rhinoceros is such a test for poison, the reader may safely doubt; [Pg 712]
but it can make little difference, since it is hardly probable he cares either for the wine or the poison, and has no need of such a sensitive drinking cup.

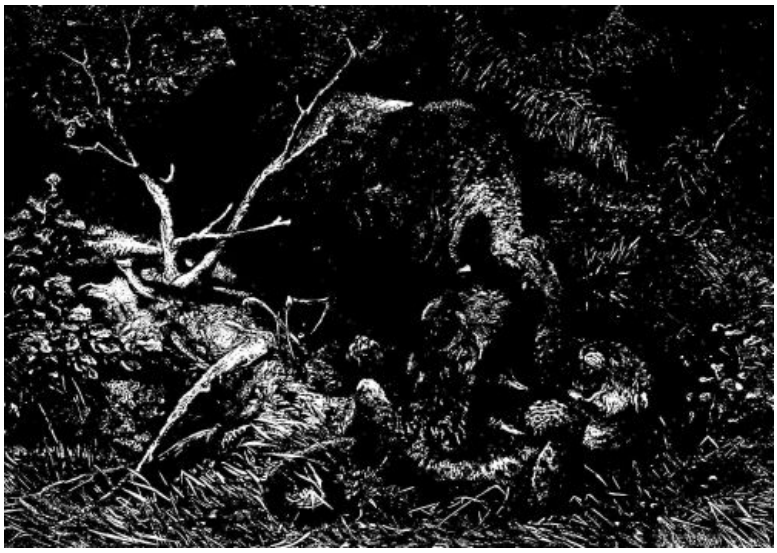
Clumsy-looking as the great brute is, Mr. Gordon Cumming says "a horse and rider can rarely manage to overtake him." Another famous African hunter writes: "He is not often pursued on horseback, and chiefly because his speed and endurance are such that it is very difficult to come up with and follow him, to say nothing of the danger attendant on such a course. Many a hunter, indeed, has thereby endangered his life."

One of the most singular of attendants is that which the rhinoceros has. It is a little bird called by ornithologists *Buphaga africana*, and known to hunters as the rhinoceros bird. This little fellow clings to the animal's hide by means of its long claws and elastic tail, feeding on the insects that infest the leathery skin. In doing this it renders great service to the huge brute, but trifling as compared to its other duty. It acts as sentinel to warn its movable feeding-place of approaching danger. While it is eating it is ever on the alert, and at the first sign of the hunter it flies up in the

air uttering its warning note, which is ever quickly heeded, the rhinoceros starting off at once in the direction taken by its watchful friend. Mr. Cumming states that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the bird, hearing the approach of the hunter, fails to awaken him by its voice, it will arouse him by pecking the inside of his ear.

Some species of the rhinoceros are inclined to peace, and will rarely attack man save in defense of their young or their lives, while others, and more particularly the keitloa, will attack man or beast simply to gratify their love for fighting. The lion never risks an encounter with the rhinoceros, save when absolutely necessary for his own safety, and it is but seldom the elephant cares to measure strength with him, for the larger animal is far less quick in his movements than the smaller.

A celebrated African hunter once witnessed a battle between these huge animals; but in this instance the impetuous rage of the rhinoceros proved his downfall, for having driven his terrible horn up to the hilt into the carcass of the elephant, he was unable to extract it, and the latter falling, crushed the life out of his assailant in the descent. A traveller once saw a fight between a gigantic male elephant and a black rhinoceros, that was ended by the flight of the former.



FIGHT BETWEEN A KEITLOA AND A PANTHER.

It is seldom that such an encounter as that shown in the engraving takes place, for the very good reason that the panther, knowing its death is the almost certain result of the combat, slinks away before the keitloa. Only in defense of its young, as in the case shown, or when it fears an attack is to be made, does it oppose the rhinoceros, and then the sharp horn easily pierces the spotted skin, or the ferocious mother is crushed beneath the ponderous feet of her enemy.

The rhinoceros of India is much better tempered than its African brothers, and Bishop Heber says of some which he saw at Lucknow: "These are quiet and gentle animals.... I should conceive that they might be available to carry burdens as well as the elephant, except that as their pace is still slower than his, their use could be only applicable to very great weights and very gentle travelling."

Nothing is definitely known as to the average age of this animal, but it is generally believed that the duration of life of an Indian rhinoceros is hardly less than a hundred years.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

BITS OF ADVICE.

[Pg 714]

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT TELLING THE TRUTH.

All noble boys and girls tell the truth as a matter of course. In fact, the greatest possible insult that can be offered a person is to doubt his word. No matter what consequences are involved, it is always your duty to tell plainly and clearly just what has really happened so far as you are concerned.

I once knew a little fellow of quite timid and sensitive nature who had the misfortune to break a window while playing ball in the school yard. The teacher was thought to be very stern, and Charlie was very much frightened, but he went straight in-doors, and up to the desk, and told what he had done. A day or two later somebody said, "Who broke that window, Mr. ——?" "An honorable person, sir," was the reply, loud enough for everybody to hear.

When truth-telling concerns not yourself only, but others, it is sometimes right for you to refrain from speaking, simply declining to answer rather than to tell tales. You must judge about this when circumstances arise, but of one thing you may be sure, that it is never right to evade, or alter, or color a statement. Be true, whatever happens. An old pagan Emperor used to say, "No matter what other folks do, I must be good, just as if the emerald should say, I must always be emerald, and keep my color." Do not hesitate when questioned, but look the one who questions you straight in the face, and say what it is right to say, modestly and frankly.

Candor does not require you, on the other hand, to go about saying disagreeable things because they are true. A little girl I used to know once made a visit in a house where were twin sisters, one of whom was much prettier than the other. What should little miss do but remark, "I think Eunice is far more beautiful than Elsie, and I've heard Aunt Clara say she thinks so too." This was true, but it was a true thing which was never meant to be talked of. And the little girl felt very much ashamed of herself when she grew older and recollected it.

ALL FAIR, AND NO CHEATING.

Lewis had brought home dreadful reports for four or five weeks, and especially in spelling he had long lists of failures. How he did wish that the teachers in his school would believe in the spelling reform of which his sister's professor talked! So far as Lewis understood it, it appeared to him that the professor agreed with the school-boys that a word should be spelled the way it sounded. But the teachers at his academy only grew stricter every day, and his demerits kept accumulating

like a snow-ball that becomes bigger and bigger as it rolls along.

"Frightful!" mamma would exclaim, shuddering, as she gazed at Lewis's reports.

