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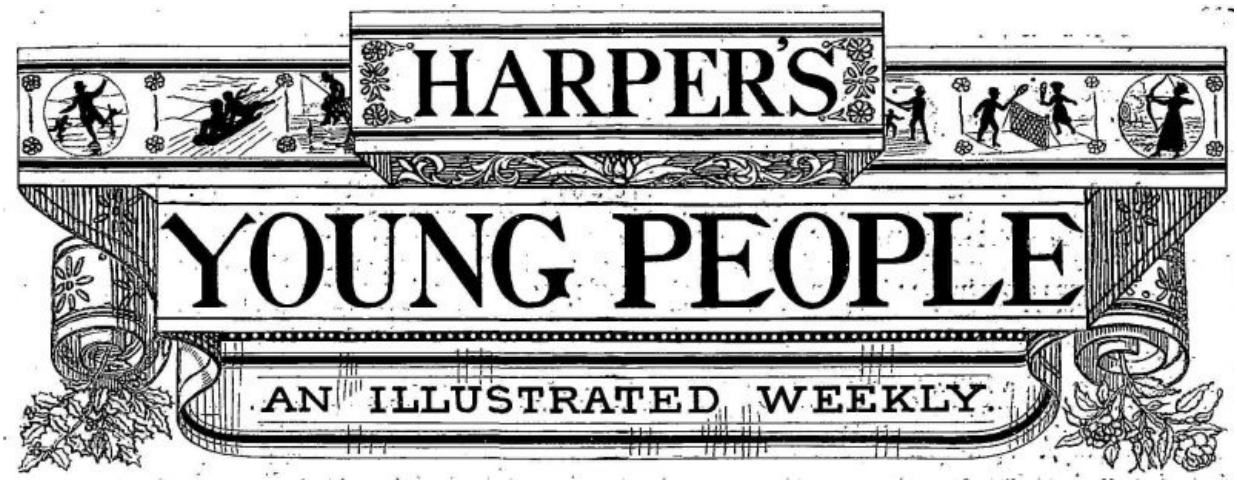

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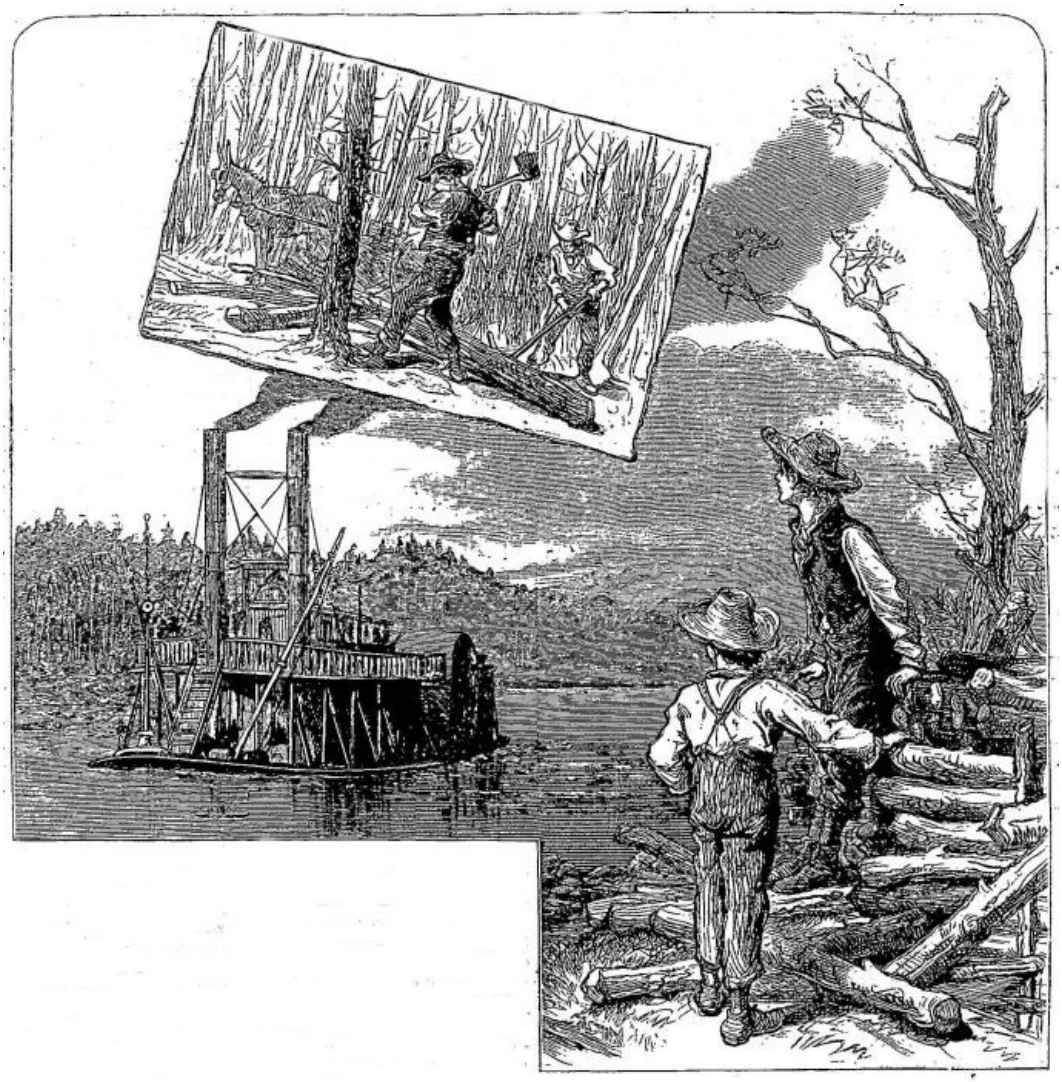


ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

A TWO-HEADED FAMILY.

A TRUE STORY OF WHAT TWO BOYS DID.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

Everybody talked, of course, when it was known that Bob Towne had run away, and had taken his brother Ned with him, and everybody said it was a shame. By everybody I mean all the people in the little Mississippi town in which Bob's mother lived. They did not know why Bob had run away, and they did not know where he had gone; but they talked about it all the same. They said it was [Pg 722] a shame for him to leave his widowed mother, and worse still to take his little brother with him, though not one of them could have suggested any possible way in which Bob could have helped his mother by staying. Bob was "curious," however, and people never think well of persons whom they do not understand. Bob was fond of books, for one thing, and because he read a great deal, and did not "sit around" in the village, they said he was morose; and so when the news spread that Bob had gone away in the night, and had taken his brother with him, everybody said, "I told you so," in a tone which indicated that that was the very worst thing they could say.

Bob's mother had a letter, however, which convinced her that her boy was not heartless at any rate. She said nothing about this letter—found in Bob's room—but she read it over and over again, and cried over it, and even kissed it sometimes in secret. The letter was brief and simple. It said:

> "My dear Mother,—Please don't feel badly at my going away: it is my duty. When I found, after father's death, that the estate was worth so little, and that you had almost nothing except the house you live in, I made up my mind that I must be the head of the family, although I am only fourteen years old. After a good deal of thinking, I have hit upon a plan to make some money, I think, and as Ned wants to join me, I'm going to take him with me. Neither of us can earn anything here, but I believe we can where we're going. At least you won't have us to feed. We shall work for you and for our little sisters, and if we make anything, it will all be yours. If we don't, we will at least have tried. When we succeed we'll let you know where we are. We hate to go away without kissing you and little Kate and Mary and Susie, but we must, else you will never let us go. Good-by, and God bless you, mother!"

That was all the trace Bob and Ned left behind them, and nobody could guess where they had gone.

Two days after their disappearance the boys presented themselves to a gentleman who had been a friend of their father, living fifty miles away, and after exacting from him a pledge of secrecy, Bob introduced his business.

"You said last year at our house that you would let any man who chose to get up your swamp land use it for ten years, or something of that sort."

"Yes, I said this: I have ten thousand acres on the Tallahatchee; part of it was under cultivation before the war, but it has grown up in cane so that it is worth almost nothing now to sell, and I haven't the capital nor the energy at my time of life to get it up again. It is superb land, capable of yielding three bales of cotton to the acre, and if it was under cultivation again it would sell for fifty dollars an acre. What I proposed was to let young Bowling go there and get up as much as he pleased of it, cut and sell all the wood he chose, use the land rent free for ten years, and at the end of that time receive from me a bonus of five dollars an acre for all the land brought under cultivation. But what of it? Bowling didn't accept the offer."

Bob explained his own purpose to accept it in a small way, going into the swamp country, and making what money he could with his own hands, for his friend knew he had no capital.

"But, my dear boy," said the gentleman, "a white man can't work in the swamp, and you have no money to hire negroes with."

"Did any white man ever try it?" asked Bob.

"Not that I ever heard of."

"Besides," said Bob, "we're not white men; we're only white boys, and we won't be very white either, after we've been at work a few months."

After a good deal of explanation and discussion, Major Singer consented to let the boys try their plan, though he had no confidence in it.

"I'll do this," he said. "You may go into the swamp, cut and sell all the wood you can to steamboats when they come up, and cultivate all the land you choose to grub, without any charge for rent. I'll give you a mule and a cart, and enough bacon and meal to last you for a month or two. By that time you'll be tired of the experiment, and you can return the mule and cart on your way home."

Bob asked for the privilege of paying for the mule and cart out of the proceeds of his first crop, and, laughing, the Major consented, naming one hundred dollars as the price.

Five days later the boys ate their supper of bacon and ash-cake on a log on the banks of the Tallahatchee River. It was a lonely, desolate swamp region, and the log on which they sat was twelve miles distant from the nearest human habitation. They were a trifle lonely there in the wild woods, but they had a camp fire and courage, and those go a long way.

The next day they set to work and built a hut to live in, with a rude bunk for a bed. Then Bob "prospected." Much of the land about them had once been cultivated, and there were no trees of any considerable size upon the parts which had been fields; but the growth of cane and brush-wood was appalling.

"Never mind," said Bob. "It is only September now, and we'll get a few acres cleared by spring. Our first work must be to cut a big pile of wood to sell to the steamboats when they come up; if we don't, we can't buy ploughs or food for our farming operations."

"When will the boats come?" asked Ned.

"Late in the fall or in the winter, whenever the river gets high enough. It isn't navigable now, but when it rises, the steamboats come up to get loads of cotton."

