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THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"Now, right about face!" September cries,
"Right about face, and march!" cries she;
"You, Summer, have had *your* day, and now,
In spite of your sorrowful clouded brow,
The children belong to *me*.

"Come, fall into line, you girls and boys,
Tanned and sunburned, merry and gay;
Turn your backs to the woods and hills,
The meadow ponds and the mountain rills,
And march from them all away.

"Are you loath, I wonder, to say farewell
To the summer days and the summer skies?
Ah! time flies fast; vacation is done;
You've finished your season of frolic and fun;
Now turn your tardy eyes

"Toward your lessons and books, my dears.
Why, where would our men and women be,
If the *children* forever with Summer played?
Come, right about face," September said,
"And return to school with me."

SOMETHING ABOUT SHIPS.

Sailing vessels carry either square-sails or fore-and-aft sails. A square-sail is one the head of which is "bent" or made fast to the jack-stay—an iron rod on a yard. Fore-and-aft sails, instead of being bent to yards, are mostly supplied with a boom or gaff, or both. The lower corners of square-sails are called clews. The fore-sail and mainsail are often called the courses. Sail is seldom carried on the cross-jack (pronounced krojik) yard, the lowest yard on the mizzenmast.

The courses, when "set," are kept down by means of ropes leading from the clews fore and aft, called tacks and sheets. Above the courses come the topsails; above the topsails, the top-gallant-sails; and next above, the royals. Some very large ships carry still loftier sails, called sky-sails.

Most merchant ships carry double topsails, one above the other, for greater ease in handling; but on men-of-war, having large crews, single topsails are the rule.

The head-sails are those which the bowsprit and the booms it supports carry forward. These are the foretopmast stay-sail, the jib, and flying-jib. Large vessels carry even more head-sails. The spanker, or driver, as our merchantmen sometimes call it, is a fore-and-aft sail, and is the aftersail of a ship or bark.

A compass being divided into thirty-two points, sailors consider the horizon at sea as having an equal number of divisions, and speak of a ship as sailing within five or six points of the direction the wind is blowing from.

When the sails of a ship are filled with wind, they are said to be drawing or full. A good sailor is never so happy as when with a whole-sail breeze he sees all his canvas spread and drawing, and feels himself "off before it."

THE BROKEN VASE.

BY MRS. W. H. SNYDER.

"Now," said Mary, impatiently, as she came in from school, "I shall have to draw another hateful old design, for she wouldn't accept the one I took in this morning. She said it was drawn carelessly, and that I hadn't followed her directions, and that I had made thick lines, and hadn't properly erased my guide lines. She was ever so hard to please, and I hate her."

"I am sorry to see my little girl in such a bad humor to-day," said mother. "I thought I heard her say this morning that Miss Jones was 'so nice.'"

"Oh yes, but she isn't always nice. She's dreadfully particular sometimes—at least with me. She was pleasant enough to Jenny Kirkland and Clara Sackett, and she almost always says to those two girls, 'You have done very well, and you deserve a great deal of credit.' And to make matters worse, Miss Howland had to go and say, 'Mary, you must bring in a better design to-morrow, or I shall have to discredit you.' Well, I'll bring her in a design to-morrow," and she added, in an under-tone, "I'll just copy it off of grandpa's old Nantgru vase." So saying, she approached the table upon which stood the vase, with a few flowers in it tastefully arranged, and throwing her hat and books petulantly down, the corner of her geography struck the vase, and it fell upon the floor, and was shattered into half a dozen pieces.

Emma and Walter, hearing the crash, hastened in.

"See what I have done!" said Mary, sitting down upon a chair with tears in her eyes, and holding up a portion of the broken vase. "I am so sorry that I have broken dear grandpa's vase."

"And grandpa will be sorry too," said Emma, "for he highly prizes his vase. Grandpa"—as the old gentleman walked feebly into the room—"Mary has broken your vase, and she is very sorry."

Grandpa took the fragments in his trembling hand, and looked almost lovingly upon them.

"Oh, grandpa," exclaimed Walter, sympathetically, "I think father will be able to mend it with some of his new cement when he comes home to-night."

"I hope so, my boy," said the old gentleman, "for I value it very much. It was given to me many years ago by my friend Mr. Barr, who had a large porcelain manufactory in Worcester, England."

"Please, grandpa," said Walter, "tell us something of the history of your vase."

Grandpa sat down in the large easy-chair, and the children gathered around him, anticipating a pleasant story, for grandpa told a great many pleasant things about events that happened during his youth.

"One sultry day in May, in the year 1811," began grandpa, "I went to visit my friend Mr. Barr in Worcester. Mr. Barr had one of the most celebrated china manufactories in England. Barr, Flight, & Barr was a firm widely known in those days.

"I accompanied my friend to his factory, for I was greatly interested in the manufacture of porcelain, and indeed of any article. After spending several hours in passing from room to room, I noticed that it was growing dark, and drawing out my watch, saw that it was but little after four o'clock. Mr. Barr remarked at the same time, 'I shouldn't be surprised if we had a shower before long.' Just as we were speaking we heard the rumbling of distant thunder.

"We then walked to a window that looked out toward the east, and noticed that very dark clouds were rising in that direction, and that they

extended to the south. We stood some time watching the rising storm. The sky in an incredibly short time presented a very threatening appearance. Inky clouds piled up rapidly in huge masses, and the continuous roar of distant thunder and the terrible flashes of forked lightning filled us with apprehension as to what the storm would be when it reached us.

"About this time Mr. Barr's attention was directed to something in another part of the building, and for a while we lost sight of the storm, but suddenly we were startled by a tremendous clap of thunder, accompanied by a flash of dazzling brightness, and then the storm swept upon us in all its fury.

"The roar of the tempest, the crashing of thunder, and the dashing of hail-stones against the windows and upon the roof of the factory were really appalling. Awe-stricken, we stood and listened.

"GRANDPA TOOK THE FRAGMENTS IN HIS TREMBLING HAND."

"Presently a man rushed into the room, and approaching Mr. Barr, said, 'Oh, sir, I do believe that every winder in the whole factory is broke with the hail. I never in my life see such stones before; they are surely five or six inches round.' [Pg 739]

"This was no exaggeration. We hurried through the rooms on the exposed sides of the building, and everywhere destruction met our view: broken glass, hail-stones, and broken china were scattered over the floors. The tempest continued to rage with unabated fury long after ordinary storms would have exhausted themselves or have passed away.

"After a while men came in with pale and anxious faces, and told us that the river Severn had risen six feet in one hour, and that it was still rapidly rising, and they feared great distress would be occasioned by the flood.

"The time seemed interminable while we waited and watched for the storm to subside. At last, as if reluctantly, the thunder became more and more distant, and the lightning flashes less dazzling and terrific. Every one breathed more freely now. We felt as if a terrible dream had been upon us, and we were just waking from it. By-and-by the clouds drifted away, and only occasionally a far-off flash illumined the horizon. The air was wonderfully pure, and the moon and stars shone out brightly over a scene of desolation.

"That night I spent at Mr. Barr's house, and the following morning, after visiting the factory, we took a drive through the town, and out into the surrounding country. In the city, gardens were laid waste, trees were torn and almost stripped of their foliage, and nearly every window that faced the east was broken. One of the newspapers of the day said that the town looked as if it had been besieged.

"But the country—oh, how sad and desolate it looked! The fields of grass and corn that yesterday were so beautiful, and the luxuriant crops that promised such all abundant harvest, were everywhere beaten down and destroyed. The river, too, had risen twenty feet during the storm, and had swept madly over the adjacent fields, carrying away houses and barns, destroying many peaceful and pleasant homes, and sweeping herds of cattle from the pastures."[1]

"As we reached the top of a certain hill, I looked anxiously toward the river for a picturesque little cottage that I had often admired on account of its pretty porch that was overrun with roses and honeysuckle, and because of the fine elms that overshadowed it. I had always imagined that place to be the home of some refined person. All the surroundings indicated it, although it was quite apparent that the owner was not wealthy.

"'Ah,' said Mr. Barr, looking in the same direction, 'the Professor's little cottage has gone too!' He reined in his horses, and sat silently looking toward the spot.

"'Mr. Barr, sir,' said a man, approaching the carriage, 'last night was a fearful night. We narrowly escaped with our lives.' And pointing in the direction of the cottage: 'The Professor yonder was drowned, and his house swept away by the flood. The Lord help his little gurl!'"

"'Where is she?' asked Mr. Barr.

"'She's with me wife in the hut over on the hill, and she's entirely heart-broken with the loss of her father, sir.'

"'We must do something for her at once,' said my kind-hearted friend. Then turning to the man: 'Jump in; we are going to drive up to the hut.'

"We drove on at a brisk pace, while the man related his sad story.

"'You see, sir,' he began, 'the storm got so fierce, and the water riz so high about the cabin, that I told Betsey to get the children ready and we'd take to the boat. Now the big boat had capsized at the stake, and I had naught but the little one, and I wuz afeared the weight of us would swamp her in sech a sea. Just as we neared the cottage the Professor he come out on the shed and

shouted to me, sez he, "James, for the love of Heaven save my child." I sez, "Ay, ay, sir, I'll do me best." It wuz no small thing to get her aboard, I can tell yer, sir. The wind wuz a-blowin' a gale, and it wuz all I could do to keep the boat steady before it. After a good deal of hard work, and no little danger, we got her under the lee of the house, and took the little gurl in.

"'Oh! but, sir, it would hev made yer heart ache to see her there cryin' about leavin' her father. I really do think she'd hev staid with him and died if he hadn't hev sed, "Mary, my child, you must get into the boat at once; then I will only have myself to look after, and I will be much more likely to be saved. God keep you, my darling!" Them was the last words I ever heerd him say.'

"By this time we had reached the top of the hill, and we were not long in getting to the hut.

"What a lovely child it was that ran out to meet us as we approached, but soon stopped, and looking wistfully at us, inquired, in a low sad voice, 'Have you found my father yet?'

"The boatman in his gentlest manner said, 'Not yet, dear.'

"The child's large blue eyes instantly filled with tears, her lips quivered, and she turned quickly and went back into the hut. I felt a sudden sickness at my heart, and I saw my friend pass his hand across his eyes.

"Presently we followed her in, and Mr. Barr took her hand and kindly said, 'My child, you can not remain in this place. Come home with us, and we will take every possible means to find your father.'

"'Ay,' said the boatman's wife, 'Mr. Barr is a good gentleman, and he'll do all he ken for ye.'

"The child was attracted by his kindly manner, as indeed every one was with whom he had to do, and she readily consented to go.

