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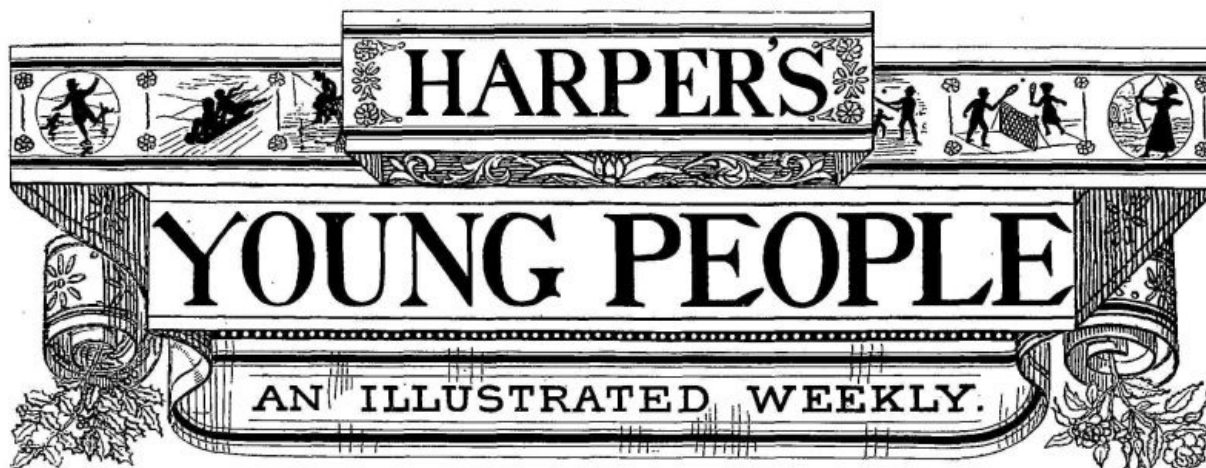
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"THEY ARE TALKING LEAVES."

## THE TALKING LEAVES.

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### CHAPTER I.

"Look, Rita! Look!"

"What can it mean. Ni-ha-be?"

"See them all get down and walk around."

"They have found something in the grass."

"And they're hunting for more."

Rita leaned forward until her long hair fell upon the neck of the beautiful little horse she was riding, and looked with all her eyes. [Pg 770]

"Hark! they are shouting."

"You could not hear them if they were."

"They look as if they were."

Ni-ha-be sat perfectly still in her silver-mounted saddle, although her spirited mustang pony pawed the ground and pulled on his bit as if he were in a special hurry to go on down the side of the mountain.

The two girls were of about the same size, and could not either of them have been over fifteen years old. They were both very pretty, very well dressed, and well mounted, and they could both speak that strange, rough, and yet musical language, but there was no other resemblance between them.

"Father is there, Rita."

"Can you see him?"

"Yes; and so is Red Wolf."

"Your eyes are wonderful. Everybody says they are."

Ni-ha-be might well be proud of her coal-black eyes, and of the fact that she could see so far and so well with them. It was not easy to say just how far away was that excited crowd of men down there in the valley. The air was so clear and the light so brilliant among those snow-capped mountain ranges that even things far off seemed sometimes close at hand.

For all that, there were not many pairs of eyes, certainly not many brown ones like Rita's, which could have looked as Ni-ha-be did from the pass into the faces of her father and brother, and recognized them at such a distance.

She need not have looked very closely to be sure of one thing more—there was not a single white man to be seen in all that long, deep, winding green valley.

Were there any white women?

There were plenty of squaws, old and young, but not one woman with a bonnet, shawl, parasol, or even so much as a pair of gloves. Therefore none of them could have been white.

Rita was as well dressed as Ni-ha-be, and her wavy masses of brown hair were tied up in the same way with bands of braided deer-skin; but neither of them had ever seen a bonnet. Their sunburned, healthy faces told that no parasol had ever protected their complexions; but Ni-ha-be was a good many shades the darker.

There must have been an immense amount of hard work expended in making the graceful garments they both wore. All were of fine antelope-skin, soft, velvety, fringed, and worked and embroidered with porcupine quills. Frocks, and capes, and leggings, and neatly fitting moccasins, all of the best, for Ni-ha-be was the only daughter of a great Apache chief, and Rita was every bit as important a person, according to Indian notions, for Ni-ha-be's father had adopted her as his own.

Either one of them would have been worth a whole drove of ponies, or a wagon-load of guns and blankets, and the wonder was that they had been permitted to loiter so far behind their friends on a march through that wild, strange, magnificent land.

Had they been further to the east or south or north it is likely they would have been kept with the rest pretty carefully, but Many Bears and his band were on their way home from a long buffalo-hunt, and were already, as they thought, safe in the Apache country, away beyond any peril from other tribes of Indians, or from the approach of the hated and dreaded white men. To be sure, there were grizzly bears, and wolves, and other wild animals to be found among those mountain passes, but they were not likely to remain very near a band of hunters like the one now gathered in that valley.

Great hunters, brave warriors, well able to take care of themselves and their families, but just now they were very much excited about something.

Something on the ground.

The younger braves, to the number of more than a hundred, were standing back respectfully, while the older and more experienced warriors carefully examined a number of deep marks on the grass around a bubbling spring.

There had been a camp there not long before, and the first discovery made by the foremost Apache who had ridden up to that spring was that it had not been a camp of his own people.

The prints of the hoofs of horses showed that they had been shod, and there are neither horseshoes nor blacksmiths among the red men of the Southwest.

The tracks left by the feet of men were not such as can be made by moccasins. There are no heels on moccasins, and no nails in the soles of them.

Even if there had been Indian feet in the boots, the toes would not have been turned out in walking. Only white men do that.

So much was plain at a mere glance, but there were a good many other things to be studied and interpreted before Many Bears and his followers could feel satisfied.

It was a good deal like reading a newspaper. Nobody tears one up until it has been read through, and the Apaches did not trample the ground around the spring until they had searched out all that the other trampling could tell them.

Then the dark-faced ferocious-looking warriors who had made the search all gathered around their chief, and, one after another, reported what they had found.

There had been a strong party of white men at that spot three days before. Three wagons drawn by mule-teams. Many spare mules. Twenty-five men who rode horses, besides the men who drove the wagons.

"Were they miners?"

Every warrior and chief was ready to say "No," at once.

"Traders?"

No, it could not have been a trading party.

"All right," said Many Bears, with a solemn shake of his gray head. "Blue coats. Cavalry. Come from Great Father at Washington. No stay in Apache country. Go right through. Not come back. Let them go."

Indian sagacity had hit the nail exactly on the head, for that had been a camp of a United States military exploring expedition looking for passes and roads, and with instructions to be as friendly as possible with any wandering red men they might meet.

Nothing could be gained by following such a party as that, and Many Bears and his band began at once to arrange their own camp, for their morning's march through the pass had been a long and fatiguing one.

If the Apache chief had known a very little more, he would have sent his best scouts back upon the trail that squad of cavalry had come by, until he found out whether all who were travelling by that road had followed it as far as the spring. He might then have learned something of special importance to him.

Then at the same time he would have sent other scouts back upon his own trail, to see if anybody was following him, and what for. He might have learned a good deal more important news in that way.

He did nothing of the kind, and so a very singular discovery was left for Rita and Ni-ha-be to make without any help at all.

As they rode out from the narrow pass, down the mountain-side, and came into the valley, it was the most natural thing in the world for them to start their swift mustangs on a free gallop. Not directly toward the camping-place, for they knew well enough that no girls of any age would be permitted to approach very near to warriors gathered in council. Away to the right they rode, following the irregular curve of the valley, side by side, managing the fleet animals under them as if horse and rider were one person.

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So it came to pass that before the warriors had completed their task the two girls had struck the trail along which the blue-coated cavalry had entered the valley.

"Rita, I see something."

"What is it?"

"Come! See! Away yonder."

Rita's eyes were as good as anybody's, always excepting Apaches' and eagles', and she could see the white fluttering object at which her adopted sister was pointing.

The marks of the wheels and all the other signs of that trail, as they rode along, were quite enough to excite a pair of young ladies who had never seen a road, a pavement, a sidewalk, or anything of the sort; but when they came to that white thing fluttering at the foot of a mesquit bush they both sprang from their saddles at the same instant.

One, two, three—a good deal dog's-eared and thumb-worn, for they had been read by every man of the white party who cared to read them before they were thrown away, but they were very wonderful yet. Nothing of the kind had ever before been imported into that region of the country.

Ni-ha-be's keen black eyes searched them in vain, one after another, for anything she had ever seen before.

"Rita, you are born white. What are they?"

Poor Rita!

Millions and millions of girls have been "born white," and lived and died with whiter faces than her own rosy but sun-browned beauty could boast, and yet never looked into the fascinating pages of an illustrated magazine.

How could any human being have cast away in the wilderness such a treasure?

Rita was sitting on the grass, with one of the strange prizes open in her lap, rapidly turning the leaves, and more excited by what she saw than were Many Bears and his braves by all they were discovering upon the trampled level around the spring.