With brave hearts the boys set to work chopping and hauling cord-wood. They made very little progress the first day, but after they had practiced for a few days they became more expert, and at the end of a week they found by measurement that they could together cut and haul about a cord each day. One grown man would have accomplished more than this; but the boys were satisfied. They had brought a grindstone and some iron wedges with them, and there was no reason to doubt that they could maintain their average of a cord a day. The mule kept in good condition on swamp grass and young cane.

Bob laid out, next the river, the little field which he hoped to get ready for cultivation, and before attacking the timber land he took care to cut into cord-wood all the trees in that little patch which were big enough for the purpose. Then the young pioneers went into the woodlands a little further up stream, and there made rather better progress. The fall was unusually dry. No rain fell, and the river got steadily lower. Meantime the wood-pile had grown by the last of November to more than sixty cords—enough to pay the boys well for their work whenever the steamboats should come. But when could they come? This question was giving Bob a good deal of uneasiness, because his bacon and meal were running low, and he had spent all the money he had for the axes and other implements. If the river should not rise before the meat gave out, what should he do? Bob did not know, and the fact troubled him.

In one way the dry season served him well. It parched the swamp, and one morning, Ned, who had shrewdly observed this, went out and applied a torch to the dried-up grass and leaves. The fire swept fiercely over the projected field, and when it had burned out, a good deal more than

half the work of clearing that field for cultivation was done. But this did not help the boys to live through the winter, and that was a perplexity. If they could not manage it, all their work would be thrown away; and Bob passed many anxious hours thinking and planning, but with no other result than to make him sleepless. [Pg 723]

Still it did not rain, but one morning Ned came in from observing his water-marks, and reported that the river had risen about three inches during the night. This puzzled Bob, and he carefully watched the water. At noon it had risen two inches more. During the night it rose fully a foot. Then Bob began to suspect the truth.

"I have it, Ned," he said.

"Well, how is it? Where does the water come from?"

"From the Mississippi River. That river is high from rains in the north, and it has broken through one of the passes into the Tallahatchee. We'll have steamboats here yet."

"Well, I hope they'll come soon," said Ned. "I've fried our last slice of bacon, and we have only a few pounds of meal left."

"We can eat the mule," said Bob, "rather than starve; but we'll wait on short rations and hope."

There had been a great crop of cotton grown on the Tallahatchee that year, and the dry fall had enabled the planters to pick it more thoroughly than usual. Knowing this, the owners of steamboats at Vicksburg were watching the reports of the water in the Yazoo and Tallahatchee as eagerly as Ned and Bob were watching the water itself, each anxious that his boat should be the first to go up the river.

On the 12th of December Ned cooked the last of the meal. The boys went to bed that night out of food. The next morning they had no breakfast, and had begun to think of killing the mule, or making a journey to the nearest plantation, when about noon a boat appeared. She blew her whistle, and stopped her engines.

"What do you ask for your wood?" shouted the Captain.

"Three and a half," answered Bob.

"Give you three and a quarter, and take all you've got," said the Captain.

"Will you throw in a decent dinner?" asked Bob.

"Yes."

And with that the boat made her landing, and the wood, sixty-three cords, was measured. Then the boys went on board to dinner. There they learned that in consequence of the prolonged dry season all the people along the river had been too busy picking cotton to cut any wood, and hence the boat had been obliged to send her own men ashore twice to chop wood for her engines. Knowing that other boats were coming, the Captain of this one had made haste to buy all of Bob's wood, meaning to take a part of it at once, and the rest on his way down the river. He had driven a sharp bargain, under the circumstances, but Bob was well satisfied when he received $204.75 for the pile. His first care was to buy of the Captain a good supply of provisions; his next to write a letter to his mother, inclosing a fifty-dollar bill, and, without telling her where he was, giving her news of his own and Ned's health, and promising to write again at the next opportunity. This letter the Captain took to post at Vicksburg.

The mule was saved, and the problem which Bob and Ned had set out to solve was in a fair way to be worked out. They had money enough now to buy necessary ploughs, etc., which they ordered from Vicksburg by the next trip of the boat, and some cash to spare for emergencies. They went to work with a will at their clearing, and before spring opened they had a field prepared which was two hundred yards long and one hundred and fifty yards wide. Its area was therefore somewhat greater than six acres, and it was land of the very richest sort. Bob made a journey to the nearest plantation, and brought back a cart-load of cotton seed, together with the seeds of a variety of vegetables, for which beds were made around the hut.

The summer's work was very hard and very hot. The rich land produced weeds as well as cotton, and Ned remarked that "weeds never go to picnics or take Saturday afternoons off."

In this the boys imitated the weeds, working early and late in their crop, barely giving themselves time to hoe out their kitchen-garden occasionally. They had distinctly overcropped themselves, but that was better than the opposite mistake. In August the bolls began to open, and the boys to pick cotton. It was not long before they discovered that they had grown more cotton than they could pick, and that they must either have help or lose a part of their crop. So one day Ned mounted the mule, and rode across the Yalabusha River, and out of the swamp into the poor hill country. There the scanty crops were easily picked, and as he was able to offer money wages, he easily secured some half-grown negro boys as pickers. Their wages amounted to comparatively little, and their help secured the whole of the boys' crop.

Bob had no gin or cotton-press, but there were both on the plantation twelve miles down the river; and when the picking was over, the boys built a raft, and loading their whole crop of cotton on it, floated it down to this neighbor's gin.

They had not made the three bales per acre which the land was said to be capable of producing under good cultivation, but they had made twelve bales, worth—at the high price which cotton at that time commanded—somewhat more than one thousand dollars.

Bob and Ned now closed their hut, turned the mule out to browse, and took passage for

Vicksburg on the boat that carried their cotton.

One morning the rumor ran through their native village that "Bob and Ned Towne had come home, ragged, and looking like tramps."

But there was one woman and there were three little girls in that town in whose eyes Bob and Ned looked like anything but tramps. Their clothes were worn, indeed, but they were hugged and kissed by their mother and sisters just as heartily as if they had been the best-dressed youths in the village.

"Now you'll stay at home, won't you, you naughty runaway boys?" said their proud and happy mother when they had fully recounted their fifteen months' experiences. "I want my boys."

"We can't, mother," said Bob. "We're the two heads of this family, you know. I'm one head, and Ned has fairly earned the right to be the other; and we've got property interests now. We stopped at Major Singer's on the way home, and have made a new bargain with him. We've bought a plantation."

Then Bob explained that the Major had agreed that they should mark off a tract of four hundred acres where their hut stood, and take it at five dollars an acre—quite all that it would sell for then, because of the difficulty of getting labor for clearing land. They were to have their own time in which to pay for the tract, but they meant to work the debt off within a year or two by hiring one or two hands for their crop, and thus increasing their force and their earnings.

"So you see, mother," said Bob, "we've got to go back to our plantation."

"Very well," she replied; "and we are going with you. The family mustn't be separated from its heads, and I want my boys, and I think my boys want me too when they are lonely down there in the swamp."

"Indeed we do," exclaimed both boys. "Hurrah for mother!"

Three years later, as I happen to know, the last dollar of debt on the plantation was paid. The boys have built a good house there, which their mother has made a home for them. They have now, after a dozen years' work, a gin-house, a cotton-press, twelve mules, a good many cows, and Bob has a baby of his own, having found a wife on one of his business trips. [Pg 724]

The people of his native village, when they heard that he had actually bought the plantation, said again that "Bob Towne *always was* a curious boy."

THE COUNT OF CORFU.

Prince George of Greece, the second son of King George I. and his wife Olga, is known as the Count of Corfu. He was born at Athens August 2, 1868. His father is only thirty-six years old, is the son of the King of Denmark, the smallest of the European kingdoms, but very intelligent and interesting. Hamlet wandered on its shores—Shakspeare's famous character. Poets and sculptors have made Denmark renowned. Prince George's mother is Olga, a cousin of the Emperor of Russia. She is about thirty. The young King and his wife live in a fine palace at Athens, and have two other children. The government of Greece is a limited monarchy. Athens, the capital, was once the most famous and beautiful of all the ancient cities. Even now its ruins are finer than any other remains of past ages. It was once the home of all the chief writers, painters, and sculptors of the world. The young Prince George has been educated in the same scenes where Socrates and Plato taught, and the Greek King and his fair wife and children would seem to be happy in their pleasant capital.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

One danger alarms them. War is threatened between Greece and Turkey. The Greeks have gathered an army of seventy thousand men at Athens to take possession of the part of Epirus and Thessaly given them under the Berlin Treaty. They are resolved to march to the frontier and defend their countrymen. It is feared that the Turks will resist their claims, and war must yet break out. The Greeks can defend themselves by land, but on the sea the Turks have a powerful fleet that may ravage all the coasts of Greece. The Turks are savage and brutal. They may attack Athens, and batter down its palace and its ruins. But it is hoped that the war may be averted, and King George and his young family live in peace among his people.

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

On, where did it come from, I wonder?
  There wasn't a cloud in the sky,
And the first thing I heard was the thunder,
  The first thing I did was to cry.

There goes a bright flash! there's another!
  I was never caught this way before.
I wish I was home with my mother,
  And out of this terrible pour.

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

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

TIP'S HURRIED LANDING.

Tim went below, where Bobby was waiting for him, and the sight of his tear-filled eyes, and face red with the marks of the whipping, told the young gentleman from Minchin's Island that there were very many positions in the world more pleasant than that of Captain's boy on board the *Pride of the Wave*.

"What is the matter, Tim?" he asked, in a half-whisper.

"Nothin'," was the sobbing reply; and then the boy ran to the only living thing he knew that would sympathize with him in his grief.

Bobby stood back in astonishment as he saw Tim lie down by the side of that wonderful hunting dog, and, pouring out his grief in indistinct words, sob and cry in deepest distress.

"What *is* the matter, Tim? Don't cry so, but tell me what ails you."

It was some time before Tim would speak; but when once he did open his heart to his newly made friend, he told the entire story from the time he ran away from Captain Babbige's house up to this last whipping he had received. When he had concluded, he said, in the most sorrowful tone, "I jest wish I was dead, Bobby; for there don't seem to be anybody in all this great big world who wants to have me 'round, 'less it is to lick me when they ain't got nothin' else to do." [Pg 725]

"I wouldn't stand it, Tim: that's what I wouldn't do," said Bobby, indignantly. "I'd jest leave this old boat the very first time she stops."