"Disgraceful!" was papa's opinion. "No more pocket-money, sir, till I see some improvement."

"Abominably stupid!" said Uncle James.

So Lewis became deeply discouraged.

One day when he felt sure of only one thing, and that was that he could not spell, he did what I am ashamed to tell you of. He opened his book, under the shadowy screen of the desk lid, and peeped. Were there two *l*'s? Did *i* come first, or *e*? Alas! Lewis knew. He saw the letters plainly, and he spelled them boldly and clearly.

"Right," said the trusting teacher, with a smile of approval which went straight to the boy's heart. Oh, how sorry he felt! and how mortified when he felt that he had gained that pleasant word "Right" without deserving it!

He did not run merrily home that night. He had no desire to go out and play. He was far happier when he knew that a black failure was written against his name, for then he had not failed in himself. He had been honest, if he had not been clever.

That evening he told me the whole story, and ended by saying: "It has taught me a lesson, Aunt Marjorie. All fair, and no cheating, for me, after this. It's awful to feel so mean as I've felt all day."

PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I haven't been able to write anything for some time. I don't mean that there has been anything the matter with my fingers so that I couldn't hold a pen, but I haven't had the heart to write of my troubles. Besides, I have been locked up for a whole week in the spare bedroom on bread and water, and just a little hash or something like that, except when Sue used to smuggle in cake and pie and such things, and I haven't had any penanink. I was going to write a novel while I was locked up by pricking my finger and writing in blood with a pin on my shirt; but you can't write hardly anything that way, and I don't believe all those stories of conspirators who wrote dreadful promises to do all sorts of things in their blood. Before I could write two little words my finger stopped bleeding, and I wasn't going to keep on pricking myself every few minutes; besides, it won't do to use all your blood up that way. There was once a boy who cut himself awful in the leg with a knife, and he bled to death for five or six hours, and when he got through he wasn't any thicker than a newspaper, and rattled when his friends picked him up just like the morning paper does when father turns it inside out. Mr. Travers told me about him, and said this was a warning against bleeding to death.

Of course you'll say I must have been doing something dreadfully wrong, but I don't think I have; and even if I had, I'll leave it to anybody if Aunt Eliza isn't enough to provoke a whole company of saints. The truth is, I got into trouble this time just through obeying promptly as soon as I was spoken to. I'd like to know if that was anything wrong. Oh, I'm not a bit sulky, and I am always ready to admit I've done wrong when I really have; but this time I tried to do my very best and obey my dear mother promptly, and the consequence was that I was shut up for a week, besides other things too painful to mention. This world is a fleeting show, as our minister says, and I sometimes feel that it isn't worth the price of admission.

Aunt Eliza is one of those women that always know everything, and know that nobody else knows anything, particularly us men. She was visiting us, and finding fault with everybody, and constantly saying that men were a nuisance in a house and why didn't mother make father mend chairs and whitewash the ceiling and what do you let that great lazy boy waste all his time for? There was a little spot in the roof where it leaked when it rained, and Aunt Eliza said to father, "Why don't you have energy enough to get up on the roof and see where that leak is I would if I was a man thank goodness I ain't." So father said, "You'd better do it yourself, Eliza." And she said, "I will this very day."

So after breakfast Aunt Eliza asked me to show her where the scuttle was. We always kept it open for fresh air, except when it rained, and she crawled up through it and got on the roof. Just then mother called me, and said it was going to rain, and I must close the scuttle. I began to tell her that Aunt Eliza was on the roof, but she wouldn't listen, and said, "Do as I tell you this instant without any words why can't you obey promptly?" So I obeyed as prompt as I could, and shut the scuttle and fastened it, and then went down stairs, and looked out to see the shower come up.

It was a tremendous shower, and it struck us in about ten minutes; and didn't it pour! The wind blew, and it lightened and thundered every minute, and the street looked just like a river. I got tired of looking at it after a while, and sat down to read, and in about an hour, when it was beginning to rain a little easier, mother came where I was, and said, "I wonder where sister Eliza is do you know, Jimmy?" And I said I supposed she was on the roof, for I left her there when I fastened the scuttle just before it began to rain. [Pg 715]

Nothing was done to me until after they had got two men to bring Aunt Eliza down and wring the water out of her, and the doctor had come, and she had been put to bed, and the house was quiet

again. By that time father had come home, and when he heard what had happened— But, there! it is over now, and let us say no more about it. Aunt Eliza is as well as ever, but nobody has said a word to me about prompt obedience since the thunder-shower.

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

PENELOPE.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER IV.

Nora never quite understood what prompted her to call out to Penelope in that sudden fashion; it seemed like a dream to her that she found herself walking over the familiar ground to the Deanery garden, Miss Harleford uttering rapid, although but half-intelligible, explanations, and saying, from time to time, "Now don't talk yet, Nora; you are all worn out, I can see."

But how had time passed with her since she and her mother had left Mrs. Bruce's kindly shelter? Nora made no effort to unravel the mystery of her silence until she was seated in the elder Miss Harleford's room.

With her usual impetuosity Penny had gone directly to her aunt, holding Nora by the hand, and introducing her briefly and joyfully as:

"Nora Phillips's daughter. We found each other, aunt," cried Penny, still rather inclined to be tearful.

Then Nora's bonnet and cloak were removed. She was seated in a comfortable chair before the fire, and presently a cozy tea-tray heaped with delicacies was at her side, Penny declaring she was to be feasted on everything good the Deanery larder contained. Neither of her two new friends was surprised to hear that Nora had been violently ill since she bade good-by to Mrs. Bruce. The widow and her daughter had gone to London, trusting to find employment in the large city; but there, in the poor lodging they had found, Nora fell ill, a low fever prostrating her just as her mother most needed her help.

"As soon as I got better," said Nora, "I began to think of seeing Mrs. Bruce—I had a fancy she might give me work in her shop. I was afraid to write, for fear that her hard-hearted son would not let her have the letter, and then—it was queer," added Nora, with a little flickering smile—"I was so sure that screen was bought for you, I made up my mind to try and find you, and perhaps you would let mamma have it again—the loss of it always grieved her—and perhaps you might give her work. Often and often when I was so ill and weak I used to think of the garden here, and fancy I could hear your name, '*Penelope*,' and then everything seemed to be confused, and I fancied you were with me. As soon as I was better I persuaded mamma to let me come here. You know we have had to sell nearly everything we own, and to buy my ticket down here I sat up two nights working for our landlady in London. She is an actor's wife, and I helped her in making some costumes; but you don't know the feeling I had about seeing you. I kept saying to myself over and over, 'Penelope, Penelope—I will find her.' And so I did, for I was just coming from the train when I saw you. Oh, I could not help speaking your name aloud!"