"We gave some money to the boatman to relieve his present necessities, and tenderly placing our little charge in the carriage, drove rapidly back to the city. It is needless to say that her father was never found.

"Before I left Worcester I told Mr. Barr that as I was a young man of some means, and happily for myself had a disposition to do some good in the world rather than to live in selfishness, I would esteem it a favor if I might be permitted to educate this little girl, so that she could sustain herself in a manner that would not be burdensome, and that would at the same time give her a place among refined people. Mr. Barr was pleased with my request, and willingly gave his consent; so little Mary was at once placed in an excellent school."

"Grandpa, what was her name besides Mary?" asked Walter.

"I will tell you by-and-by," said grandpa.

"Shortly after this," continued the old gentleman, "I returned to America, and it was several years before I visited England again; but finally business compelled me to cross the ocean once more, and you may be sure that I was not long in seeking my old friends and my little protégée. But she was no longer little; she had grown to be a lovely young lady, gentle, intelligent, and beautiful."

"And what was her name?" we all asked, in chorus.

"Her name was Mary Ames."

"Mary Ames!" we exclaimed; "why, that is grandma's name."

"And she is grandma," he said, with a smile.

"What a beautiful story!" we cried, "and all about grandma."

"But you haven't told us about the vase yet," said Walter.

"Well, my boy," said grandpa, "Mr. Barr gave Mary an elegant set of china, such china as is rarely seen in these days; and he said to me, 'Farrington, I will give you a specimen of this new porcelain that I have been experimenting upon so much of late. I regard this as quite a success. We call it Nantgru.' And so I came by the vase, and on account of these associations I value it." [Pg 740]

"Here comes father," said Walter. "Now I'll ask him to mend your vase," and away he ran to meet his father.

"Dear grandpa, how good you are!" said little Mary, standing very close to his chair. "I am so sorry that I broke your vase!"

[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 VIII.

MINCHIN'S ISLAND.

"I thought I told you to go below," said an angry voice, and, looking up, Tim saw it was the Captain who was detaining him. "If you so much as make a motion to go on shore, I'll whip you within an inch of your life."

Then, without giving him an opportunity to disobey, the same heavy hand pushed him back on the deck, and Mr. Rankin led him forcibly below.

"I won't stay here. I won't go down stairs an' leave Tip there to drown," cried Tim, passionately. "It's awful wicked, an' I won't do it."

"Listen to me, Tim," said Mr. Rankin, kindly but firmly. "There is no possible chance that your dog will drown, and you must come below, for it is the Captain's orders."

"But I must go an' get him," wailed Tim.

"Suppose you could get him before we leave the dock, which you can't, and suppose you should get him aboard without the Captain's seeing you, which is an impossibility, what would be the result? Captain Pratt would throw him overboard after we got out to sea again, and then he would be sure to drown."

Tim knew the steward's reasoning was correct, and yet he refused to be comforted. He was led below despite his struggles, but when he reached the main-deck he ran to the rail, from where he could see all that was going on in the water.

"Do you s'pose he will get ashore all right?" Tim asked of Mr. Rankin, as he watched Tip's exertions to save himself.

"Of course he will; he's almost there now, and in five minutes more he'll be just as safe as ever, and a good deal cleaner."

By this time the freight for the island had been landed, and the steamer was already leaving the wharf. Tim was in an agony of fear lest he should be obliged to depart without assuring himself that Tip was a saved dog.

But in order that the steamer should be put on her course again it was necessary to back her for some distance, and that was a bit of good luck for Tim, since they moved in the direction taken by Tip. Tim could see Bobby at the extreme point of land that jutted out into the sea, urging the dog to increased exertion, and aided by all the boys who were on the wharf at the time Tip was thrown overboard, as well as by a number of others who had learned of the excitement by seeing Bobby as he ran around the shore.

Just as the steamer's paddle-wheels ceased to force her back, and began to urge her in the opposite direction, Tip's short legs touched the bottom, and in another instant Bobby was holding him, all wet and dripping, high up in the air, while he executed a sort of triumphant war-dance before Tim's delighted gaze.

Tim stood looking with his very heart in his eyes as the *Pride of the Wave* carried him farther and farther from the only friend he had, and when he saw Tip run along the beach and shake himself, he laughed from very joy.

But in another instant he understood that if the dog was safe, he was being separated from him very rapidly.

"I sha'n't see him ever again in the world," he wailed, "an' he is the only feller that cares anything about me."

Then he ran to the little hole which had served Tip as a state-room, and there gave vent to his sorrow in passionate weeping.

When Tim had so far recovered from his grief as to present himself for work again, Minchin's Island was far astern, and the voyage drawing rapidly to an end.

Those who were friendly to the boy thought the wisest and kindest course to pursue was to say nothing about poor Tip, and as those who were not friendly did not speak of him, Tim got on without giving way to his grief in public. Captain Pratt seemed to have forgotten his threat of punishing Tim for venturing on the upper deck, or he may have thought best to wait until the end of the trip, for he said nothing to the boy, which was far more kind than he had any idea of being.

At the different landings Tim did not have curiosity enough to look at the towns, but worked as hard as he could, in order to prevent thinking about poor Tip. Captain Pratt summoned him to the [Pg 741] wheel-house several times, and whenever he went there he felt certain he was to receive the promised whipping; but he was mistaken, for after ordering him to do some trifling work, the Captain paid no attention to him.

At about six o'clock on the afternoon of that day the steamer was made fast to the wharf at Bedlow, and the trip was ended.

After the work of cleaning the cabin was done, Mr. Rankin said, "You can go ashore and see the town if you want to; but be back by nine o'clock."

Tim shook his head; he had no desire to see anything new, since Tip was not there to enjoy the sights with him, and he crept off to his dirty berth in the forecastle, where he cried himself to

sleep.

On the next morning he succeeded in supplying the Captain's wants at the table as quickly as that gentleman thought proper, and yet no mention was made of the events of the previous day.

The steamer was to leave Bedlow on her return trip at noon, and Tim took no interest in the bustle and excitement on the wharf, save that each succeeding moment was one less in the time that must elapse before he saw Tip again.

As the steamer started, his spirits rose, and he watched her course carefully, fretting at the time spent at each landing, content only when she was going at regular speed toward Minchin's Island and Tip.

He had formed no plan as to what he should do when he got there. He knew that Mr. Rankin's advice that Tip be left there was good, and should be followed, but he could not make up his mind to do so. Parting with Tip seemed like parting with a portion of his very life, and he could not bring himself to say that he would leave this his only friend, no matter how short the time.

It was nearly night-fall when the steamer neared Minchin's Island, and Tim was as far in the bow as he could get on the main-deck, in order that he might catch the first glimpse of Tip, for he felt sure Bobby would bring him to the wharf.

At last he could distinctly see the different objects on the wharf, and his heart sank when he failed to see any one who at all resembled Bobby. He looked eagerly among the crowd assembled, and could not even see one boy, when on the day before there had been at least twenty there. He was at a loss to account for this cruelty on Bobby's part. He knew the dog had been saved, for he had surely seen him held aloft in Bob's arms, and a cruel suspicion came into his mind that perhaps the boy was keeping out of sight with the intention of claiming Tip as his own.

The boat arrived at the wharf, and was made fast. Not a single boy or dog could be seen.

Tim's heart was full to bursting, and as he leaned against the rail he thought it was not possible for greater trouble to come to him, since he was denied even a sight of Tip.

Now he would willingly have promised that the dog should remain with Bobby if by making such promise he could see and hug him each time the boat arrived at that place.

So absorbed was he with his grief, caused by what looked very like an act of unkindness on Bobby's part, that he failed to notice what several of the employés on the steamer saw and wondered at. A man had called Captain Pratt on shore, and was talking to him in such a manner as to make him angry. So excited was he that he paid no attention to the fact that the steamer was ready to continue the trip, and that every one waited for him. [Pg 742]

Tim saw nothing of all this; but when the Captain called loudly to him he started as if he had been caught in wrong-doing.

"Come ashore here," cried the Captain, much as if he was angry with himself for giving such an order.

Tim walked on to the wharf in a perfect maze of surprise, and when he went near his employer his wonder was increased by hearing that gentleman say to the one he had been talking with, "Here's the boy, and I wish you joy of him." And then to see him go quickly on board the steamer.

Before Tim had time to recover from his surprise the steamer had started, and as she was leaving the wharf he was almost knocked down by some soft substance that hit him on the legs.

TIM RECOVERS HIS LOST PET.

It did not take him many seconds to discover that this substance which had struck him so suddenly was his own little bob-tailed Tip, and then he sat right down on the wharf, and hugged him desperately, giving no heed to anything save the happy fact that he had his pet to himself once more.

Some time before he had finished hugging and kissing Tip a noisy crowd of boys appeared from behind one of the freight sheds, where they had evidently been in hiding, and gave him such a welcome to Minchin's Island as he never expected to receive anywhere.

Bobby was among the number, of course, and it was so long before he could calm himself down sufficiently to explain the meaning of all the strange occurrences, that Tim was left some time in doubt as to whether he had really escaped from the savage Captain Pratt, or if it was all a pleasant dream, from which he would awake to receive the promised flogging.

When Bobby did sober down sufficiently to talk understandingly, Tim learned that owing to his friend's pleading, and tales of how he had been abused, Mr. Tucker had promised that he would oblige Captain Pratt to let the boy come ashore at Minchin's Island, where he should have a home for a time at least.

Relying on that promise, Bobby had gathered all the boys of the town together to give Tim a proper welcome, and all had been hidden behind the shed when the steamer came in, so that the surprise should be as great as possible. By what means Mr. Tucker had induced Captain Pratt to part with the cabin-boy he was "breaking in" no one knew, and no one seemed to care, since it had been so successfully accomplished.

When Bobby looked around for his father, to introduce to him the boy for whom he had done so much, he was nowhere to be seen, and Bobby said in apology: "I s'pose he thought we would want to talk a good deal, and so he went off; but we'll see him when we get home."

"But am I really going to live with you?" asked Tim, hardly able to believe the good fortune that had come to him so suddenly.

"You're goin' to live with me a good while anyhow, an' I guess for all the time; but father didn't say." Then, as the boys started up the wharf, he added, eagerly: "We're goin' over to Bill Thompson's father's schooner now. We've got some chowder, an' Bill's father said we could go over there an' have supper, so we're goin' to show you one of the best times you ever had."

