

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Young People, September 27. 1881,
by Various**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Harper's Young People, September 27. 1881

Author: Various

Release date: June 28, 2015 [EBook #49303]

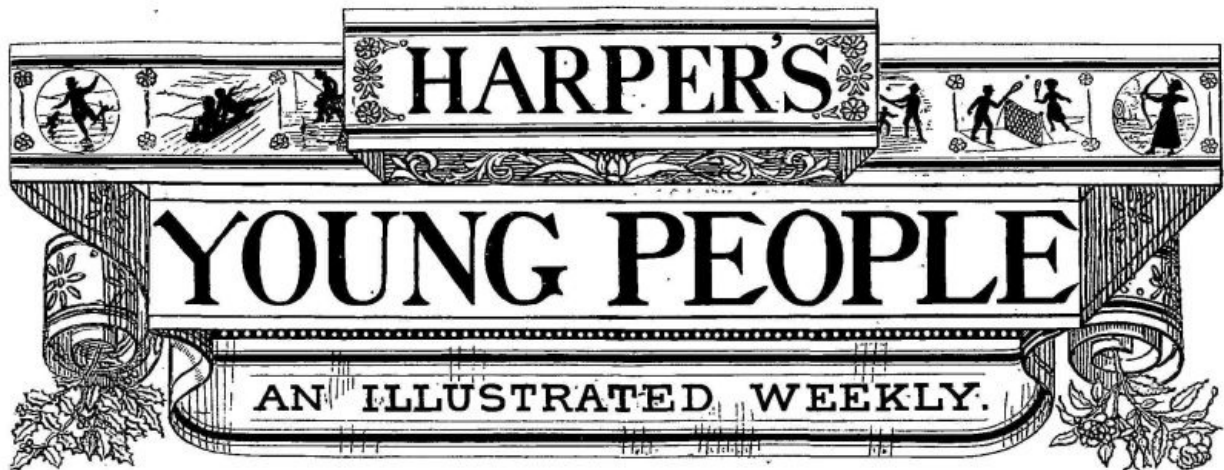
Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, SEPTEMBER
27. 1881 ***

[TIM AND TIP.](#)
[SPARROWS AND SQUIRREL IN MONTREAL.](#)
[CHILDREN OF BOHEMIA.](#)
[THE CHILDREN OF M. DE LESSEPS.](#)
[A PRICKLY PET.](#)
[CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.](#)
[A TALK ABOUT TRAVELLING.](#)
[THE VIOLET VELVET SUIT.](#)
[A PLAY-GROUND IN THE CZAR'S PARK.](#)
[THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)
[QUEER KITES.](#)

[Pg 753]



VOL. II.—No. 100.

Tuesday, September 27,
1881.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW
YORK.

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

\$1.50 per Year, in
Advance.



READY FOR THE ATTACK.

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

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

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAMOUS BEAR-HUNT.

When Tim went home with Bobby he saw Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, and from them received such a kindly greeting that he thought he must be remarkably good in order to repay them for their kindness! He was a happy boy when he went to bed that night, and made more so by seeing Tip stretched out on a rug by the side of the bed whenever he took the trouble to look that way.

[Pg 754]

On the first morning after Tim's arrival Mr. Tucker, without saying what his intentions were regarding the future of the homeless boy, told him and Bobby they could enjoy themselves after their own fashion for two weeks, at the end of which time school began. Therefore there was nothing to prevent the bear-hunt from taking place, unless it should be the failure of the bears to show themselves.

Bill Thompson was the first of the party to arrive at the rendezvous back of the shed, and almost before he spoke to the boys he made another and a more critical examination of Tip. Bill was not only eager for the fray, but he was thoroughly well armed. He had a murderous-looking carving-knife stuck in a belt that had been hastily made of a strip of black cloth, and in his hands he carried a small shot-gun, which he might have some difficulty in discharging, owing to the fact that he was obliged to carry the lock in his pocket.

When Bill's attention was called to this fact, he explained that he did not depend so much upon the gun to shoot with as he did for use as a club, with which the bear's brains could be easily dashed out. The knife was the weapon in which he put more dependence, and he proved that it was a good one by making shavings of fully half a shingle in less than five minutes.

This display of weapons and air of ferocity on Bill's face so pleased Tim and Bobby that they

blamed themselves severely for not having made their own preparations for a fight. That oversight was quickly remedied, when Bobby produced an old army musket, the weight of which made him stagger, and a veteran revolver that had lain at the bottom of the ocean for nearly a year, and was now preserved by Bobby's father as an ornamental rather than a useful relic.

"You'll want the pistol, Tim," he said, as he handed that weapon to his friend, "'cause it'll be a good deal handier to fire when you're close up to the bear, an' you know you'll have to go pretty snug to him so's to keep Tip from eating the skin."

Bobby, with all possible precaution against accidents, loaded the army musket with the powder taken from six fire-crackers, and rammed home five or six small stones in place of bullets. He had no percussion-caps; but he felt certain he could discharge it as well by holding a lighted match at the nipple as if he had all the caps ever made. Owing to Bobby's mother's decided refusal to loan two of her carving-knives, they were obliged to get along without anything of that sort, and depend on the one carried by Bill to skin their game when it was killed.

The other hunters arrived in parties of twos and threes, and each new arrival thought it necessary to make another and more minute examination of Tip, in order to be certain that he was in the best possible condition for the hunt. Each of the new-comers was armed, but none could boast of having more destructive weapons than those carried by the three leaders.

Bill was anxious to start at once, in order, as he said, to get the skin nailed up on the barn before night; and as they were about to set out, Bobby exclaimed:

"Here! how do you s'pose we can get any bears if we let Tip go on ahead? Why, he'll rush off jest as soon as he sees one, an' we can't catch him before he eats 'em all up."

It was almost a shudder that ran through the party as they realized how near they had been to losing their game before it had been caught.

"What shall we do?" asked Bill, completely at a loss to arrange matters. And then, as a happy thought came to him, he cried, "I know now: we can take turns carryin' him."

A look of scorn came upon Bobby's face as this brilliant idea was given words, and he said, almost with a sneer:

"Now what a way that would be, wouldn't it? How do yer s'pose he could smell out the tracks if we didn't let him run on the ground?"

That one question made Bill Thompson feel very cheap indeed, for it showed plainly that he was not posted in bear-hunting, and he was anxious to be looked upon as one who knew all about it.

"What shall we do, then?" he asked, mournfully.

"We must tie a rope round his neck, so's we can hold him back."

Bill actually looked ashamed when this very simple plan was proposed, and he was angry with himself for not having been the first to think of it. But he saw a way to save his reputation.

"That's a good plan," he said, gravely, as if he had thought of it—before, but had not suggested it, hoping a better one would be proposed, "but you'll want more'n one rope. Why, if Tip should see a bear suddenly, he'd break the biggest rope we could get, an' go after him before we'd know anything."

Every boy there agreed with Bill, and they again regarded him as an experienced bear-hunter.

Bobby got two pieces of an old clothes-line, each about five yards long, and these were fastened securely around Tip's neck, while Tim and Bobby each held an end, with the understanding that if the dog struggled very hard to get away, the others of the party were to rush in and help hold him.

The party was ready for the start, and the precautions they took even before they were clear of the shadow of the wood-shed told that they did not intend to lose any game by carelessness. Tim and Bobby went in advance, leading Tip, who did not make the slightest effort to get away, and followed by Bill Thompson, carrying his gun in one hand and his knife in the other. Then came the remainder of the party, near or at a distance, as their fear of bears was much or little.

Although it could hardly be expected that any bear had been so venturesome as to cross a field almost in the centre of the town, Tip was encouraged to smell of the ground, and each of the boys was ready for an immediate attack before they were beyond the sound of Mrs. Tucker's voice.

The march to the edge of the grove was necessarily a slow one, for Tip, finding that he was encouraged to run from one side of the path to the other, did so to his heart's content, while the boys expected each moment to see him start off like a race-horse, and were ready to spring at once to the aid of Tim and Bobby.

If their caution was great before they left the field, it would be almost impossible to find a word to express their movements when they entered the woods. Every weapon was handled as though it was to be used at once, and the greater portion of the time every eye was fixed on Tip. But not once had he pulled at the ropes that held him; not once had he shown any desire to start away at any furious rate of speed. But after half an hour he suddenly smelled of the ground, and then started away on a run.

"He's after the bear now, sure," cried Bill Thompson, as he brandished his knife savagely, and swung his gun around so that it would be ready for use as a club.

At this startling announcement one or two of the boys who had been careful to keep well in the

rear ran considerably slower, as if they were perfectly willing their companions should have all the glory and fight, while one of the party actually turned back, and went home.

On sped Tip, now really pulling on the ropes, and Bobby's face grew pale as he thought how rapidly he was being forced toward the dangerous and anxiously expected fight.

Tip, not understanding that two boys were obliged to follow directly behind him, and still hot on the scent of some animal, suddenly darted between a couple of trees standing very near each other.

[Pg 755]

It was impossible for both Tim and Bobby to pass through this narrow space together; but in their excitement they did not stop to think of that, and the consequence was that they both fell sprawling to the ground, while Tip was brought to a very sudden stop.

The dog seemed rather discouraged by the sudden check to his speed, and it was some time before he could be persuaded to start again. This second race had just begun, and the boys were growing eager again, when Bill Thompson shouted:

"There he is! there he is! Hold on to your dog now, an' let's get all ready before we rush in."

"Where is he?" "Where is he?" asked each one, as he halted and tried to distinguish the form of the animal in the direction pointed out by Bill; but none of them feeling quite as brave as they did a moment before.

"Look right there;" and Bill pointed to a certain spot in the woods where the trees grew thickest. "Now watch, an' you'll see him move."

It was possible to see some dark-colored body moving among the thick foliage, and there was no longer any doubt but that one of the animals they were in search of was very near to them.

A shade of fear came over the faces of quite a number of that hunting party then, and the most frightened-looking one was Bobby Tucker. He who had been so proud a few moments before because he had been given the post of honor was now perfectly willing that some one else should hold Tip when the expected rush was made, and he appeared to have suddenly lost all desire for the bear-hunt.