"And how glad I am that you did!" cried Penelope, pressing Nora's hand. "Well, I'm sure it has all turned out beautifully, and all through Lion's thought of me—dear old Lion!"

The Deanery was in a state of pleasurable excitement that evening. First of all, a trusted old servant was dispatched to London to bring Mrs. Mayne back with her. What solid comforts went with old Harriet only she and Penelope knew; but certain it is the actor's family feasted on good things for a week to come. Then Penny established Nora in a pretty room near her own, insisting upon her going to bed, as she was so utterly exhausted. Nora lay still in the soft white bed, thoroughly happy, in spite of the queer sense that she must be dreaming. When Penelope left her alone, she raised herself in bed, gazing around at the pretty chintz-hung room, smiling at the reflection of her own face in the long mirror opposite. Finally she fell into a comfortable sleep, that now familiar name mingling with her dreams. Aunt Letitia, coming in to look at the girl, heard the name on her lips, "Penelope," and she said to herself, "Yes, I know Penny is doing just what her dear father would like."

What Penny was doing just then was to make her uncle feel for once he was the guardian of a very self-willed young lady. During dinner-time Penny discoursed eloquently upon the Maynes, repeating Nora's story with many exclamations of her own, and winding up by asking her uncle to grant her an hour alone in his study.

The Dean consented, wondering what his bright, impulsive Penelope had in her mind to say to him, and he was not surprised when she declared her intention of assuming full charge of the Maynes.

"I have nothing in the world to do," said Penny, making a little grimace as she sat in the lamp-light of her uncle's study; "and just reflect, uncle, what a responsibility a fortune like mine is. Why, it ought to be considered in *trust*, nearly all of it, for other people. I never felt half so interested in any one as I am in Nora Mayne. Now I'll tell you what I propose: I shall ask Nora

and her mother to pay me a long visit at Harleford. There I can manage it so that Mrs. Mayne will not feel herself dependent. You know how much there is to do; and I will regularly agree with Nora that she is to be my companion at a fixed salary, don't you see? If it turns out badly, you, are at liberty to send them back to America, if you will manage that they have a sum settled on them which they will never know comes from me. Now, uncle," added Penny, laying her pretty cheek against the Dean's, "you may as well give in first as last."

The Dean had known from the outset that Penelope would have her own way, but I think a few words Miss Letitia spoke to him decided the question in his mind. Something she told him of their elder brother's story. "And *he* would have cared for her child," said the gentle little lady with a sigh. So Nora Mayne awoke at the Deanery in a new position. She was brought into the breakfast-room by Penelope, who was proud of her new friend, and the Dean welcomed her with gentle courtesy. He was thoroughly pleased, he admitted to Penelope, by the American girl's manner. Evidently her companionship would not be an injury to his beloved niece.

Nora Mayne often speaks of that bewilderingly happy day. By eleven o'clock she and Penelope were in the Deanery carriage on their way to Mrs. Bruce's. The elder girl had made Nora feel thoroughly at ease about the favors lavished upon her.

"You see," she said, in a very matter-of-fact tone, "I was just needing some companion. Here in England we always engage companions for lonely sisterless girls like me" (a firm pressure of Nora's hand followed this), "and yet it is *so* hard to find just the right person. It has to be"—Penny [Pg 716] hastily reviewed what she knew of Nora's capabilities—"it has to be a young girl who is fond of music, and charity visiting, and walking, and driving, and studying a great deal. Perhaps you wouldn't like the place, Nora? Of course you have only to say so, dear. And the salary I meant to give isn't *very* large—about £250 a year. Perhaps your mother and my aunt will decide about it."

What could Nora do but fling her arms around her new friend's neck and burst into happy tears? And what could she find to say when, an hour later, as they started for Mrs. Bruce's shop, Penelope placed a little purse in her hands, whispering, "I thought, dear, you'd like some of your salary in advance, as you said it worried you so much to owe Mrs. Bruce."

Mary Jane was busily engaged sorting wools when the Deanery carriage appeared and its occupants descended. She gave a little scream that brought her aunt from the back parlor. Through the glass of the door Mrs. Bruce recognized Nora, and flung the door open widely.

"My bonny lamb!" she cried out, and folded Nora in her arms warmly. What an hour that was! To behold Nora as Miss Penelope Harleford's chosen friend was to make her more than ever dear to Mrs. Bruce. The two young people sat down in Mrs. Bruce's parlor, Mary Jane hovering in the background, her broad face fairly shining with smiles. But I think the final triumph was when Mr. James Bruce's swaggering figure appeared in the doorway, his eyes lighting first upon Nora.

"Well, miss," he said, coarsely, "I hope you've come with our money—our honest due." He proceeded no further, for the young lady of the Manor stood up, saying, quietly:

"Miss Mayne has settled with your mother, Mr. Bruce."

His tone changed at once, profuse apologies and the most servile manner only half covering his mortification. He seemed glad to disappear, and Nora and her friend enjoyed a hearty laugh over his discomfiture when they were once more in the carriage. Their next stopping-place was at Searle's, the grocer, where Penelope insisted that Nora should order various delicacies to be sent for Mrs. Mayne to the Deanery. Mr. Searle was all good-humor, and his sharp-faced wife came out of the parlor rubbing her hands, and bowing a dozen times to the heiress of the Manor, who was so evidently the friend of their late unprofitable customer. Penelope took great pains to consult Nora's wishes or opinions on every point, saying, "Nora dear, shall you care for any more grapes?" or, "Nora, didn't we decide upon apricot jam?"

Such judicious remarks impressed Mrs. Searle deeply, and of course she soon learned that the young lady of the Manor was Miss Mayne's dearest friend.

Nora's joy was complete when, on returning to the Deanery, she found her mother established in Miss Harleford's room, the two ladies discussing "old times" with many sighs and pressures of the hand, and many glances at the two girls who seemed to be living over again the happy past. And when, before the spring had fairly set in, the party were fairly settled at Harleford Manor, the Dean himself declared there was nothing to find fault with in the new arrangement. Penelope's restless little brain had found something to think about peacefully. Nora's good sense and American ways made her companionship most desirable. Penelope had no more hours of nothing to do; Nora gave a stimulus to all the two girls shared together, and before a year was over the people about Harleford had learned to acknowledge and respect Miss Mayne almost as completely as they did Miss Penelope.