"Rita," again exclaimed Ni-ha-be, "what are they?"

"They are talking leaves," said Rita.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## **BITS OF ADVICE.**

**BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.**

### **A STITCH IN TIME.**

The other day a poor woman who lives near my house came running in in great excitement. "Oh," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Marjorie, I am in so much trouble! I have just lost all the money I had in the world, between my house and the corner. I must have dropped it in the street. What shall I do?"

The only thing I could advise was that she should insert an advertisement of her loss in the paper; and as she did not know how to write, I wrote one for her. Then I said, "How came you to

lose your pocket-book? Was there a hole in your pocket?"

She showed me a rip between the lining and the outside of her dress, and said she supposed she had slipped her money through that instead of into the right place. "I've been meaning to sew that for a week," she said, very sadly.

I felt too sorry for her to tell her that experience had taught her a very dear lesson, but it did seem hard that the savings of two months should have been lost for want of a stitch in time.

The homely old proverb says, "A stitch in time saves nine." Please think of it when you are studying your etymology, and are not sure about a derivation. It will take only a few seconds to look it up now, but it may save you much trouble at examination-day to be sure on the subject. Think of it, too, when your little playmate passes you coldly; and when you feel that you have given offense to your teacher or mother, a frank word of apology, a kind, forgiving look *in time*, may save you from many hours of regret and distress. A great many tangled and troublesome things in this world would be set right speedily if everybody believed in a stitch in time. You may apply this principle to everything in life, and it will never fail you. A great poet, Mr. Tennyson, says,

"It is the little rift within the lute  
That by-and-by will make the music mute."

A very tiny leak, if not repaired, will cause the great ship to go down in the midst of the sea. Any small wrong thing may be corrected or mended while it is small, but every day that it is left alone it will grow larger and stronger. One weed is easier to pull up than ten are. Don't forget the stitch in time, wherever you may be.

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## THE CALL OF THE CROW.

Caw! caw! caw!  
Over the standing corn  
The cheery cry is borne—  
Caw! caw! caw!

Caw! caw! caw!  
Into the school-room door,  
Over the clean-swept floor—  
Caw! caw! caw!

Caw! caw! caw!  
The crow he is free to fly,  
But the boy must cipher and sigh—  
Caw! caw! caw!

Caw! caw! caw!  
And I wish I could go with him  
Where the woods are wild and dim—  
Caw! caw! caw!

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## GALILEO IN THE CHURCH AT PISA.

One day Galileo, a young student of medicine at Pisa, saw the great bronze chandelier of the cathedral swing to and fro. He watched it carefully, and found that it moved regularly. It always came back to the same place. He thought he could imitate it, and suspended a weight to a string, and thus formed the first pendulum. His invention has never ceased to be of use to every one. The pendulum was attached to the works of a clock, and has from that moment continued the chief means of measuring time. It rules every family, directs the business of cities, and tells when to go to school and when school is out. The great clock in the City Hall and the clocks in all the steeples and towers are guided by Galileo's pendulum. The wooden clock we buy for two or three dollars, and the costly French clock that ticks on the mantel, owe their chief value to the invention of the young student. The pendulum, wherever it swings to and fro, seems to speak of Galileo.

He was born at Pisa in 1564, the same year with Shakspeare. His father was poor, and wished to apprentice him to the wool trade. But Galileo showed a strong love for mechanics and mathematics; he professed to study medicine at the University of Pisa, but was always busy with mechanical experiments. He worked incessantly with his tools and books, and produced a great number of inventions, more, perhaps, than any other man. From youth to extreme old age he was constantly in his workshop, and labored while others slept. One of his inventions was the thermometer that measures the heat or cold of every land. It is used to mark the temperature of the highest mountains, and is plunged into the depths of the sea; tells the boiling-point and the freezing-point, and governs in the house and the factory.



**GALILEO IN THE CHURCH  
AT PISA.**

At last, in 1609 Galileo invented the telescope. It had been thought of in Holland, but never brought to any perfection. Galileo caught up the idea, and produced the remarkable instrument that brings distant things near. Until that time no one had supposed men could see beyond a certain limit, and the sailor on the ocean and the travellers by land could look only a few miles before them. Galileo's first telescope was made of lead, small and imperfect, but it was polished and perfected with his wonderful skill and industry. It filled all Italy and Europe with an intense excitement. Men came in crowds to look through the first telescope. At Venice, where Galileo was staying, the merchants climbed to the top of the highest tower to see their ships far off on the water two hours before they could have been seen without the telescope. Galileo was enriched with honors and a large salary. He went to Florence, and was received with wonder and delight by great crowds of his countrymen.

Next came a still more startling discovery. Galileo turned his telescope to the skies, and saw things that had never before been witnessed by mortal eyes. The Milky Way dissolved into a bed of stars; Jupiter showed its four satellites, Saturn its rings; the moon seemed covered with mountains, seas, and rivers. The heavens seemed revealed to man, and Galileo soon after, startled by his own discoveries, published his "Message from the Stars." In this pamphlet he describes the wonders of the skies he was the first to see. It was read all over Europe, and the people and the princes heard with awe the account of the new heavens. Many persons denied that there was any truth in the narrative; it was looked upon as a kind of "Moon hoax" or "Gulliver's Travels"; some said it was an optical delusion, and Galileo was attacked by a thousand enemies.

His health was always delicate, and he was always kept poor and in debt by a worthless son and an idle brother. His life, so prosperous, ended in misfortune. His telescope proved to him that the world moved round the sun, and he ventured to say so. Unfortunately the Inquisition and nearly every one else believed that the sun moved round the earth. Galileo was forced to say that he was mistaken. He was tried at Rome, condemned, and obliged on his knees to confess his error, and during the last years of his life was kept a prisoner in his own house near Florence. He passed his time in constant work, studying the moon, and making instruments. At last he became blind. Here Milton visited him, and looked upon him with veneration. He died in 1642, and was buried privately in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence.

Galileo was of a pleasant countenance, always cheerful. His hair was of a reddish tinge, his eyes bright and sparkling until they became dimmed like Milton's. His figure was strong and well formed. It was said of him that no one had ever seen him idle. He was never weary of improving his telescope. The first one he made only magnified three times, a second eight times, and then he made one that magnified thirty times. It is the men who are never idle that help themselves and others.



**MAKING READY TO EMBARK.**

# TIM AND TIP;

## OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

#### BILL THOMPSON'S TENT.

Hardly had the boys ceased to talk of their grand hunt, when they were thrown into the greatest excitement by news which Bill Thompson had called them together to impart. This is what he said, when at least a dozen were present behind the same barn that had been ornamented with the skin of Tip's victim:

"Fellers, my father has just brought home a great big tent—a reg'lar canvas one—an' he says we may take it, an' all go off campin' for a week. What do you think of that?"

For some moments it was impossible to learn just what the boys did think of it, for they all attempted to talk at once, and some, who could not speak as loud as the others, began to cheer, until Tip, who of course had been called into council with the others, barked loudly at the confusion of sound. Although Bill knew that his companions were almost beside themselves with joy at the news, it was fully ten minutes before the noise had subsided sufficiently for him to learn that fact from their words.

Bobby Tucker was positive he and Tim would be allowed to go with the party, because his father had told them they might enjoy themselves in their own way until the summer term of school began, and the majority of those present were equally certain they could go. Those who had any doubts on the matter started off at once to gain the desired permission, and in a short time it was decided that just an even dozen—eleven boys and Tip—would make up the party. Then the serious work began.

It was necessary to decide where they should go, how they were to get there, and how a supply of provisions could be obtained.

Bobby Tucker was sure he could get a bushel of potatoes as his share, and a large piece of pork as Tim's. Bill Thompson owned three of the hens in his father's flock, one of which he agreed to carry, in order that at least one "big" dinner might be served, and he also agreed to get three dozen of eggs. Jimmy Newcomb, whose father kept a store, was certain he could get a large supply of crackers, and a small supply of candy. Another of the party promised butter, pepper, and salt; another agreed, in the name of his mother, to have some gingerbread and pies, and so the list of provisions was made, up, thus settling the last question first.

Where the camp should be pitched was a more difficult matter to decide. Some were in favor of going in the same direction as that taken on the bear-hunt; but this was voted down at once by Bill Thompson, who, because he was the party furnishing the tent, had great weight in the discussion.

"We want to go 'way off where we can't get back for a good while," he said, decidedly. "An' besides, we must go where nobody lives, so's we can find more bears for Tip."

Then another of the party suggested getting a horse and cart, and going as far into the interior of the island as possible; but this Bill objected to on the ground that they would then be obliged to follow some road, which would still keep them within the range of civilization.

"Can't we get a boat, an' go 'way round to the other side of the island, where nobody lives?" asked Tim.