Bill Thompson now assumed the command of the party, and no one questioned his right to do so. The orders he gave were obeyed as promptly as could have been expected under the circumstances, and he began the delicate task of posting his men in those positions best calculated to bring out their fighting qualities.

Tim and Bobby, being nearer the dangerous animal than the others, were ordered to keep strict watch of the spot where the bear was last seen, and on no account to let him get away without their knowledge.

"Keep your eyes right on him," shouted Bill to the two who were preventing Tip from eating the bear. "The first minute he starts to run let Tip go, an' yell as loud as you can."

Then he ordered this boy behind a tree, and another into the branches, making such a warlike hubbub as probably was never before heard in those woods. Meanwhile Tip had concluded the best thing he could do was to take a rest, and he lay at full length under the tree, as if such an idea as chewing a bear had never entered his head.

Finally Bill made all his arrangements, and cautiously stepped a yard or two in advance, with both knife and gun ready for instant use.

"What do you think, Tim, had we better rush right in, or shall we throw a stone, an' let Tip catch him when he runs out?" he asked, in a whisper, as if he was afraid of scaring the beast after all the noise that had been made.

"Heave a stone in; that's the best way," said Bobby, quickly, not liking the idea of being one of the party who were to make the rush.

Nearly all the boys showed that they preferred the most peaceable way of commencing the fight, and Bill prepared to start the savage beast from his lair.

At first he was at a loss to know what to do with his weapons while he cast the stone that might do so much mischief: but finally he arranged it to his satisfaction by holding the knife under his left arm, so that it could be drawn readily, and by keeping the gun in his left hand.

"Now look out!" he shouted, "an' be ready to let Tip go when the bear comes out. All yell as loud as you can when I fire, so's to scare him."

Then Bill raised his hand, took deliberate aim at the centre of the clump of bushes, and threw the stone.

The instant he did so he grasped his knife, and the others set up such a cry as ought to have startled a dozen bears.

It was some seconds before any sign was made that the animal in hiding even knew the stone had been thrown, and then there was a movement in the bushes as if it had simply changed its position—nothing more.

Bill stood silent with astonishment; he had expected to see that bear come out of the bushes with a regular flying leap, and he was thoroughly disappointed.

"Better let Tip go in an' snake him right out," suggested Bobby, who was afraid Bill would again propose a charge by the party.

Bill looked at Tim to see what he thought of such a plan, and the dog's owner nodded his head in approval.

"Then all get ready, an' take the rope off his neck," shouted Bill, as he set his teeth hard because of the struggle that it was evident would come soon.

Having the most perfect faith in the ability of his dog to kill any animal not larger than an elephant, Tim cautiously untied the ropes. But Tip did not appear to be excited by the prospect; he did not even get up from the ground, but lay there wagging his stub tail as if he was playing at "thumbs up."

"Set him on!" cried Bill, tired of the inactivity; and Tim, now afraid his pet might be accused of cowardice, set him on with the most encouraging cries of "s't-aboy." But Tip, instead of running toward the bear, seemed to be bewildered by the noise, for all hands were shouting at him; he jumped to his feet, and ran round and round his master, as if asking what was wanted of him.

Tim grew nervous, more especially as he saw some of the boys who had appeared the most frightened when the stone was first thrown now smile, as if they were saying to themselves that Tip couldn't be so very much of a bear dog after all, if he was afraid to kill one that had been found for him.

Tim walked as near the bushes as he dared to go, pointed with his finger, and urged Tip to "go an' bring him out," but all to no purpose. The dog seemed willing enough, but it was evident he did not understand what was wanted of him. Then Tim picked up a piece of wood, and after showing Tip that he was to follow it, threw it in the direction of the supposed bear.

This time Tip understood, and he bounded into the thicket, while each one of the party almost held his breath in suspense, and grasped his weapons, ready for immediate use.

The moment Tip was hidden by the bushes he began to bark furiously, and there was no doubt but that the battle had commenced. Even Bill Thompson appeared to be a little timid, and he no longer advised a rush, even though there was a chance that the skin was being destroyed. However, he did suggest that Tim and Bobby should go in and put a rope around Tip's neck, so that he could be pulled away as soon as the bear was dead; but his advice was not taken, nor did there seem any chance it would be.

Once Bobby took deliberate aim in the direction of the noise made by Tip, and was just lighting a match to discharge the weapon, when Tim stayed his hand.

"You might kill Tip, an' then we'd have to fight the bear all by ourselves, 'cause Tip must have bit him some by this time, and made him mad."

No suggestion could have been made which would have stopped Bobby quicker, and he turned very pale at the thought of being deprived of Tip's protection, dropping his gun very quickly.

Just at this time, when all were growing nervous and excited, the sounds in the bushes told that the beast was at last being driven from its lair. Quite a number of the party lost all interest in the matter when they found they were to have a full view, and immediately retreated to a safe distance.

[Pg 756]

The crackling and crashing of the bushes told that some large animal was being driven out by Tip; and as they watched in breathless—perhaps frightened—anxiety, one of the causes of the commotion stalked out into view, while at the same time an exclamation of disgust and relief burst from Bill Thompson's lips:

"Gracious! it's only Bobby Tucker's cow."

And so it was. The bear had turned into a peaceful, rather sleepy-looking old cow, who had sought the shade of the bushes only to be driven from her cool retreat by Tip Babbige and a lot of noisy boys.

How brave they all were then, and how they laughed at each other's cowardice, declaring that they had only feared it might not be a bear after all! But they patted Tip's head, and spoke to him kindly, as if he had relieved them from some terrible peril, instead of only disturbing a cow.

After the first excitement attending the finding of the cow had subsided, the question arose as to the proper course to pursue, and it was decided that the bear-hunt must be continued, as it would not be at all the right thing to delay another day in nailing a skin to Bobby Tucker's father's barn.

This time the march was not made with so much caution, and Tip was allowed to roam about loose, in the hope that he might find the bear's trail more quickly. Bobby even proposed to shoot a squirrel; but this plan was quickly frowned down by Bill Thompson, who reminded him that he had no more powder, and that the bear might come upon them at the very moment when the gun was empty.

Tip ran on, joyous at having recovered his freedom, and in a short time was out of sight. Then the boys ceased even to keep a look-out for large animals, growing so careless as to watch the squirrels, hunt for birds' nests, and to act in every way unbecoming bear-hunters.

But suddenly they were roused into activity and excitement by furious, angry barking some distance away.

"He's caught one this time!" shouted Bill, as he drew his knife from his belt, and started forward rapidly, followed closely or afar off by the remainder of the party, according to their degree of courage.

As the scene of the conflict was reached, and it was positive that a fight was in progress, because Tip's barking had changed to short angry yelps, the greater portion of the party found that they were too tired to run any farther, and fell into such a slow pace that they could not arrive until the battle was over.

"I can see them!" shouted Bill, exultantly; "an' it ain't a very big bear, only a small one. Come on quick."

As the leaders of the party dashed into a small cleared space they saw Tip actually fighting, and this time it was no cow, but a small dark-colored animal, which, if it really was a bear, must have been a very young one.

Bill was not afraid of so small an animal, and he jumped forward with his knife; but Tim cried: "It's only a young one. Let's get him away from Tip, an' take him home alive."

He spoke too late to save the animal's life, for just then Tip gave the small bundle of fur a toss in the air, and when it came down it was dead.

Tim caught Tip by the neck to prevent any further attack on his part, and the boys gathered around the victim. It was no bear, but a woodchuck Tip had killed, as they all knew after a short examination, and the disappointment they felt at not having slain a bear was greatly lessened by the fact that they had really killed something.

How they praised and petted Tip then! Not a boy among them, from that moment, but believed he could have killed a bear as easily as he had killed the woodchuck, and Tim was happy.

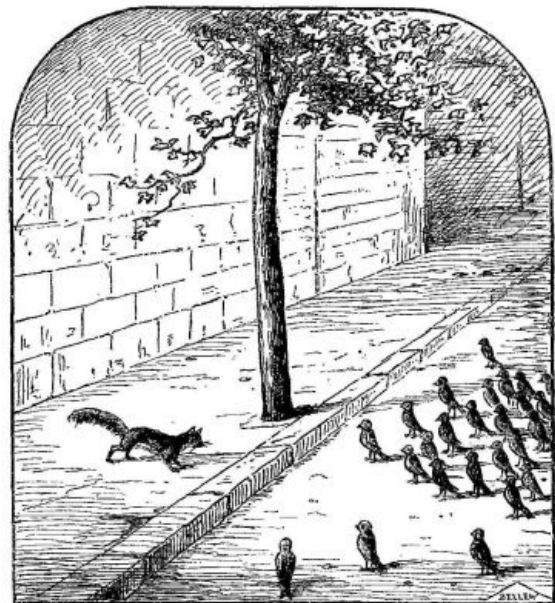
That night there was a skin nailed on Bobby Tucker's father's barn, but it was not a bear-skin, and it was wofully cut and hacked, owing to Tip's teeth and Bill Thompson's very unscientific skinning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPARROWS AND SQUIRREL IN MONTREAL.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

Very early one morning, as I was strolling along one of the quiet streets of Montreal, and feasting myself with the wonderful beauties of that most beautiful city, my attention was attracted by a great commotion going on among a flock of sparrows, which flew together from one place to another, sometimes alighting in the roadway of the street, and sometimes among the branches of the trees. At first I could see no cause for all this unusual fuss; but presently my eyes fell upon a little squirrel on the sidewalk, which seemed quite as much excited as the sparrows. If he ran along the street, the sparrows flew after him; if he stood still, the sparrows alighted, and faced him like a regiment of soldiers; if he scampered up the trunk of a tree, the sparrows collected in the branches above him, with a great chattering, until he ran down again, and then they followed him as before. The poor little fellow seemed fairly distracted, and I felt quite sorry for him. But then he was a thief. He had come down from the mountain at the back of the town to rob the sparrows' nests of their eggs, just like some Scottish Highland chief of old descending on the Lowlands to levy black-mail.



THE SPARROWS AND THEIR ENEMY.

What became of him I do not know, for after watching the encounter for ten or fifteen minutes I moved on. No doubt he was driven back to his mountain home a wiser and a better squirrel, having learned a lesson to content himself with vegetable diet, and not hanker after the luxuries of the city.