But Tim had more wisdom now than he had the day he ran away from Captain Babbige, and he said, mournfully: "Where could I go if I did run away again? Nobody wants me an' Tip, an' we've got to have somethin' to eat."

This way of putting the matter rather confused Bobby; he had never known what it was to be without a home, and Tim's lonely position in the world opened his eyes to a new phase of life.

"I'll tell you what you can do; you can come to my house, an' stay jest as long as you want to."

Tim shook his head; he remembered the invitation given by Sam Simpson, and how it had been seconded by his parents, and he did not care for more of the same experience.

"But you can't stay here, an' let Captain Pratt knock you 'round."

Tim assented to this; but still he did not see how he could prevent it, unless he was willing to risk suffering in another form.

"I s'pose I'll have to go up stairs an' show the Captain that I ain't in bed," he said, as a shudder of seasickness came over him again. "It must be as much as ten minutes since I was there."

"I wouldn't go," said Bobby, stoutly; "I wouldn't let him think I was afraid of him."

"But I am afraid of him, an' so would you be if he was to beat you once the way he has me;" and then he started for the deck again.

This time he did not attempt to enter the wheel-house, but stood by the rail outside, where the Captain could see him, and leaned over the side until it seemed to him that everything he had eaten for the past month was thrown to the fishes.

It was impossible for him to have waited on the Captain at the table that day, even if he had been called upon so to do; but Mr. Rankin had told him that he need not come into the cabin until he had recovered, and he was truly thankful for that permission to remain away.

The steamer had sailed at eleven o'clock in the fore-noon, and by two o'clock Tim was so sick that the very worst punishment Captain Pratt could have devised would not have troubled him in the least.

The vessel tossed and plunged as if she were bent on going to the bottom of the sea at the first opportunity, and Tim, in his berth, with the faithful Bobby at his side trying to cheer and comfort him, felt that he would not raise his hand to help himself even though he knew the *Pride of the Wave* was foundering.

During the remainder of that day, and all the night, Tim lay in his berth wondering why it was he did not die, since he was so sick, and expecting each moment that the steamer would go to the bottom. He almost forgot Tip, save once or twice when he asked Bobby to see whether the dog was feeling as badly as he was, and when he was told that Tip was apparently enjoying very good health, he felt a sense of injury because his pet did not share his sickness with him.

When Tim awakened on the following morning—for he did get some sleep that night—the steamer was yet pitching around wildly as though she was mad, but he had recovered from his sickness, and felt weak and hungry. He looked as pale as though he had been confined to his bed for a week, and he imagined that he was so thin the sun would shine right through him; but in this he was mistaken.

Of course his first visit was to Tip, and after he had petted him to his heart's content, given him a hearty breakfast—thanks to old Mose's generosity—he went below to report to Mr. Rankin for duty.

There was plenty of work to be done, and now that he had paid his "tribute to the sea," the steward showed that while he could be kind when there was reason for it, he also believed in making boys useful.

During the morning he had not once caught a glimpse of his friend Bobby Tucker, nor, indeed, had he had time to look for him. He had asked old Mose where Minchin's Island was, and when the steamer would arrive there; but although Mose could give him very little geographical information, he knew certainly that the *Pride of the Wave* was due at the island about noon.

Tim was impatient to get through with his work, so that he could talk with Bobby a few moments, and when Mr. Rankin told him that he was at liberty until dinner-time, he went at once to Tip's narrow quarters, believing he would find the boy from Minchin's Island there.

Nor was he mistaken, for there was Bobby examining the dog very carefully, measuring his legs and the stump of his tail, in order that he might give accurate information regarding him to his friends at home. [Pg 726]

Although the boys were very glad to see each other, the meeting was not a particularly affectionate one.

"Hello, Bob," cried Tim; and Bobby answered,

"Hello, Tim."

"What are you doin' to Tip?"

"I was only kinder lookin' him over, to see if he was all right for the bears when he an' you come down to see me."

"Oh, he can take care of the bears fast enough, but I'm afraid he won't get down to your house."

"Oh yes, he will," was the confident reply. "The very next time the *Pride* comes to the island I'm goin' to get father to make the Captain let you come ashore, an' father's one of the selectmen, so I guess Captain Pratt can't help hisself."

The idea that Bobby's father was one of the town officials appeared to put the matter in a different light, and Tim began to have great hopes that the visit might really be made.

Then the chance of catching a bear, or of getting near enough for Tip to catch one, was discussed. Tip was unfastened in order that all his beautiful proportions might be seen more distinctly, and the boys grew so excited over the subject that they forgot the flight of time, until the steamer's whistle aroused them from thoughts of bear-killing.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Bobby, "here we've got home, an' I'd forgotten we was so near."

"Was it Minchin's Island the boat was whistlin' for?"

"Yes. That's the first place she stops at after she leaves the city. Come quick, so's we can get my valise out of the kitchen."

Bobby's valise with its precious contents was still in the care of Mose, its owner not having looked after it more than once each hour, and now he was very uneasy lest he should not be able to get it in time.

Tim was so excited by his companion's fears that he fastened Tip as quickly as possible, not noticing in his haste that the knot was only half tied, and could easily be unloosened.

The valise, with apparently as much in it as when it was intrusted to the old darky's care, was soon in Bobby's possession, and the two boys went on the upper deck, from which the landing was to be made.

Here, standing by the rail, Bobby pointed out the various objects of interest on the island, not forgetting the woods in which he was positive Tip would one day roam in search of the ferocious bear.

Captain Pratt was standing near them, but he was so much engaged in giving orders for the proper landing of the boat that he did not notice his cabin-boy, who was breaking one of the rules of the steamer by loitering on that deck.

The boat was still quite a distance from the shore, and Bobby was pointing out his father's house, when they heard a furious barking, and before they could turn, Tip was jumping up around them. He had found no difficulty in escaping from the half-tied rope, and after that was done it was an easy matter for him to find his young master.

Captain Pratt had heard Tip's joyful greeting also, and as he turned to see the cause of it, the dog, who was in such high spirits at having escaped from his imprisonment that he was ready to show his good-will for every one, left the boys, and fawned upon the Captain as if he was his best friend. Captain Pratt showed very little consideration for the dog, even while he thought he belonged to one of the passengers, and gave him such a kick as sent him half the length of the deck, changing his note of joy to loud yelps of pain.

The place in which Tip had been confined was anything but a clean one, and as a natural consequence, when he jumped upon the Captain, he left the muddy imprints of his paws on the clean blue clothes in which the commander of the *Pride of the Wave* had that day arrayed himself.

"Whose dog is that?" roared the Captain, as he surveyed the damage done.

"He's mine," answered Tim, who, at the first blow struck his pet, had jumped toward the poor brute, and taken him to his bosom to soothe him.

CAPTAIN PRATT THROWS TIP

Then it was that the Captain first saw his cabin-boy on the forbidden ground of the upper deck, and it is positive that if he had had the time just then he would have given him a painful intimation of the mistake he had made. As it was, he walked up to Tim quickly, seized poor Tip by the neck, and flung him as far as possible into the water.

"Now you go below," he said, in a low, angry tone, to Tim, "and after we make this landing I'll settle with you."

Tim paid no more attention to the Captain's words than if they had been uttered by a boy smaller than himself, but rushed frantically to the rail as if he was about to jump after his pet.

The steamer was already so near the wharf that Captain Pratt had no time to see if his order was obeyed, but was obliged to give all his attention to the management of the boat.

It was fortunate for Tip that the Captain was very angry when he threw him into the water, since he, using all his strength, had tossed him so far from the steamer's side that he was in no danger of being

drawn under the wheel, as would have been the case had less vigor been used in the cruel deed.

Tip acted like a very sensible dog under the circumstances; he held his head up and struck out boldly for the shore, urged on by a crowd of boys on the wharf.

Tim was almost frantic with grief, believing his pet was perishing before his eyes, and he powerless to save him. It is quite possible that he would have obeyed his first impulse and leaped into the water to try to save Tip, if a passenger had not taken a firm hold of him.

"It's a wicked shame. I'd jest like to take that Captain an' do to him jest as he has done to Tip, an' he such a nice bear dog too," said Bobby, who stood by Tim's side watching Tip's battle for life.

"Do you s'pose he'll drown?" asked Tim, the great tear-drops rolling down his cheeks.

"I dunno," was the cautious reply. "It seems to me his legs is rather short for swimmin' very far, an' then, you see, he ain't got any tail to steer hisself by."

Tim was just giving way to a fresh outburst of grief at these words, which seemed to sound Tip's death-knell, when a gentleman said:

"There isn't the slightest danger of his drowning. It will take him some time to reach the shore, for he's not swimming directly toward it; but he'll come out all right, and it won't do him the least harm."

"An' jest as soon as I get ashore I'll run 'round an' call him in, an' bring him to you," said Bobby, anxious to do something toward saving the life of an animal as valuable as he believed Tip to be.

The dog was yet some distance from the shore when the boat was made fast to the wharf, and Bobby rushed on shore, going toward the point where Tip must land, wholly regardless of his parents, who were waiting to greet him.

Tim started to follow him, bent only on saving his pet, and forgetting that there was such a person in the world as Captain Pratt, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRIENDS IN NEED.

[Pg 727]

This is another "once upon a time" story, only that it was not such a very long time ago that old Grandma Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and three little Sparrow children lived on Bird Alley, only three doors away from Mr. Jack Rabbit's house.

When the Sparrow family first moved into Bird Alley the weather was warm, and Mr. Sparrow had not the slightest difficulty in doing his marketing, for food was plenty in the streets, and he knew of as many as a hundred cozy places where water could be found.

So all the summer long this family had three good meals each day simply by going a short distance for them, and when it was very stormy some of the children brought grandma's dinner to her, which showed that they loved the old lady very dearly.

They were as industrious a family as ever lived in that alley, the children doing exactly what their parents desired without ever once crying to go out and play marbles, or to have a new doll, and they always minded their own business, instead of idling around to see what the neighbors were doing.

They knew that just around the corner the Rabbits lived, for several times, when they had been out for food, the Sparrows had seen them at the window, but the two families had never visited each other. Perhaps they were not acquainted, because Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Sparrow had never been introduced, or perhaps politics had something to do with it; at all events, they were not acquaintances, and paid very little attention to each other during the entire summer.