"That's the very thing," said Bill, decisively—"that's the very thing; an' Jimmy Newcomb can get the one his father keeps at Dunham's wharf." [Pg 774]

All three of the questions having thus been settled, the boys went over to Bill Thompson's to view the tent which was to afford them their highest idea of enjoyment. It was found to be quite large enough to shelter the entire party, being fully twelve feet square, and complete in everything save pegs and stakes, which could easily be made before starting, or after they should arrive on the spot where it was to be pitched.

It was some time before the boys had gazed sufficiently upon this canvas house so wonderfully come into their possession, and they would probably have spent more time in admiration of it had there not been some little doubt as to whether Jimmy Newcomb's father had the same idea regarding the loan of his boat as his son.

It was thought best to have an interview with Mr. Newcomb at once, and the entire party marched down the village to a point almost opposite the store, and waited there while Jimmy went in to ask the important question.

He remained inside so long that every boy's face began to grow sad, for each moment he was there seemed to tell that he was not succeeding in the project.

"I guess his father won't let him have it, an' he's stayin' there to coax," said Bill, sadly; but he had

hardly spoken when Jimmy appeared. He could not wait until he crossed the street before he imparted the joyful news, but waved his hat even while he stood on the threshold of the door, and shouted at the highest squeak of his voice:

"It's all right, boys; we can have her as long as we want if we're careful not to get her stove up."

In the twinkling of an eye every one of those boys had started at full speed toward Dunham's wharf, that they might look at the craft which was to carry them on their journey. They had all seen the boat at least a hundred times before, but now that she was theirs for a while, she seemed like a new one.

Since the boat was ready, and the tent nearly complete for pitching, Bill Thompson proposed that each one should spend that day getting ready for the trip. The time set for the start was seven o'clock on the following morning, and every one was expected to be on hand promptly at that hour. Tim, Bobby, and Bill promised to make the tent pegs and stakes, and it was decided that if any important question should come up meanwhile, they could meet behind Bobby Tucker's barn that night to discuss it.

With this agreement the conference broke up, and during the remainder of that day, when any of the towns-people saw a boy running at full speed, or staggering under a load of bed-clothing, they knew he was one of the party who were going out camping for a week.

It would not be surprising if the mothers of those boys lost their temper several times during the following ten hours, so numerous were their wants, and such vague ideas did they have as to the amount of provisions necessary for a week's stay in the woods. But greatly to the delight of both the boys and their parents, the day came to a close, as all days will, and a very happy party met in the rear of Mr. Tucker's barn.

Each one had secured the articles promised, while some had been able to do even more. Bobby had found a flag, rather the worse for wear, to be sure, but still showing enough of the stars and stripes to allow one to see what it had been, and this was looked upon as the crowning triumph of all.

Tim, Bobby, and Bill had worked hard at the tent pegs, but had made only about half the required number. This, however, was not considered important, since the remainder could be made after they arrived at the camping place.

When the party broke up that night it was with the understanding that each one would be at the wharf as early as possible, and it was hard work for any of them to get to sleep that night. But nearly all of them were up and dressed before the sun had any idea that it was time for him to show his face in the east.

It was hardly half past six when everything, from the tent to Bill Thompson's live hen, was in the boat, packed snugly. The flag was raised at the stern on a thin slab of drift-wood, held in place by Jimmy Newcomb, who was given the position of helmsman, owing to the fact that his father owned the boat. The remainder of the party were to take turns at rowing, and when the boat was pushed away from the wharf, four oars were worked as vigorously as the boys at the end of them knew how.

Bill Thompson started a song, in which all joined; Tip barked until there was every danger that he would become hopelessly hoarse; and the old hen cackled and scolded as if she knew just what her fate was to be.

There was only one settlement on Minchin's Island, and it was the plan of the party to row around the coast until they reached a point as nearly opposite the village as possible. The distance was fully ten miles; but no one thought the labor would be too great if, by dint of hard rowing, they could reach a place that was uninhabited, and each one was ready to take his turn at the oars whenever another was tired.

Now Bill Thompson was a great stickler for discipline, and although he had said nothing about it when the details of the voyage were under discussion, he had a plan which he began to carry into execution as soon as the journey was fairly commenced.

"Now we've got to do this thing right," he said, as he braced himself in the bow, where he could have a view of all hands. "We must choose different ones to do different things, so's we'll know what we're about. We've got to have cooks, an' I nom'nate Tim Babbige an' Bobby Tucker to take care of the victuals, an' do the cookin'."

Bill paused as if for some one to second the proposition, and Jimmy Newcomb said, not very properly to be sure, according to the rules laid down for the election of gentlemen to office, but still quite decidedly enough to show he meant it, "That settles it," and Tim and Bobby were considered elected to the responsible offices of cooks and guardians of the food.

"Now I go in for makin' Jimmy Newcomb captain of the ship, an' he must boss the job when we're out on a trip, an' when we're landin'."

This time Tim, being already one of the most important officers of the expedition, considering it necessary to assist in the election of some of the others, said quickly, "That's jest the thing."

After Bill had appointed certain of the boys to cut wood and bring water, he said, with just a shade of hesitation in his voice, as if he was troubled with bashfulness,

"Now somebody's got to be captain of the huntin', an' if you boys are willin' I'll do that; an' whatever kind of wild animals we scare up, I promise to be the first one to rush in an' cut their throats after Tip has caught 'em."



This was considered as a sort of oath of office, and each member of the party made some sign of agreement in Bill's self-election, feeling perfectly satisfied that he should fill what was looked upon as a dangerous position.

After they had rowed at least three hours, different members of the crew insisted that they must have gone entirely around the island, and were then proceeding toward home; but Jimmy quickly put a stop to any grumbling. Both he and Bill knew when they were about opposite the village, for they had been there several times with Captain Thompson, and they were both equally positive that they had yet some miles to go before gaining the extreme end of the island.

It was about eleven o'clock, and nearly every boy was tired out with his work at the oars, when Jimmy ordered them to stop rowing, and pointed inshore.

The view which presented itself was a lovely one. Two points of rocks projected some distance into the sea, forming a little harbor, at the head of which was a smooth shelving beach of sand. Just back of the beach was a dense grove of pine-trees, and through them led a narrow path, now so covered with vines and weeds as to show it had not been used, by man at least, for some time.

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Jim had no need to ask what his companions thought of camping there, for each one appeared delighted with it, and the boat was pulled up to the beach.

Bill Thompson was the first to leap ashore, and even though he was only the chief huntsman, he assumed full charge of the expedition, so far as landing and setting up the tent were concerned.

A cleared spot in the grove about fifty yards from the beach was selected as the site of the tent, and then they wished that the pegs had all been made before they started, for the canvas could not be put up until they were done. Bill and two others set about this important work, while Tim and Bobby bustled around to get something to eat, and Jim made sure the boat was anchored securely.

The first thing done by the two cooks was to tie Bill's hen by her leg to a tree, and then it was found necessary to fasten Tip some distance from her, since he showed a decided inclination to treat her as he had the woodchuck.

Then the more skillful work of building the fire-place was begun, and this Tim took charge of, while Bobby unpacked the kettle and spider, got the potatoes ready for cooking, and made himself generally useful.

Tim made rather a good job of the fire-place, and after he had finished it to his satisfaction he cut three forked sticks on which to hang the kettle, but immediately afterward found that they had forgotten to bring a chain, and would be obliged to suspend the pot by a rope, thereby running some risk of its burning.

Meanwhile the wood and water carriers had done their part of the work, and the cooks found plenty of material close at hand for the beginning of their cooking operations. The potatoes were put on to boil, and thanks to the generous fire underneath them, gave promise of speedily being ready to do their allotted duty in the dinner which the hungry boys were anxiously expecting.

Bill had finished making his tent pegs, and by the time Tim had succeeded in hanging the kettle, the tent was up, needing only the delicate operation of setting the stakes properly to make it a large and habitable dwelling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## A TYROLESE NATIONAL DAY.

Napoleon has many sins to answer for, but there is no one deed of his for which he has been more justly blamed than for the killing of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot. From 1363, when Tyrol by inheritance came to belong to Austria, the Tyrolese had never wavered in their devotion to the house of Hapsburg, and therefore when in 1805, by the Peace of Presburg, Austria was forced by Napoleon to cede Tyrol to Bavaria, a thrill of indignation stirred the hearts of the sturdy mountaineers at being against their will forced to change rulers; and when they found that the mild rule to which they had been accustomed was exchanged for severe impositions, taxes, and drafting to fight against their friends the Austrians, it is no wonder they revolted against their oppressors. The Tyrolese are a nation of marksmen, and though ready to fight when occasion requires, they will not endure regular military service such as Bavaria then demanded (being obliged to furnish a certain number of men for the French armies), and, besides, rather prided themselves on their ignorance of military manœuvres. They have a rhyme—

"You say 'tis luck alone when those  
Unskilled in tactics beat their foes,  
But better 'tis without to win  
Than with these tactics to give in,"

and their encounters with the French and Bavarians during the year 1809 only served to confirm them in this belief.