The countenances of all the boys told that some big time was near, and more especially was that the case with Bill Thompson. By his very manner he showed that he considered himself of the greatest importance in that party, and walked on in advance, almost unable to contain himself because of his excessive dignity. Instead of going up into the little town, Bill led the way around the shore, and as the boys reached the headland where Tip had first touched the land of Minchin's Island, Bobby pointed to a small fishing-schooner that lay at anchor a short distance from the shore.

Then the other boys began to tell about the supper and the good time generally, until it was impossible to distinguish one word; but Bill Thompson walked on in silence, looking neither to the right nor the left. It was enough for him that he was the one on whom the pleasure depended, since it was to take place on his father's vessel, and he could not lower his dignity by talking.

A dory hauled up on the beach served to convey the party to the schooner, and once there, Bill Thompson led the way to the cabin, where every preparation had been made for the feast of

welcome.

The table, formed by letting down a shelf from the side of the cabin, was large enough to accommodate half the party, and was laid with every variety of crockery and cutlery such as would be likely to be found on board a fishing vessel. The only food on the table was crackers, but a huge pot, which was bubbling and steaming in a contented sort of way on the stove, told that there was enough to satisfy the wants of the hungriest boy there.

"Set right down to the table, Tim," said Bill, unbending from his dignity a little, "an' the rest of us will do the work; you're the company, you know."

Tim took the place of honor, the only arm-chair in the cabin, and was more than gratified to find that a seat had been placed close beside him for Tip, who had already jumped on it, sitting there looking as wise and hungry as a dog could look.

The entire boy portion of the population of Minchin's Island had worked hard and earnestly to prepare this feast of welcome, and the result of their labors was the chowder, which was being served by means of a cocoanut-shell dipper, with a large hole in the side that somewhat delayed the progress.

At last all were served, and those who could not find places at the table were seated on the sides of the berths, on trunks, fishing-tackle, or any available space, and the feast was begun.

Tip had his share in a saucer, and he ate it in as dignified a manner as the best-behaved dog could have done.

For several moments all gave their undivided attention to the chowder, which was not exactly as good as they were accustomed to at home, but which, being the product of their own labor, tasted better than anything they had ever eaten before.

Especially to Tim was it good, because of the spirit which prompted its manufacture, and because it was an evidence of their good-will to him. Tip rather turned his nose up at it, however. Since his arrival at Minchin's Island he had been petted and fed by every boy in town, thanks to Bobby's stories of his ability as a bear dog, until now it required something more than ordinary food to tempt his appetite.

But the feast was not the only way by which the boy who had come among them was to be honored, as Tim soon found out. A very elaborate programme had been arranged, and not one single detail was to be omitted.

Bill Thompson, with his mouth uncomfortably full, arose to his feet in such a clumsy manner that he upset what remained of Bobby's chowder, very much to the disadvantage of the table-cloth and his trousers, and said, with some hesitation:

"Mr. Babbige, we fellers heard all about you last night from our esteemed feller-citizen Mr. Bob Tucker, an' we wanted to do something to show you what we thought of you."

Here Bill stopped to swallow a portion of the cracker that impeded his speech, and Tim looked around him in blank amazement, not understanding this portion of the proceedings. Bill continued in the most serious manner:

"We knowed what a hard time you was havin' on the *Pride*, an' we wanted to have you come an' live here, 'cause we thought we should like you, an' 'cause you had such a fine dog. This little [Pg 743] chowder welcome ain't all we've got for yer. To-morrer we're goin' to take Tip an' you out in the woods, an' we've decided that the first bear he kills shall be skinned, an' the skin nailed up on Bobby Tucker's father's barn, where everybody can see what your Tip has done."

At this point Bobby Tucker slyly pinched Tip's stub tail, and he uttered such a yelp that the remainder of the company applauded loudly, thinking he must have understood what was said.

When the noise ceased, Bill bowed gracefully to Tip as an acknowledgment of his appreciation, and having swallowed that which had been in his mouth, was able to speak more plainly.

"Mr. Babbige, we fellers want to 'gratulate you on gettin' off the *Pride*, an' more 'specially on comin' to this town, where the fellers will treat you an' Tip as you ought to be treated. We hope you'll stay forever with us, an' never want to go away. Now, fellers, I say three cheers for Tip and Tim Babbige."

The cheers were given with a will, causing Tim's face to turn as red as a boiled beet, while his confusion was as great as his face was red.

As soon as the noise had died away, Bobby was on his feet ready to express his opinion on the subject.

"Mr. Tim—I mean Tim—no, Mr. Timothy Babbige," he began, very earnestly; but his difficulty in getting the name right so confused him that he forgot what he was to say next. He cleared his throat until his voice was as hoarse as an aged frog's, and yet no words came. Then he seized a glass of water, drinking it so fast that he gasped and choked until the tears came into his eyes, and his face was as red as Tim's.

"Mr. Babbige," he began, and Tim's big eyes were fixed on him so pityingly that he was all at sea again so far as words were concerned, and making one desperate effort, he said, "Well, we're glad to see you here, Tim, an' we mean to make it jest as lively for you as we know how."

Then Bobby sat down very much ashamed that he had made such a failure; but when the boys cheered him as loudly as they had Bill, he began to think it was quite a speech after all.

Now every one looked expectantly at Tim, and he knew he was obliged to make some reply. He gazed at Tip, and Tip gazed at him; but no inspiration came from that source, and he stood up in a desperate way, feeling that as a rule he had rather go hungry than pay such a price for a supper.

"Fellers," he said, loudly, believing, if the thing must be done, the more noise the better, "I want to thank you all for what you did for Tip when you pulled him out of the water, an' for what you've done for me. The chowder was splendid—"

Here he was interrupted by loud and continued applause as he paid this delicate compliment to their skill as cooks, and it was some moments before he could continue.

"Tip an' me have had a nice time eatin' it, an' we're a good deal more glad to be here than you are to have us."

He could think of nothing more to say, and was about to sit down when Bobby asked, "What about killin' the bears?"

"I'd 'most forgotten about them," he said, as he straightened himself up and looked down at Tip with pride. "If you've got any bears 'round here that wants to be killed, Tip will fix 'em for you; but if you want to save the skins to nail up on the barn, you must rush in an' catch Tip before he chews 'em all up. Why, I saw Tip catch a woodchuck once, an' before you could say 'scat' he'd chewed him awfully. So you'll have to be kinder careful of your bears when Tip once gets his eye on 'em."

That was the end of Tim's speech, for the applause was so great that for the next five minutes it would have been useless for any one to try to make himself heard.

It was very near nine o'clock by the time the formal welcome to Tim was concluded, and after the cabin had been cleaned, Bill Thompson said, as he wiped the dishwater from his hands, smoothed down his hair, and made himself presentable for an appearance at home, "I guess we'd better go now, an' to-morrow mornin' we'll go 'round back of Bobby Tucker's father's wood-shed an' fix up about the bear-hunt."

The idea that they were to start the ferocious bear from his lair so soon caused a fresh burst of enthusiasm, and each one made another and a personal examination of Tip, until the much-inspected dog came very near being cross.

It was rather a sleepy party that clambered over the side of the schooner that night, but it was a party that had the most absolute faith in Tip Babbige's ability to kill all the bears on the island.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VISIT TO THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.—DRAWN BY HENRY BACON.

PIGEONS AND DOVES.

Very likely more than one boy will say, when he reads the heading of this article, that any fellow knows how to take care of doves, and that it is perfectly needless to tell him anything regarding

them. But however many there may be who know, or think they know, exactly how these feathered pets should be treated, there certainly are some who have had difficulty in keeping their pigeons at home, or found it almost impossible to raise any young ones.

It is for the benefit of this last class of readers that this article is written, and all others may pass it over if they choose.

Certainly it is a very easy matter to keep pigeons or doves, for they are pets that require but little care; but this care consists in something more than putting them into a box that is nailed to the side of the building, and then allowing them to get along as best they can by themselves.

The dove-cote should either be placed on a pole at such a height that it can readily be reached with a ladder, in order that it may easily be kept clean, or inside a building with the entrance facing the south, in order that the inmates may, in a measure, be sheltered from the winter storms.

In this dove-cote should be separate apartments for each pair of birds, and at the entrance should be a broad ledge for them to alight on when coming home, or to sun themselves on when they do not care to go on a visit. These little houses should be cleaned at least once each month, and plenty of gravel and old mortar spread on the floor. A little salt must be sprinkled around once in a while, and every precaution taken to guard against the invasion of rats or mice.

Wheat, oats, or barley should be fed each morning, with plenty of water, and green food if they are confined any length of time. Care should be taken to have the food fresh and clean, and not allow it to decay in the cotes.

If there is any trouble in keeping the birds at home, or if they persist in flying back to their old quarters, do not clip their wings or pull their tail feathers out, for both practices are barbarous. Instead of doing that, clean the dove-cote thoroughly, and sprinkle the floor with lavender, assafœtida, or anything that gives forth a strong odor. A sweet, cleanly house, with good food, will make home bodies of your doves more quickly than anything else, and once they begin to build a nest, there will be no longer any difficulty in persuading them to remain.

Doves that are cared for properly will produce from ten to twelve pairs of young each year, and at this rapid rate of increase it may readily be seen that the young fancier need not buy a large stock to begin with. [Pg 744]

Of the different varieties of these feathered pets there are so many that it is impossible to name them all in the space given here; but a few of those best known to fanciers generally can be mentioned.

Among the high-priced pigeons is the Crowned Gouri, which comes from the Indian Archipelago. It is a beautiful purple-brown, with gray breast, and has white bars across the wings, while on its head is a light blue or delicate gray crown.

The Nicobar also has a crest. The upper portions of this bird are green, shading to bronze and steel, while the head is slate-colored, with purple shades. Long pointed feathers grow from the neck, showing almost every color in the different degrees of light.

The Top-knot comes from Australia, and is a large silver-gray bird, striped with black, having a crest on his forehead and another on the back of his head.

The Bronze-winged pigeon also comes from Australia, and is brown and gray, with bronze-green spots on the wings.

From India and Java comes the Aromatic Vinago, with back and neck of dark red and purple, while the under feathers are green; the forehead is green, the throat yellow, and the tail blue, gray, green, and brown.

The Passenger-pigeon is too well known in this country to need any description, since he is to be seen by scores in almost any market.

The Carrier-pigeon should be dark blue to possess the color supposed to be the requisite of a good bird, but he is often seen of a dun or cinnamon color.

The Tumbler-pigeon may be of any color, and his antics in the air, as he turns all sorts of somersaults, are very funny. There are many varieties of these pigeons, such as the German Feather-footed, the Baldpate, Short-faced, and Almond, while according to their color they are known as Rocks, Blues, Checkers, Silvers, Duns, Kites, Reds, Yellows, Buffs, Drabs, Mealies, Gray-mottled, Blue-black, Strawberries, and so on through every shade and combination of color.