But one morning they awakened very early shivering with the cold, grandmother shaking worse than all. The children were very much surprised, for they had never had any experience with cold weather; but the old folks looked worried, and Mr. Sparrow, without even stopping to read the morning paper, said to his wife:

"I shall have to go out and see if any crumbs have been left for us. You take care of grandmother, and keep the children in the house until I come back."

The baby—for one of the children was so much smaller than the others that they always called her the baby, even though she was only two days younger than the oldest—cried to go out, and was so naughty that grandma had to explain to her what the winter was.

She told her that Mr. Frost came each year on a visit, and locked everything up in ice and snow that he could get hold of, which made it very bad for Sparrows, unless some kind people left bread-crumbs where hungry birds could get them.

The baby was not exactly satisfied with the explanation, because she could not understand how it was that food should be so scarce then, when it had been so plenty the day before; but she was naturally a good little sparrow, and therefore did not grumble at being obliged to remain in the house, even if she could not understand what her grandmother told her.

It was late, and every one was very hungry, when Mr. Sparrow came back. From the look on his face it was easy to see he had not been successful; and after he had warmed his nose and his toes, he told them of the long journey he had taken without finding a single chance for them to get breakfast. Everything out-doors was frozen solid, and it seemed as if the frost had found its way into the hearts of the people at the same time, for not a crumb was to be seen anywhere.

Of course he knew that they must have something to eat, and he said to his wife, much as if he was sorry at being obliged to come to such a decision:

"Every bird in the alley is in the same plight we are, and I don't believe any one of them has food enough in the house for a decent-sized lunch. If it wasn't for grandmother and the children we could go hungry for one day; but they must have something, and I have decided that I will go over to Mr. Jack Rabbit's, and tell him just how we are situated. He always has plenty of oats and barley in the house, and never would miss the little we should eat."

Mrs. Sparrow did not like the idea of begging for a breakfast, and she proposed that they should offer to pay for it by giving the Rabbit family a concert—a plan of which Mr. Sparrow thought very highly.

It did not take them long to dress, for each one had his winter coat on, and in a few moments after they were all sitting on a trough in front of Mr. Rabbit's house.

Grandmother was still so lame that she could hardly sit up straight, and the two older children felt so bashful at having all the young Rabbits looking them straight in the face, that they got over at one end of the trough where they could not be seen so plainly. But the baby sat up between her mother and father as pert as possible, all ready to join in the chorus as soon as the concert should begin.

Old Mrs. Rabbit was so surprised at the sudden appearance of visitors when her house was not fully in order, that she stuck her head out between the bars as if she wanted to smell of them to make sure they were alive, and the children crowded so rudely that Mr. Rabbit was obliged to look over his wife's head in order to see his guests.

Mr. Sparrow began the conversation by saying that he was sorry at thus intruding on strangers, and then told of the condition of affairs in his household, concluding his story by saying that nothing save absolute hunger would have induced him to ask such a favor as that of something to eat.

Then the baby spoke up, and would have told just how hungry she was, but that her mother stepped on her toes to remind her that it was much better for little folks to be seen than heard.

Mr. Rabbit stroked his whiskers sagely while Mr. Sparrow was speaking, and after the baby was hushed, he said, kindly:

"I'm very sorry for you, neighbor, very sorry, and I will take especial pains to have grain enough for your wants pushed out through the cracks of our dining-room when we have our meals. I have always thought that you Sparrows were not treated exactly as you deserved. In the summer the children watch your funny ways, and think you're very nice, while some, I am sorry to say, even steal the eggs from your nest. But when winter comes, they seem to think it too much trouble even to throw out a piece of bread where you can get it when the ground is covered with snow. I shall speak about that same thing to certain parties I know, and next winter I hope it will not happen."

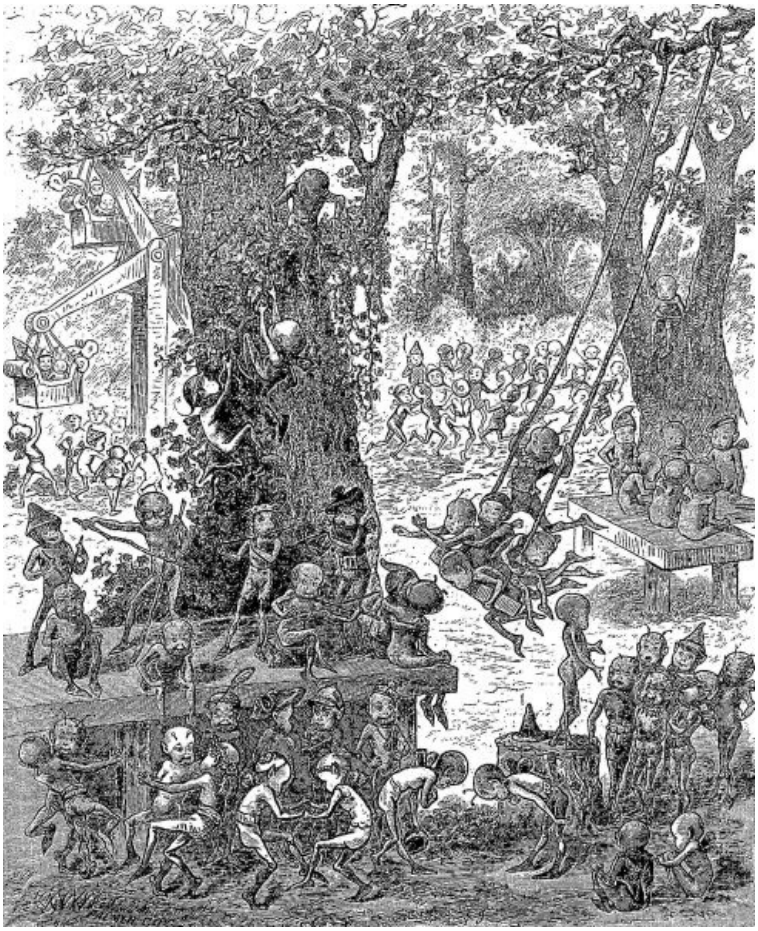
Then Mrs. Rabbit apologized because she had no napkins to give her guests, but Mrs. Sparrow begged of her not to feel badly about that, since they were all so hungry that they would not even stop for plates or forks, and in a few moments the Sparrow family had eaten all they needed.

Mr. Sparrow, anxious to repay his neighbors for their kindness, started a song, and all joined in the chorus, while the Rabbit family clapped their paws until it was repeated over and over again.

These two families became firm friends after that first call, and during all of last winter the Sparrows ate at the Rabbits' table; but Mr. Rabbit says that when the cold weather comes this year he firmly believes his friend the Editor of YOUNG PEOPLE will do all in his power to induce his young acquaintances to see that their bird friends, who have done so much for their amusement during the summer, are provided with a liberal supply of crumbs during the cold winter months.

THE SPARROW FAMILY VISIT THE RABBIT FAMILY.

[Pg 729]



ELVES IN THE PICNIC GROVE.

LAVINIA'S LAWN PARTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Lavinia Dean!"

"Well, what?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"What for? What am I doing, I'd like to know?" and Lavinia looked out from between the hands that framed her face with an expression of anger, annoyance, and surprise.

Gussie Turner laughed, took off her hat, brushed up her bangs—for it was a warm afternoon—and sat down on the porch beside Vinnie Dean, imitating her very attitude. Lavinia frowned, for she disliked being made fun of; but Gussie was such a jolly girl that it was impossible for any one to be provoked at her for any length of time.

"What's the matter?" asked Gussie. "Why do you sit like a squaw, with your elbows on your knees, and your chin on your hands? Is there trouble on the war-path?"

"No," was the snappish response.

"My!" exclaimed Gussie. "I had no idea you could be so savage. May I inquire to which tribe you belong?" [Pg 730]

"I don't belong to any tribe. Do stop your nonsense."

"Don't belong to any tribe? Then why have you put on the war-paint and feathers? Ah, I have it! Eureka! Alabama! The white man has entered your camp and stolen your humpty-dumpty little pappoose. Come, let us prepare for revenge;" and Gussie slipped her arm tenderly round Vinnie's waist. "I ain't much of a fighter myself, but I have a brother who thinks he is equal to a whole tribe of Indians, and if there are any scalps to be taken, we'll send for Tad Turner."

Vinnie found it impossible to resist Gussie Turner; and although she still maintained her humped-up position, her face gave token that the war cloud was almost if not quite dispelled.

"It's about my birthday," said Vinnie.

"What? Wish you'd never been born?" inquired Gussie, with a comically anxious expression. "Dear me!"

"No," said Vinnie, clasping her knees with her hands, "not so bad as that; but I do wish I had been born in the winter."

"Why?" asked Gussie, fanning herself with her hat.

"Well, because I might have had a party then, and music and ice-cream and all the nice things that other girls have. I think it mean to be born in the summer, when it's too hot to do anything, and lots of folks are away."

"Except mosquitoes," said Gussie, striking Vinnie a blow on the shoulder that would have killed a mosquito as large as a grasshopper. It had the effect of rousing Vinnie from her attack of the doldrums; and although she was rather inclined to be angry and resentful, she was soon restored to a more peaceful frame of mind.

"It was a mosquito, really," said Gussie; "but I didn't mean to hit him so hard."

"Hit *him*?" said Vinnie, rubbing her shoulder. "Hit *her*, I should say."

"Yes, the females do all the biting," said Gussie, "and that's all I know about them. My birthday is in December," she continued, as if there had been no interruption in the discourse.

"Oh, that's nice!" exclaimed Vinnie.

"No, it isn't," said Gussie. "It isn't nice at all to be born on the 23d of December, for then it's so near Christmas that nobody takes any notice of it."

"But you could have a party."

"We don't have parties at our house, you know," said Gussie, with a change of tone which reminded Vinnie that Mrs. Turner was a nervous invalid, and had to be kept quiet and as free as possible from every annoyance.

Gussie Turner when out-of-doors was an entirely different creature from what she was when in the house, and those who called her a "tomboy" and "hoyden" should have seen her when officiating as head nurse at her mother's bedside. She had a great flow of animal spirits, and was naturally the leader in all out-door sports, which kept her from being cross and cranky. Besides, she had a taste for reading, and was as interested in her brother Tad's adventures as any girl could expect to be, and went fishing or boating with him whenever she could get a chance.

Tad said she was "as good as a boy," which was a very great compliment, I can tell you, and Gussie was better skilled in boys' sports than she was in girls', because she had no sisters to play with. Parties she had no fondness for; they were stupid affairs at best, and she never had been to one that she did not feel as if all her clothes were made of whalebone.