Many a country boy can draw a moral from this, if he chooses.

CHILDREN OF BOHEMIA.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

The Daisies have come to town:

Perhaps here and there a new gown,
But mostly in tatters—oh, not that it matters;
Not one of them cares half a crown
If they are.

They'll pitch their small tents on your lawn,
And if you should bid them begone,
Will smile in your face with the sunniest grace,
And nod to you gayly next morn
If you scoff.

A happy-go-lucky young crew,
As merry as heaven is blue,
These gypsies of flowers will stay a few hours,
And then tell your fortunes for you,
And be off.



M. DE LESSEPS AND HIS CHILDREN.

THE CHILDREN OF M. DE LESSEPS.

[Pg 758]

The picture which we give on the preceding page presents the famous builder of the Suez Canal, and seven of his children, as they are to be seen in the Paris Park, the Bois de Boulogne. The gray-haired father is seventy-six years of age. His companions in the "village cart" are Mathieu, ten years old; Ismaïl, nine, named after the man who ruled Egypt when the great canal was dug; Ferdinande, eight, named for her father, and his special pet; Bertrand and Consuelo, twin boys of six; Hélène, five; and Solange, between three and four. Besides these the sturdy old man has two sons, grown-up men, whose mother is dead, and a little blonde baby about a year old, for whom, small as he is, there seems no room in the cart. M. De Lesseps has his ideas about children's health and habits. All his little ones go with bare arms and legs summer and winter, and are toughened with active life in the open air. Ferdinande, who travels much with her father, is as brown as an Indian, and very self-helpful. She goes about without a maid, cares for herself, and has as much pluck and as little fear as her father. The mother of this happy-looking family is a native of the island of Mauritius, and a very bright and lovely lady. Her wedding with M. De Lesseps took place twelve years ago, in Egypt, the morning after the great festival that was held at the opening of the Suez Canal. In spite of her large family she finds time to keep her house open to many guests, who come gladly and go away delighted.

Of the children in our picture three have been in this country. They are Mathieu, Ismaïl, and Ferdinande, who bears the queer pet name of Tototé. They went with their father in the winter of 1879 and 1880 to the Isthmus of Panama, the strip of land which unites North America and South America. M. De Lesseps has started a canal across this isthmus—no small task for a man three-quarters of a century old! He finds the work much harder than across the Isthmus of Suez, because on the Isthmus of Panama there are very high and very rocky hills—a strip, so to speak, of the great backbone of mountains which runs all the way down the two continents of North and South America. The lowlands, moreover, are terribly unhealthy, and already the poor workmen,

brought mostly from China and from the West Indies, are dying rapidly from the fever. But such vast works only too often cost many human lives. When the canal is finished, ships can sail through it, which now have to go around Cape Horn, at the south end of South America, or else have to land their passengers and loads to send them across the Isthmus by a railway. Many well-informed persons in this country think that the last great work of M. De Lesseps is a mistake, and will not be of much real use. But it is surely a very great and daring thing for an old man to try to do.

A PRICKLY PET.

How many boys know that they can have one of the oddest kind of pets, and yet at the same time have one which their mother and all the servants will look upon with the greatest possible favor, however much they may dislike pets generally?

Such a pet is a hedgehog, a sort of walking pincushion or animated burr, which is easily tamed, easily cared for, and in return simply for a place to sleep and something to drink will rid the house of rats, mice, cockroaches, beetles, spiders, or, in fact, anything of that kind to which housekeepers particularly object.

The writer once caught a hedgehog in a box trap, he having ventured there probably in search of a spider, and in two weeks he was so tame as to run around the kitchen in a very much more harmless way than a cat, making himself generally useful and contented by sleeping all day and working all night. He was the most industrious mouser one could ask for, and in addition to these duties, he cleared the house entirely of roaches, not one showing his head there until after a very fat cook ended his useful life by stepping on him. When the dog attempted to be too familiar with him he rolled himself into a prickly ball, lying perfectly quiet and safe, until the dog had fully convinced himself that he had no very urgent business with such a globe of spines, and then Master Prickle would begin to unroll himself; first the snout would appear, then the head, then the feet, and the old fellow would trot off toward the pantry, grunting in the most contented fashion. Prickle was quite fond of being petted, and with his spines lying down like hair, would make a queer little sound indicative of pleasure at being caressed.

A hedgehog is really no hog at all, but simply resembles one in having a snout with which to dig in the ground, for when cold weather comes he digs a hole and buries himself in it, where he awaits the approach of spring. The spines with which he is armed are rather uncomfortable if one chances to get them in his flesh, and will cause a sore, as would any foreign substance, if not removed; but if they are immediately removed there is no more to be feared from them than from the prick of a pin.

During the autumn, or until the first frost comes, is the best time to catch hedgehogs, and a common large box trap, baited with a piece of fresh meat, is all that is needed. Select such a place in the woods as these prickly pets have taken up their temporary abode in, and then cover the trap as nearly as possible with leaves or underbrush. The hedgehog will scent the bait, and then proceed to dig for it, very likely overturning the trap unless it is weighted down.

It is possible to secure them after they have retired to their winter-quarters by digging them out of their holes, but by such a course it is almost impossible to secure the animal without injuring him in some way, thus perhaps depriving him of his usefulness.

Having once secured your needle-pointed prize, make a cage for him of a reasonably large box, inside of which is a smaller one filled with hay or straw, where he can hide until his first fright is over. Feed him with meat, eggs, bread, or, in fact, as you would a cat, and give him plenty of milk to drink. Serve him his meals about sunset or very early in the morning, and do not attempt to force him to show himself for a week or ten days.

At the end of that time leave his cage open in the kitchen, or any other place most infested with roaches and mice, and after that first night's work his education in the way of becoming a pet is completed. In the morning he will probably be found curled up in one corner of the darkest closet, sound asleep, looking as if he had been having a very hearty dinner.

Do not disturb him then, but leave him to his own devices a few days longer, and he will make no attempt to leave the place where he can get his food so easily. In two or three weeks he will have become so tame that he will no longer raise his quills when any one tries to pet him, but will allow himself to be fondled like a cat or dog.

When it becomes necessary to feed him—and he will so clear the house of vermin that in a few weeks his own larder will have become exhausted—he should be given animal food, as well as milk and water, for without such food he will die.

He is remarkably fond of raw eggs, and if while he is hunting for mice he finds any, he will bite off the smaller end neatly, sucking them without spilling so much as a drop. But he does not climb trees for the purpose of biting off the fruit, as some of his enemies charge, nor is he guilty of many mischievous things of which he is accused, save, as has been said, in the way of sucking eggs. He would probably prefer meat to mice, and would take it if it was left in his way; but that a cat will do, and she will also kill birds, if any are kept as pets in the house, which sin can not be laid to the hedgehog's door.

Treat him as you would a cat, and you will find him equally as pleasant to pet, at the same time

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

VI.—BHOPAL.



Among the most interesting and curious stamps are those issued by a few of the native states of India. The cut represents one of the stamps issued for the state of Bhopal. The first series, the date of which is not yet settled by collectors, consisted of two values, a quarter-anna, represented in the cut, and a half-anna, similar to it. The central portion of the stamp is embossed without color. The inscription between the lines is "H H Nawab Shah Jahan Begam," or the name and title of the native ruler—Her Highness, Nawab Shah Jahan, Begam (or Begum) of Bhopal—a lady, as will be seen. The characters in the lower part of the octagonal frame represent the value. The quarter-anna was printed in black, the half-anna in red, the central design or seal being, as was stated, without color.

In 1878, this series was replaced by one smaller and rectangular in shape. The inscription given above is arranged in an oval; the oval is filled with what is presumably the signature of the Begum. The value is below. These stamps also have the uncolored embossment as in the first series.

Like its predecessor, this series has also two values, the quarter-anna, green, and the half-anna, red. I believe that these stamps are intended to prepay postage only within the limits of the kingdom of the Begum, and are not officially recognized by the general government of India. Bhopal is a native state in Malwah, in Central India. The length of the state from east to west is 157 miles, breadth from north to south, 76 miles, the estimated area being 8200 square miles. It was founded in 1723 by Dost Mohammed Khan, an Afghan adventurer. In 1818, a treaty of dependence was concluded between the chief and the British government. Since then Bhopal has been steadily loyal to the British government, and during the Mutiny it rendered good services. The present ruler is a lady, and both she and her mother, who preceded her as head of the state, have displayed the highest capacity for administration, and their territory is the best-governed native state in India. The Queen, or Begum, has the power of life and death. She is a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India (G. C. S. I.), and is also a member of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, instituted the 1st of January, 1878, and composed exclusively of ladies of high degree.

A TALK ABOUT TRAVELLING.

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

Of course every intelligent and ambitious American boy and girl wishes to go to Europe, and hopes to do so at some future time. The wish is a sensible one, for it shows an appreciation of the things to be seen abroad, and a desire to know more about them than can be learned by mere reading or study.

In the mean time, while "waiting for papa's ship to come in," you are going to school, busy with the conjugation of irregular French verbs and the pronunciation of "Ich," the location of Mont Blanc and the length of the River Rhine, the Elizabethan age of English literature and the poems of Wordsworth, the cause of the Thirty Years' War and the reason why Charles the First had his head cut off.

Sometimes all these things grow tiresome, and seem both needless and stupid, but in reality this school-time is giving you the best chance that you will ever have to prepare for that trip across the Atlantic of which you like to think and talk.

For such a trip needs preparation. It is true that you might enjoy everything to be seen abroad without knowing anything about it, as a child delights in the bright colors of a picture—just as well upside down as any other way. But no sensible person could be content with that, and to rely on guide-books, although they are necessary for much that can not be learned elsewhere, is like depending upon stilts or crutches for getting along in the world.

An English wit was once asked some simple question in history. "I don't know," he replied, with a wave of his hand. "You'll find it in some book. Books are made to keep such things in." But we can not carry a whole library around with us, even in the Handy Volume or Vest Pocket series. It is troublesome enough to carry a dictionary, and a small one at that. A great many things we can trust to books to keep for us, and go for them when they are wanted. You would not think of

carrying a glue-pot on your arm or a bottle of arnica in your pocket all the time. You need them only once in a while, and know where to find them when you do. But your pencil and your handkerchief—these of course you want with you every hour of the day, wherever you may be. Your school-time is spent in selecting from books facts in history and geography, literature and science, and putting them safely away in your mental pockets.