The Archduke John of Austria had been much in Tyrol, and had endeared himself to the people, and when the cession in 1805 forced him to quit the country, he disbanded his Tyrolese army,

promising them, however, that if the time should ever come when it would be safe to try and recover their liberty, he would send them word, and become their leader; he also promised to keep up intercourse with the chief Tyrolese, and his favored correspondent was our patriot, Andreas Hofer.

Hofer was an innkeeper in the Passeyr Valley, as his ancestors had been before him, a wine dealer, and horse drover, all of which occupations brought him in contact with people of every rank in life. A Tyrolese innkeeper is a very important person, often serves as a banker for the neighboring settlements, and his house is always the place appointed for political meetings. Hofer's inn was called the "Sand House," and he was known and trusted from one end of Tyrol to the other. He was born in 1767, and was forty-one when chosen leader of the Tyrolese forces.

The Archduke in January, 1809, sent word that he would like to confer with Hofer and other tried friends, and they accordingly went to receive his orders. He directed them to hold themselves ready, promised that they should have due notice when a general rising was to be made, and desired Hofer to let the different districts know, in order that the suddenness of the revolt in so many places at one time might arouse all Germany. The signal was to be the floating of sawdust on the streams, and though more than two months passed before the plan could be carried out, and many were necessarily in the secret, there was never a suspicion excited in the minds of the enemy.

Within three days (from March 31) the whole of Tyrol was in arms, and Hofer captured at Innsbruck and Hall over eight thousand French and Bavarian prisoners; within the next fortnight the whole province was free, and over ten thousand French and Bavarian troops destroyed. The defeat of Austria at Wagram by the French caused a demand that the Austrians should evacuate Tyrol, and though three separate armies were sent against them, Hofer and his brave countrymen routed them all, and Tyrol declared herself free, formed an independent government, and Hofer was declared absolute Dictator.

For some time the Tyrolese fought against a superior foe. In the last battle the women bore arms alongside the men, and nearly four hundred were killed by the enemy's cavalry; but finding resistance vain, Hofer disbanded his forces. Refusing all requests to leave the country and seek refuge in Austria, he went to a lonely hut on the mountain, some miles above his inn. Here, though he remained for over two months, supplied by the peasantry with food, no reward could induce his countrymen to betray him; but one Douay, a traitor, and no Tyrolese, offered to lead a band to the place, and on the 27th of January two hundred men were sent to capture him. They reached his hut after dark, and when he was aware of their presence, he submitted to be ironed, and with his wife, daughter, and little son was marched to Botzen amidst the taunts of the French and the tears of his countrymen. He retained his cheerfulness, though worn with privation, believing that not even Napoleon could condemn him. He was taken under strong escort to Mantua, it not being deemed safe to keep him in Tyrol, and tried by a court-martial. The majority of his judges voted he should be imprisoned; two, that he should be liberated; but Napoleon, then at Milan, sent word that he should be shot within twenty-four hours. Hofer received the news with calmness; and on February 20, 1810, at eleven o'clock, he was led out to execution.



**"THE NAUGHTY BOY."—FROM THE PAINTING BY C. T. GARLAND.**

## ANDREW JACKSON WASHINGTON JONES.

Andrew was quite as black a little colored boy as if he had been well painted, and his mammy was in the habit of telling him that he was as lazy as he was black, a fact which Andrew Jackson never took the trouble to deny.

He had not a very clear idea of the proper definition of the word lazy; but even though he never made any attempt to correct the error into which his mother had fallen, he believed he could point out at least a dozen boys who were really indolent, while he was only what might be called tired.

He looked upon such work as carrying wood and water as something especially adapted to cultivate the muscles of older people, but decidedly injurious to boys of his age. Therefore whenever he saw anything at home which indicated the possibility of his being set at work, he always had immediate and urgent business which called him as far away as he felt able to walk, and he could go a long distance, however warm the day, when he believed he was fleeing from labor.

But one day Andrew Jackson Washington Jones's father came home with a very long and stout willow switch in his hand, and told the ever-tired little ducky that it was his intention to "use it upon his back, shuah," if a certain pile of wood was not split and into the shed by sunset.

Andrew would have turned pale if his skin had not been quite so dark, for from the way his father spoke, he was quite certain he would be just cruel enough to carry his threat into execution; and he went out by the wood-pile wondering which would be the hardest—to do the work or receive the promised whipping.

He had just made up his mind that he would rather have the willow cut up by his back than to cut that pile of wood with the dull axe, while all the other boys were out cat-fishing; and he was already smarting from anticipation when another and more horrible thought came to him. He would probably not only be obliged to feel the willow, but to do the work also, and he was discouraged.

"Daddy'll lick me fo' a fac', an' mammy will tear round drefful till it's done," he said, musingly, and he shivered at the thought. "Dar's gwine to be no rest fo' dis chile till dat yere wood am cut."

If Andrew had only ceased discussing matters with himself then, and set to work in earnest on that unlucky wood-pile, all would have been well, and one little colored boy would not have been missing from home that night. But he continued the discussion until he had decided to do the task, and afterward concluded that he could, by trying remarkably hard, catch just one cat-fish, and yet have the wood in the shed before the sun got through work and went to bed.

"Keep remembrancin' dis yere switch," cried his mother, when she saw him feel of the axe, then put his best bone clappers in his pocket, and start in the direction of the wharves.

Andrew nodded his head and shrugged his shoulders as if he had it ever before his eyes, but hurried on.

If he had attacked the wood-pile with half the energy that he started for the cat-fish, all would have been well with both him and the wood, for he walked along at a really rapid rate, considering how tired he always was.

At the wharves he saw none of his friends, but a steamer was there taking on freight, and to Andrew's mind it would be quite as interesting to examine her as to catch three or even four cat-fish.

His wanderings on board, unchecked by any of the officers because there was a possibility he might be a passenger, led him to the furnace-room, which was entirely deserted. A cozy seat made of rough boards was just beside the open door of the furnace, from which the heat was escaping in very welcome quantities, and Andrew popped into it, smiling as he thought of the difference between cutting the wood and sitting there where he was so thoroughly comfortable.

"Talk 'bout dat yere wood-pile," he muttered, and then he was sound asleep, while the light of the glowing coals played about his face, causing it to assume all shades from a light bronze to an intense black.



**AS BLACK AS BLACK COULD BE.**



### ASLEEP IN THE FURNACE-ROOM.

No boy ever slept more soundly than did Andrew Jackson Washington Jones then, and none ever awoke more quickly than he when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he was pushed on to the iron floor in anything rather than a gentle manner.

"G-'way from me, g'way—" and then he stopped speaking that he might open his mouth wide with astonishment as he saw a man, a very big, stout man, looking at him angrily.

"What are you doing here?" asked the big party, whom Andrew would have known to be the fireman, if he had been better acquainted with steamboat life.

"I's gwine cat-fishin' fur a spell," said the boy, his eyes opening wide as he closed his mouth to speak.

"Cat-fishin'! Perhaps you're runnin' this craft, and are goin' to take her out on a fishin' cruise?"

The sneer which accompanied the words was lost on the boy, as, suddenly thinking of the neglected work, he replied, in a dazed sort of way:

"Daddy's gwine to lick me now fo' a fac'."

"He won't do it half as quick as I will," roared the fireman, evidently enraged by the astonished way in which the boy stared at him, his eyes seeming to increase in size each moment.

Before Andrew Jackson Washington Jones had any idea as to what was about to be done, the man had seized him by the collar of his jacket, and he felt blows compared with which those from the willow switch would have been pleasure.

"Now shovel over that coal," shouted the man, as he released his hold of Andrew Jackson's collar so suddenly that the boy spun around against the iron-clad sides of the room like a top in a box.

"Mammy says I's to come right back," blubbered Andrew, as he rubbed coal dust over his face in his efforts to wipe his eyes.

"It'll be quite a spell before you do get back, for the steamer left the dock ten minutes ago."

"Den I mus' shinny along, fur I carn't stay here," said Andrew, hurriedly, as he started toward the door.

"Come back here," and the man made sure he would obey by catching him by the jacket, and pulling him toward him. "Didn't you hear me say that the boat had left the dock? We're two miles away by this time."

"Wha—wha—wha'll I do?" and Andrew Jackson burst into a fresh flood of tears, as the most lonely feeling he ever had in his life came over him.

"You'll take hold of that shovel and exercise it as lively as you know how," replied the man, and from the way in which he spoke Andrew did not think it prudent to make any objections.

Shovelling coal in the hot furnace-room of a steamer is work by the side of which almost any other seems like mere play, and if Andrew Jackson Washington Jones could suddenly have been carried back to that wood-pile he would have attacked it with an energy that would have astonished his mother.

But he was not there, which was his own fault, and he was obliged to shovel coal, which was the fault of the ill-natured fireman, both of which facts made of Andrew Jackson as miserable a little colored boy as ever strayed into mischief for the sake of a few cat-fish.