"I'd like a lawn party," she said to Vinnie. "They must be nice."

"What are they like?"

"Oh, I don't know! There's never been one here," said Gussie, "but I've read about them. They're all out-doors. Splendid for summer."

"I should think so," said Vinnie. "But—"

"Well, as Tad would say, what have you butted against now?"

"The lawn. We haven't any;" and Vinnie looked as if she were nearly related to White Cloud or Sitting Bull.

"No," said Gussie, eying the small patch of grass in front of the house almost concealed by the tall shrubbery. "It's too bad. But—"

"Now you've butted against something," exclaimed Vinnie, catching the infection of Gussie's merriment.

"No, I haven't," was the reply. "I've butted over the fence, and have the bull—no, the goat—by the horns. We have—a—lovely—lawn!"

"Gussie!"

"Fact."

"But your mother?"

"I think she'll like it. Tad'll help us. We'll combine our birthdays, and have a royal good time." Here she seized Vinnie around the waist, and waltzed her about to the tune of the "Racquet Galop" until both were out of breath.

Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Dean were consulted, and gave their hearty consent to the proposed plan, and Tad saw a good chance for distinguishing himself. He and Gus had been reading about lawn tennis, and had seen so many illustrations of the game that they were sure they could play it if they had a chance.

Vinnie's birthday was on the 12th of August, and she was to see that the invitations were sent out and the guests invited to her house. The rest was to be kept a profound secret, and as neither Tad's nor Gussie's friends were in the habit of collecting near the house, on account of the known sensitiveness of Mrs. Turner's nerves, it was easy to make all the necessary arrangements.

Tad rigged a fish-net on the lawn, following the exact directions given in Harper's Young People, and was wonderfully well pleased with his success. Vinnie and Gussie encouraged him by their presence, and admired the ease and skill with which he drove the posts and fastened the guy-ropes.

"It's splendid!" exclaimed Vinnie. "Is that all? I don't know much about the game, but I'd like to learn it."

"It's easy," said Tad. "We'll practice before Thursday, if—"

Here Tad gave a comical look toward Gussie, who returned it with a shake of the head. Vinnie caught the signs, but could not interpret them.

"What is it?" she asked. Tad walked off with his hands in his pockets. "It's an *if*, and you must tell me, Gussie, or I'll be real angry."

"It's mean," replied Gussie, her bright face in an unusual snarl. "We need the racquets and balls, and Tad says they'll cost at least two dollars."

"And did he suppose I'd let him buy them?" asked Vinnie, an indignant color flushing her cheek. "Why, this is *my* party, you remember!"

"Yes, but it's *our* lawn, don't you know, and we mustn't have the wrong kind of a racket on it."

Vinnie failed to appreciate the joke, not having much acquaintance with the game. But she talked the matter over with Mrs. Dean, and on Wednesday morning, when Tad was busy picking up the sticks and stones about the lawn, an express wagon drove up to the gate, and a parcel was handed him marked

Mr. Thaddeus Turner.

Tad never felt quite so important in his life, or much better pleased than when he found it contained two handsome racquets and two balls, so that the worry was over about the game of lawn tennis.

There was a note with the parcel from Mr. Dean, which ran thus: [Pg 731]

> "*Mr. Thaddeus Turner:*
>
> "Dear Sir,—I have no idea what the expense would be of hiring a lawn, but the inclosed may to some extent cover the ground and relieve from any feeling of indebtedness.
>
> "Yours very truly,
> Harrison Dean."

"He's a gentleman," said Tad, folding the note and tucking it away in his vest pocket. "If he is ever up for Congress, I'll vote for him."

It would make too long a story to tell of all the wonderful preparations that were made for the party which was to be the event of the season, or how much Vinnie was benefited by the intimacy

with the Turners, who were the nicest kind of people.

The important day arrived, and the girls and boys met at Vinnie Dean's about four o'clock in the afternoon, and were received in the sitting-room, where they laid aside their hats and fixed their frizzes (the girls did), and were prepared to have a good time.

Mrs. Dean had asked Tad to be master of ceremonies, as Arthur was too young for such service, and Tad proved himself equal to the emergency.

He was a great mimic, and amused the company with imitations of Dutch, French, and Irish characters, and was so clever in giving the dialect of each that his anecdotes were received with uproarious laughter.

After an hour of such fun, the merry boy covered his face with a comical mask, and requested "dat all de congregation would jine hands by twos and twos, and peramberate around de kentry for de benefit ob dem fokes what ain't in der percession."

Laughingly they obeyed his command, Gussie and Vinnie taking the head of the column, their eyes dancing with merriment, and their actions betraying that they knew more than they were going to tell. Tad turned the mask around to the back of his head, took a whistle out of his pocket, and began playing "The Rogue's March," which started the "congregation" of twenty off at a lively pace.

Imagine their surprise when they entered Mrs. Turner's grounds and saw the arrangements made for out-of-door sports.

Mrs. Turner was in an easy-chair on the porch, and gave them a smiling greeting, which Tad in a moment returned by getting his troops into line, and giving her a military salute. And then the fun began. Everybody was anxious to learn lawn tennis, and for an hour or so little was heard but the batting of balls and the cries that are a part of the game. Some enjoyed the swing, and others sat on the grass under the trees, or walked about with arms interlaced.

Gussie was everywhere, and at a signal from her, six of the larger girls took their places on the lawn, facing the house, and ready to have a "fan drill." This was a surprise to Vinnie Dean and her mother, who sat beside Mrs. Turner on the porch, and for the time being the lawn tennis court was abandoned.

The six girls were in white; three of them had red fans, three blue. Gussie acted as Captain, and her fan was of both colors, her dress being also red and blue. The orders were given so nicely and obeyed with such precision that even Tad was surprised. He had no idea that girls could be so smart, or had so much knowledge of military affairs.

As they stood in line each girl held her fan closed at her side.

"Carry fans!" said Captain Gus. The fans were brought to the shoulder.

"Present fans!" They were struck on the left hand with a unanimous sound.

"Open fans!" They were spread with a rush.

"Rest fans!" They were closed with a snap, and returned to the right side. Then there were the "bashful flutter," "angry flutter," "scornful flutter," and a variety of other movements not set down in any military tactics.

The audience were delighted, and for some time after the drill the snapping and fluttering of fans continued.

When Tad blew the whistle there was a general start, for it was an afternoon of surprises.

In single file the company marched back to "The Deanery," where they were received by Vinnie's mother, and regaled with cakes, bonbons, and ice-cream. At the close of the repast each girl and boy was presented with a German bonbon containing a paper cap or mantle, some of which were very becoming to their wearers.

As it began to grow dark preparations were made for a general breaking up, which Tad prevented by calling his recruits together, and marching them back to his own house, where they found the lawn illuminated with colored lamps, and looking "just like fairy-land." Then they danced and sang and played games until they were tired, and by nine o'clock the party was over.

Vinnie thanked Tad and Gussie, who thanked her in return, all three declaring they had had a "perfectly lovely," "splendid," and "magnificent" time; and it was such a co-operative affair that to this day Vinnie is in doubt whether it was her birthday party or Gussie's. It was such a funny thing to borrow a lawn! But Tad and Gussie thought it an excellent arrangement, and told Vinnie that whenever she gave a birthday party they should expect to do their part of the entertaining, and Vinnie begins to think that, after all, she must have been born under a lucky star even if it was in the dog-days; for it is the luckiest thing in the world to have friends who are willing and ready to put themselves out in order to do us a favor.

MISS DELPHINA'S SCHOOL.

HALICORA, THE MERMAID.

BY E. MULLER.

Little Halicora Cetacea lived in the Mediterranean Sea, near the south coast of Italy. She went to Miss Delphina's school, with other nice little mermaids, and learned how to knit sea-weed lace, and how to do up her hair becomingly, and many other useful things. Miss Delphina had a good deal of trouble with her pupils, for sometimes they were very full of mischief. They used to bring oysters to school in their pockets, and eat them slyly, and some of the pupils had a perfect passion for pink and purple jelly-fish, though Miss Delphina always forbade them to eat sweetmeats; and others used to bring their pet sea-horses with them, and play with them in class, which kept Miss Delphina always scolding. The merboys, too, gave her trouble, for they hid among the rocks, and threw sting-rays and sea-eggs at the mermaids, making them jump and shriek and drop stitches. Then Miss Delphina would unchain Cephalopterus, and set him at the boys. Cephalopterus was a large devil-fish, which Miss Delphina kept as a watch-dog, and when he laid hold of a merboy, that boy was sorry. But merboys were not the only troubles that Miss Delphina had; there were great rude dolphins and porpoises and sharks and sword-fish, and other sea creatures, and, worse yet, there were land creatures too, which came to annoy her. One day, while the knitting class was at work, there suddenly descended an awful monster right before them. It was a diver in a diving suit, with a long air-pipe leading from the top of his head to the surface of the water, and any creature quite so ugly not even the oldest mermaid, not even Miss Delphina, had ever seen. Every mermaid shrieked, dropped her knitting, and hid behind the rocks. The diver was looking for a place to lay a submarine cable; he walked about, getting his feet entangled in the knitting-work, mixing up every one's ball, and pulling out rows and rows of [Pg 732] stitches. This was too much. Miss Delphina called to the oldest and bravest mermaids to come to the rescue, and told Halicora to unchain Cephalopterus. Then they all rushed at the diver, Halicora with the devil-fish first. The diver only gave one look; that was enough; he gave such a pull at his air cord that his friends up in the boat thought he was dying, and hauled him up in a twinkling, and the mermaids never saw him again. Halicora was the brightest and prettiest of all Miss Delphina's mermaids, and after she showed herself to be so quick and brave in setting Cephalopterus at the diver, Miss Delphina said she might go up on land to bring down the offerings from the fishermen. These offerings were fruit and flowers left on the shore for the mermaids, because the fishermen believed they would send them good luck in fishing, and a safe return from their voyages, if presents were given them; so every week a large basketful was left on the shore, and some of the older mermaids usually went up just at dawn and brought it down.