Of course you read as well as study. What? The world is full of books which are as bright and sweet as sunshine and apple blossoms. There are good books which make you want to be noble and generous and heroic; wise books which teach you how great men and women have thought and worked, and what they have done for the good of the world in which they lived. Read the best books, and read for the best purpose, not simply to amuse yourselves, for you will get heartily tired of that after a while, nor to kill time, which is one of your best friends, but to take for your own possession the knowledge which the wisest of all men calls "more precious than rubies." When you start upon that dreamed-of and longed-for trip, you will be surprised to find how much the pleasure and profit of every mile of the way will be increased in exact proportion to the amount of what is well called "general information." Even the voyage is a different thing from what you imagine, and whether on sea or shore, you will find that ignorance is worse to carry about than a Saratoga trunk in a country which never checks baggage.

[Pg 760]

Last summer one of the Scotch steamers carried out a large number of young people, who quickly became acquainted, and were the best of friends.

"Where are you going?" asked one boy of another.

"To Scotland," was the answer.

"Scotland! I thought you were going to Europe. *We* are."

"Well, Scotland's in Europe, isn't it? I suppose you mean the Continent," which was exactly what he did mean, although he did not know it.

Four days out, and the steamer was feeling her way through a fog so thick that the whistle was obliged to do nearly all of the work on board.

"We are just getting off the Banks," the Captain said, in answer to a question from a young lady.

"The Banks?" she repeated, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes; Newfoundland."

She was more mystified than ever. "Why, Newfoundland is on the coast, and we have been out four days."

The Captain laughed, and passed on.

That evening, as a variation from concerts, tableaux, mock trials, and the usual kinds of amusements devised to pass away time on shipboard, there was a school and a spelling match in the cabin. The Captain, passing through, and catching sight of the young lady, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ask 'em all round where's Newfoundland."

Every one was sure it was on the coast. Most of them thought it was east of Nova Scotia, though a few were doubtful on that point. All were sure that it was north-east of Maine, and that Maine was one of the New England States. But the New England States joined New York, and it seemed strange that the ship had sailed fully one-third of the distance between New York and the British islands, and yet was not beyond those mysterious Banks.

The ship's surgeon drew a large triangle on a sheet of wrapping paper, placing the steamer at one angle, New York and Newfoundland at the others. This was hung up in the saloon, a perpetual reminder to the end of the voyage—and, it is to be hoped, afterward—of the practical reality of latitude and longitude.

But when you find yourselves in John Knox's old house in Edinburgh, at Alloway-Kirk, in Ayr, in the Douglas chamber of Stirling Castle, on the field of Marston Moor, at the ruins of Kenilworth, at famous Rugby School, at Stonehenge, at Canterbury Cathedral, where is your stock of geography, history, literature, and general information? What do you know of the great reformer and the times he lived in? of the poet Burns and the circumstances of his life? of the tragedy of the beautiful Scottish Queen? of Lord Leicester and poor Amy Robsart? of Dr. Arnold, the Druids, and the assassination of Thomas à Becket? What interest can you have in a castle if you do not know who lived in it? or a battle-field, unless you know for what cause men fought upon it? or a poet's favorite haunts, if you know nothing that he has written about them? Read profitably and study hard, not only to fit yourselves for sensible, contented stay-at-homes, faithful workers in your own fields of usefulness, but for intelligent and appreciative travellers if leisure and good fortune give you the opportunity to go abroad.

[Pg 761]



"SAY GOOD-BY, DOLLY."—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.



**GATHERING APPLES.—DRAWN BY MILLER
AND HAYDEN.**

[Pg 762]

THE VIOLET VELVET SUIT.

BY MARY A. BARR.

One morning last winter Katie Dawson stood at the window looking out upon the avenue. She stood amid flowers as fresh and green as if it were July instead of January. The fire in the bright steel grate burned cheerily, and the room was cozily warm and comfortable.

She was dressed for the street, and she made a very pretty picture. Her face was bright and piquant, her figure graceful, and her abundant hair carefully and becomingly arranged. But her whole attitude expressed a secret dissatisfaction, and she cast frequent discontented glances at her costume. And yet it was a very pretty one; Madame Dubaney had declared it to be her ideal

school-girl's toilet. It was of fine material and exquisite fit, and the girl's Ulster and cap, boots and gloves, were alike neat and stylish.

She stood slowly buttoning the latter when her mother entered the room.

"Katie, do you know the time? You will lose your place in the French class. Listen;" and as she spoke, the clock on the mantel-shelf chimed in clear silver tones *ten*. "There, child, you ought to be in school now."

"I know, mamma, but I have no heart for French this morning."

"I am sorry for that, Katie. What is the matter?"

The girl was silent a moment, and then, in a low tone, she said, "Mother, can I have a velvet suit made for school?"

The answer was prompt and decisive: "Certainly not, my dear. The suit you have on is perfectly appropriate. I should not think of wearing velvet myself, except as an evening or visiting costume. It would be absurd in a school-room."

"Clara May has a velvet suit; so have Jenny and Julia Smith; and Cecile Bradley's is very nearly all velvet. I think that papa can afford it just as well."

"It is not a question of money, but of good taste and propriety. If you wear velvet as a school-girl, what do you propose to wear when you are a young lady? I am sorry you have missed your French in order to make a request so silly. Now, dear, had you not better hurry a little? Madame disapproves of late pupils."

Katie took up her books, and went off with a frown on her pretty face. All the way to Madame's she was considering how to accomplish her wish. Her grandfather would give her the dress, or her aunt Lucy; but even then her mother would not permit her to wear it to school, and if she could not wear it in the presence of Clara May and the Smith girls, there would be no consolation for her in velvet.

When she reached school her class had finished its recitation; she had lost her place, and Madame was cross. Katie to-day was careless of these things. Her mind was occupied with one ambition, a very foolish one, doubtless, but a very important one in her own eyes.

Never before, either, had Clara May looked so triumphantly happy and handsome. She had taken Katie's place at the head of the class, and the bright winter sun fell upon the girl's fair hair, turning it to gold, and made dark lustres in the folds of the envied black velvet. The Smiths were awkward, angular girls, and she scarcely envied them costumes which were not in the least becoming. As for Cecile Bradley's suit, it was *home-made*. Katie's critical eyes had detected that fatal fault at once. It was Clara May who sat in Katie's sunshine; for handsome and stylish as Clara was, Katie was certain if she only had a velvet suit she would far eclipse her.

Now it is a fact that among girls to be the belle of the school-room is quite as envied a position as it is to young ladies to be the belle of the ball-room. Hitherto Katie Dawson had been the recognized belle of Madame Blanc's fashionable classes. She had been an authority on the subject of braids and curls, and on all matters pertaining to rose-bud toilets. But Clara May—quite a new-comer—was heading an "opposition." She had declared she would not wear braids because Katie Dawson did, that frizzes suited her better; and frizzes, though still in the minority, held their own against remarks of the most cutting kind.

There is no contest some girls so thoroughly enter into as that of outdressing rivals. The black velvet suit was Clara's last defiance, and Katie was at a loss how to take it up.

"I will go and tell Agnes Hilton about it this afternoon," she thought, and in the mean time she kept a sulky silence, equally proof against curiosity and sympathy.

Agnes was older than Katie, but they had been companions for years, and now, though Agnes was released from regular school routine, and was "finishing" comfortably with private masters, she still regarded Katie as her chief friend and adviser.

Agnes had a bad cold, and was nursing it in her room. A good talk over things with Katie Dawson was just what she liked. She was soon helping Katie to take off her Ulster and cap, and she noticed at once—as it was meant she should—Katie's look of anxious annoyance.

"What is the matter, dear?"

Then Katie drew a large comfortable chair opposite her friend's, and told her all about her school troubles.

"I never thought Clara May had any style at all," said Agnes, with the authority of sixteen.

"Still, the girls copy her, and she is so unbearably independent. I merely said that frizzes and curls were going out of fashion, and she said pretty things were always in fashion, and that even if they were not, they suited her, and she meant to wear them. Why, you know, Agnes love, if every one was to follow that rule, there would be absolutely no fashions at all. Then," added Katie, after an effective pause—"then she came to school in a velvet suit, and immediately the Smith girls and Cecile Bradley imitate her."

"Get one still handsomer."

"Mother won't hear of it—says it is ridiculous, and unsuitable, and all that. Of course mother can't feel as I do about it, though I remember very well that she would not have diamonds at all unless they were bigger than Aunt Jemima's."

"Could you not get her to buy you a velvet suit for church, and then contrive to wear it once to school, just to show it? For a general stand-point you could take your mother's argument—it sounds sensible."

"I don't think mother would do it. Grandfather might, but there would be the delay, and very likely Clara would say I had copied her."

"What color did you say Clara's was?"

"Black."

"Oh, that is very common. See here, Katie;" and Agnes went to her wardrobe, and brought forward a most suggestive box. The two girls bent over its contents in a kind of rapture; Katie could only exclaim, with her pretty hands thrown upward,

"*Violet velvet!*"

"That is *the* shade, dear. Now look here;" and the dress was carefully unfolded. "Do you see the linings? They are all of pale violet satin. Do you see the bunch of violets worked on the cuffs, collar, and left breast? Ah, it is exquisite! I got it last week for Lydia Lane's wedding. It was the prettiest dress in the church. Katie, you stay here all night, and wear it to school to-morrow morning. You know to-morrow is Wednesday. The classes close early for the matinée, and you can say you dressed on that account. You could even apologize to the girls for the unsuitable school toilet, which would be quite a snub, you know, to those who consider velvet the proper thing for school suits."

[Pg 763]

"Oh, Agnes, you are an oracle! There is nothing I should enjoy so much." Then the dress was tried on, found to fit admirably, and Katie laid it away while she wrote a note to her mother, telling her that she was going to spend the night with Agnes.