For nearly two hours—and he would not have been surprised had he been told two days had passed—he shovelled coal, while the perspiration rolled down in streams from his face, and to add to his misery he lost his valued clappers through the grating. Then the fireman said:

"Now, then, boy, we're going to stop pretty soon, and you'd better get on deck if you want to go ashore; for you're only about twenty miles from home now, and at the next stopping-place you'll be fifty miles away."

Andrew dropped that shovel as if it had suddenly become hot, and when the steamer stopped he was the first person who landed, having carelessly stepped on the mate's foot, and been thrown ashore by him before the gang plank was out.

The moment he was fairly on his feet he started up the pier toward the town at a speed that would have persuaded his mother he had a fit, could she have seen him, and it was not until he got into the very centre of the village that he attempted to form any plan as to the future.

There he was, twenty miles from home, without any money, and his clappers lost. His hands were blistered, his clothes covered with cinders and coal dust, and he was more thoroughly hungry and tired than he ever remembered being before.

He looked down the road which a gentleman told him led to his home, and as he thought of that wood-pile twenty miles away, it seemed as if it would have been happiness indeed if he could only be there cutting it up and carrying it into the shed. He was hungry too, wonderfully hungry, but fortunately an old lady gave him two doughnuts and three crackers after she heard his story, and then she told him he was a cruel, wicked boy for not having done as his father had commanded him.

He knew it was necessary for him to trudge along if he ever wanted to get home, and every lazy bone in his body rebelled against the exercise. [Pg 779]

He walked and walked until he thought he must have gone fully a hundred and seventeen miles, and yet there was no sign of a town, while it had grown as dark as it well could be on a moonlight night.

He sat down by the side of the road to rest, but he heard so many strange noises, and fancied he saw so many horrible things, that he was forced to go on again, although his legs were so tired it seemed as if they would drop from his body, and his feet were very sore.

There was one thing he could do, which was to cry, and he set about that work with more real energy than he had ever set about anything before.

He roared so that the woods fairly rang with the echoes, and the night birds peered out very carefully to see what the matter was. But all his crying did not take him one inch nearer home, and the sound of his own voice actually frightened him.

After he had walked what ought to have been another hundred miles, and thought he should surely die from fatigue, he heard sounds in the rear which caused his heart to stand almost still, while he expected every moment to be killed and scalped.

No such fearful fate awaited him, however, for the horrible noise he heard was simply the driver of an ox-team singing to cheer himself on his journey.

It was singular how sweet that music sounded after Andrew knew what it was, and he ran back to meet the team rather than wait for it to come to him.

The oxen and the man were going directly past his home, though it would, of course, be some time before they reached there, and the boy who went for cat-fish rather than chop wood was to be allowed to ride over all level places in the road, and down hill. Up hill he must walk, for the load was heavy, and the patient oxen had about all they could draw without him.

If the driver of that team was to be believed, Andrew Jackson had walked about four miles; but the boy felt certain that either the man was mistaken or was wickedly concealing the truth.

The journey was not ended until noon of the next day, and it surely seemed as if it had been all up hill, so often was Andrew called upon to get down and walk.

His father and mother were both out hunting for him when he arrived home, and the way he made that wood fly, tired and hungry though he was, should have been a caution to any lazy boy. It was all cut and in the shed when his parents got home, but nevertheless the willow switch was well worn, and from that day forth Andrew Jackson Washington Jones was nearly, if not quite, cured of being lazy.

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## **THE BOY WHO COULD NOT BE HURT.**

**BY DAVID KER.**

### **I.**

Many many years ago, about the time that Hendrick Hudson was smoking his first pipe with the Manhattan Indians on the site of New York, a group of school-boys were assembled one quiet summer evening in front of a house in the quiet little Swedish village of Hornelen.

"That's where the nest is, up there by the corner of the highest window," said one. "But who's to get it?"

"Oh! can't you really, Karl?" piped a poor little pale-faced cripple in the centre of the group. "That's just the egg I've been wanting ever so long. *Can't* you get it somehow?"

"I wish I could, little one, if only for *your* sake; but I've tried it twice, and got nothing but a good tumble for my pains."

"And so has Austrian Moritz here—haven't you, old fellow?" cried another, clapping the shoulder of a slim, dark-haired boy, who was spending his holidays at Hornelen with one of his father's Swedish friends.

"True enough," said Moritz von Arnheim, with a grimace. "But here comes Johnny Banner, and *he'll* do it if any one can."

"Hurrah for the boy who can't be hurt!" shouted several voices, as a big square-built lad, with a bold, bluff, sunburned face, joined the group. "Why, Johnny, man, how dusty you are!"

"And so would *you* be, if you'd just been run over by a wagon," grunted Johnny.

"Run over by a wagon!" echoed the boys, staring.

"Just so. You see, I was up in the big elm yonder, having a swing on one of the boughs, when Farmer Jansen, not seeing me, let fly at a rook that had perched there, and put a charge of shot through my cap. Look here;" and he held up the riddled cap to view.

"Another escape, I declare," laughed Moritz. "We shall have to call you 'Jack-of-Nine-Lives,' at this rate."

"So then, as you may think," pursued Johnny, "I came down again faster than I went up, and got into the road just in time to meet old Nils, the carrier, rattling along at his usual slap-dash pace. In trying to avoid him, I slipped and fell right before the cart, and horse and cart and all went merrily over me. Luckily, I had fallen lengthwise, so that the wheels went on each side of me, and here I am, all right."

"Well, old boy," cried Karl, "here's another chance for you. Try if you can get those eggs up yonder for little Olaf. None of *us* can."

The words were hardly spoken, when Banner was over the fence, and the next moment he was seen scrambling up the side of the house by the notches which time and weather had made in the masonry. Once he slipped, and came down with a run; but he only set his hard mouth a little more firmly, and went to work again. Inch by inch he worked his way upward, the boys holding their breath as they watched him, until at length a general shout proclaimed that he had got a firm hold of the ivy.

Once there, the rest was easy. Another minute brought him within reach of the nest, and the eggs were carefully stowed away in a kind of pouch in the breast of his jacket.

Just then the village school-master came by, and seeing what was going on, cried, indignantly,

"You cruel boy! it would serve you right if you were to fall and injure yourself."

The words were truer than he intended, for Banner, startled by the shout, lost his hold and fell headlong to the ground. A cry of horror burst from the lookers-on, who were all over the fence in an instant, and the old teacher, dismayed at the effect of his rebuke, was not the hindmost. But to their amazement they found that "the boy who could not be hurt" had deserved his name once more. He had alighted upon a heap of straw, and though stunned and slightly bruised, was otherwise not a whit the worse.

"All right, boys," said he, faintly, "the *eggs* aren't broken, anyhow. Here, Olaf." And he put his prize into the trembling hands of the little cripple, who was crying bitterly.

"God bless thee, my brave lad!" said the old teacher, losing all his anger in honest admiration of the boy's courage. "Thou art one who will be heard of yet."

## II.

"Stand firm, lads! we'll beat them yet," shouted a tall handsome man in the uniform of an Austrian Colonel, who was doing his best to keep his men steady in the crisis of one of the hardest battles of the Thirty Years' War.

Few of his old playmates would have recognized little Moritz von Arnheim in that bearded face and towering figure; but it was he nevertheless, and the soldiers who were pressing him so hard were men from the very part of Sweden where he had once spent his holidays.

"Forward, my Swedes!" roared a tremendous voice from the other side, and through the rolling smoke in front broke a long line of glittering pike-heads and stern faces, sweeping down upon them like a mighty sea. There was a crash and a terrible cry, and the Austrian ranks were rolled together like leaves before the wind.

Foremost among the Swedes, as they swept onward with a joyous cheer, was a big red-bearded man with the plumed hat of a General, whose face every Austrian leader already knew to his cost.

"Here's that fellow again," growled the Colonel. "He shan't escape *this* time, anyhow."

He discharged his pistol full at the General's broad breast, but the ball glanced off as if from a

rock, and the next moment Colonel Von Arnheim and his horse were rolling in the dust together, under the very feet of the Swedish pikemen.

"Don't hurt him, on your lives!" roared the General. "Take him to my tent, and keep him safe till I come."

"Ha!" muttered the Colonel, "I ought to know *that* voice. A strange adventure, truly, if this be indeed he!"