On the shore lived a very good fisherman named Pietro Monaldi, whose little boy, Leonardo, used to gather the fruit and flowers, and leave them for the mermaids. Leonardo had always longed to see a mermaid, though his father said they were invisible, and he had often watched on the shore at dawn, but had never been able to catch a glimpse of one until Halicora came up. Perhaps

Halicora had forgotten that she was to seize the basket and instantly plunge into the water, or perhaps she felt too curious to be quite obedient. At any rate, when she saw a nice black-eyed boy peeping from behind a rock, she did not hurry away, but said: "Good-morning. Is this the offering I am to take?"

Leonardo came from behind the rock, and bowing politely, said, "Yes; and I am 'Nardo Monaldi, at your service."

"And is it you who brings us these nice things?" asked Halicora.

"It is," answered 'Nardo. "And I beg you will take care of my dear father, who is now out fishing."

Halicora thought she had never seen such a handsome, well-behaved boy. She was sure he would never hide and throw things at his cousins the way her cousins, Manatus and Rytinus Cetacea, threw sting-rays at the mermaids. [Pg 733]

"Tell me your father's name, and he shall be taken care of," she said.

By the time 'Nardo had told her his father's name, and the names of several other good fishermen who lived near, Halicora saw the sun rising; so she said good-by, promising to come again. When she went home she wrote notes to all her relations, the Cetaceans and the Sirenidians, telling them to be particularly careful of Pietro Monaldi, as he was a good man and a friend of hers; and as Halicora was dearly loved by every one, all her relations promised to look out for Pietro Monaldi, and send him plenty of fish. After that, Halicora and 'Nardo became very well acquainted, and told each other a great deal about the land and sea, and Halicora became quite certain that no merboy ever could be so pleasant and good as 'Nardo. One beautiful morning she told him there was going to be a fearful storm, and that his father ought not to go out in his boat.

HALICORA.

"I will tell him you have told me," said 'Nardo.

"No, no; if you even tell him you have seen me, I can never come again," said Halicora, for she had warned him when they first met not to speak of her.

So 'Nardo only told his father that there would be a terrible storm—that the wind and waves had whispered it to him. But his father laughed at him for a silly dreaming boy, and went out in his boat with the other fishermen. The storm came, a terrible storm, just as Halicora had said, and the fishing-boat was wrecked, and all the men in it were drowned, except 'Nardo's father. Halicora had helped him to swim, had lifted him out of the waves, and brought him a piece of the wrecked boat to hold upon. Pietro thought the piece of board came by a lucky accident; but Halicora was holding it, and she brought him safely to land just at dawn. 'Nardo was on the shore, waiting in great anxiety for the boat to come back. When he saw Halicora helping his father, he forgot her warning, and exclaimed: "Thanks, dear Halicora! See, father, the good mermaid has helped you."

But his father saw nothing—only those who are young and truly good can see the mermaids; so Pietro only saw the waves and the piece of wood which he had floated upon. But he was very glad and thankful that he was saved, and so was 'Nardo.

The next day 'Nardo carried a large basketful of the finest fruit he could find, and waited on the shore for Halicora. As soon as she came he exclaimed, "Dear Halicora, how good you are!"

"You are good too, 'Nardo,"; said Halicora; "and I am sorry I must leave you."

"Oh, Halicora, why must you leave me?" asked 'Nardo.

"Because you spoke my name aloud," said Halicora. "My father heard you, and he says there can be no friendship between land and sea people; and so I must go up to the Arctic Sea, among the ice and polar bears, to stay with my aunt Rytina Borealis until I forget you."

Then she said good-by, and went down into the water, and 'Nardo never saw her again. He often goes to the shore, hoping she may have come back; but though the other mermaids come and take the offering, Halicora has never returned, and so 'Nardo knows that she has not forgotten him.

THE HOME OF AUNT RYTINA BOREALIS.

Now that vacation is over, we shall expect to hear from our girls and boys about their school affairs. Let us know which of you have been promoted, and tell us how you like the new teachers, the new scholars, and the new studies. We are sure you mean to take hold of school work heartily after having had the splendid summer holidays. What do you do mornings and evenings to help mother? What do you mean to be when you shall be grown up? Some of you are sorry that your letters are not published in Our Post-office Box. It is impossible to publish all, because we have such a crowd of correspondents; but we try to select the letters which will be most entertaining to everybody, and if you will remember this, and when you are writing tell us something interesting that has happened in your home, or something droll that your pets have done, or some bright thing that the little ones have said, you will very likely see your letter in print.

HAVANA, CUBA.

I am studying English, with an American lady, and as she does not wish me to read Spanish, I read only English books and papers. I like your paper better than any book. I have in New York three friends, who are the nieces of my teacher. Here too I have many friends, and some of them, like myself, are studying English.

We have a pair of very pretty rabbits. They are white and brown. They are called Bunny and Funny, and are very tame.

I wish very much indeed to visit New York, and I mean to beg papa to let me go next year with my teacher.

The story that I like best of all that I have read in YOUNG PEOPLE was "Aunt Ruth's Temptation."

This is the rainy season, and we have rain every day. We are very desirous to see the dry weather come back.

We have a large farm in the country, and there we have a fine croquet ground, where we play very often. We speak only English in the school-room and with our teacher.

SIRENA C.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

We have a very droll pet, but if you were to guess all day long, you would never find out what it is. It is nothing less than a tame woodchuck. He is quite pretty, and will follow those he fancies all over the house, running up to any one who taps upon the floor, that being our way of calling him. I am sorry to add that he is often very mischievous, and sometimes gets into trouble in his anxiety to see what is going on. One day we found him floundering in a kettle of grease, in which he had fallen while trying to keep his balance on its edge and discover its contents at the same time. I derive much pleasure from Our Post-office Box, and thought I would like to become one of its correspondents.

WALDO L.

OMEGA, LOUISIANA.

I live very far down South, on a beautiful river-bank in the country. Perhaps some of you will pity me, but I would not like to exchange my quiet country home for one in the busy city. I have a black pony as gentle as he can be, and every day at four o'clock I saddle him, and off go Billie and I to the Post-office, a distance of two and a half miles.

My mamma is an invalid, and I help her all I can to clear up the dishes, sweep, and attend to the little chickens. Our nearest neighbor is only at the distance of a few minutes' walk, so I often run up there to play with the children.

M. L. U.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I was quite interested in Mary W. H.'s letter about her dog Prince. I have a dog of the same name. He is only a year and a half old, but he knows a great many tricks. He can walk on his hind-legs, sit on his haunches, speak, give his right or left paw, shake hands, crawl like a baby, and turn a somersault. He is very cute. A man shot him in the hind-leg one night, but it is not broken, and will soon be well.

We girls have organized a society lately, which we have called "The Dainty Finger Cooking Club." I am secretary, and every member has chosen a nom de plume for herself.

BERTHA L.

We hope the Dainty Fingers will become very skillful.

NEW YORK CITY.

We have come all the way from Queensland, Australia, and are travelling around the world. Our home is in Rockhampton, which we left about four years ago. Since then we have lived in Brisbane, Sydney, and Auckland; then we crossed the Pacific to California, visiting Honolulu on our way. We spent some time in San Francisco, and then crossed the great American continent, and arrived in New York a few months ago. On our way over we stopped at Salt Lake City, Chicago, Detroit, Niagara, and other places. We saw Indians, Mormons, bears, buffaloes, California lions, coyotes, antelopes, etc. We crossed the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. On the Sierra Nevada we saw snow for the first time in our lives, and we did not know what to make of it at first. My little sister said it was soap-suds, and my little brother thought it was cream pie.

After a while we are going to Boston, and will then cross the Atlantic to Ireland, go from there to England, thence to Paris and Berlin, and finally we will return to our old home in Australia by way of the Suez Canal. By that time we shall have been pretty well around the world—don't you think so? We have a jolly family: papa, mamma, auntie, four sisters, and three brothers. One brother, three years old, is named Sydney Francis, but we call him Captain Cook, and another, Arthur Cecil, we call Nipper. We lost one dear little girl soon after we came here; poor little Mabel took diphtheria and died. We have a little American baby to take home with us. Her name is Marion Ruby, and she is three months old. If you would like me to write to you from Ireland or England, please let me know. We are always going to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, even after we are again at home in Australia.

OLYMPIA R. B. C.

Yes, we will be glad to hear again from you. Such a journey as you are taking must be very delightful, and very instructive too. It is the pleasantest way of studying geography and political economy we ever heard of.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am not sure, but I think I shall like Mr. Otis's new story even better than I did "Toby Tyler." I do hope he will not kill Tip, as he did Mr. Stubbs. I have no pets. Was that robin which Mr. Otis once wrote about a real bird?

WALTER M. G.

Yes, the robin was a real bird.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little American boy living in England, and am nine years old. A lady sends YOUNG PEOPLE to a friend of mine, and he gives it to me. I enjoy reading it very much, and after I have finished a number I give it to some of my English friends to read. I have been very ill, and my mamma took me to a farm half a mile from the sea. The Coast-guards live on the beach to prevent smugglers from landing there.

LOUIS THOMAS M.

ALLEGHANY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Don't you want to hear about our little kitten? She can spring from the third-story window to the roof when she wants to chase the birds, and she stands on a chair by the window and plays with the flies.

AGNES U. J.

MARENGO, IOWA.

Our four cats are named Spot, Nig, Toby, and Tyler. Our dog's name is Vet. A long while ago I had two cats which were called Moody and Sankey. They are dead. I would like to exchange pieces of silk for sea-moss.

LINNIE ALVERSON.

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I suppose everybody has heard of Stony Point, which General Anthony Wayne took by storm at midnight on the 15th of July, 1779. Two years ago they had a centennial celebration on the spot. I have been visiting during a part of my vacation at my uncle's farm at Stony Point. In ploughing he has found cannon-balls, stone axes, and soldiers' buttons. I myself found a cannon-ball, and prize it highly. I helped with the farm-work, hoeing corn and cabbages, and taking hold heartily of whatever was going on. I went in bathing, and learned to swim a little, though I am not yet an expert swimmer. My father, who is, has saved several lives. My Sunday-school teacher lately took her class to West Point. We saw Custer's monument, went through the library, staid until evening, and saw the dress parade. I think it is splendid to see the officers go forward to salute the commanding officer.

Thinking I would like to earn some money, I have undertaken a paper route, and have lately been delivering two hundred papers a day. School begins the first Monday in September.

ALBERT J. B.

ISLE ST. GEORGE, OHIO.

I live on a little island in Lake Erie. It is real pleasant here. I have the very nicest kitten you ever saw. He is nestling on my lap and purring contentedly while I write. His name is Jetty. We have a dear little white pony named Billy. I had a pet chicken, but it died. I wish Jimmy Brown would relate more of his ups and downs.