The next morning was as perfect as if made to Katie's order. The sun shone brilliantly over the bright, breezy streets and squares, and Katie got up with a sense of triumph in her heart. The girls had breakfast in their own room, and then the toilet was made. Certainly the dark violet velvet set off Katie's delicate, flower-like beauty, and her crown of yellow hair, just as a violet velvet cushion sets off the lustre of a diamond. There were a few exclamations, but for the most part the dressing was done in an eloquent silence. Then the Ulster was carefully buttoned over the magnificence, and the two girls kissed each other good-by.

Katie timed herself perfectly. She entered the class-room at the last moment, when the girls were all seated, and Madame in her place. They would have to endure her appearance in decorous silence, and she knew exactly how it would affect them. She advanced to her place, with a graceful indifference which she felt to be a triumph. Her place this morning was at the bottom of the class; she took it with a kind of deliberate pleasure. She knew that she was effectually scattering the wits of her class-mates, and some one would change with her before the recitation was over.

In ten minutes she had taken her seat at the head again. Clara May had not been equal to participles and conjugations in the presence of that violet velvet. On the contrary, there was a distracting calmness about Katie, and when the quarter's recess came she was not to be confused by the questions and compliments that assailed her.

"Where *did* you get it?" said Julia Smith, who was not the least jealous.

"It is an imported suit."

"Worth's?"

"Oh dear no. Worth is becoming quite common. It is from De Lisle's."

"It fits exquisitely."

"I think it does."

"And is so becoming."

"Yes. Agnes Hilton says I look charming in it."

Katie was far too wise to undervalue herself in any way, and she accepted the girl's compliments as her right.

"Are you going to wear it every day?" asked little Florence Dixon, as she touched admiringly the wrought violets on the cuffs.

Katie stroked her curls with a patronizing kindness, and answered: "No, Miss Foolishness, that would be wretched taste. To the school-room, the school dress. Ladies have the proper toilet for all occasions." Then, before any one could answer her, she dropped her little air of instruction, and said, with the frankness of equality: "Girls, you must excuse me appearing in such a morning toilet. The fact is, I am going to the matinée, and one likes to be early at a Gerster matinée. You know how little time Madame gives us to dress in."

"Oh dear me, there is no need of apology," said Clara May, a trifle defiantly. "One understands quite well that there would be no pleasure in having a suit like that unless there were opportunities to show it; and whether it be in the morning or evening, in the school-room or the opera boxes, is all the same. I don't see why one should not wear as nice things in Madame Blanc's company as in Madame Gerster's; and some people would think a school-room just as worthy of a fine dress as an opera-house."

This argument was received with a murmur of approval. Girls rarely look beneath the surface,

and it sounded well; but upon the whole, Katie felt that she had had a great triumph. For a month afterward she wore her brown cloth school suit with the air of one who has vindicated her taste, and who was quite content with its serviceable fitness.

The velvets began to look common, and a little shabby; imitations of a cheaper kind were plentiful on the streets. She almost wondered how she ever could have thought them so desirable. It was just when she had reached this position, when velvet suits had sunk below the tide of wishing for in her mind, that they were again forced on her attention.

One morning Clara May came to school in a state of great excitement. She threw aside her Derby and Ulster, and hastened to the group chatting by the open fire.

"Girls," she said, in a tone which implied something far beyond the words—"girls, I was at the charity fair last night."

"Oh!" from half a dozen voices at once.

"And I saw Agnes Hilton there. She had a stand—Japanese things."

"Did you buy?"

"I priced some scrolls; they were horrid, and very dear. What do you think she wore?"

"Could not guess; she has such lots of things," said an old pupil who remembered Agnes.

"A—violet—velvet—suit!"

"Oh!"

"Lined with pale violet satin!"

"Oh!"

"And little bunches of violets worked on the cuffs, collar, and left breast!"

"Never!"

"Yes, it is, I positively declare."

"Katie Dawson's?" inquired some one, in a hesitating voice.

"Or else—Katie Dawson wore Agnes Hilton's suit that day."

"They might have suits alike," said Julia Smith; "they are great friends."

"They *might*, but I don't believe they have."

Just then Katie entered the room, and there was a moment's silence. Then Clara said:

"Good-morning, Miss Dawson. Were you at the fair last night?"

"Yes. What a horrid crush it was!"

"Do you think so? What did you wear?"

"Navy blue silk."

"Why did you not wear your violet velvet?"

"In that crush? What an idea!"

"Agnes Hilton had hers on. I saw her; I priced some goods at her stand. I noticed particularly the flowers on her cuffs. It was a suit *exactly* like the one you wore that morning you came dressed for the *matinée*. Your suit was made precisely the same as hers. Perhaps it was"—and then she stopped, and with a very irritating smile turned to her books.

The attack had been so sudden that for once Katie was tongue-tied. That group of inquisitive girls was too much for her. She turned haughtily on her heel, and disdained to answer, but she felt that her sceptre had departed. There were whisperings in her presence, and confidences in which she had no share. Girls looked meaningly at her dress, and a week afterward, when the day for translations came round, Clara May read aloud the fable of the jay in peacock's feathers, which she had freely rendered into French from the English version.

To Madame it had no particular meaning; to the whole school-room it was startlingly intelligent. Katie tingled with shame and burned with anger. She had pretended not to notice much that had wounded her deeply. Should she continue a course which left her a text for sermons of this kind, or should she boldly take her punishment in her own hand? She decided that the latter would be the bravest and wisest thing to do, and as soon as Clara sat down she rose and asked, "Will Madame allow me to answer Miss May's fable in English?"

"This is the French class, Miss Dawson."

"But, Madame, I desire all present to understand me clearly."

"You have a motive? Ah! then it is well you speak as you wish."

"Madame, I am intended to point the moral of the jay and the peacock's feathers. If Madame permits me, I will explain."

"I desire not to interrupt."

Then Katie spoke frankly of her desire for a velvet suit, and repeated her mother's objections to it—to which objections Madame said, emphatically, "Good, they were good."

"Then I went to Agnes Hilton's, and she proposed I should wear her dress, and I agreed to it very

gladly. Madame perhaps remembers the dress?"

Madame nodded her head decidedly.

"And then, Madame, Miss May saw Miss Hilton at the fair in the violet velvet, and Miss May is very shrewd, and supposed what is really the case. I might, of course, have said that Agnes and I had dresses alike, and so have left the matter in doubt. But I have regretted my folly very often since, and I prefer to tell the truth. Whatever punishment Madame thinks I deserve, I am ready to accept."

"This is a great pleasure to me," said Madame. "What is a velvet suit?—a few dollars, a thing that quite common people may have. But the truth!—but the brave heart to confess a fault! That is beyond all price. Miss Dawson has taken her punishment this morning; now I give to her, with great pride, my hand."

There had never been such a sensation in the school before. Katie lifted her eyes, full of tears, to Madame, and in that moment the girl gained a point in character which vanity and deception never again will conquer.

Then the translations went on as usual, but when the books were closed, Madame said: "We have learned a lesson this morning, young ladies, which is the same in all the languages—the power of simple truth to conquer even the vanity and the ill-will. If you forget the French, then you will try always to remember this."

The girl whom I have called Clara May told me the story of the violet velvet suit, and she added: "I like no one so well as I do Katie Dawson now. Madame Dubaney will make our school dresses alike next winter, and they will *not* be velvet."



RUSSIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY.

A PLAY-GROUND IN THE CZAR'S PARK.

BY DAVID KER.

No Russian boy with a half-holiday before him could wish for a pleasanter place to spend it than the great park which lies around the Czar's country palace of Tsarskoë-Selo (Czar's Village), sixteen miles southeast of St. Petersburg. The poor Czar himself very seldom goes there now, fearing to be shot or blown up: but plenty of his subjects do all through the summer, and many a hard-worked clerk or tired store-keeper, lying on the soft grass, with his children frolicking around him, or eating moroshki (Finland raspberries) and cream in one of the little trellis-work summer-houses near the lake, doubtless congratulates himself that he is not important enough to be assassinated, and can take a day's pleasure without fear of pistols, daggers, or dynamite bombs.

If you strike straight out through the park from the eastern corner of the palace, and head toward Pavlovsk (which lies two miles distant), you will soon hear a chorus of little voices, as if a party of children were enjoying themselves somewhere near. Ask any one what this means, and the answer will be, "Matchta" (the mast), and in another moment you see the top of a tall mast above the trees, and come out upon a small open space with a shed along one side of it, and the mast itself in the middle.

All around the foot of it, for safety's sake, is spread a strong net, upon which a crowd of girls and boys are dancing, rolling about, and jumping backward and forward, while other boys of a more adventurous turn are chasing each other up and down the "stays" and rope-ladders, laughing and

hallooing at the full pitch of their voices.

See what rosy cheeks this little lassie in the pink sash has got. She looked pale enough two months ago, but fresh air and out-door games have done wonders for her already. She and her sister Alexia (Alice) have taken her big doll between them, and joining hands with their cousin Nadejda (Hope) are dancing round and round in time to a funny little Russian song.

But who is that tall, bright-eyed, curly-haired boy who is skipping up and down the rigging as nimbly as a cat, watched admiringly by the old Russian sailor who has charge of the play-ground? Young as he is, Michael Suvôrin has already made up his mind to go to sea, and never loses a chance of "practicing for a sailor." He is rather a wild boy, and just a little too fond of playing tricks upon his aunt and cousins, who are watching him rather nervously from below; but with all his wildness, he staid in only last week all through a half-holiday to read to his little sister when she was ill.

Suddenly he flings his straw hat to the ground, and starts right for the mast-head hand over hand in true man-of-war fashion. Up he goes—up, up, up—reaches the top, and giving a triumphant hurrah, turns to come down again.

All at once he is seen to lurch forward; a cry is heard; and the next moment he is hanging head downward in the empty air, caught by one foot in the strands of the rope-ladder.

Instantly all is confusion. Ladies scream, children cry, and the old sailor himself darts forward to mount to the rescue, when the mischievous boy clews himself up again with a loud laugh, and slides down unhurt, the whole thing having been only a trick.

But when he sees his aunt's white scared face, and his little cousins crying bitterly, Michael's warm heart smites him.