The great grief of Nora's life—her mother's death—was softened by Penelope's gentle sympathy; and how tenderly were the widow's last days guarded! After that the bond was permanently strengthened between the two girls who visit the Deanery as sisters, who are known everywhere as the "Manor-House young ladies." Even Penelope's marriage, when it occurs, which every one says will be next year, after "Lion's" Indian days are over, will not separate the two girls, for Nora is to remain as "housekeeper and manager" of Harleford. "The consoler-general," Penelope calls her, and Aunt Letty declares she could not live without her "American niece."

Mrs. Bruce is a trusty friend of the Manor House, and it is astonishing how often the young ladies have to buy wools and silks in the little shop, and how often Mrs. Bates, the real housekeeper at the Manor, requires the good woman's company to tea.

"THE MANOR-HOUSE YOUNG LADIES."

Mary Jane occupies a position of honor as Miss Harleford's own maid. If ever Nora requires a champion, she will find one in the honest-hearted country girl.

There is one treasure Nora guards always with a loving care. It is the little screen, with its faded colors and pretty lettering, and which her mother's hand held almost in dying. The other day, as I stood in Penelope's sitting-room, she and Nora and I talked over the story I have been telling you. Nora was called away, and Penelope followed her with a loving glance.

"Yes," she said, smiling, "that screen gave me a sister, and taught me what I never knew before—that even trouble, want, and sorrow can perfect our natures, and that there is no deeper satisfaction than in helping one another."

When Penelope had said this, I suddenly realized how my young friend had changed since she was in London two years ago. All the brightness and prettiness remained, but she had gained something higher. That evening dear old Miss Harleford held my hand while the two girls played a duet in the long old-fashioned drawing-room.

"Nora Phillips's daughter!" she whispered. "She has proved my Penelope's blessing."

THE END.

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

[Pg 717]

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No. VI.

I am sure the girls who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE know better than to ask, as a lady did of me last summer, "Is that worked in the Keniston stitch?" First, the lady blundered, in forgetting—if indeed she had ever known—that the Royal School for Art Needle-Work is at South *Kensington*, England; and secondly, she fell into the mistake—which I want especially to warn my girl readers against—in supposing that there is any one stitch called *the* Kensington stitch. All good embroidery stitches are or should be South Kensington stitches.

A few years ago, while embroiderers here in America were counting the spaces on pieces of canvas, or carefully pushing needles in and out of the holes in perforated paper, pupils and teachers of the new English school were studying out the many stitches they could find in old embroidery, and were introducing them into their work. The so-called "Kensington" stitch is merely a form of stem stitch, taken always in a manner to fit the leaf or flower to be wrought. Its proper name is "feather stitch," because the threads are made to look as if they lapped over one another, like the feathers of a bird's plume. *Opus plumarium* was its old Latin name. Besides reviving a number of old stitches and introducing very many choice designs, the Royal School of Art Needle-Work has taken great pains to secure suitable materials to work on, and wools and silks of good quality and color with which to work. For the stitch is not the all-important part of embroidery. No matter how even and true the stitches, if the color or design is poor, the work will look *shoppy*, and not artistic. You wish any one who picks up your work to know at a glance that it is not the handiwork of an ignorant shop-girl, but of a cultivated little lady, and it is by the design and colors you choose that you show whether your eye and taste have had good training.

For a good lesson in color pick out from a bunch of wools the greens that seem to you a suitable leaf-color. Then bring in a few leaves from the lawn or garden and lay them beside your wools, and see if the greens you have chosen are not much too vivid. One of my scholars who made this experiment some time ago chose the green of a Brazilian beetle's wing, a color that is only needed in embroidery to give brilliancy to a bug or to a bird's plumage. The greens of nature are a great deal grayer and duller than those you will be likely to choose at first. As for design: In the shops you will find, perhaps, stamped on a single table-cover daisies, buttercups, cat-tails, clovers, wild roses, and grasses, a confused and irregular mass; leave out all but one, keep your clover, for example, and only the leaf of that. Take a real clover leaf, lay it on a piece of paper, and trace it off, with a closed leaf perhaps crossing the stem; then stamp, according to directions in embroidery article No. II., page 75, Vol. II., a row of these, three or four inches apart, across the ends of a piece of crash or linen for a little stand-cover, and draw lines for a finish above and below, as in Fig. 18. Match the color of the leaf as nearly as possible in crewel, and then work around the outer edge of the leaf, taking a long and then a shorter stitch (see A), so that the stitches will be even on the edge of the leaf, but irregular on the inside, and all point toward the

stem; leave the light space, and beginning at the stem, work a few lines of stem stitch radiating from the stem, with a few extra stitches filled in where the lines spread apart. A good way to fill in these extra stitches is to bring the needle back, pointing toward the stem as at B. Afterward fill in the light space by putting the needle in and out, pointing the stitches toward the stem, but taking them irregularly according to the space.

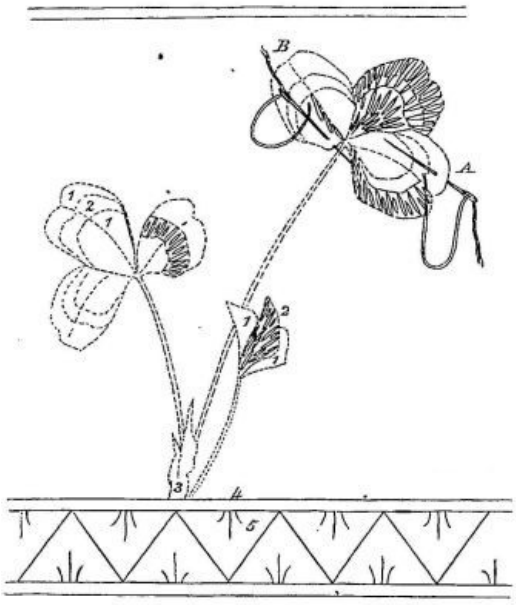


Fig. 18.

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

ON THE BEACH.

We publish with pleasure the following note from the Rev. G. H. Houghton, D.D., rector of the Church of the Transfiguration:

To the Editor of Harper's Young People:

You were kind enough to print in your number of July 26 a letter in which it was proposed that some of your young readers should unite in endowing or supporting a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital.