EMMA G.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I think Toby Tyler was a very original little boy, and it was too bad to end his experiences so soon. I would like to hear of his life at Uncle Dan'l's. You have no idea how glad I would be to see his little, innocent, wistful face in the paper again. I wish to tell you that I have received a letter from one of your correspondents in Europe. It was not written with a view to exchanges, but was such a letter as one school-girl would write to another. The correspondence is certainly interesting, as neither of us has friends in the other's country.

I wrote to you last winter for certain information, which you very kindly gave me. Allow me to thank you for it. It was quite satisfactory. I often wonder who it is that answers all the questions of the YOUNG PEOPLE's friends. What piles of letters they must read! And, dear me! don't their heads ever ache? If you don't think my curiosity impertinent, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me about them.

LILIAN P.

The Editor's head never aches after reading such letters as yours, Miss Lilian, nor after answering the questions which inquisitive young people send to Our Post-office Box. But as for telling you any more, that would be out of the question.

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Again I write, almost fearing you will grow tired of my many letters and the space I occupy in your Post-office Box, but I wish very much to thank you for many more little packages that you have sent since I last wrote. They have come from: Mrs. E. Janes, Oshkosh, Wis.; Miss Isabel Chambers, Fifty-second Street, Lancaster Avenue, West Philadelphia, Penn.; Miss Edna Van Note, Lebanon, Ohio; Mrs. Rebekah Snyder, Parton, Ill.; Maggie and Eliza Bell, Sabbath Rest, Penn.; Russia Lubeck, Auburn, Cal.; Maude Buckner, Covington, Ky.; Charles Thompson; Misses Anna and Louisa Favre, Ontario, Iowa; Miss Miriam Oliver, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Isabel Oakley, Terre Haute, Ind.; Miss Beckington, Des Moines, Iowa; George F. Curwen, Villa Neva, Penn.; Miss S. Wilson, Honeoye, N. Y.; Mrs. R. E. Ormsley, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Miss Lena Turch, Alma, Mich.

Our school has grown since I wrote first, and now numbers thirty-seven. There are several more that want to come. Our dining-room is full; they use all the chairs, with all from the lower floor of the house that can easily be carried out. We will have a bench made for their use, and until it gets cold can put some on that on the long gallery between the house and dining-room. They sing "By cool Siloam's shady rill" very nicely indeed, and are learning "Onward, Christian Soldiers." We need an instrument very much, and when we get one we will teach them twice a month, if not oftener, on Saturday afternoons.

While we were away, Pete's older children grew up very wild. We feared we could not reach them, but we are very glad that now the oldest son has come to Sunday-school. There is one more, off on the railroad; but as Fayette has come, he will follow when he comes home. Fayette does not know his letters, but comes in the evening during the week to my little son; so he will soon get up with the others. I do not know how to thank you for your kind and generous help. Without it we could not have taught these children, much as we desired to do so. I think they too are very grateful to you all.

We are keeping back the best books and prettiest cards, for we want, if we can, to make a feast and have a tree for them at Christmas, and make them all supremely happy for one day. They have never seen a Christmas tree, and have never had any Christmas presents, except Pete's children, who always have a gift from us. I am not sure that we can do it, but hope we can. Truly your grateful friend,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

SYKESVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

In No. 93 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Mr. Eggleston says the baby elephant cracks peanuts with its feet, and that it did not learn this from the grown-up elephants, "for they eat nuts without cracking them." This is a mistake, for I have seen the large elephants at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia crack nuts with their feet, as Mr. Eggleston says the baby elephant did.

Samuel B.

Perhaps the elephants you saw learned their cute way of cracking nuts when they were baby elephants, and never forgot it.

Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

I have seen a good many letters in the Post-office Box, but none from Carlisle. We live about half a mile from the Indian school, so I thought I would tell you about it. The boys all wear blue uniforms, and the girls bright dresses and ribbons. They make many useful articles, and also moccasins and bows and arrows, which they sell very cheaply. I am twelve years old.

A. Duncan Y.

Bowmansville, New York.

My mamma takes you for us, dear Young People, and we like you so much! I am going to send this, my first letter, to you. I am eight years old. I have one brother and three little sisters. We have nice times watching cows in papa's orchards. Our Sunday-school had a picnic at Buffalo Park last week; rowed on the lake, and saw the swans. We are Disciples, like our poor President. Our district is building the nicest school-house in the country. We think your stories all splendid, and could not do without you.

Alice Y. B.

Logan's Ferry, Pennsylvania.

My home is on the banks of the Alleghany River, and on the farm on which my great-grandfather lived when these woods were the home of the savage Indians. When my grandfather was a little boy, his mother used to take him, with her other children, into Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, for safety. I have two little sisters, one five years and the other four months old. I had a nice old dog named Shep. He died. Then we had none [Pg 735] until my aunt came from Tennessee, and brought a cunning little dog with her. She thinks a great deal of him, for one night, when she was all alone, her house took fire and burned down, and Prince, who was sleeping in her room, barked and barked, and jumped on her bed, to awaken her. But for him she might have been burned with the house. He is in my care, and is faithful and obedient.

I would like very much to see Mrs. Richardson's school, and old Pete.

Hugh L. S., Jun.

Prince was a very good watch-dog, and you ought to be proud of him. Fidelity and obedience are splendid qualities in a dog's character, and in a boy's too.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Red scallop shells, Indian money from Buzzard's Bay, and stones from the Bay of Fundy, for a stone from any Territory.

Lawrence Brooks,
7 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Postmarks, for anything suitable for a museum; or thirty-five postmarks, for an Indian arrow-head.

Arthur R. Willyoung,
147 Park St., Detroit, Mich.

Rare coins, postmarks, and rare stamps, especially from South and Central America, China, etc., for other rare stamps, foreign and U. S. Higher values of the 1869 issue of U. S. America especially desired.

Sidney Arenheim,
127 East Sixty-ninth St., New York City.

A set of Paraguay stamps, for the 24, 30, and 90 cent issue of U. S. stamps for 1869. One Paraguay stamp, for any one of those. A Nova Scotia and an Egypt official stamp, for the 7 or 90 cent War Department, or any stamp from the Executive Department.

Arthur Copp,
4 Washington Avenue, Madison, Wis.

A very beautiful topaz Stone from Pike's Peak, for coins and curiosities.

Harry Wallace,
Winterset, Madison Co., Iowa.

An autograph note of nine lines signed with the initials of Longfellow, one of seven lines signed with the initials of J. R. Lowell, one of nine lines signed O. W. Holmes, one of thirteen lines signed R. W. Emerson, and a signature of Louis Agassiz, for a signed note or document of Abraham Lincoln or John Brown; or any one of them, for a signed note or document of U. S. Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, General Thomas, or Admiral Farragut.

Richard Norton, Ashfield, Mass.

Postmarks, for postmarks. Minerals, for red and brown hematite and black magnetic iron ores, tin and nickel ores and cinnabar, sea-shells (rare only), ocean curiosities, especially a horseshoe-crab and a sea-horse. Send postal to arrange exchange.

Walter S. Stillman,
C. B. Natural History Club,
Box 966, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A specimen of genuine lava from Vesuvius, for an Indian arrow-head, or Indian relics of any kind.

John S. Woodruff,
310 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stones from New York, Vermont, or Massachusetts, for stones from any State or Territory except New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Jennie J. Edwards,
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

A Cape of Good Hope or New Zealand stamp, for an Indian arrow-head.

Edward Wendehack, Jun.,
465 Third Avenue, New York City.

Two pieces of iron ore, for the same of any other kind of ore; twenty Canadian stamps, for two Mexican agates.

John Kellet,
Whitby, Ontario, Canada West.

Coins and postage stamps from Turkey, Austria, Russia, and Italy, for their value in the same from other countries.

ROGER SYDNEY,
Station C, San Francisco, Cal.

Eight postmarks, for an African or Brazilian stamp.

WALTER DEVELIN,
2039 Camac St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Minerals and curiosities, granite, marble in the rough, mica, gold, lead, and silver ores, all in the same stone, for other minerals. Iron ore especially wanted. The wing of a flying-fish, caught by myself in the Gulf of Mexico, is also offered.

W. M. VAN DER WEYDE,
236 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stamps from Mauritius, Falkland, Marquesas Islands, Moluccas, Caroline Islands, Spitzbergen, Persia, and Tripoli, for stamps from Turkey, Austria, Portugal, South America, Central America, Heligoland, Feejee Islands, Germany, Sandwich Islands, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Cape of Good Hope. Rare stamps required.

CHARLES STERLING, Station C, San Francisco.

Peruvian stamps, for U. S. revenues, and postage stamps from China, Prince Edward Island, and Cape of Good Hope.

F. H. LOHSE,
Box 466, New York City.

Stones of public buildings and soil of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for arrow-heads and postmarks of North Carolina, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

HARRY M. GLOVER,
1922 South Tenth St., Philadelphia, Penn.

A piece of elm under which Logan, the celebrated Indian chief, made a treaty with the whites, and shells from islands around Australia, for Indian and other curiosities, type, games, etc. Type especially wanted.

JOHN S. DUFFY,
Circleville, Pickaway Co., Ohio.

Berries, and cotton in the pod from Cuba, coffee seeds and leaves, and botanic specimens for a museum, for genuine Indian relics. Send postal in advance.

JOSEPH H. FARGIS,
246 East Thirty-fourth St., New York City.

A box containing eleven different curiosities, for three African, Asiatic, or Australian stamps. A U. S. dime of 1853, for gold ore.

A. A. BEEBE, Box 102, Nahant, Mass.

Stamps, for stamps from Cape of Good Hope, Holland, Spain, and Russia.

James Hesletine,
1710 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

One hundred postmarks, all different, including some foreign ones, for rare foreign coins of any country except England.

C. E. Develin,
2039 Camac St., Philadelphia, Penn.

A magic lantern, with slides, for a printing-press and type.

F. J. Hill, Jun.,
122 South Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Carbonate ores, containing lead, silver, and other minerals, naming the different mines from which they come, for Indian relics and curiosities suitable for a cabinet. Fifty foreign stamps, for a genuine Indian tomahawk. Write before sending articles.

Jerome T. Gardner,
1324 Tenth Avenue, East Oakland, Cal.