Of the Pouter there are the Ring-headed, Swallow-tailed, Rose-pinioned, and Bishoped, nearly all of which varieties the boys are familiar with, since with his apparently swollen crop the Pouter always attracts attention.

The Runt is a common bird, and the easiest of all his tribe to keep. The chief varieties are the Roman, Leg-horn, Spanish, Friesland, and Frill-back. The first is the largest, and the last the most singular of the species, since the feathers seem to grow from the tail toward the head.

The Nun is a nice little bird, with a tuft of feathers at the back of the head, and it is from the shape and color of this that the varieties are known as the Red, Black, or Yellow headed Nuns.

The Archangel is dark blue and copper-color, and is a good bird for the dove-cote.

Then the Fan-tail, or Broad-tailed Shaker, with his tail spread out like an angry turkey-gobbler's.

The Trumpeter is usually a yellowish-white bird, with a crest on his head, and what looks very

like a mustache.

The Jacobite has a ruff around his neck; the Turbot looks as if it had on a ruffled shirt front; the Owl has a hooked nose and great staring eyes, similar to the bird for which he is named; the Laugher makes a noise like the gurgling of water; the Barb has pink wrinkled skin around the eyes; the Mawmet, Magpie, Helmet, and Spot are varieties but seldom seen.

But though there are so many varieties of beautifully colored and formed birds, the ordinary Dove-house pigeon is by far the most satisfactory to raise, and repays its owner far better both in young and domestic habits than do those which are not only rare, but difficult to rear.

[Pg 745]

A RAINY DAY.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

HOW THE DAY WENT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"It was your work, Put, all of us fellows getting down here this morning. Now what'll we do?"

"Well, now, Dan, it's the last day of vacation, and school begins to-morrow, and we've just got to do something!"

"I don't care a cent for ball," remarked Charley Farrington at that moment, as he listlessly pitched a flat stone into the shallow river. "You don't catch me on the green to-day, anyhow. It's too near the 'cademy."

"Might go a-fishing," said Abe Larrabee, with a look of sadness on his sunburned face. "Jim Chandler, does your scow leak as bad as it did?"

"Worse and worse, and there isn't a fish left. I tried 'em yesterday all the way down to the mill."

"Nothing to shoot," said Dan Martin, "and no powder nor shot either. Boys, this 'ere vacation of ours is windin' up."

That was about it, or else it was very nearly run down, and there they all were on the bank, just above the old bridge, and not a boy of them could think of anything he cared three buttons to go and do. It was a trying time, and they all broke down under it, for in less than an hour there were five listless boys sauntering along up the hill toward Beecher's Woods, across lots, without any earthly reason to give for doing it. They could not travel straight, somehow, even then, for they went around through Deacon Chittenden's pasture lot. There was a level stretch in the middle of that pasture, and in the middle of that level there was a hole about five feet across. It had been a

round hole once, Put Boswell remarked, but he may have been wrong in adding:

"You see, boys, he had two old wells at the house, and this was the meanest; so he carted it up here, and drove it into the middle of his cow lot."

"Didn't drive it in very deep," said Charley Farrington. "Not more'n ten feet. If I should tumble in there, I could climb out again up that broken side."

"Water's pretty deep."

"Guess not. The Deacon isn't the kind of man to throw away anything. That's why he saved up his old well."

Put Boswell must have had his reasons for disliking Deacon Chittenden, from the way he talked about him; but the whole party was too full of that end of their vacation, and of talk about all they had done since they got hold of it by its July end, and they began to walk on. They walked as far as Beecher's fence, but they were unwise to trust themselves on the rotten top rail all at one time, for Abe Larrabee was just saying, "If there ain't Beecher's prize ram! look at his horns!" when there was a cracking sound under them, and down they came, in a tangle, with a length of the rickety fence criss-crossed beneath them. [Pg 746]

Worse than that: Abe had pointed straight at the ram, and the insulted animal was coming in a hurry to see why there had been such a gap made in his boundaries.

"Run, boys, run!" shouted Put Boswell. "He's the all-killingest butter in the county!"

They had found something to do, and so had the ram, and he seemed, in a minute more, to have decided that his duties included the care of Deacon Chittenden's cow lot.

It was odd, but every one of those five boys had the same idea in his head: "If I can only put that well between him and me."

They ran straight for it, and the ram was so close on Charley Farrington's heels when he reached it that there was nothing left for Charley but a long jump. Well for him that he was a good jumper on a run, and he landed three feet beyond the well, while the other four were dodging around it.

Where was the ram?

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!"

Either he had begun his leap too soon, or he had not made it long enough, for it had carried him with great accuracy to the very middle of the old well, and his piteous voice was now coming up from just above the surface of the water at the bottom.

"Beecher's lost his prize mutton."

"Hear him! Oh, but doesn't he feel bad!"

"He isn't drowning, anyhow."

"Not exactly drowning, but it's an awful cold bath."

"Boys," said Put Boswell, "we must get him out. Old Chittenden'll be sure to find out that we fellows were up here, and they'd lay it all to us."

"They lay pretty much everything to us now," remarked Dan Martin. "But how'll we ever work it? Put, you go down and lift him up, while we get hold of him. You ain't afraid of a sheep, are you?"

"Not where there's any chance to run, if he wanted to bite me. You go down. The water's real nice and cool."

Not one of them wanted to go down, and the council they held around the mouth of that well used up a good deal of what was left of that morning.

"Tell you what," said Jim Chandler at last, "I'm getting hungry. Let's go for dinner, and not say a word to anybody about it, and come back with a rope. We can rope him out."

There was a unanimous vote in favor of that, for Jim was not the only member of the council who had been thinking about his dinner. There was not an ounce of listlessness among them all the way back to the village, and there was plenty of rope at the side of the old well early in the afternoon.

"Is he there yet?" said Charley, eagerly, as he came up.

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!" arose in response from the dismal depths, where the ram was awaiting his deliverance.

"Ain't his feet wet by this time? Let's get some fence rails," said Put. "Good ones, too."

"Or we may join the ram," remarked Dan Martin. "That's it, Put, make a slip-noose."

"I'm going for his horns, soon as the rails get here."

That was quickly enough, and there was no special difficulty in dropping a wide noose over the horns of that ram, and in drawing it tight.

"We've got him now, unless his horns come off," shouted Abe Larrabee. "He's safe."

In the bottom of a well, and fastened by his horns to five boys and a fence rail, there was not a particle of danger that Beecher's prize ram would get away. The problem yet to be solved was at least as deep as the old well, nevertheless, and there was no telling how soon Mr. Beecher or Deacon Chittenden might put in an appearance.

"It's got to be done," said Put. "We can't leave an unfortunate fellow-creature in such a fix as that. Let's haul on the rope over the rail, and see how far we can draw him."

There were a good many experiments tried, hand running, and every boy had had his turn, sitting on the fence rails in the middle, and studying the ram after he had been let down again. It was beginning to look a little dark for him, when something put it into the head of Charley Farrington to grasp the rope tight at the rail where it was hitched, and swing down a little, with his feet on the projecting stones of the rude siding.

It was too bad for Dan Martin and Jim Chandler to get up from the rails to come and see what he was doing, for the one with the rope wound around it began to turn, with Charley's weight to turn it, and in five seconds more he was standing at the bottom of the well, by the side of what Put had called his "unfortunate fellow-creature."

"Boys! boys! pull me up."

"You're the man for me," responded Put Boswell, for it was plain no harm had been done. "That's just the thing. Now we'll haul on the ram, at the broken side, and we'll get him up. There's just slant enough, if you'll boost him behind and get him started. Is the water very warm?"

"Hurry up, then. It's cold as ice. I'll shove him."

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!"

"Don't those two feel bad?" unfeelingly remarked Abe Larrabee. "Let's hurry, boys. Charley's all right. He's a brick, too."

So he was, and when the moment of trial came he lifted and helped with a will. All the ram really needed was to be helped to put his fore-feet on the tumbling stones, and then to be hauled and shoved until his hind-feet were compelled to follow.

Ten minutes more, and then, with a big pull and a great shout, out came the unlucky sheep. It had been an unsettled question in the minds of the boys, until that instant, whether his horns, or his neck, or the rope might not give way, and as for themselves, a redder-faced lot had not been seen in the whole valley since school closed.

"Now, boys," shouted Charley, "the rope. Hitch it strong."

Charley's weakness was for climbing, and he would have scorned the idea of not being able to master so simple a situation as that.

"Here comes the other sheep," shouted Put. "Charley, are your feet wet? Look at your friend."

He was worth looking at, for he was himself looking at the well mouth as if he was studying, under his much-pulled horns, how on earth he ever got out of that thing.

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!"

"I'll take the rope off, and then we'll cut."

Abe was saying that in the very act of loosening the rope with his jackknife; but he should not have stood right in front of the ram to do it, for the very second the prize brute felt himself free, Abe felt something bump against him just above his waist. It was not very vigorous butting, and was only done from force of habit, but Abe went down.

"Run, boys, run! He'll go for you next."

"Deserves to have been left in the well," exclaimed Jim Chandler, "the ungrateful beast!"

There was no need of any running, however, for the ram had no heart, perhaps no very serviceable legs, to follow them. Abe Larrabee was the only fellow who really hurried much. [Pg 747]

It was just as they all got to the other side of the old bridge on the road to the village that Put Boswell suddenly broke out with:

"Look a-here, boys, wasn't we a-wondering this morning what we'd do with this here last day of vacation?"

"That was just the trouble," said Charley Farrington, "and we've put it in a-helping an old sheep out of Chittenden's well."

"Don't care for that," stoutly responded Put. "Didn't I say last night I'd find something to do? I say it's the best day we've had. We know just what to do with an old well now. It's been real interesting."

"Yes," drawled Abe Larrabee, "so it has. Interesting to the old ram too. Worst of it is, we daren't tell anybody."

That was too bad, but they could all go back to school more cheerfully for it the next day.

THE UNGRATEFUL WOOD-CUTTER.

Once on a time there lived in a village a wood-cutter so poor, that he had only his hatchet with which to gain bread for his wife and children.

"What am I to do?" said he, one day. "I am worn out with fatigue, my wife and children have

nothing to eat, and I have no longer strength to hold my hatchet to earn even bitter black bread for my family. Ah! it is very bad luck for the poor when they are brought into this world."

While he was lamenting in this way, a voice called to him in a compassionate tone, "What are you complaining of?"