Connected with the Church of the Transfiguration, of which I am rector, there is a society known as the Holy Innocents' Guild. This guild has for its object the care of poor sick children, and has furnished within the past year a ward, called the Holy Innocents' Ward, in St. Mary's Hospital, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, where such children can have the kind nursing care of the good Sisters of St. Mary. It is a cot in this ward that it is proposed that some of your young readers should unite in endowing or supporting. The endowing of a cot, which will provide for the care of a sick child for all time to come, will cost three thousand dollars. The support of a cot for a year will cost two hundred dollars.

This statement, if you will print it, will enable all who may contribute to do so more intelligently.

G. H. HOUGHTON,
NEW YORK, *August* 22, 1881.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and have found a great deal to interest me in its pages. My favorite pursuit is the study of natural history, and I have made a fair collection of insects, minerals, and shells since coming to this city about three years ago. I began by collecting insects, among which I have the following: a polyphemus moth six inches across the wings, a turnus or tiger swallow-tail butterfly, a large hawk-moth, an Archippus butterfly, Ajax and Asterias butterflies, a hummingbird moth, and several cicadas. I have some specimens of the *Mantis religiosa*, or, as the people here call them, the "rear-horse bug," because they rear like horses when disturbed. This praying mantis is a curious insect, and quite voracious, feeding on flies and other insects. My first collection, which contained a variety of dragon-flies, was destroyed by mites. I now have my second, as well as a collection of spiders.

I have explored the District of Columbia thoroughly for geological specimens. My cabinet now includes rough garnets, petrified wood, fossilized shells imbedded in stone, crystals, and iron pyrites. I have a microscope, which affords me many hours of amusement. I have examined water-fleas, the bell-flower animalculæ, and that miniature octopus the hydra.

I have had an aquarium, in which the fish were so tame that they would eat from my hand. I have raised toads and frogs and catfish from the spawn. I kept a nest of ants for a year in a glass jar, and diligently studied their habits. I once put a quantity of powdered cracker near their jar, and after they had discovered it, and were conveying it home, I placed some sugar near it; but although they observed the sugar, they finished carrying the cracker away before they touched the other, though they love sugar. Ants, as I have read, have their games, beasts of burden, and plans of defense and assault, marching in columns like armies, and they undoubtedly possess intelligence of a very high degree. I once tried to tame a large gray and black spider, but did not succeed. I found a small paper-making wasps' nest, and pinned it up in my room shortly after coming to Washington. One day a small wasp with black wings and red body flew in at the window. No doubt she was out house-hunting, for on perceiving my wasps' nest, she took possession, selected a cell, and deposited an egg in it. After this she flew away, but soon returned, carrying a small gray spider, placed it beside the

egg, and sealed up the recess with some yellow mud. She then went in search of another spider, which she also placed in the same cell, but without laying another egg in the second compartment. Then she began on another cell. There were seventy cells in the nest, and it was curious to see a mud-wasp at work in a paper-wasps' nest.

There are many facilities for study in Washington. Here are the Botanical Gardens, the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Agricultural Museum and Conservatory. There are several minor museums, and the Congressional Library. Washington is, in fact, an excellent school to an observing person.

JOHN B. T.

FORT DODGE, IOWA.

Last year I had YOUNG PEOPLE for my birthday present. To-day I am six years old, and have had given me a knife with a whistle attached, and a pretty plate to eat ice-cream from. Mamma says it is pleasant to *give* things on birthdays as well as to receive them, so I am going to send ten cents for the "Young People's Cot," and when I go to New York again, I hope to visit the hospital, and see the cot. I live on the Des Moines River, but I was born in Connecticut. Mamma reads everything in YOUNG PEOPLE to me, but I hope soon to be able to read it myself.

ALLAN C.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

Parkersburg, our Post-office, is situated at the junction of the Ohio and Little Kanawha rivers. It is growing rapidly, and contains now about seven thousand inhabitants. We have a pulp factory here, which manufactures the material for making paper. We also have two railroads connecting with the town, and we will have a street railway and two more railroads in a few years. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE, ever since the first number, through the newspaper dealer. I have induced two other boys to take it, and we all think it splendid. Mr. Alden, I hope, will favor the readers of the Young People with a story about canoes.

J. F. H.

BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND.

My papa goes to sea. He is first officer of the steam-ship *Colon*, which goes to Aspinwall, and he brings home shells, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. Our Polly has been ill, but is now a great deal better, and laughs and talks as she used to. I can write only with my left hand.

JENNIE B. F.

CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY.

I live in a beautiful village three miles south of Paterson. I consider Mr. Otis a splendid author. I am nine years of age. I have an excellent book on Natural History, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.

SADIE D.

RAPIDAN, MINNESOTA.

The Blue Earth River, on which we live, rose twenty feet above low-water mark this spring, and logs and blocks of ice floated away. Among other curious things afloat was a wagon, and a pig-pen with pigs in it. I am eleven. I have three sisters younger than myself. My baby sister Maggie, who is only nineteen months old, cries, "Harp! Harp!" whenever YOUNG PEOPLE comes.

EDITH C.

New York City.

I would suggest that some of the collectors of postage stamps should turn their attention to butterflies. They cost nothing, and a child who lives on a farm can easily make a splendid collection of them. Rare butterflies, and even common ones, are very beautiful. Butterflies, for sea-weed, would make a good exchange, I think.

John W. S.

Hanover, Germany.

I thought perhaps some of the boys and girls who read the Post-office Box would like to know what I have been doing this summer. Part of the time I have been travelling with papa and mamma in Switzerland.

We went to a little village named Chamounix. It is at the very foot of Mont Blanc. The people there ride on donkeys when they are going up the mountains, the paths being too steep for horses. The mountains were covered with snow, but down in the valley, where the village is, it was very warm indeed.

We are now tarrying in Germany for a few weeks to study the German language. It is very quiet here, but we have seen the ten horses belonging to the ex-King of Hanover. They are white as driven snow, and very beautiful. There are also to be seen the carriages and harness which he formerly used. These harnesses are dark blue and dark red, with rosettes to match. They were taken from the King by the Prussian government, and will not be restored until he renounces his right to be King of Hanover, which the people say he will never do.

We hope to return in the fall to our home in New York, which is the best place in the world, if a little girl of twelve years may form an opinion.

Jessie C. S.

Kensico, New York.

I live on a farm in New York State. "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" was splendid. I am very sorry that our President was shot, and I hope he will get well again. This is the second year I have taken Young People, and I hope to take it next year.

Frank R.

Gadsden, Alabama.

Mother told me a good while ago that if I could succeed in getting on the Roll of Honor at school, she would give me a dollar, and my brother, who was here at the time, promised me another one. I was successful, and received the money. Mother thought I would better take a paper than do anything else, so I selected this one.