Forty stamps, for Indian relics. Please write to arrange exchange.

Samuel Sinclair,
Box 59, Winooski, Chittenden Co., Vt.

Fine specimens of iron pyrites, for any curiosities except stamps.

Arthur Cowdin,
Delphos, Allen Co., Ohio.

Three foreign postage stamps, for one from Turkey.

S. J. Weiss, care of J. Kearney,
32 Park Place, New York City.

Foreign and old U. S. stamps, for stamps from Asia and Africa.

Jessie Newton,
Fayville, Worcester Co., Mass.

Fifty mixed Canadian stamps, for a piece of red coral; twenty-five, for a piece of petrified hickory wood.

John A. Johnston, Whitby, Ontario, Can.

Norwegian, French, Danish, and old and rare U. S. stamps, for any South American stamps. Stamp for stamp.

Harold Channing,

Care of Wilkes Roper, Princeton, Mass.

Postmarks from all parts of the world, and very rare foreign stamps, including two varieties of Grenada, for minerals, ores, and Indian curiosities. Several fine garnets, for Iceland spar or gold or silver ore.

F. W. Roe,
108 West 133d St., New York City.

One hundred postmarks, for an 1856 nickel cent or U. S. copper cents of 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1809, and 1811.

Ony Purdy,
205 Prince St., New York City.

Shells from the West Indies, silk for quilts, buttons with shanks, and a set of fancy gilt cards, for curiosities. Please label specimens.

Nina Watts,
Box 138, Station A, New York City.

A 1, 2, and 3 cent Norwegian, a 1 and 2 cent Japanese, and a 5-cent Canadian, for an Indian arrow-head.

J. A. Harris, Box 10, Attleborough, Mass.

Foreign stamps and U. S. postmarks, for stamps from Hamburg, Gold Coast, Egypt, Japan, China, Hong-Kong, Straits Settlements, Prince Edward and Virgin Islands.

W. F. G.,
324 East Fifty-fifth St., New York City.

A genuine bracket-saw and outfit, with thirty-five patterns and thirteen saw-blades, to any one sending me the best offer of any kind of curiosity. Also rare postmarks, for foreign postage stamps and coins. A microscope especially desired.

Frank Nelson, Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill.

Rare foreign stamps, for the same from Brazil, Ceylon, Argentine Republic, Hong-Kong, Japan, etc.

W. E. Oikru, 112 Henry St., New York City.

A telephone that will work two miles, for a photographer's camera like one advertised, in Young People.

H. Haight,
240 Washington St., Hoboken.

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

A. S. D.—Wood's *Illustrated Natural History*, Ingersoll's *Friends worth Knowing*, Wolf's *Wild Animals*, and Jaeger's *North American Insects* are all excellent works on the subjects they treat.

These books are published by Harper & Brothers, and are illustrated.

N. ENG F.—We can hardly blame you for feeling dissatisfied with your present position. A boy of sixteen, who is well and strong, and who has acquired a common-school education, ought to do better than remain in an office at $2 a week, with no prospect of advancement. You might learn a trade. You might, if your parents gave their consent, go West and engage in farming. You might enter a business house at the bottom, and work your way up. Whatever you do, thoroughness, honesty, and diligence are necessary to success. So is self-denial, and a steady effort to do your best every day.

LEWIE B.—Directions for making a steam-engine and boiler were given in No. 49, Vol. I.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from H. Denny Paxton, "Queen Bess," Flavel S. Mines, Rose B., "Miss Ouri," *Marion E. Norcross*, *George Sylvester*, "Will O. Tree," Little Tommie, Frank Lomas, G. Volckhausen, "Wiggins and Spriggins," Paxton, Lizzie Cramer, *Frank S. Davis*, Emily Fane, C. T., John W. Ward, O. A. A., Jacob Marks, "North Star," Leo Marks, James Watson, Jemima Beeston, Emma Roehm.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADES.

My second, though stationary, carries my first, and my whole is an indispensable article in the kitchen.

My first is the cause of my second, and my second is a defense against my first. My whole is part of a lady's toilet.

ELEANOR.

No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

My first is in pool, but not in spring.
My second is in toll, but not in ring.
My third is in cat, but not in dog.
My fourth is in mouse, and not, in frog.
My fifth is in sun, and not in moon.
My sixth is in rabbit, not in 'coon.
My whole sings in a mournful way
The livelong hot midsummer day.

GEORGE E. W.

Pray who can guess my name?
My first is in Susan, and not in Nell.
My second is in Inez, and not in Belle.
My third is in Rosa, and not in Nan.
My fourth is in Ellen, and not in Fan.
My fifth is in Nora, and not in Bettie.
My sixth is in Anna, and not in Hettie.
My whole might be worked in the sampler's frame.

S. C.

No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A strong drink. 3. A sweet substance. 4. A girl's name. 5. A consonant.

2.—1. In river. 2. A metal. 3. A kind of serpent. 4. A trap. 5. In river.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 95.

No. 1.

R E G A L C E A S E
E L I D E E A S E L
G I V E N A S I D E
A D E P T S E D A N
L E N T O E L E N A

A C I D
C O D E
I D L E
D E E P

No. 2.

L eopar D
A ntelop E
M oos E
B adge R

No. 3.

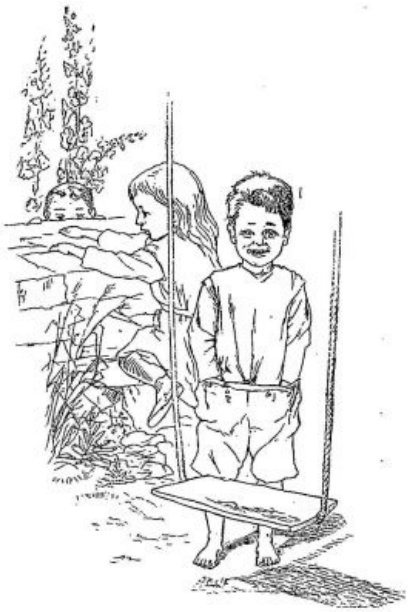
Preach, reach, each. Cheat, heat, eat.

No. 4.

Obelisk.

Throwing a Light, on page 720—Crane.

[Pg 736]



TEDDY, PET, AND DOT.

Teddy so big, and Dot so small,
And Pet half way between,
Ran when they heard dear mamma's call;
And the sly tall grass
They had to pass
Hid them from being seen.

Teddy so big, and Dot so small,
And Pet of middling size,
They climbed Miss Spankem's garden wall,
And—ping, pang, ping!—
The jolliest swing
Hung right before their eyes.

Cried Teddy, with his cap a-twirl:
"It's ours, for—don't you see?—
Miss Spankem's got no boy nor girl.
So jump in, Pet;
Dot, don't you fret—
I'll swing you, after me."

As Teddy pushed, as Pet she clung,
And Dot sat on the wall,
The sly old swing, as it swing, swang, swung,
Knocked Ted about,
And spilled Pet out,
Giving them both a fall.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THE MIRACULOUS APPLE.

To divide an apple into several parts without breaking the rind: Pass a needle and thread under the rind of the apple, which is easily done by putting the needle in again at the same hole it came out of; and so passing on until you have gone round the apple. Then take both ends of the thread in your hands, and draw it out, by which means the apple will be divided into two parts. In the same manner you may divide it into as many parts as you please, and yet the rind will remain entire. Present the apple to any one to peel, and it will immediately fall to pieces.

THE OMELET COOKED IN A HAT.

State that you are about to cook an omelet; then you break four eggs in a hat, place the hat for a short time over the flame of a candle, and shortly after produce an omelet completely cooked and quite hot. Some persons will be credulous enough to believe that by the help of certain ingredients you have been enabled to cook the omelet without fire; but the secret of the trick is that the omelet had been previously cooked and placed in the hat, but could not be seen, because the operator, when breaking the eggs, placed it too high for the spectators to observe the contents. The eggs were empty ones, the contents having been previously extracted by being sucked through a small aperture; but to prevent the company from suspecting this, the operator should, as if by accident, let a full egg fall on the table, the breaking of which induces a belief that the others are also full.

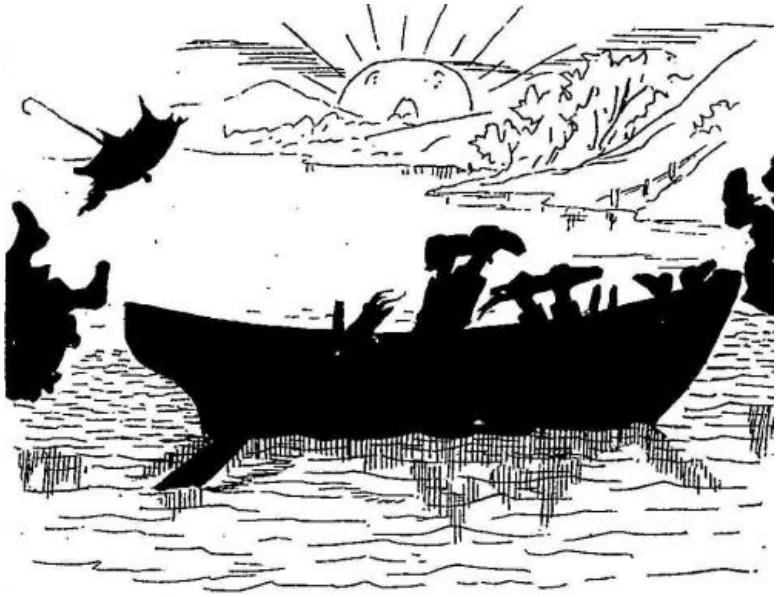
THE INK AND FISH TRICK.

This is really a first-rate delusion. You bring before the spectators a glass vase full of ink. You dip a ladle into it, and pour out some of the ink upon a plate, in order to convince the audience that the substance in the vase is really ink. You then throw a handkerchief over the vase, and instantly withdraw it, when the vase is found to be filled with pure water, in which a couple of gold-fish are swimming.

This apparent impossibility is performed as follows: To the interior of the vessel is fitted a black silk lining, which adheres closely to the sides when pressed by the water, and which is withdrawn inside the handkerchief during the performance of the trick. The ladle has a hollow handle, with an opening into the bowl; in the handle is a spoonful or so of ink, which runs into the bowl when it is held downward during the act of dipping it into the vase.

THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, sit steady, trim the boat, and away we go. *One!* TWO!—



"THREE!"

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