"Am I not likely to complain, when I have no food?" said he.

"Go home," said the voice, "dig up the earth in the corner of your garden, and you will find under a dead branch a treasure."

When the wood-cutter heard this he threw himself on his knees, and cried out, "Master, how do you call yourself? who are you with so kind a heart?"

"My name is Merlin," said the voice.

"Ah, master, God will bless you if you will come to my aid, and save a poor family from destitution."

"Go quickly," said the voice, "and in a year's time come back here, and give me an account of what you have done with the money you will find in the corner of the garden."

"Master, I will come in a year's time, or every day if you command me."

So he went home, dug the earth in the corner pointed out to him, and there found the promised treasure.

At the end of the year he went, according to agreement, to the forest. The voice cried,

"So you have come!"

"Yes, master."

"And how have you fared?"

"Well, master; my family have good food and clothing, and we have reason to thank you every day."

"You are well off, then, now; but tell me is there anything else you long for?"

"Ah, yes, master, I should like to be made Mayor."

"All right; in forty days you shall be named Mayor."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, my dear protector."

The second year the rich wood-cutter came to the forest in fine new clothes, and wearing tied round his waist the scarf of Mayor.

"Mr. Merlin," called he, "come and speak to me."

"Here I am," said the voice. "What do you wish?"

"Our Bishop died yesterday, and my son, with your aid, would like to replace him. A fresh favor, then, I ask of your kindness."

"In forty days it shall be done," said Merlin.

Accordingly, in forty days the son became a Bishop, and yet they were not contented.

At the end of the third year the wood-cutter sought his protector, and in a low voice called,

"Merlin, will you do me another favor?"

"What is it?" said the voice.

"My daughter wishes to be the wife of a Director."

"So let it be," replied Merlin. "In forty days the marriage shall take place."

And so it all came to pass.

Then the wood-cutter spoke in this wise to his wife,

"Why should I go again into the forest to speak to a creature whom I have never seen? I am wealthy enough now, I have plenty of friends, and my name is respected."

"Go once more," said she. "You ought to wish him good-day, and thank him for all his benefits."

So the wood-cutter mounted his horse, and, followed by two servants, entered the wood, and began to shout, "Merlot! Merlot! I have no more need of you, for I am sufficiently rich now."

Merlin replied: "It seems that you have forgotten the time when you had not enough to eat, possessed only your hatchet, and could scarcely earn sixpence a day. The first service I rendered you, you went on your knees, and called me 'Master'; after the second, a little less polite, you said 'Mister'; after the third, only plain 'Merlin'; and now you have the impudence to address me as 'Merlot.' You think that you have made your account well, and have no longer need of me. We'll see to that. You have always been heartless and stupid; continue to be stupid, and remain poor as you were when I took you up."

The rich man laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and did not believe a word that had been said to him.

He went back to his home. Soon his son, the Bishop, died. His daughter, the Director's wife, also had a bad illness, and she died too. To crown his misfortunes, a war broke out, and the soldiers of each army entered his cellars, consumed his wine and his granaries of corn, and burned his

maize in the field. His house also they set fire to, so he remained penniless and uncared for.

LITTLE JACK'S DREAM.

Little Jack Jones considered himself the happiest boy in Jonesborough when his father gave him a gun. The fact that it was a weapon with which to shoot peas, and had a spring that did away with the necessity for powder, did not make it any less dangerous in Jack's eyes, and he felt very warlike with it in his hands.

He was positive he could kill birds, and even animals for that matter, provided his aim was true, and the peas could be sent with sufficient force. That the woods in the rear of his house were alive with all kinds of animals he had no doubt, even though he had never seen any, and his father had said rabbits were the largest game to be found there. He felt certain his father was mistaken, for what were woods made for if not to shelter every species of the brute creation?

For a long time Jack had been anxious to go out for a day, and shoot about as many animals as would be necessary to start a large menagerie; but until this gun was given him he could not satisfy his desires. Now, however, all was changed, and he began the most warlike preparations.

He found an old powder-horn which would serve to hold his stock of peas, and make him look like a hunter, and the obliging tinman cut him out one of the most ferocious-looking tin knives that can well be imagined.

That night his gun, carefully loaded, stood by the head of his bed, while his knife and powder-horn of peas were tucked snugly away under the pillow, where he could reach them at a moment's notice. [Pg 748]

It was a long time before he fell asleep that night, and as the last idea in his mind when the sand-man closed his eyes was of his hunting expedition, when he thought he awakened he was not surprised at finding himself already in the woods.

His gun was in his hands, his terrible knife in his belt, and his pea-horn slung over his shoulder in the proper manner. He laughed to himself at the thought that he was in the woods without remembering anything about the disagreeable morning task of combing his hair or going for the milk; but he took good care to peep cautiously behind every bush or rock lest an elephant should pop out and trample on him before he had time to kill him.

With his gun ready for instant use, he walked on, but saw nothing, not even a bird, that was anxious to be killed, until he heard a gruff voice just behind him shout,

"Here, young fellow, what are you trying to do?"

Jack turned very quickly, for he had not supposed any one was near, and his surprise was great at seeing an enormous gorilla, armed with a large club, and wearing two feathers on his head, and an apron of leaves, coming directly toward him.

"I wasn't tryin' to do nothin'," said Jack, in greatest alarm, and doing his best to keep his knees from shaking. "I was only walkin' round."

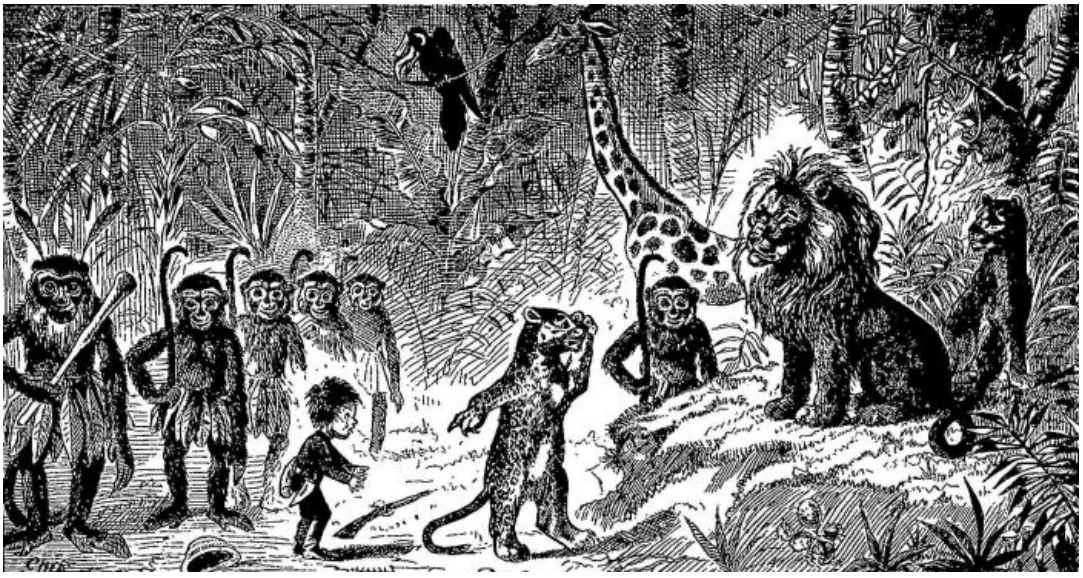
"That's a story," said the old fellow, sternly, as he called up five chimpanzees, all of whom wore aprons and carried clubs, and ordered them to lead Jack away to the court-house.

Frightened as Jack was, he thought how strange it was that animals should have a court-house, and then as he looked at his captors more closely, he fancied they acted something after the manner of policemen.

How frightened he was then, and how he wished he had never seen a pea-gun or a tin knife!

The policemen did not speak to him, but marched him along, the gorilla leading the way in the most dignified manner possible.

The distance was very long and Jack was tired; but he would willingly have walked during the entire day if by such means he could escape going to that court, where he felt certain some terrible punishment awaited him. There was no such good fortune for him, however, for when they reached what it seemed must be the very centre of the woods, they entered a cleared space, which marked the end of the journey.



BEFORE JUDGE LION.—Drawn by F. Bellew, Jun.

Jack knew he stood in the animals' court-room, for there, on a high bank on which moss had been spread for a carpet, sat a very ferocious-looking and very old lion, wearing an enormous pair of eyeglasses, while just behind him his wife looked over his shoulder curiously at the prisoner. Just below the lion a tiger sat on his haunches as if he was the clerk of the court; at one side stood a giraffe as crier, and on a swinging vine overhead perched an old crow, who, as the shade over his eyes plainly told, was the court reporter.

It was a terrible moment for poor Jack as he stood there before the savage-looking judge, and he resolved from that instant that there was not half so much fun in the so-called sport of hunting as some people seemed to think.

"What's your name?" asked the tiger, with a growl, and Jack's teeth chattered so that he could hardly answer,

"Jack Jones."

"What is the charge against the prisoner, Captain Gorilla?" asked the judge, as he stroked his whiskers and adjusted his eyeglasses.

"Carrying dangerous weapons," answered the old fellow, as he pointed to the pea-shooter, and then he motioned one of the chimpanzees to tell the story, he standing ready to corroborate what his lieutenant should say in case Jack attempted to deny his guilt.

The chimpanzee told the judge that he had been out with Captain Gorilla and his four comrades since six o'clock that morning, looking for some suspicious-acting animals who had been reported as being in that ward; they had discovered the prisoner, who was armed as his honor could see; he was, at the time of his arrest, looking around him in a singularly cautious manner, and was, to the best of his (the officer's) belief, a dangerous person to be at liberty.

The old crow looked down at Jack as if he was about to write a description of him for the next number of the *Forest Herald*, and the judge wiped his eyeglasses with his tail, as he asked, "Is his gun loaded?" [Pg 749]

Captain Gorilla stepped forward, and was about to examine the weapon, when the giraffe put his hoofs in his ears, and insisted that if it was absolutely necessary to go into such slight details, the captain should go at least a mile from the court, since he was very nervous, and afraid of a noise.

The judge thought that perhaps it made no difference whether the charge was actually in the gun or not, since the prisoner had the ammunition in his possession, and then paused as if to consider what the sentence should be.

Jack, who was more frightened than ever before, had had no chance to speak since his trial began, but now he commenced to cry and plead his cause at the same time.

"Dear, kind, good Mr. Lion, if you'll only let me go home, I'll bend the knife all up, an' I won't ever shoot a single pea, except at the side of our barn, where they can't hurt anybody. *Do* let me go, 'cause I'm afraid I didn't get the milk for mother before I came here."