I am only twelve, but am large for my age.

Sarah L. D.

Auburn, New York.

I am a little girl almost eleven years old. I receive Young People every week through my grandma's kindness. I like the letters in the Post-office Box very much. I live in Buffalo, but am spending my vacation here. I want to tell you what my little brother did the first Sunday in vacation. My cousin, brother, and I were swinging in the hammock, while the older people were sitting in the grape arbor. Gussie, my little brother, got in the hammock, and I began to swing him, when he turned a somersault right around the hammock. We thought that he would cry, but he did not, and my cousin said that he was very brave. I began to take music lessons a few weeks ago, and am getting along nicely. I think the "Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" the "Moral Pirates," and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation," were splendid stories, and so is "Tim and Tip" thus far.

H. Maude S.

Mount Washington, Pennsylvania.

We have been taking Harper's Young People ever since it has been published, and Harper's Weekly for twelve years, and like both very much.

I would like to tell the readers of Young People how to make a pleasant drink of herbs. Take equal parts of yarrow, plantain, golden-rod, ground-ivy, pennyroyal, and dandelion; cover them with water, boil half an hour, sweeten the liquor with two pounds of sugar or a pint of molasses, add one and a half cakes of yeast, and one teaspoonful of ginger. When done, add a little cold water, steam, and put in bottles. Allow it to stand overnight.

Anna C.

Brooklyn, New York.

I have no sisters, but have a brother twenty-one years of age. I have no living pets, but have a great many dolls and toys. I have a swing in the yard, and I often treat my dollies to a ride in it.

Flora L. A.

Lauzal, California.

We live on All-Saints' Bay, a hundred miles from San Diego. The name of the ranch is Lauzal. Our house is a little way from the beach. I am taking Young People this year, but do not receive it every week, as our mail goes to San Diego, and we depend on people who are passing to bring it out to us. We sometimes have to wait for it several weeks.

We have goats, sheep, horses, cows, two dogs, and a cat. One of our dogs was wrecked on a schooner, and when she was brought to me was a forlorn little puppy, but she is now a good-sized dog. As I have no sisters nor brothers, I have to depend on my animals for playmates. The nearest neighbors are six miles away. I am twelve years old.

Roberto F.

Edna, Minnesota.

We live away out on the prairies. We are two miles from the Post-office. We have no public schools here, but our sister teaches us at home. I have a little black dog named Jack, who will not lie down without his cushion, and barks and barks until I get it for him. I sometimes ride on horseback, though I have no side-saddle. I am twelve years old.

Mary M.

I am Mary's brother Bertie. I am seven years old. I do not like to go to school. I would rather be out on the farm with the boys. I was out in the wheat field when there were 618 men at work there. I have a cat named Stubbs, and a colt named Toby Tyler. He will shake hands with me, and take off my hat.

Bertie M.

Trempealeau, Wisconsin.

We live in Trempealeau County. This is a beautiful village, situated on the banks of the Mississippi. My brother, with his wife, baby, and myself, and four other persons, with their children, took tents lately, and camped out at a place called Spring Slew. We had a very nice time, but were annoyed by the mosquitoes. We would like to exchange pressed ferns and oak leaves, for the same from any other State. The ferns are to be sent to Lizzie, and the leaves to Dena. Can those who are not subscribers be on the exchange list?

Lizzie Heuston,
Dena McDonald.

All readers, as we have said before, are entitled to become exchangers. They need not be subscribers to possess this privilege. We find it necessary to ask exchangers to be as brief as

possible when writing an exchange. We have been obliged to condense some exchanges into half their original space, and still there are boys and girls who have been waiting their turn to appear for many weeks. When your exchange has been published, do not send another for some time. Let others state their offers first before you try a second or third time. Unless you could see with your own eyes, you would hardly believe what a host of exchanges arrive at the Post-office Box every day, and it would not do to fill YOUNG PEOPLE with them, and crowd all the stories, puzzles, and letters out. In all cases it would be well to have some correspondence by postal cards before sending what you wish to exchange. Then the terms could be clearly arranged, and if any special expense about postage were probable, that could be arranged too. We can not give addresses and assist readers to carry on private correspondences, however, except as they do it in this way.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

A halfpenny English stamp, for a 6-cent Canadian stamp.

H. H. TOLER, Oxford, Butler Co., Ohio.

Moss from Texas and flint flakes, for sea-shells, sea-weed, or other ocean curiosities (a star-fish especially desired); three fossil shells, for a Florida sea-bean; petrified moss from Minnesota, for a king-crab or a horseshoe-crab; eight foreign stamps, for a perfect specimen of Indian pottery. Please write before exchanging. [Pg 719]

EUGENE FLETCHER,
Box 252, Bryan, Ohio.

Pressed flowers from Missouri, for pressed flowers from any other State.

ORA W. BOYD,
Box F, Fayette, Howard Co., Mo.

Copper and zinc in crystals, for rare stamps; South American stamps especially desired.

HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE,
Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y.

A genuine Indian bow, two arrows, and two arrow-heads, for a pair of ruffle-necks or carrier-pigeons. Please write particulars, and await reply before exchange.

FRANK A. HERBST,
Box 688, Moline, Ill.

A book entitled *Orient Boys*, by Mrs. S. F. Keene, for *The Young Nimrods in North America*. Please write and arrange exchange before sending.

EDW. J. SMITH, Plato Centre, Kane Co., Ill.

A foreign coin of 1832, for an Indian arrow-head.

F. A. JOHNSON, Shirley Village, Mass.

Hematite, mica, limonite, pumice-stone, garnets, iron pyrites, and magnetic iron ore, for gold, silver, copper, and zinc ores, graphite, nickel, manganese, agate, pyroxene, tourmaline, and tin ore. Label specimens.

H. S. WARWICK,
205 Palisade Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

A handsome paper-knife, for petrifactions, Indian arrow-heads, ores, etc.; twenty-five foreign stamps, for a Lake Superior agate.

C. S. Crane,
41 West Forty-fifth St., New York City.

Thirty-four varieties of woods, with the person who offers the largest number of foreign postage stamps, all different.

William B. Bushong,
New Holland, Lancaster Co., Penn.

A French coin as large as a silver quarter, date 1782, in good condition, for U. S. coins, copper cents of 1801, 1804, 1809, 1811, and an eagle nickel cent of 1856. Write and arrange exchange.

Add Parker, Felt's Mills, N. Y.