"I'm very sorry, aunt; I only meant it for fun, and I never thought I'd frighten you so. Scold me as much as you like; it'll just serve me right."

"Nay, don't be too hard on him, barina" (madam), puts in the old sailor. "Boys will have their fun; but he's got the heart of a man in him, and a man that you'll be proud of yet."

And I should not wonder if old Ivan's prophecy some day came out true.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

That way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall—
Withered leaves, one, two, and three—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddyng round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
What a tiger-leap! Half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart,
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,

Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Overhappy to be proud,
Overwealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!



[Pg 766]

We feel sure that our readers will be pleased by the announcement on the next page of a serial story by their friend Mr. W. O. Stoddard. The story is a long one, and will contain a chapter of intensely interesting reading for each week of the coming winter.

Sometimes when we open the Post-office Box, and read the letters you send us, we try to imagine how you look, and wonder whether we would know you if we happened to meet you going to school, or riding your gentle ponies over the hills, or perhaps busy feeding your pets, and helping along at home. We fancy we would recognize our own Young People by their bright faces and straightforward speech and polite manners. Though we can not print all the letters, we like to read them, and we think just as much of the letters we can not publish as of those which appear in these columns. Remember this, Hannah and Joe, Theodore and Bessie, and write to us again.

Please use black ink, boys and girls, and, to spare our eyes, do not use red ink nor a lead-pencil.

FORT RENO, INDIAN TERRITORY.

Would you like to hear about an Indian dance, or "medicine," which I saw a little while ago? It was in a very large tent composed of several "tepees," or tents of the kind the Indians live in. The dancers were almost naked, painted black or yellow with white marks, and most of them had willow wreaths on their heads, wrists, and ankles. They jumped up and down, blowing on whistles made of the bone of an eagle's wing. In one corner of the tent was a "tom-tom," or big drum, which was beaten by five or six Indians, who sang at the same time, or at least did what they called singing, though it sounded more like howling in my ears. After much drumming and singing, the "medicine-man" and two or three others came forward and stood near the middle pole.

One took down two ropes, while another sat down. The "medicine-man" then picked up a knife and some sticks and went up to the side of the man who was sitting down, and pinching up some of the skin on either side of his breast, ran the knife through it, and then taking one of the sticks, he put it through the hole. Then he and another man slipped the ropes over the sticks and went away. The tortured Indian got up and jumped first to one side and then to the other, trying to break loose. The skin stood out about four and a half inches, but would not break: at last it gave way, and the man went head first into the fire which was behind him. After this several others were tied up in the same way. The dance continued several days.

I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" "The Brave Swiss Boy," and "Across the Ocean," but "Toby Tyler" is my favorite. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and could hardly do without it. I am just eleven years old.

WILLIAM WIRT L.

COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Most of the young folks who write to you tell of their pets. To avoid sameness, I will not tell of mine, but briefly mention the many curious things I lately saw at Spang's Natural History Rooms.

There were four or five kinds of sharks, the most formidable-looking being the hammer-head. It was indeed a monster; its head was three feet across, and its great goggle eyes stood out on each side. The man-eater was a hideous-looking thing, and would not be a very pleasant bathing companion. It has double rows of teeth, and is fully capable of making mince-meat of a person in a very short time. The manatee, or sea-cow, is an ugly-looking customer, in shape resembling the whale. This specimen weighs nearly two thousand pounds. The saw-fish is a queer-looking fellow, who has the advantage of all other workmen, as he carries his tool-chest with him all the time without inconvenience. This chest contains one formidable saw, which grows out from his snout. We saw two or three very large fish of this class, the saws being fully a yard long, with teeth on both sides. The king of fishes, the whale, would not care to combat with a saw-fish. Of all the odd-looking reptiles we saw it would be too tedious to make mention, so I will only allude to the little alligators, all dead and stuffed, which the ingenious Mr. Spang has arranged in the most laughable attitudes. He must have at least five hundred, some of them not more than a couple of weeks old. I hope that those of your readers who are fond of studying natural history may have an opportunity to visit this or some other equally good collection.

EDITH C.

CONCORD, CALIFORNIA.

My home is away out in the country, in Contra Costa County. I have two sisters and three brothers. My sisters are Emma and Tina, and my brothers are Charlie and Louis; the baby's name we have not yet decided upon. Emma, Tina, and I go to a little school about two miles from home. I have some chickens, turkeys, ducks, and pigeons, four dogs, and more than a dozen cats. I must tell you what my brother Louis did to a pet pigeon of mine. He saw it walking around the yard, and he thought he would make it a prisoner by putting it in the tin oven of the stove. We built a fire in the stove next day, and soon we heard a noise in the oven. We took the captive out, and tried to save it, but it died in the night. My papa gave me a nice little pony, which I ride. His name is George. I am twelve years old, and as this is my first letter, I would like very much to see it in print. Good-by.

BERTA E. L.

Of course your brother did not mean to leave the poor bird in prison, and he must have felt very sad at its unhappy fate.

ELYRIA, OHIO.

I have been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, for I see many letters in the Post-office Box from little girls who are about the same age as myself.

I want to tell you about a large black and yellow spider that had its home in the corner of a house of ours. Of course it was out-of-doors, for my mamma will not have spider webs in the house where we live. In the middle of her web Mrs. Spider made a kind of curtain, behind which she retired to eat her food. One morning I went to look at it, and

there hung a brown bag about the size of a hickory-nut. The bag looked as if it had been drawn together at the top and tied with a string. It had all been made in one night. There was soon another, and then the spider was gone. My papa took one of the bags and opened it. The outside was thick and tough like leather, but soft and smooth as satin inside. In it there was a little round bowl with a lid; we lifted the lid, and found the bowl full of tiny yellow eggs. All around this bowl was something that looked like fine brown cotton. I wonder if it was put there to keep the eggs warm, or as food for the baby spiders. I am going to let the other bag hang as long as it will, and watch it.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost a year; it was a birthday present.

ADA L. B.

BETHALTO, ILLINOIS.

I want to tell you about my dear little sparrow, which I found in a mill, all covered with flour. I took him home, and fed him for a week. When I thought he was old enough, I let him fly, but the cunning little fellow did not want to go. He chirruped all day in the trees around the house, and at night, when I called him, he flew right into my open hand. We continued to feed him, and now think we will have to keep him always. He flies out every day, but is sure to be close to his cage at night, and there he is satisfied till morning.

I also have a canary, which always whistles when he sees my papa, and keeps on calling till papa answers him.

FREDDIE M.

HAZELWOOD, KENTUCKY.

I sold my last year's turkeys, and invested a part of the proceeds in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It has proved the best investment I ever made. Papa, mamma, and my brothers and sisters older and younger than myself all enjoy each week's issue. I now have another flock of young turkeys, and when they are disposed of, I will certainly renew my subscription. I raised over two hundred chickens this year. I now have five brown Leghorn chickens, beauties, from which I hope to raise a flock next year.

MATTIE L. O.

When you write again, tell us something about your turkeys, whether they are fond of wandering from home, and which you like best to care for, turkeys or chickens.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

My little son Alfred is, through his affliction, not able to write himself, so he requests me to say to you what he would like to say himself. When he wrote you the letter you were kind enough to put in your valuable paper for him, we thought it probable some few sympathizing children would send him something to read, and so help to pass away the to him weary time. He little thought of the almost universal interest it would awake among your readers. He has received, I suppose, one hundred and fifty letters, and books, magazines, and newspapers enough to last him some time. Letters have come to him from almost every State in the Union, and one from a very kind lady in Helena, Montana. I have answered several by mail, but a great many kind friends have sent papers without name, and we wish in his place to thank all who have so kindly answered his letter, and we hope some day to do to others as they have done to our little boy.

S. JUDD, FOR ALFRED.

WINDHAM, NEW YORK.

My friend from New York city and I thought we would write and tell you about our camping out upon a hill behind our house. We built a little shanty just large enough to sit up and lie down in, besides a little place to put our apples and drinking water in. We slept with soft hats on, pulled down over our ears to keep from catching cold, lying on and under blankets. It was quite a cold night outside, but with the aid of a lantern we read YOUNG PEOPLE, and kept warm inside by hugging up close together. We were very careful about the light being seen by the boys, for fear they would come up and trouble

us as they did last year. We covered the cracks around the sides with old carpets, and the roof with oil-cloth, to keep from getting wet if it should happen to rain. We slept well, and in the morning I heard some one call, "Time to get up; half past five," so we got up and opened our house; and next summer, if we live, we will camp out again. We hope to have YOUNG PEOPLE till we grow up, and we always welcome it.

RIP VAN WINKLE.
E. O. P.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I think I must tell you about my gray cat. My papa brought him home from New York one day, and he was at first very wild, but plenty to eat and kind treatment soon tamed him. His color is gray, and he has black stripes on his head, paws, back, and sides. He is very greedy; we may feed him all day, and then he will come and rub up against us, as if begging for more. He is a very affectionate cat, for when I go out into the yard, he comes up out of the honeysuckles and purrs with pleasure. I have had him about three months.

ROSIE E. W.

You might call your gray pussy Oliver Twist, after a certain poor boy who was abused quite as much as poor Tim, and who was always asking for "more," though he had far less to eat than your cat, and so had an excuse for being always hungry. Do you know who wrote the story of *Oliver Twist*?

My brother and I are making a "zoo," and have quite a collection. I would like to increase my stock with a live turtle or terrapin, and I will exchange twelve picture cards for a small one.

We are now reading *Life and her Children*, and find it adds much to the pleasure of our work in collecting.

My brother is eleven and I am nine years old.

F. C. ELY, 238 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Penn.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Stamps, foreign and domestic, for exchange.

F. H. WATERS, Cambridge, Dorset Co., Md.

Rare South American and East Indian stamps, for others equally rare.

B. F. McLAUGHLIN,
122 Front St., New York City.

A stone from Illinois, for three postmarks from any other State.

RALPH B. LARKIN,
New Windsor, Mercer Co., Ill.

A hand-power scroll-saw, one iron stone, one flint Indian arrow-head, two books, entitled *The Six Little Rebels* and *The American Family Robinson*, for a bicycle, stamps, or coins.