"If you neglected to do the errands for your mother, your punishment must be all the more severe," said the judge, and his wife nodded her head as if to say she thought that decision exactly correct.

"I'll never come out here again, an' I'll always do everything mother wants me to," pleaded Jack, but all in vain.

The judge considered the case in silence for some moments; the clerk licked his chops hungrily, as if he expected to be called upon to eat the prisoner; the captain of police brandished his club savagely; the crow made preparations for writing down the prisoner's last words; and Jack's hair would have stood straight up, because of his fright, if he had combed the snarls out so it could.

"Tie him up to the tallest tree by the hair, so he may act as scarecrow to other boys who come out pea-shooting in the morning before they have done the chores," said the judge, with a roar, and

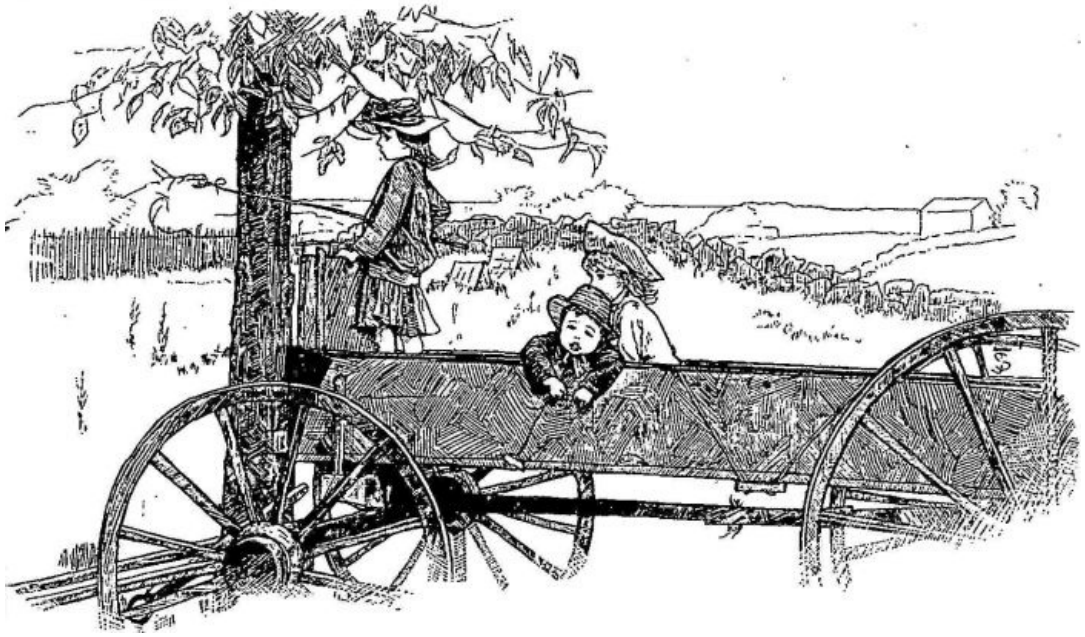
no sooner had he spoken than the gorilla and the chimpanzees caught Jack up, climbing the tree with him in their arms without the slightest difficulty.

It hurt terribly to hang there by the hair, but the pain was still greater when the branch broke, and he fell to the—floor, now thoroughly awakened, because he had tumbled out of bed.

It was some moments before he could understand that it was all a dream; but it had frightened him so that he bent the tin knife double and threw it out of the window before he crawled back to bed.

The next morning his mother was pleasantly surprised by seeing him do his work without being reminded of it, and that forenoon, when some of the boys asked him why he was not in the woods shooting lions, he simply told them that it was because he was obliged to take care of the baby.

A COUNTRY DAISY.



THE LAST FROLIC.

Three little children at grandpa's—Archie, Kitty, and May—
After a summer of sunshine have the last frolic to-day.
High in the old farm wagon—never was carriage so grand—
Three little children are ready for a drive to fairy-land.

The ponies are off in the pasture, the black horse stands in the stall,
But make-believe steeds are harnessed and there at the children's call;
They'll race over hill and valley, they'll dash through village and town,

And surely they'll find the fairies before the sun goes down.

Three little children at grandpa's have tossed the fragrant hay,
Followed the cows to the meadow, and weeded the garden for play,
Hunted for Tops and Speckle in every cranny and nook,
Carried the eggs home gayly, and fished with pins in the brook.

They are going home to-morrow, this frolic will be the last;
So trot away bravely, horses—no danger of going too fast.
Aloft in the old farm wagon, dimpled and freckled and tanned,
Hurrah for the dear little children, driving to fairy-land.

HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY.

I would like to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE how nice it is to go all through Harper's establishment. Papa took me there the other day, and got a permit to go through it, and we saw so many interesting things that I don't know where to begin to tell about them. We went into the rooms where all the machinery and presses are. I saw them printing *Harper's Monthly Magazine* and a whole lot of things. I think it is very nice to look at the man spattering different-colored paints on the water to make the marbling on the edges of books. I liked to watch the women who were spreading gold-leaf on the covers of books. After this is done they are placed in a press, and the letters and pictures are stamped on the cover, and the gold-leaf that is not needed is brushed off. We visited the room of the Editor of YOUNG PEOPLE, and had a very pleasant time there. He showed us an Easter-egg which one of the young people had sent him. A great many people think that the letters in Our Post-office Box are not genuine, but I know they are, for the Editor showed me a pile of them which he had just received. He said he expected to get as many as that twice a day, and that they came from all parts of the United States, and even from Canada and Europe. If they printed all the letters which come from the children, they would have no room for anything else in the paper. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is delightful, and I mean to take it until I am a woman. I am eight years old now.

EMMA S.

Emma's papa assures us that this letter, in spelling, composition, and writing is entirely Emma's own work, without any assistance. It is a very well-written letter in every sense for a little girl of eight.

MOLINE, ILLINOIS.

I think that a short account of the Artesian well which is being bored here will interest the members of the Young People's Natural History Society. The well is being bored near the Moline Paper-Mill for the purpose of procuring pure water to be used in the manufacture of paper. It is not bored with an auger like an ordinary well, but is drilled with a drill which works up and down in the well in the same way that a man drills a hole in rock to blast it, only of course this drill is larger, and is worked by a steam-engine and a walking-beam like those on steamboats. The drill is fastened to one end of the walking-beam by long wooden rods. It grinds the rock quite fine, like sand, and some of it is ground to a fine powder. They drill several hours or more, according to the hardness of the rock, and then pull up the drill, and let down a hollow iron tube with a valve in the bottom, into which the pulverized rock, which is mixed with water, runs, and where it is prevented from coming out by the valve. They have at present drilled to the depth of 700 feet, and expect to find water at 800 feet.

STILLMAN G.

LYONS FALLS, NEW YORK.

I am eleven years old. I picked up potatoes last fall, and earned the money with which I bought YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa gave me one cent a bushel. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box, and also "Tim and Tip." I took YOUNG PEOPLE to school, and we read "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" there. I have a Newfoundland dog, whose name is Chuck. His color is old gold. We bought him to help us churn, but our milk now goes to the factory. I get up early in the morning and help milk. There is a little creek back of our house, and I skate there in the winter when it is frozen over. I have lots of fun. I fall down sometimes, but it don't hurt me much.

CLINTON H. J.

CLARKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Since school closed I've had a splendid time in the country, fishing in the Shenandoah, and doing other charming things. I am now going home with papa, and shall take my baby brother a great red apple. I mean to study very hard, and do everything I can to please papa, for his kindness in having sent me to the country.

W. H. T.

I don't care about letting you all know where I live; but here I am, shut up in this great Noah's ark of a parlor, alone, just because the teacher came here last night and told Aunt Quillet that I had refused to write my composition. So aunt sent me here, where I could be quiet, and think without being disturbed. What is there to think about, I wonder? There's only a crack between the shutters to let in light, and the furniture is done up in linen bags, and the pieces peek and stare at me as if every chair were a mummy. Why can't folks buy things that don't need bagging, or else use the pretty things while they're pretty, and bag them after they've grown shabby? They make me think of that ship which Ike Walton dived into, where the men were all sitting round just as they had been doing when it went down. I hate parlors anyway. I hate things with Ulsters on.

Auntie opened the door just now, and inquired how I was succeeding. I told her I was writing to YOUNG PEOPLE. She said that letter-writing was a very fine variety of composition. I did not know that before, and have always thought it easy enough to write letters. If the teacher were of the same opinion, I would not be marked deficient so often in this study.

Aunt Quillet is spending a month here. Mother has gone to grandpa's. Aunt is very stylish, and spends most of her time in making edging. The time she spends in knitting she might employ better, I think. The other day I asked her about Moses—I was studying my Sunday-school lesson at the moment. She said. "Oh yes, Daniel, I'll help you. Slip one, knit two, pass, slip over, thread forward. I haven't had time—narrow three times—to read much lately—knit back plain. Things were very—make fagoting, thread forward, knit three—different then." So I had to depend on myself, for aunt could not stop her lace-work to pay attention to me.

DAN J.

MUSKOGEE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

I have a little jet-black pony with a frizzly mane. Its name is Princess Ethelfrida—rather long, perhaps, but romantic and beautiful. My home is five miles back of Brushy Mountain. I enjoy reading Our Post-office Box.

ANNIE K.

MONTICELLO, NEW YORK.

The other day a lady came in to see me, and our talk happened to be about apples. She had been in her garden, and picked up a few apples to take in to her children. One which she gave to her little girl had a large worm-hole in it. The little girl bit quite near the hole, and out fell the worm; but there still remained in the cavity something which

appeared to be a thread. On examination it proved to be eight inches long, and when put under the magnifying glass it was found to have several legs and feet, little black eyes, and a tongue that hung out of its mouth. The lady dropped it into a tumbler of water, and it rolled itself up like a little ball of thread, then unrolled again, and stuck its head out of the water. It still lives in the tumbler. People should be very careful about eating apples in the dark.

I have been spending my vacation here, and have had many delightful adventures. I have a few stones, some pressed flowers, and curiosities, to exchange for ores. My city address is 771 Park Avenue, New York city.

FLORENCE H. BRADY.

GREENVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

I have seen so many letters in the Post-office Box about pets that were named Toby Tyler that I thought I would write you about mine. We had two beautiful kittens. I named mine Toby, because he was always hungry. My brother named his Ella, he thought it was so pretty and cunning. They both died last Sunday. Mamma thinks they must have eaten something poisonous. They used to catch and eat bugs when they ran in the grass. Toby and Ella were loved more than any other pets we ever had. We had a kitten named Mr. Stubbs. I gave him to a little girl, and he is living yet. I like *all* of YOUNG PEOPLE the *best*, and can make no choice.