But all his doubts were ended a few hours later when the Swedish General came striding into the tent, and holding out his huge brown hand, said, with a broad grin,

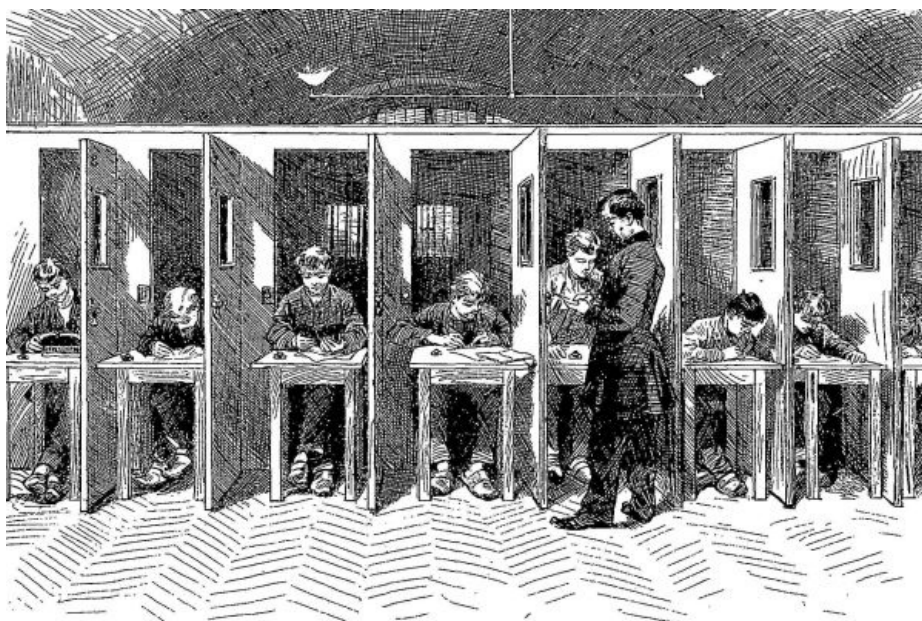
"Do you know me, friend Moritz?"

"John Banner, sure enough!" cried Von Arnheim, grasping the offered hand cordially. "Well, I see you're still 'the boy who can't be hurt,' for I'm certain I saw my bullet hit you right on the breast."

"Hitting's not killing," answered Banner, throwing open his uniform, and showing a breastplate of fine steel underneath. "I've had many a narrower escape than that since I climbed for the nest at Hornelen."

"Well, speaking for myself, I'm very glad you *have* escaped," said the Colonel; "but for the sake of Austria and the imperial flag, I rather wish *that heap of straw hadn't been there.*"

Banner answered with a hearty laugh, and the two old comrades, thus strangely reunited, spent a very merry evening together.



**A SCHOOL FOR YOUTHFUL PRISONERS IN MAZAS, PARIS.**

## **A PRISON SCHOOL IN PARIS.**

In the large and gloomy prison called Mazas, in Paris, there is a school for the instruction of youthful offenders against the law. Most of them are very ignorant when they enter the prison, but they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic during their term of confinement, and most of them leave their cells not only improved in morals, but fitted to earn their living in honest employment.

The prison is a gloomy place for a school; but it is better than the dreadful places from which its youthful inmates are taken, where they had begun to learn the ways and habits of older criminals. It is a wise thing to give them useful instruction as well as punishment, so that when they are set free they may not sink back into evil ways, and go on from bad to worse in a downward course.

No class in this prison school contains more than eight pupils at a time, and the school-room is very different from the pleasant, cheerful rooms where the pupils of our free schools are taught. It is a vaulted court lighted with gas, and the doors of the cells open into it. At each door is a plain wooden table, and the pupils sit in such a position that they can not see each other, while all are under the eye of the teacher.

The teacher, as may be seen in the picture, walks slowly back and forth in front of the open doors, listening to the recitation of the lessons. All the pupils respond at once, either reading from their slates or answering questions orally. It is really wonderful to see how quickly he detects the slightest error, and corrects it, when all are speaking at the same time. You may think that this is a very inconvenient way to learn; but bright boys, who were entirely ignorant when they entered the prison, have been known to write legibly in a month's time, and to do quite difficult sums in multiplication and division. The fact that they have nothing to divert their minds

from their lessons, and that study is really a new kind of recreation for them, may account for this rapid progress.

When Louis Napoleon overthrew the French Republic in 1851, and made himself Emperor, Mazas became famous for the number of distinguished patriots who were confined there by the order of the usurper. A full description of the prison is given in Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime*.

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## ANECDOTES ABOUT CATS.

A cat that belonged to a coachman had a very curious way of bringing up her kittens. Soon after her first family was born, she disappeared one morning with all the little things, and could not be seen anywhere. In the evening she came in for food, but as soon as she had had enough, ran away again. I think it was the next morning that one of the kittens was found lying under a large tree in the drive, and it was then discovered that the mother had taken her favorite children up to where two branches, separating, formed a kind of nest for them, leaving the one poor little thing that she did not care for down below to shift for himself. Strange to say, she and the rest of her family remained safely up in the tree until they were old enough to run about, when she got them all down again. I do not remember whether the little cast away was ever taken into favor and allowed to share his brothers' airy home, but I think not. She found this plan succeeded so well with her first set of kittens, that she followed it with all the others.

A rather strange thing once happened to an ugly sandy-colored cat that lived chiefly in the stables. The coachman found her one morning in a most pitiful state, hopping about on three legs, with the fourth hanging down quite limp, and apparently useless. He took her up, and after examining it, felt quite sure that it was broken; and calling the gardener, asked his opinion, which was the same. They were both very sorry for the poor creature, and decided that she had better be killed, as she seemed to be in great pain, and would most likely never get better. Just then a farmer passed, and wanted to know upon what they were holding such a grave discussion. They told him, and after feeling the paw very carefully, he came to the same conclusion about the injury. "But," said he, "you need not kill poor Pussy; I will try and cure her." So he took her into the kitchen, and cut some little wooden splints. While he held her quiet, the housekeeper bound the leg carefully up between the splints with tape, which was then securely sewed, and poor Pussy was put to bed, with a great deal of petting and plenty of food. About two hours later she was found walking about firmly on her four legs, with no signs of the bandage that had been on her paw, and was never seen to limp again.

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## THE GARDENS.

Three children and three gardens  
In this picture you may see;  
One has planted a lily,  
And one a red-rose tree.

And one in the earth with a little stick  
Has written her name, and then quite thick  
The seeds of the water-cress has laid  
In the little track the stick has made.

And here she sits with folded hands—  
In this picture you may see  
What a very patient little girl  
This little girl must be.

And if you'd like to know her name,  
Why, when the cresses grow,  
You can see as well as she,  
And then her name you'll know.





THE THREE GARDENS.

[Pg 782]



Our first letter this week comes from a young lady who writes to the Natural History Society. All the way from Japan came a letter from a bright boy describing the Feast of Lanterns in his far-off home. We think the same boy, if he would, could tell us something about mission work in Nagasaki. Every letter we print is interesting, and we are very sorry that you can not enjoy the letters we have had to keep to ourselves. We are glad that so many of you like Our Post-office Box.

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

Good-morning, boys and girls! How are you progressing with your studies in natural history? Have you been successful in finding facts for your societies, and securing specimens for their collections? No doubt those who spent vacation away from home brought back many trophies which will be greatly valued. Have you added some of them to a cabinet where all the members of your society can enjoy them? Those of you who have staid at home, plodding on in the same old paths, have you noticed anything wonderful there? Surely there is no place where God is not, and where His works may not be studied. Sometimes children make fine and well-arranged collections not only of flowers, but of leaves, ferns, and mosses, some varieties of which can be obtained in all parts of our country.

One branch of natural history which is full of instruction is often neglected. I refer to the study of insects. Not only may butterflies and moths lay claim to beauty, but many beetles, flies, spiders, and worms. "Ugh!" says some little girl—"spiders and worms! The horrid things! Who ever heard of their being beautiful?" Little sister, have you been walking all this time with your eyes shut, so that you have not seen their velvet coats of many colors, ringed, streaked, and speckled? If you would but stop and watch them in the trades they follow and the houses they build, instead of running with fright or turning away in disgust, you would find them more interesting than you now imagine they can be.

I have a friend who has for a few months past been studying entomology. She has used her fernery, covering the top with mosquito bar, as a cage for worms, and there we have fed them with the leaves of the plants on which they were found, and have been quite delighted with their transformations. She had two green ones, with black bands running around them, dotted with orange. They were found on celery. We watched one hang itself to a piece of apple-tree branch put in for that purpose; saw it spin a small, thick patch of web, hook its hind-feet into it, then pull with all its might, apparently to see if the web was strong. After that it spun a silken cord for its back, attaching the

ends to the bark, holding up its fore-feet and passing it back and forth over them to make it long enough. It then passed its head through the loop so made, and wriggled itself in. In about thirty-six hours the skin split on the back, and it slipped it off, unhooking its tail, and hooking it into the web again; and after repeating the operation of pulling, the little creature settled down for a long nap. As the skin came off, he looked like an entirely different fellow, both in shape and color. He is now a chrysalis, without legs or a distinctly defined head; in color, light gray, with brown stripes running lengthwise; there is also a delicate trace of wings. We are now looking for his last change, which will be to a dark swallow-tailed butterfly, spotted with yellow, blue, and orange.

All parts of the cabbage butterfly, even its eyes, can be clearly traced in the chrysalis.

Another worm, pale green, very large, nearly like the tomato-worm, laid himself away in the earth in one corner of the fernery, there to change into a pupa, and remain until spring, when he will become a pretty moth—ash-color and pink, with brown spots. It will measure over three inches when the wings are spread.

A stupid-looking bug, somewhat like a May-beetle without wings, was also put into the cage. It soon attached itself to the branch, split open its back, and out came a lace-winged cicada, wrongly called a locust. You would be surprised to see how much larger it was than the case out of which it came.