H. B. MCGRAW,
206 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A 20-inch miniature yacht, sloop-rigged, and warranted to sail, a three-draw spy-glass, and fifty stamps, for a foot-power scroll-saw and appliances in good condition.

WILLIAM E. ELDRIDGE,
323 York St., Jersey City, N. J.

U. S. stamps, postmarks, New York papers and editors' names, for curiosities, stamps, etc., or for a printing-press and type.

THOMAS J. STANTON,
39 Madison St., New York City.

Fifty foreign and official stamps, several rare English and other foreign coins, for type in good condition.

WILL J. DANTE,
1212 Sixth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Internal revenue stamps, ores, postmarks, insects, and arrow-heads, for stamps from Asia, Africa, or South America.

ELMER POST,
Box 1503, Towanda, Penn.

Pressed flowers and ferns from Pennsylvania, lichens, etc., for ocean curiosities, minerals, or old coins. Please label specimens.

Box 26, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Penn.

A dix-centimes French coin, for a stamp from Paraguay and one from Cashmere; an English half-penny, for a stamp from Honduras and one from Orange States.

ALFRED C. ROWLAND,
Montclair, Essex Co., N. J.

Hot Springs specimens, for a popular poem entitled "We've drank from the same Canteen," sent in order for a scrap-book.

MAIE G. HAMBLIN, Hot Springs, Ark.

Pretty pebbles from Lake Erie, for foreign stamps or curiosities.

ALTHEA LEHMAN,
Bloomville, Seneca Co., Ohio.

Postmarks, for curiosities.

HARRY T. LONG, Malden, Mass.

Stones from Colorado, mica from Illinois, stones and sand from Africa, 197 foreign stamps (no duplicates), four sea-beans, a fine collection of sea-shells, gold and copper ores, a book, and a \$1 gold piece, for a bicycle, wheel not less than 36 inches.

BUTTON MCPHETRIDGE,

Seven postmarks, for one foreign stamp.

PERRY R. S. SWAYZE,
New Columbus, Luzerne Co., Penn.

Rare European and other foreign stamps, for the same.

CHARLIE L. MILLER,
Lock Box 108, Bristol, R. I.

Foam of different colors from Oswego Iron-Works, or European stamps, for specimens of woods 5 inches long and over 1½ inches in circumference.

HOSEA WOOD, 448 Eighth St., Portland, Oregon.

Woods from Indiana, for foreign or department stamps.

Box 266, Bloomington, Monroe Co., Ind.

Nine fancy picture cards, for an Indian arrow-head.

NELLIE M. BLODGETT,
119 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Seven rare postmarks, for one foreign stamp or U. S. issue older than 1860.

MAC ENTWISTLE, 603 Rives St., Troy, N. Y.

Two hundred feet of good cotton fish-line, for an Indian tomahawk or other Indian curiosities; seventy-five postmarks, for an Indian pipe or string of beads.

E. C. SHAW,
459 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio.

Foreign stamps, for old and foreign coins, relics, and curiosities.

C. SMITH,
Box 636, Pittston, Penn.

U. S. stamps, for foreign ones.

J. N. BUTLER, care of Hall & Macdonald,
1651 Broadway, New York City.

Postmarks or foreign stamps, moss from Idaho or Oregon, for a 7 or 90 cent U. S. department stamp of 1869. Oliver Optic's *Up the Baltic*, bound in cloth, for a stamp album little used.

CHARLES W. GIBBS,

155 Taylor St., Portland, Oregon.

White birch bark, specimens of iron ore, mica, quartz crystals, and fossils, for rare or foreign coins, relics, and specimens. Everything must be carefully labelled.

J. S. WARREN, Brooklyn, Ontario, Can.

Crystals, very clear and large, from the Black Hills, ores, petrifications, and metallic specimens, for curiosities.

CARL KEHRWEIDER, JUN.,
1711 Rittenhouse St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Two hundred and twenty-five postmarks, for foreign stamps and curiosities.

HORACE TOMKINSOL,
Mount Salem, Wilmington, Del.

Foreign stamps, for the same, minerals, Indian relics, and other curiosities.

HARVEY C. SHAW, Box 607, Jamestown, N. Y.

Minerals, woods, ores, Indian relics, and curiosities, for coins, minerals, curiosities, and copies of the old *Farmer's Almanac* older than 1879.

HERBERT CARR, Box 1112, Brockton, Mass.

A stone and soil from New Jersey and New York, for the same from any other State; and a paper from New York and New Jersey, for the same from any other State except Massachusetts.

M. STIEFEL,
36 East Sixtieth St., New York City.

Three good books, called *The Burning Prairie, Ten Cents, Dick Cheverly's Adventures and Misadventures*, a stamp album containing 142 stamps, and three sets of fancy cards, for a good self-inking printing-press with font of type.

JAMES E. HARDENBERGH,
109 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ores and other minerals, and cocoons of a very large moth, six inches across the wings, some of the cocoons nearly as large as my fist, for Indian relics, ocean curiosities, and sea-shells. Correspondents will please write to arrange exchange. Also, if desired, large butterflies properly spread for collector's case.

ARTHUR C. SMITH,
554 Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Three stamps of Argentine Republic, three of Brazil, two of Cape of Good Hope, three of Chili, four of Egypt, three of Hong-Kong, three of Norway, four of Russia, and one of Turkey, for a complete set of Curacao or of Surinam; twelve Switzerland stamps, for a 7-cent State Department. No duplicates in any of the above.

H. HARBECK,
142 East Thirty-sixth St., New York City.

Foreign stamps, shells, minerals, and curiosities, for 7, 90, and 15 cent War and State, 15 and 24 cent Agriculture, 10-cent Executive, and 24-cent Treasury stamps, St. Helena coins, U. S. cents of 1793, 1799, 1804, and 1809, and Indian arrow-heads. I belong to the Providence Natural History Society, and am Secretary of it. H. R. Guild is President. Any letters addressed to the head-quarters of the club will reach me.

H. BUFFUM,
101 Waterman St., Providence, R. I.

Three Months' Rustication, by Ballantyne, or *Don Quixote*, for one of Bayard Taylor's books of travels or Irving's *Astoria*.

CHARLES BENNETT,
Boonville, Warwick Co., Ind.

Specimens, for Indian relics and U. S. half-cents and old cents. Porcupine quills from Manitoba and silk-worm eggs from Japan, for rare U. S. postage stamps.

STILLMAN GRIFFIN, Moline, Ill.

Twenty foreign stamps (no duplicates), for a triangular Cape of Good Hope.

BENNIE SQUIER, Box 585, Orange, N. J.

All the stamps of British Honduras, for a set of Justice or State. Two stamps from Brazil, Russia, Turkey, Victoria, Jamaica, Egypt, Greece, Japan, French Colonies, British Honduras, British Guiana, Brunswick, Queensland, or New South Wales, for any of the following: Post-office 10-cent; Agriculture 1, 2, 10, 12, 15, 24, or 30 cent; Justice 1, 2, 10, 12, 15, 24, 30, or 90 cent; Navy 7 or 90 cent; War 7, 24, or 90 cent; and any of State or Executive.

A. B. C.,
166 West Fifty-fifth St., New York City.

Ten postmarks, for a penny of 1850, or a half-penny of 1839 or any other year up to 1871; five different U. S. stamps, for one foreign stamp.

MAUDE SMITH, 111 Greene St., Dayton, Ohio.

A few pieces of fossil limestone, for rare foreign stamps. Stamps from Asia, Africa, and South America especially desired.

E. C. BAILEY, Decorah, Iowa.

Stones from the road made by General Anthony Wayne in 1792 going from Pittsburgh to Detroit, for sea-shells or pieces of different kinds of wood an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch square. Label the specimens.

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

A good work in five volumes, for an alligator's tooth and other curiosities. Write to

arrange.

CONSTANT READER, Box 465, Rome, N. Y.

A pair of roller skates in good order, for a pair of ice skates in good order. Please send postal describing skates before sending.

GRACIE A. PETTIT, Box 554, Yonkers, N. Y.

Three books, nearly new, *Rational Method for Learning French*, *Acme Biography*, and *American Patriotism*, a steel bracket-saw, and artist's sketching camera, papers and magazines, all for a self-inking press, chase not less than 4 by 6 inches. Write and describe before sending press.

C. H. NICHOLS,
Cumming P. O., Forsyth Co., Ga.

A sword-fish sword, from the waters around Block Island, and two books, for a pair of white mice and a young alligator. Write to arrange exchange.

EWING WATTERSON,
Everett House, New York City.

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

Exchangers will please notice again that we do not allow fire-arms to be exchanged, and that offers of anything curious or valuable for money are not accepted. We repeat, in answer to several questioners, that there is no charge for inserting exchanges.

We are very glad that Perry W. had such a delightful visit at his grandpa's, and would like to have eaten some of the fish he caught. The little sister's birthday was charmingly remembered. Spencer P. H. sent us a very bright little letter about the ants. Did he ever read H. H.'s clever story, "My Ant's Cow?" Ethel I.'s little sisters Marion and Muriel must be as sweet as their beautiful names. We would like to see the pets, of which we are sure Rena and Elsie take good care. Della C. may be sure we quite agree with her about the unfortunate Jimmy Brown. Nellie F. may write and tell us about the fair. We are very sorry with Curtis and Appa that their dear cousin Freddie is dead. We may live, as they do, in a Happy Valley, and still feel the touch of sorrow. But Freddie had been ill "a long, long while," and he is now forever free from pain.

E. A. Houston's address is changed from Monmouth Beach, N. J., to 9 West Nineteenth St., New York City. "Reader of YOUNG PEOPLE," Box 114, Cumberland, Md., has received over 100 answers to his exchange, and his supply of coins is exhausted. He will return their postmarks to all who shall send him a stamp for the purpose.

C. H. B.—Articles in YOUNG PEOPLE are paid for according to their value. It is not best for very young writers to be in haste about sending their stories and poems to any paper for publication.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Castor and Pollux," "Queen Bess," Ed. S. Harrington, *Willie Volckhausen*, "Lodestar," Charles H. Battey, "Phil I. Pene," G. Volckhausen, C. A. N., "Young America."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TRANSPOSITION—(To Aerolite).