A piece of stone from Fort Adams, or a stone from inside the iron-fenced inclosure of the "Old Stone Mill" of Newport, R. I., the oldest structure in America, for Indian relics, curiosities, and fossils; 100 different foreign stamps, for an Indian tomahawk.

Graham Lusk, Guilford, Conn.

Forty-two postmarks, for fourteen foreign stamps. Please send list of stamps before exchanging. A piece of marble from Illinois, for one from any other State.

Heusted Young,
Care Edward Young, Joliet, Ill.

Postmarks and stamps, for stamps; one postmark from Paris, for a War Department stamp; and ten from other cities, for other stamps.

H. B. Campbell, State College, Penn.

Minerals and monograms, for stamps and postmarks. Write to arrange exchange.

G. Wardlaw,
Box 158, New Brighton, Richmond Co., N. Y.

Postmarks, revenue stamps, and business cards, for rare foreign stamps (no duplicates), five postmarks for one stamp.

F. W. Blodgett,
282 Greenbush St., Milwaukee, Wis.

One hundred and twenty-five star-fish and thirty-five saddle shells, for rare stamps, relics, shells, minerals, curiosities of all kinds, coins, etc.

Box 5, Comstocks, Washington Co., N. Y.

Postmarks, for foreign stamps, five different postmarks for each stamp; Indian arrow-

heads, and bullets from Lookout Mountain battle-field, for foreign postage stamps.

W. H. Fisher,
510 Wenzel St., between Market and Main,
Louisville, Ky.

For every Indian arrow-head I will send 25 foreign stamps (no duplicates); for a stone hatchet, 50; for bow and arrows, 100; for a rattlesnake's rattle, 10; for a star-fish, 10. Specimens must be labelled, and place where found stated.

John M.,
Room 47, 30 Broad St., New York City.

Stones from Ogeechee River, pine burrs, Spanish moss, and curiosities, for arrow-heads, spear-heads, foreign stamps, or curiosities.

Anson B. Cutts, Eden, Effingham Co., Ga.

A new printing-press, with complete outfit, or a new scroll-saw and outfit, for a collection of 1000 or 1500 postage stamps, all different. Rare duplicates taken.

M. A. Clark,
519 East 119th St., New York City.

A piece of pepper-tree wood, which grows only in California, and a piece of eucalyptus wood, which grows only in Australia and California, for postmarks or stamps (postmarks preferred) from Bavaria, Cape of Good Hope, Cabool, Japan, China, Mozambique, Austria, Turkey, France, and Russia.

Grace Bowers, San Diego, Cal.

A volume of *Robinson Crusoe* and one of Hawthorne's *Wonder-Books*, for four rabbits of any color, three females and one male. Both books are as good as new, and are illustrated. I have also *St. Nicholas* from 1875 to 1880, and will send two years of that for the rabbits, instead of the books, if preferred. Write before exchanging.

James Van Dusen,
Jamaica Plain P. O., Mass.

A pair of young canary-birds, for a male mocking-bird.

Cora Eaton, Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y.

I will print the name of any girl or boy on one dozen cards called "Gems of the Sea-Side," or on bevel gilt-edge cards, for foreign and old U. S. stamps, old U. S. cents and half-cents, petrifactions, minerals, ores, medicine stamps, or good curiosities.

Carl C. Wheelock, Woonsocket, R. I.

Woods, sea-shells, and valuable books, for coins, ores, and minerals; a book, for thirty coins. Write before exchanging.

W. L. Weber, Summerville, S. C.

Soil from Illinois, for the same from any other State or Territory except New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio; also one stamp, for any five postmarks. Write and tell what stamp is required.

W. G. Jerrens, Jun.,
3651 Vincennes Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Marble, silver, grape, and iron ores, and quartz crystal, for exchange.

L. S. Ropes, Ishpeming, Mich.

Fifty postmarks, for any Indian relic.

Fred Brooks, 128 North State St., Chicago, Ill.

A printing-press, for a stamp album with about 500 stamps and curiosities. Please write to arrange exchange.

Harry Farr,
256 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rare postmarks, for rare foreign stamps or coins. Stamps, for stamps or curiosities.

D. and E. DeWitt,
837 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Stamps, for exchange.

Royal Cortissoz,
382 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Foreign stamps, for match and medicine stamps.

G. A. Herthum, Box 213, Baton Rouge, La.

Postage stamps from Uruguay, Guinea, Senegambia, Paraguay, Guiana, Morocco, Persia, for the same number from Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, East India, Cape of Good Hope, Russia, Turkey, and China.

Henry Koenig,
P. O. Branch C, San Francisco, Cal.

One $2 and one $3 card album, for coins or stamps.

Frank Putnam, Box 100, Salem, Mass.

Curiosities and old U. S. and foreign stamps, for minerals, agates, ores, old coins, arrow-heads, sea-shells, stamps from any U. S. department, or a second-hand stamp album.

W. L. Douglass,
Princeton, Bureau Co., Ill.

Eighty-five minerals and curiosities, ten Indian arrow-heads, pieces of Mound-builders' pottery, carbonate of iron, 350 postmarks, 100 mixed stamps, and a Little Gem rubber family font, with ink-holder, etc., for a printing-press not less than 5¼ by 8½ inches inside of chase; list of specimens for a 1-cent stamp. Arrange exchange by writing before sending press.

PRINTER, Heckatoo, Lincoln Co., Ark.

Stamps, for stamps. Send list of those desired and those you have; I will return if I can not exchange.

EDWARD A. CROWNINSHIELD,
Lancaster, Mass.

Buttons with shanks, for silk pieces for a quilt; or silks for silks.

MAUD UNDERHILL,
Franklin, Essex Co., N. J.

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

WILD ROSE.—Your little story, though not good enough for publication, is very well constructed, and is creditable to a girl of fifteen. But you need to pay attention to punctuation, and to the proper use of capital letters, quotation marks, etc. We would advise you to take the advice lately given to Jennie and Julia, and cultivate your mind by reading good books, and becoming familiar with the best authors. Do not read too many stories, and wait until you are a good deal older before you try to write for the papers.

G. C. M.—The mud-turtle can be obtained in the small, sluggish streams and ditches back of Jamaica, L. I., from ponds in the neighborhood of Flushing, L. I., and also near Springfield, L. I. One of the very best fishing grounds for all sorts of specimens for an aquarium is Rockland Lake, N. Y.