DOT H.

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have had a dear little sister, who has always read me the paper every week, and we were so happy, and enjoyed it so much together, but in June Jesus took her to heaven, and I am very lonely without her, for we loved each other very dearly. She was thirteen years old. Papa and mamma read to me now, but I am going to work hard when school commences, so that I may soon read to myself.

I dreamed last night that sister Ida came back. I went out to the gate to meet her, and talked with her, and the talk was pleasant. I asked her if she was not hungry, and wanted her to come into the house and get something to eat, but she said she was never hungry now; and then she was gone again away from me, and I woke up.

I have five pets this summer—a mocking-bird, a canary, a bunting (or Mexican canary), a parrot, and a white rabbit. The parrot talks a great deal—calls "Papa," "Albert," "Kitty," says "Good-by," whistles, and does a good many other things. The rabbit gets into her cage, and helps eat up her dinner, and Polly does not care a bit, for they are very good friends.

Mamma has done the writing for me, for it is such hard work for me, and takes so long. I like the new story of "Tim and Tip" very much.

ALBERT W. B.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI.

My uncle is editor of *The South*, and takes your paper, which we all enjoy reading. I saw C. H. Williamson's idea of a Natural History Society, and liked it so much that I made up a club. When we had our first meeting, July 27, 1881, Mary Burton was elected President, and I was elected Secretary. We took the katydid for our first subject, and were much interested in the little creature. One of our members asked if the katydid is found in all parts of the world, and none of us could tell. Can Mr. Williamson give us any information? There are only five members in our society, but we very much enjoy our meeting once in every two weeks.

I read all the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE, and like "Toby Tyler" best of all, and next Jimmy Brown's stories. I wish he would write oftener. Our whole household was interested in "Toby Tyler." I have a little sister who has been playing on the piano ever since she was three years old. One lady called her a second Mozart. I love to live in Holly Springs, though it is a small place. It is called the "City of Flowers," but the weather has been so warm and dry there are not many flowers this summer. Not to make my letter too long, I will close.

MAMIE CLARK.

President Williamson will please notice the inquiry addressed to him, and reply in our Post-office

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OTTERBEIN, INDIANA.

Last winter we wanted so badly to take YOUNG PEOPLE that we wrote a letter to Santa Claus about it. We sent it on Tuesday, and on Saturday the paper came. We are much interested in "Tim and Tip." I think Mr. Otis is just as good as he can be. We have five birds; their names are Tony, Fluffy, Nobby, Daisy, and Beauty, and our dog, who is a little mischief, is called Tricks.

RAY AND RENA D.

AYLMER, QUEBEC.

I am a little boy ten years old, and have a little sister and brother. My brother can just talk, and my sister is eight years old. We live in Aylmer for the summer. We have a lake, on which boats go back and forth. Their names are the *Chaudière*, the *Monitor*, the *Castor*, the *Jessie Cassels*, the *Aylmer*, the *Lottie*, and the *Ida*. And we have a catamaran. I have been across the lake once in the latter. I have been to several picnics and two entertainments this summer. We have a dog whose name is Puzzle.

DON W.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I have just returned from my summer vacation, which I spent at Auburn, New York. While I was there I went to Owasco Lake, and saw a new style of row-boat which Mr. Staat was trying on the water. There is an iron wheel in the centre of the boat, with double handles on each side. Two men can manage it easily, and one of them while working can steer by putting his feet in chains attached to the boat. In this way the boat goes twice as quickly as it does when rowed by oars. The men carry a paddle with them, so that if the wheel should break they could paddle to shore. I think the stories of "The Moral Pirates," "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" "Susie Kingman's Decision," and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation" are very nice, and I like "Tim and Tip" and "Penelope" so far. I am collecting picture cards, and have over four hundred. If any little girl or boy who is collecting them would like to exchange with me, please address

H. MAUD SISSON, 183 Maryland St.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

My little kitten is dead. I have a pony, and every evening my sister and I go riding together. One day lately we saw a gray bird poise itself on the branch of a tree. It uttered a cluck just like a person. Our horses were startled, and began to run. Sister thought I made the queer sound, and I thought she had made it.

DIMPLE K.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

My little brother has four pet rabbits and two pet chickens. I go to school, and am in the grammar department. There were two robins that built their nest in an apple-tree at the side of our house this summer, and they had four young ones. My cousin and I are making a collection of advertisement cards.

ALBERTA D. G.

I am Alberta's cousin, and she kindly lets me read her paper. My papa is an army officer in Texas, and I have just come from there to visit Alberta. I brought with me a black quail which a Mexican had trapped, but soon after arriving here it was lost. I have three sisters and one brother, whom papa calls Prince Ronald.

MARGIE Y.

ROCKY COMFORT, ARKANSAS.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have never gone to school, but mamma teaches me at home. I study geography, writing, and music on the piano. I have a black-and-tan terrier named Toto. How he does love to catch mice and rats! He'll stand up on his hind-legs and beg me to open the store-room door when he hears a rat inside. I've taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I was seven. On my last birthday papa gave me a pony and a bridle, and mamma gave me a saddle. I have no brother, and only one sister, who is married, and has a home of her own, and the cutest little baby boy. I lived with them over two months while mamma was at Hot Springs. She is at home now, and quite well.

KATE KNOX H.

JONESVILLE, MICHIGAN.

I am sometimes very lonely, and would not know what to do without my dear paper. I have neither brother nor sister. My pet is a little kitten named Tinker. My papa is a doctor, and I like to go with him around the country. I was eight years old in May. I have lots of flowers, and pick a bouquet nearly every day. I go to school, and have a number of studies.

GRACIE E. S.

BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

I have a pet dog named Fido. He stands up in a corner on his hind-legs and shakes hands. My sister and I also have two pet squirrels, who play many tricks. Their names are Bunnie and Jack. This is the first letter that I ever wrote to YOUNG PEOPLE. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I am nine years old. My brother, sister, and myself take YOUNG PEOPLE together. [Pg 751]

S. BELLE C.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Foreign stamps, for minerals.

L. WEBSTER,
East Walnut Lane and Hancock St.,
Germantown, Philadelphia, Penn.

Japanese and Chinese coins or postmarks, for other coins.

MIRIAM HILL,
Lock Box 79, Middletown, Conn.

A good spy-glass and four packages or colored inks, for a printing-press with type.

W. C. ROSENBERGER, Tiffin, Seneca Co., Ohio.

Foreign stamps, three for three.

BANKS H. BOUTON,
New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y.

I am making a collection of woods, and would like to get pieces of such as do not grow in this part of the country. Other woods or curious stones given in exchange, and

postage repaid. Send pieces large enough to make, when planed, blocks one and a half inches in length and three-quarters of an inch square.

ALDA M. MICHAEL,
Congress, Wayne Co., Ohio.

Two perfect locusts, for two foreign stamps, a small piece of petrified wood, or a rare butterfly.

A. F. WOOD, care of Box 287, Jacksonville, Fla.

Rare foreign stamps, stones, shells, mosses, and curiosities, for Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 26 of YOUNG PEOPLE, in good condition.

BESSIE H. LITTLE,
Care of A. Pidgin, Lewiston, Me.

Toad-stone, found in only one locality in America, for Indian curiosities.

GEORGIANA R. and HATTIE D. PERKINS,
Newburyport, Mass.

Indian arrow or tobacco pouch, for fifty foreign stamps (no duplicates).

WILLIAM E. DEEDS,
1312 East Franklin St., Evansville, Ind.

Stamps, minerals, ores, and coins, for orange, olive, pomegranate, red cedar, and eucalyptus woods, ores, and curiosities.

A. M. C.,
447 West Twenty-second St., New York City.

Foreign stamps, for picture cards. A good book, for a chick of good breed.

JESSE D. BURNS,
1123 Christian St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Boxes containing 200 small assorted West Indian shells, bright colors, specimens of coral, two sea-beans, five eye-stones, and twenty black-eyed Susans for exchange.

CLARENCE PAYNE,
162 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ten postmarks, for five advertising cards for a collection; or a specimen of iron ore, for ten cards.

NELLIE C. S.,
Box 5, Dunnings, Lackawanna Co., Penn.

Rock from Long Island, for wood from any other than New York State.

H. BACHMAN,
193 Scholes St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Five Indian arrow-heads, for eighty foreign stamps.

Eddie Mentz, Woodsonville, Ky.

Forty foreign stamps and twenty postmarks, for a half-cent of 1831, '36, '40, '42, '43, '47, '48, '49, and '52, or a 2-cent piece of 1873, or a cent of 1804.

Fred Connett, 209 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J.

Stamps, for stones and minerals.

Walter Snyder,
Dunnings, Lackawanna Co., Penn.

Foreign stamps, stones, and minerals, a base-ball belt, and curiosities, for copper cents of 1799, 1804, 1805, 1806, or 1810, sand from remote places, and Indian relics.

Redwood,
147 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

Coins, and a collection of unique and valuable curiosities, for Liberty heads bearing date from 1793 to 1817 inclusive.

W. A. Grant,
Lock Box 152, Ingersoll, Ontario, Can.

Two stamps from Bavaria, Hungary, France, or German Empire, for one from Turkey or Africa.

E. D. Kellogg, care M. C. Kellogg,
Mount Vernon, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Fossils, for pink or mushroom coral, asbestos, gold or silver ore, star-fish, and other curiosities.

T. P. Morgan, Garnett, Kansas.

A collection of shells, forty-five foreign stamps, and a stone from the Atlantic coast, for an Indian bow and arrow or a printing-press and type.

W. Sheppard, 180 Macomb St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A five-foot bow or a seven-inch foot-ball, for a collection of 400 or 500 stamps (no duplicates).

Paul Q. Ford, 97 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Seven postmarks, for one foreign stamp.

Harley Stevenson, Hartwell, Ohio.

Five postmarks, for two foreign stamps. English stamps not desired.

N. G. Hills, Hartwell, Ohio.

Minerals and botanical specimens for exchange.

Stephen H. Brown,
Gilbert's Lane, St. John, N. B.

A boy's book entitled *Stories of Courage and Perseverance*, by William H. G. Kingston, 323 pages, bound in cloth, and in good condition, for a postage-stamp album moderately filled.

Albert Shultz, Box 175, Staunton, Va.

A 10-cent War Department stamp, for a German, French, Swedish, Chinese, or Spanish.

Roscoe N. Doyal, Frankfort, Clinton Co., Ind.