I am a boy's nickname. Change my head, and I become a pest; again, a rug; again, a flying creature; again, a useful animal; again, an article of apparel; again, an adjective; and again, a verb.

LODESTAR.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In weaving, not in twining.
In dazzling, not in shining.
In trimming, not in clipping.
In stepping, not in tripping.
In church, but not in steeple.
My whole an ancient people.

OWLET.

No. 3.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A liquor. 3. A dazzling light. 4. To miss the way. 5. A letter.
2.—1. A letter. 2. A girl's name. 3. A boy's name. 4. To help. 5. A letter.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

No. 4.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters, and am the title of a poem by John G. Whittier.
My 2, 5, 6, 3 is a place of industry.
My 9, 7, 4, 1 is saucy.
My 12, 10, 8, 11 is a timid creature.

R. T.

No. 5.

CHARADE.

In every city my first is free;
In each back yard on the fence 'twill be.
My second is owned by every man;
You'll find it in can't, you'll find it in can.
My third, with a spring to the good roan steed,
The cry of the hounds impatient heed;
Ride like the wind, nor risk a fall,
For savage and fierce is my tameless *all*.

AEROLITE.

No. 1.

C or D
O tt O
Rea R
Ann A

No. 2.

CONSUMPTION
HURRICANE
COWSLIP
POSTS
LIE
S
ASP
WHITE
WEEPING
SANDPIPER
SUPERINTEND

No. 3.

M
PET
MEDAL
TAN
L

No. 4.

Aar, bar, car, ear, far, jar, lar, mar, oar, par, tar, war.

No. 5.

Because last year was 1880, and next year will be 1880 too (1882).

A NEW SERIAL.

In No. 101 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued October 4, will appear the first chapter of a fascinating serial story, entitled

THE TALKING LEAVES,

BY W. O. STODDARD.

The story of "The Talking Leaves" is one of Indian life in the far Southwest, the scenes being laid in Arizona and Mexico. Without being sensational or exaggerated, the story is of absorbing interest. The descriptions of places and persons are true to nature, and the illustrations, drawn by THULSTRUP, are reproductions of actual characters and incidents. Mr. Stoddard is already so well known to the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE as the author of some of their favorite stories that the mere mention of his name is a sufficient introduction.

QUEER KITES.

[Pg 768]

I was once passing along a side street in an Eastern city when I caught sight of an object in the sky which seemed to be neither bird, nor balloon, nor kite. It darted about like a skipper on the surface of a pool. It would rush off to one side and the other, going through the queerest contortions and doublings, opening and shutting and throwing itself about like an acrobat. I started toward it, determined to know what the indescribable, twitching thing was. Before I had gone far I caught sight of a young Chinaman on a house-top making some queer motions with his hands. I soon saw that my curiosity in the heavens was a kite, and he was flying it.

I now saw that the kite was in the form of a parallelogram (this page is in the form of a

parallelogram), and that it had no tail. What kept it from whirling round and round, as all my kites had done when their tails came off, I could not imagine. So I sought an acquaintance with the young Chinaman, and obtained a good look at the kite. I measured all the distances, and got the proportions. I looked at the materials, and learned all I could. Then I went home, and tried to make one.

I turned out something that looked very much like it. There is not much trouble in that. We can make a gong that *looks* like a Chinese gong, but it will not work. Neither would my kite. I took it out to try it, and before I had let out three feet of string it was whirling like a windmill. If it had any Chinese blood in its veins, it certainly hadn't become aware of it. It had all the characteristics of the rest of American-born kites.

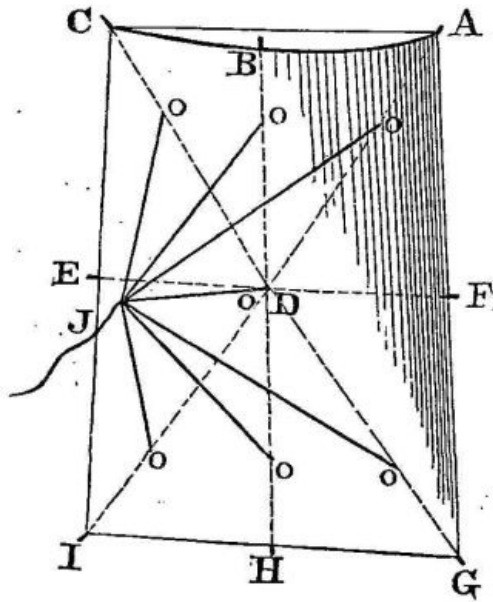


FIG. 1.

be tied together at A, B, C, and D. The dotted line represents the string which is put around them. A good size for the kite is about two feet. You now have the frame ready. For the cover get the lightest paper you can that is strong. Toughness of paper is very important. Put on your paper, pasting it over the strings and the stick A C. Now fasten the end of a string at A; lay the kite down with the sticks undermost; bring the string to C, and draw it until the stick A C rises in a moderate bow, B rising about two inches; then fasten at C, and clip.

The balancing is much the same as for an ordinary kite. Fasten the ends of a balance at o, o, o, o, etc., letting them cross each other about eight inches from the kite. Having got these all even, let fall one more string to support the centre (D), and tie this in with the rest. Attach your string at a point (J) about opposite the cross-stick F E, and you are ready to try it.

Take it out when there is a light wind (they never behave well in a gale), and let it off. Very likely it will spin round at first, but by sliding the knot downward upon the balance strings you are certain to reach a point where the diving will cease. Then begin working it upward until the disposition to dive is but moderate, regulating the tendency to go to one side or the other by sliding the knot toward that side, and you will have a kite which will afford you more amusement than you have found in all your kite-flying before.

Another very curious kite is called the "dragon kite" (see Fig. 2), and when in the air it twists and makes a snake-like movement which is exceedingly curious and attractive. They can be easily made, and will fully repay the labor and pains taken.

The round hoops are made of bamboo or very light whale-bone, and are about twelve inches in diameter in the centre, growing smaller at each end. The hoops are covered with thin strong paper, pasted carefully over the edges, and so loosely as to sink in the centre so as to hold the wind. Five strings connect the hoops together, the one in the centre passing through each one, and is part of the cord held by the kite-flyer. The little balls are made of many-colored down, fastened by threads to each quarter of the hoops, while the tails are made of worsted pulled out about six inches. They are easily raised and managed.

I loosened strings and tightened strings, cut strings and slipped strings, and tied knots, but it still acted more like a windmill than a kite. I was about giving it up in despair when I happened to try a decided slip of the balance down, and the diving ceased. It would now stand still, looking as hob-tailed as one of the "three blind mice." I could make it dart about, and perform all the antics. By pulling it in rapidly I could even make it pass over my head, and go some distance back of me against the wind, and when I stopped pulling it would float back into place. I could make it double itself, and bow and dance as oddly as its Chinese model. It would sail up in the slightest breath of wind, and altogether was so entertaining that I believe some of the boys who read this paper would like to follow my recipe.

The frame is made of split bamboo. Get a piece of a bamboo or cane fish-pole (the dealers generally have broken ones which they will give you). Split it up into very thin strips, perhaps an eighth of an inch wide and a sixteenth thick. They must be very thin, for when your kite is done it ought to stand bending double as safely as a Damascus blade. You need five sticks in all. After you have these ready, make your frame in this manner (see Fig. 1): The heavy lines are the sticks, which must

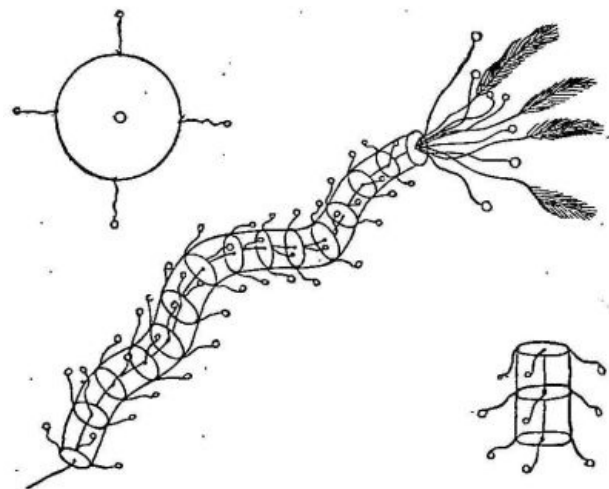
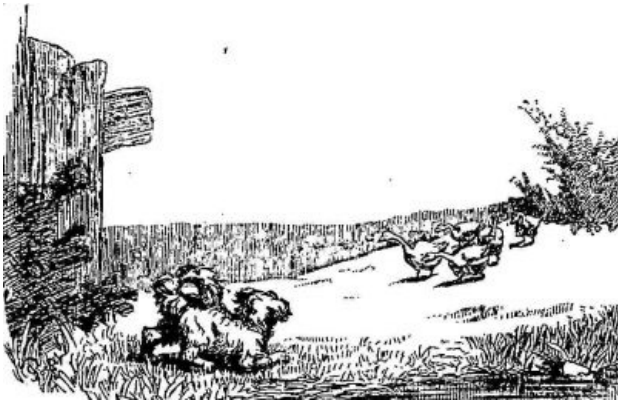
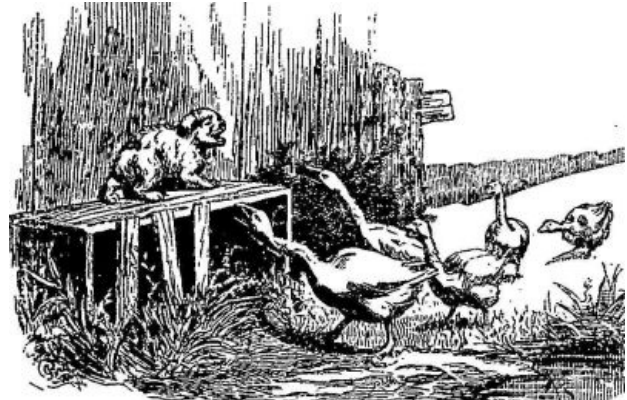


FIG. 2.



LOTS OF FUN.



NOT SO FUNNY.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, SEPTEMBER 27.
1881 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or

access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on

the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS

OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.