CARRIE M.—PEKIN.—The city of Peking, or Pekin, the northern capital of China, is situated on the river Tunghui, a tributary of the Pei-Ho. It consists of Kin-Ching, the prohibited city, where the Emperor and his immediate suite have their dwellings; of Hwang-Ching, the imperial city, where many court officials reside; and of a Tartar and Chinese city. Each of these cities is surrounded by a wall, and the outer wall has thirteen gates. In Pekin are many magnificent temples and palaces. For many centuries it was closed to the outside world, but in 1860, by the Treaty of Tien-Tsin, the British government succeeded in gaining substantial commercial advantages from the Emperor. In the war which preceded this treaty the splendid summer palace was pillaged and destroyed by the French and English forces.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—You can present your sketch for an illustration on ordinary drawing-paper, with common ink or lead-pencil. If you wish to become a proficient, it will be well for you to acquire the art of drawing on wood. A fine, hard box-wood is preferred for this purpose.

Robert E. Cranson and Harlan C. Clark withdraw from the exchange list.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from George Sylvester, "*Paxton*," "*Jer Z. City*," Charlie Burr, Leo Marks, J. W. Slattery, Eddie S. Hequembourg, "Dandy," *Augusta Low Parke*, Frank Davis, C. P. Vogelius, Willie F. Collins, *Agnes F. Fletcher*, "Princess Feather," *Frank Lomas*, Jacob Marks, Lilian Holmes, Almon Hazard.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A string. 2. A boy's name. 3. At the back. 4. A girl's name. Primals and finals are girls' names.

PHIL I. PENE.

No. 2.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. A disease. 2. A violent wind. 3. A wild flower. 4. Part of a fence. 5. A crime. 6. A letter found in Thursday. 7. A venomous reptile. 8. A color. 9. A sign of grief. 10. A bird. 11. To oversee. Centrals read downward give the name of a river of North America.

A. B. C.

No. 3.

DIAMOND.

A thousand. A darling. A memorial coin. A brown tint. Fifty.

No. 4.

TANGLE.

I am a Swiss river. Change my head, and I become successively an obstruction, a vehicle, a part of the body, distant, to shake, a Roman deity, to deface, a sort of propeller, of equal value, a sailor, and a state of armed enmity.

No. 5.

RIDDLE.

Why will next year be the same as last year?

M. S. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 94.

No. 1.

Abraham Lincoln.

No. 2.

B A R D M A R L
A M O O A G U E
R O A M R U I N
D O M E L E N T

No. 3.

T ON
HUSKS
VACANCY
T ON I C
ANT
A

No. 4.

Everlasting. Water-melon. Fox-glove.

To solve the Geographical Puzzle, published on page 704 of No. 96, substitute the following names in the order given for the portions inclosed within brackets: Snake, Gardiner, Dexter, Fairweather, Bowling Green, Lacrosse, Highgate, Start, Wheeling, Banks, Catastrophe, Clew, Lonely, Black, Snake, Yellow, Gardiner, Little Rock, Snake, False, Flinders, Eureka, Charlotte, Encounter, Save, Clear, Peace, Race, Spires, Reunion, Farewell, Gardiner, Flattery.

[Pg 720]

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

THROWING LIGHT: WHAT AM I?

BY C. E. M.

I belong to the animal kingdom, yet am made of both wood and metal. In winter I make my home near a lake or swamp in some warm country, but in summer-time I occasionally take a flying trip to the North. I can not live in a cold climate, yet that is the only one in which I am of use.

I have only one arm, with which I can easily lift weights far too heavy for a man to bear; and although incapable of living without motion, I may remain suspended in air, and motionless, for years, without injury.

I am especially useful in foundries or upon piers, yet if found in either of these places I should inevitably be hunted to death.

My favorite diet is small fish and eels, although I have no powers of digestion, and have never been known to eat even one mouthful.

I belong to no royal line, yet am a crowned head. I utter loud, shrill cries, although I am mute. Though surrounded by fire, I am not consumed.

I am much admired for my beauty of form and color. Poets have sung my praises, and I am extensively used in decorative art, yet I doubt if there ever existed a form more plain and ungainly than mine.

Though innocent of crime, I have been hung; and indeed I can not be said to have accomplished my mission in life until this has been done to me.

I am considered fair sport for hunters, and in olden times pursuit of me was a favorite

amusement among the nobility. No one has ever thought of employing me as a police agent, yet once, long ages ago, I indirectly denounced and brought to judgment the murderers of a wealthy merchant of world-wide reputation.

The works produced in my name have gladdened the hearts and delighted the eyes of many children, and grown people as well, both in this country and in foreign lands.

The Raccoon.—The home of the raccoon is generally in a hollow tree; the young are brought forth in May, and are from four to six in number.

In captivity this animal makes a very cunning and interesting pet, being easily tamed to follow his master, and when dainties are in view, becomes a most adroit pickpocket. His food is extensive in variety, thus making it quite an easy matter to keep the creature in confinement. He eagerly devours nuts and fruits of all kinds, as well as bread, cake, and potatoes. He manifests no hesitation at a meal of rabbit, rat, squirrel, or bird, and rather likes it for a change, and when he can partake of a dessert of honey or molasses, his enjoyment knows no bounds.

In cold climates the raccoon lies dormant in the winter, only venturing out on occasional mild days; but in the Southern States he is active throughout the year, prowling about by day and by night in search of his food, inserting his little sharp nose into every corner, and feeling with his slender paws between stones for spiders and bugs of all kinds. He spies the innocent frog with his head just out of the water, and pouncing upon him, he dispatches him without a moment's warning. There seems to be no limit to his rapacity, for he is always eating and always hungry. The print of the raccoon's paw in the mud or snow is easily recognized, much resembling the impression made by the foot of a babe.

The best season for trapping the raccoon is late in the fall, winter, and early spring, or in and between the months of October and April. During this time the pelts are in excellent condition. Early in the spring, when the snow is disappearing, the raccoons come out of their hiding-places to start on their foraging tours, and at this time are particularly susceptible to a tempting bait, and they may be successfully trapped in the following manner:

Take a steel-trap and set it on the edge of some pool or stream which the raccoons are known to frequent; let it be an inch or so under the water, and carefully chained to a clog. The bait may consist of a fish, frog, or head of a fowl, scented with oil of anise, and suspended over the trap, about two feet higher, by the aid of a sapling secured in the ground. The object of this is to induce the animal to jump for it, when he will land with his foot in the trap.—From *Camp Life in the Woods*. Harper & Brothers.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

"Say, Billy, how would you like to be left alone wid dat wagon for twenty minutes?"

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