Stuffed birds, Indian relics, fossils, and minerals, for other curiosities.

C. L. Raymond,
Garrettsville, Portage Co., Ohio.

Ores and minerals, for Indian curiosities.

J. W. Livingston, Dodgeville, Wis.

Newspapers from Alabama, for the same from any other State. Cotton from the field, for curiosities.

Eddie Malone, Troy, Ala.

Pressed leaves and ferns, soil and stone, postmarks, and crystallized grasses, for Indian relics, sea-mosses, Florida sea-beans, and other curiosities.

Box 1001, Canton, Ohio.

Peruvian stamps of different varieties, and other rare foreign stamps, for foreign and U. S. Executive and Agricultural Department stamps.

Earl F. Pearce, 28 Ridge St., Fall River, Mass.

A magic lantern which cost $5.50, and is in good condition, with three chromotypes and twenty-six views, for Will Carleton's *Farm Festivals*, and *The Tramp Abroad*, by Mark Twain. The books must be in good condition.

Walter J. Wells, Oswayo, Potter Co., Penn.

Rocks, soil, sand, postmarks, leaves, and newspapers from Missouri, for papers, stamps, or minerals.

James Lewis, Nevada, Vernon Co., Mo.

Rare U. S. stamps from 1851 to 1869, a petrified horn from the Rocky Mountains, petrified moss, and pine, and other curiosities, for coins, spear-heads, stone axes, and other Indian relics.

William McElhose, 22 Brill St., Newark, N. J.

A stamp from Russia, for a stamp from Cape of Good Hope, Mexico, Persia, Iceland, Norway, Turkey, or Bermuda.

George S. Nicholas, Jun., Babylon, L. I.

Ocean curiosities, quartz, mica schist, and pretty stones, for quartz crystals, iron pyrites, bark from California redwood-tree, and other curiosities.

L. J., Box 529, South Berwick, Me.

English, French, German, and Russian stamps, for foreign coins.

J. Burridge Butler,
Care of Rev. T. D. Butler,
112 Spruce St., Akron, Ohio.

Twenty postmarks, for an Indian arrow-head; and five postmarks, for a stamp from Peru or Brazil, or a Spanish stamp.

Albert Rareshide,
740 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.

A three-wheeled iron-mounted velocipede in good condition, for a complete steam-engine.

Louis Flitz,
2 West Thirteenth St., New York City.

Five and ten cent Mexican and five-cent Cuban, for other rare stamps.

Al. Easton,
233 South Second St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Postmarks and curiosities, for sea-shells or star-fish.

E. C. Wheeler,
Grant's Pass, Jackson Co., Oregon.

Stamps and lava, for stamps and curiosities, especially arrow-heads.

Alex. Robertson,
Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Soil or minerals from this, for curiosities or stamps from any other State.

Willie B. Heath,
Hastings, Dakota Co., Minn.

The *Swiss Family Robinson*, in paper form, *Our Year*, bound in black cloth, and with gilt edges, and by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, a base-ball, and an Indian canoe 14 inches long, for a good printing-press.

A. W.,
Box 15, Theresa, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Ocean curiosities, coins, fossils, and foreign stamps, for Indian relics.

William A. White,
Sag Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

Lava, fossils, petrifactions, and shells, for amethyst, red and mushroom corals, and minerals.

Lulu Craft, Bergen Point, N. J.

U. S. stamps of many denominations, for rare foreign stamps; three-cornered Cape of Good Hope and South American stamps desired.

Anna G. Hesse,
236 South Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fossil shells, crystallized gypsum, talc, and other minerals, for minerals and sea-shells.

James D. Keyes,
926 Ninth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

A stamp from Venezuela, South America, for one from Japan, Cape of Good Hope, or Russia.

W. M. Van Der Weyde,
236 Duffield St., near Fulton, Brooklyn, L. I.

Department stamps, for coins, butterflies, cocoons, moths, and chrysalides.

William B. Kearfott,
Tenth and Market Sts., Wilmington, Del.

Pieces of the "Old Elm" of Boston, for curiosities. Stamps not desired.

Miriam Audley, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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

E. H. Stallcup, Julia F. Squires, and Florence Pope withdraw from our exchange list.

Fred Crossett will please send his exchange again.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Will O. Tree," Eva Jane Ward, "*Castor and Pollux*," Jessie Newton, "A. U. Gusta," "Dandy," "North Star," "Prudy," J. C. Tomes, "*Aerolite*," F. Nichols, *Bessie Linn*.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. An article of furniture, 3. Fastened. 4. Relating to the base. 5. Destroying the tenth. 6. Retarded. 7. Tropical fruits. 8. A color. 9. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. To injure. 3. Ghosts. 4. Lacerates. 5. Mortifies. 6. Sets free. 7. Feeling. 8. To perceive. 9. A letter.

AEROLITE.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A wild animal. 2. A river of Europe. 3. Having power. 4. A water plant.

MONSIEUR.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters, and am a familiar adage:
My 12, 6, 3, 9 is a heavenly body.
My 1, 7, 19, 8, 2 is an animal.
My 21, 5, 4, 14, 11 was a King of the Jews.
My 18, 10, 17 is the reverse of cold.
My 13, 3, 22, 16 is a vessel for water.
My 20, 7, 15, 23, 24 is a young person.

J. C. T.

No. 4.

A HIDDEN CITY.

My first is in Berlin, but not in York.
My second is in Paris, but not in Cork.
My third is in Belfast, but not in Cologne.
My fourth is in Lyons, but not in Boulogne.
My fifth is in Naples, but not in Geneva.
My sixth is in Florence, but not in Messina.
My seventh is in Lisbon, but not in Rome.
My whole, without an attempt, at mystery,
Was a famous city of ancient history.

R. T.

No. 5.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

e—e—e—

1. A city of the United States.

2. e—e—e—A gulf which enters China.
3. e—e—e—A huge sea in the Old World.
4. e—e—e—A bay in the United States.
5. e—e—e—An island in the Pacific.

DANDY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 96.

No. 1.

L
LAW
SAT E D
RECE D ES

No. 2.

Gladstone.

No. 3.

S A N A
A D E N
N E V A
A N A M

No. 4.

Portulaca.

[Pg 752]

ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE.

SENTENCE-MAKING.

BY J. R. SEVER.

Harry Penwright came home from school one day grumbling, and with a frown on his brow.

"Another composition," he said, crossly. "I wish we never had any compositions at all to write. I don't see what good they are, anyway."

Harry grumbled himself out of temper at first; but finding at length that grumbling was not likely to help him do his task, he took the better course of seeking his father's advice on the matter. His father explained to him the necessity of training boys and girls to express their ideas in simple, well-chosen language, and to write with ease and entertainingly on all topics. Then he explained an exercise called "sentence-making" which he used to have at school when a boy, and which he said might help Harry to write compositions more readily, while it would at the same time afford him a pleasant pastime.

Harry was eager to begin the new exercise, and he got the big dictionary from the library table and brought it to his father.

The latter, pleased at his awakened interest, said: "I will select some words at random from the dictionary, and you must try and combine them into sentences. Now if you are ready, we will have our first exercise in sentence-making."

While his father turned over the pages, Harry copied down the following words: Intrusts, Idle, Account, Merits, Follow, Strict, Cultivate, Excel.

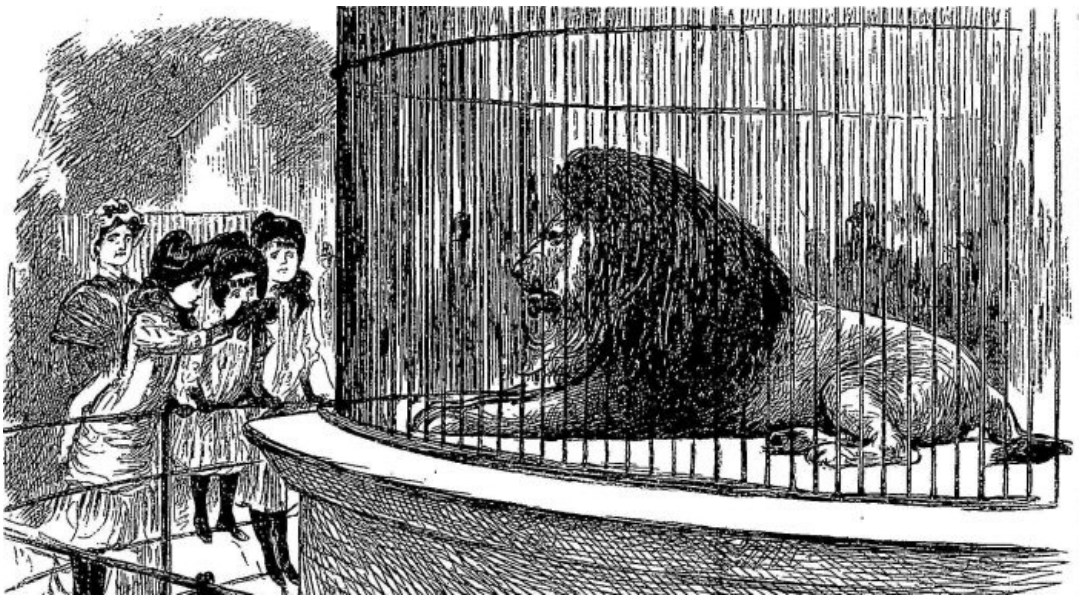
"There," said he, "that will do for the present. When you have written your sentences, come and show them to me."

Harry, after thinking a long while, and scratching out a great deal he had written, finally finished his work to his satisfaction, and copied it out neatly on a clean sheet of nice white paper, as follows: "Boys at school should never *idle* away their time when at work at tasks their teacher *intrusts* to them, and for the proper performance of which they are rightly held to *account*. They should rather *follow* the example of those whose *strict* attention to their studies *merits* praise, and strive to *cultivate* an ambition to *excel* in all their work."

Harry's father said the sentences were very creditable, and commended the sentiment expressed in them. Harry himself soon became very fond of the new work, and sometimes, on rainy evenings, when at a loss for employment, he and his sisters amused themselves for hours together in making sentences from words their father selected.

One night not long ago, however, their father gave them some words which puzzled them greatly to combine into sentences. Here they are: Abdicate, Bequeathe, Planned, Design, Encroach, Foresee, Glory, Hero, Impassioned, Jeopardy, King, Laurel.

How many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE can make them up in good sentences? Let them try, and we promise to tell which we consider the best, and to show them the sentences Harry's father made from the words.



TENDER CONSIDERATION.

"Oh, *don't* make faces at him, Effie! It might *frighten* him, you know."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] A true account.

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