Have any of you ever watched the wrigglers in your mother's barrel of rain-water, and have you seen them change to mosquitoes? If not, keep your eyes open early in the morning, is the advice of

MARY P.

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JERICHO, LONG ISLAND.

I live on Long Island, not very far from where HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is published.

My sister Annie and I started for school two weeks ago. We have a new teacher, and we like her very much.

The only pets we have are three cats, Tiny, Daisy, and Lillie. Tiny is the nicest. We think they are all pretty smart. I suppose all who have pets think the same.

I am eleven years old. We have a piano, and take music lessons. I am a little farther along than Annie, so I teach her. I have no teacher now, but hope I shall soon have one. I like music very much.

I like "Tim and Tip" very much. "Toby Tyler" was splendid. I hope Jimmy Brown will favor us with another account of his misfortunes soon.

MAGGIE J. L.

How charming it is for you to be able to teach Annie what you have learned! You will find that your doing this will help you to become a finer performer yourself. We like to hear of girls who believe in helping along.

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BAYOU VERMILION, LOUISIANA.

I live on the bank of Vermilion River, in Louisiana, nine miles from Abbeville. I have been taking your paper for seven months. I have two little sisters and one little brother. I have a pet 'coon. It is a cunning little animal. When my little sister has a piece of bread in her hand, and he sees her, he comes and takes it away from her, and will then run and hide. I like "Toby Tyler," and I like "Tim and Tip" also.

FRANK C. R.

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LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

A lady sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week from New York. I read all the stories, and I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation" better than any of the others. I have two little sisters who like pets. They have two pretty canaries, and between us we have a darling dog, a collie, and we call him Bruno.

GUSSIE L.

---

I saw a large spider this morning. When I first observed it, it had already woven a large web in the corner of the windows and had attached it by long braces to a rustic lounge beneath the window. As I was watching it, a house-fly became entangled in the web. As it was struggling to free itself, the spider saw it, ran up to the spot where it was caught, seized and covered it with a slimy stuff, after which it proceeded to eat the fly up. It had a very small head, and a body the size of a small marble. It had four feelers curved over its head, and four legs, in three colors, red, white, and black, and covered with a kind of fur.

WILLIAM L.

What you supposed to be feelers were legs, spiders having eight legs, and no wings nor antennæ. If you could have looked at the threads of your spider's web through a microscope, you would have seen that each thread was composed of hundreds of fine strands. Inside the spider's body are bags filled with a gummy substance, out of which these strands are drawn through several knobs, called spinnerets, each of which is full of exceedingly tiny tubes, a thousand of them taking up about as much space as the point of a pin. The spider usually covers its victim, as yours did the fly, with a sticky substance, and if it is not very hungry it hangs it up for future use. Spiders live both out doors and in, and some of them select very splendid habitations. King Solomon said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." A spider once saved the life of Robert Bruce of Scotland by weaving a web over the mouth of a cave where he had taken refuge from his enemies. They saw it, and concluded there was no one inside. Spiders belong to the order of articulate animals, though they breathe like insects. There is another peculiarity about the garden spider, which you may have an opportunity of watching. The liquid silk of which a spider weaves its web is slowly secreted, and the spider never wastes it. So spiders do not spin or mend their webs when it is likely to rain, and if you see them with plenty of work on hand, you may take it as a sign of fine weather.

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ALTON, ILLINOIS.

I am seven years old, and I like the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, especially "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies." I like "Tim and Tip" too. My little brother cried when mamma read how Captain Pratt whipped Tim. I felt sorry too, and hope Tim won't stay with him long. My little brother is five years old, and his name is Clay. We have three cats. The old cat's name is Spot, and the two kittens are called Brownny and Blacky.

ETHEL B.

---

NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

As some of my little friends in America have asked me to write them about some Japanese festival through *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, I will tell them about the "Feast of Lanterns," which has just passed. The Japanese call it *Bon mat suri*. It took place on the 13th, 14th, and 15th evenings of the August moon. The first night is not of so great importance as the other two, for then they only light the graves of those who have died during the past year. Nagasaki is right down among hills, and the grave-yards are on their sides. Some of them are quite covered with graves. On the festival evenings they light up the grave-yards with lanterns. Sometimes one grave has from twenty to thirty lanterns, and as they are very close together, you can imagine how pretty it looks. They hang the lanterns on bamboo frames, which are made by sticking two or three bamboos in the ground and fastening others across them. The Japanese think that on these nights the spirits of their ancestors come from heaven to see them, and so they make a feast for the spirits, and offer food and wine. On the third night the spirits are sent back to heaven in boats made of straw, containing food and wine. They also have lanterns on the boats. They first parade the boats around the city, after which they carry them down to the bay, and wade out into the water as far as they can, then set fire to them, and push them off. The spirits are supposed to go to heaven in the flames and smoke. This is the end of the "Feast of Lanterns."

J. PROVOST S.

---

I heartily indorse the suggestion made by John W. S. in No. 97, and have wondered much that the young people, who seem to be such enthusiastic collectors of all sorts of things, did not think of adding the beautiful things of the insect world to their cabinets.

I advertised to exchange stamps for insects early in the spring, thinking that the bright boys and girls whose letters appear in the Post-office Box would be just the ones to help

me with my collection, but I have had very few responses.

It is a pity there are so few books on the subject in simple language, and I hope some of our writers will be kind enough to interest the children in this branch of science. I know by experience that it is a very fascinating study.

Will John B. T. please tell us how he preserves spiders for the cabinet?

H. H. K.

---

JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

I am a little boy almost eight years old. We live in Jefferson County, near Louisville, Kentucky, one of the prettiest cities in the United States. Papa gets HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us every week. I have two dear little brothers, Luddie and Charlie, and the sweetest little sister six months old. She can *pat a cake*, and laugh when she sees us boys coming, for we have lots of fun together. Her name is Annie Estelle. We have four kittens—Flossy, Tabby, Dot, and Snow. I have a fine dog named Tip. Papa says he will be a watch-dog when he grows up, but he does not look much like it now, for I can hide him in my hat. We have a calf named Bob. We do not play with him much for fear he may butt us. We are going up to our grandfather's next week on a visit, papa, mamma, and all of us, and we intend to take Tip. Mamma says this letter is long enough, so good-by.

WILLIE R. B.

---

PLUTON CAÑON, CALIFORNIA.

I live in Oakland, and have come to Pluton Cañon to camp. There is a high cliff across the road from where we are camping, and every once in a while the stones come rattling down.

Every evening I see a cunning little gray squirrel running down to get a drink of water.

Just below the cliff there is a large and swift stream, which has a great many fish in it, and where I saw a whirlpool the first day I came here. There is a rock on the cliff which looks just like a man laughing.

I have a brother who to-day started with me to get some pine gum. We had to cross the stream to get it. When we were about to cross it, a wasp stung my brother twice, and me once.

LOUISA L. S.

---

SLATE HILL, NEW YORK.

My kitten's name is Tricksy, and she deserves the name, for she is full of play, and as cunning as she can be. There is an old cat that comes prowling around every night to get something to eat. We have to drive her away, or else she will come into the house. The other night our puss knew that mamma did not want the old cat to come in the house, so she ran after her and chased her off. I think puss has caught eight mice and one meadow-mole.

We have a cow named Daisy, two horses, named Billy and Fanny, and two pigs, named Grunt and Squeal.

Please tell Jimmy Brown to write about some more of his troubles, and ask him if he never has anything to be glad about.

I can not tell which of the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE I like best, but papa thinks Jimmy Brown's sad tales are the best.

ELSIE M. K.

---

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

I would like to tell the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about my goat Dixie. He is almost white, and very large and strong, and can haul a barrel of flour from the *dépôt*, a half-mile off. I have a nice strong wagon and harness. I curry him, and treat him like a horse. I take the girls out riding, and often carry vegetables from place to place for our

friends. Everybody knows Dixie. He loves mamma, and will follow her anywhere for bread, of which he is very fond; but he likes sister Mary best of all. My cousin says he is worth between twenty and thirty dollars, and I think so too. He walked into the parlor one day.

WILLIE T. S. (aged 5).

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

In No. 94 I saw a communication about white mice, signed "L. B. G." I have five, two of which I raised by hand. The mother had six little ones, and died when they were a few days old. A neighbor told me to dip a small piece of washed muslin in warm milk. I rolled one end of it into a small point so that they could suck it, and I fed them every two hours for a week and a half, holding the little mouse in one hand and the rag in the other, and squeezing the rag so that the milk would run into the tiny mouth. I sometimes leave my mice on the table to play. One day, when they had been out of their box several hours, I wanted to shut them in it again, and one was missing. I looked all over, but could not find it; so I set a trap overnight, and in the morning there was little Sallie safely caught. I have two pet dogs, Gyp and Tiny.

[Pg 783]

FRED K. M.

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George L. W. may be sure we are glad that the truant bird found its way home again; and Bertha B. need not be afraid of the waste-basket: her grandfather did well to give their town its pretty Indian name. Loula and Bessie M. sent beautiful little letters; and don't we wish we could see Beauty and Topsy, and go with the girls to watch Ponto swim? We have a canary named Dick at our house. Yes, Roy S., your way of growing is more comfortable for a boy than the slipping off your skin would be. Thanks to Willie B. H. for letting us read the two pretty stanzas, although we can not make room for them in Our Post-office Box. Thanks, too, to Lilian E. W. H. for her verses. Joseph T. F., Jennie B., M. K., B. K., Percy P. E., and Ray B. have sent entertaining letters. Dear little Blanche E. H. printed her letter beautifully. Did that best of grandmas show her how? We could not have formed the characters more plainly.

---

L. G. B.—The best bicycle for your use is probably a "Youth's Mustang," with a front wheel of thirty-six inches in diameter. Go to 597 Washington Street, Boston, for it.

---

FRANK B.—Apply to the nearest dealer in birds, gold-fish, etc., for white mice. You would not have to pay expressage if you purchased them in this way, but if you obtained them from a boy who had white mice to spare, or from any private source, you would, of course, pay their travelling expenses.

---

BESSIE L.—In pressing flowers the most necessary thing is to select perfect specimens, and then laying them carefully between smooth sheets of paper, press them down with a heavy weight. Change the paper frequently. There is a way of preserving flowers by placing them stems upward in a dish, and pouring fine white sand upon them till they are entirely covered. Leave them a few days, and then remove the sand. This method is recommended for autumn flowers.

---

Mary Anderson, owing to prolonged illness, withdraws from our exchange list. Several correspondents complain of careless writers who forget to sign their names or state where they live!

---

C. Y.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE CHAUTAUQUA COLUMN,—It gives me pleasure to learn that the Harpers have decided to publish a series of articles in the YOUNG PEOPLE as Required Reading for the new Chautauqua Reading Union, and that you are to open a correspondence through your Post-office Department with our C. Y.'s in all parts of the land.

Were we in the auditorium at Chautauqua, under the shadow of the great trees, or in the amphitheatre, I should call for the "Chautauqua Salute" in honor of the Harpers; and then in the evening, the amphitheatre or auditorium all ablaze with the splendors of the electric light, I would make "the white lilies bloom" in another "Chautauqua Salute" to you.

As it is, I am delighted to recognize the honor thus conferred upon our new Chautauqua movement in behalf of pure, elevating, refining reading among young people.

Readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who desire to become regular members of the Chautauqua Union, to have their names recorded in our huge book, and to receive the president's annual address, memoranda, and other documents, should address me at Plainfield, New Jersey, sending their names and post-office address, not forgetting to inclose nine cents in postage stamps.

Yours truly,  
J. H. VINCENT,  
President C. Y.

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### A WORD TO OUR READERS.

Enter Postmistress. You need not be surprised to see a meditative and rather important look on her face. You have read the letter of the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., so we have only to tell you that the Postmistress has become much interested in the host of young people to whom Chautauqua is a dear and honored name. She would like to gather them around her. She has heard that they wish to know about the world they live in, the history of the past, and the treasures of literature. This column, which will hereafter be headed C. Y. P. R. U., is to be bright and cheery. It will touch on many subjects, and vary from week to week as may be necessary. The Editor will give her and you at least one column every week in Our Post-office Box, and you may write to her on any subject you please—etiquette, household ways, social duties, what to do and how to act in company. Consult the Postmistress. Some may feel dissatisfied with their present positions, and anxious to prepare for wider usefulness; see what the Postmistress thinks of the situation. Some of you may find charming, wise, and witty bits of verse and prose in your reading: slip them, neatly copied, into an envelope, and send them to her.

Address your letters for this column to

THE POSTMISTRESS,  
Care of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y.

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Contributions received for Young People's Cot in Holy Innocent's Ward, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. The next list will appear November 1:

F. D. W.	\$3.00
Clarence Cook, Flat Rock, Mich.	.25
"One of the Sick Ones," Bryn Mawr	1.00
Emila and Stanley Mitchell, Miami, Ohio	2.00
Charlie, Clare, and Fred Ray, Wabash, Ind.	.30
Russell Grinnell, Providence, R. I.	.68
Helen E. Villard and brother, Dobbs Ferry	25.00
Ned Bishop, St. Louis	.50
"In Memoriam," — Bishop, St. Louis	2.00
Monroe J. Rathbone, Parkersburg, W. Va.	.27
Wilfred Hostetter, Alleghany City	2.00
Fletcher, A. H., Inland, Ohio	1.00
Gracie Blakeslee, —	.25
Fred, Edith, and Robbie Caton, Fort Bennett, Dakota	1.00
Marian Wallace, Bennetville, S. C.	.10
Charlie G. Halliday, —, N. Y.	1.00
Willie C. Chipman, Spring Hill	.25
Mary Appleton, Boonton, N. J.	.50
"D.," Elmira, N. Y.	.25
Nellie Littlehale, Stockton, Cal.	2.50
Mollie W. Franklin, Vicksburg, Mich.	.25
Helena —, Boonton, N. J.	5.00
Fannie T. Metzgar, Butternut, Wis.	.25
Helen Savery, Fort Cameron, Utah	.25
William Savery, Fort Cameron, Utah	.75
M. D. L., Madison, N. J.	1.00
Percy and Guy Wilson, Fort Randall, Dakota	1.00

Maud Russell, New Haven, Conn.	.25	
—, Refugio, Texas	1.00	
Annie Louise Huck, Dunning's Bridge, Tex.	1.00	
Carrie and Helen Yardley, Lockhaven, Penn.	.75	
Lee Gray Wilson, Water Valley, Miss.	.27	
Edmond Genis, Terre Haute, Ind.	1.00	
Bessie M. Morris, Lexington Avenue, N. Y.	1.00	
May H. Wilson, Columbus, Ohio	.55	
Carlotta and Lulu R. Keep, Smith's Hill, Cal.	1.00	
Allan Carpenter, Fort Dodge, Iowa	.10	
Ally J. Dent, Columbia, S. C.	.10	
Collected by Florence Woodcock, Morgan City, La.:		
Louisa Davis	\$0.25	
Arthur St. Clair	.25	
May Woodcock	.25	
Charles Woodcock	.25	
Willie Crawford	.10	
Joanna Luker	.10	
Anonymously contributed	2.05	3.25
Kate's "Little Kate," Brooklyn		5.00
Myrtle and Walter Wells, Oswayo, Penn.		1.00
Charles A. Lutz, Cane Spring Dépôt, Ky.		1.00
K. E. S., Philadelphia		.10
Vena L. Haskin, Portland, Me.		1.00
Da Walker, Butte City, Montana		1.00
Mathilde Neil, Philadelphia		.50
Nellie T. Willets, Westbury, L. I.		.50
Samuel Willets, Westbury, L. I.		.50
Alice W. Titus, Westbury, L. I.		.50
Minnie W. Titus, Westbury, L. I.		.50
Edna Pearl Lisk and Philip Clyde Lisk, Grahamville, Fla.		.25
May Blakeslee, —, Kan.		.25
J. B. Senior, Niagara, Ont.		.36
John R. Blake, Seabright, N. J.		1.00
Mabel and Harry Wheeler, Birmingham, Ala.		2.00
Perly D. Temple, Blue Earth, Minn.		.15
From six readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Convent Station, N. J.		2.00
"Elliot," Bangor, Me.		1.00
Virgie McLain, Nassau, Bahamas		.30
Birdie Dorman, Carthage, Ohio		.25
Alice Ward, Carthage, Ohio		.25
Nellie Nelson, Cold Spring, N. Y.		.25
Sadie Nichols, St. Joseph, La.		.50
Abbie Louise Bendel, Greenville, N. Y.		.25
L. D. C., Chicago		.25
Mary and George Hamlin, Willimantic, Conn.		1.00
Anna and Levi Paxson, Reading, Penn.		1.00
Florence and Nellie Bates, Winchester, N. C.		1.00
Alice Perkins, Rising Sun, Ind.		.25
May Lilian Bishop, New Haven		1.00
— Wilkeson, Washington		1.00
Ina Giles, Rugby, Tenn.		.25
Etta Giles, Rugby, Tenn.		.25
Horace Giles, Rugby, Tenn.		.05
L. D. C., Chicago		2.00
Oliver Meeker, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.50
Edna Bean, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.15
Harry Campbell, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.25
Alida Spining, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.10
Susy Wilson, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.25
Alice Winkler, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.10
A Friend, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.50
Bertha Sherwood, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.		.15
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Total		\$93.08
Amount previously acknowledged		45.53
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Total, September 14, 1881		\$138.61

E. A. FANSHAWE, Treasurer.

Contributions for the Cot should be sent to Miss E. A. Fanshawe, 43 New Street, New York.

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We select for publication a few of the letters received during the last month by the Treasurer of St. Mary's Free Hospital.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Here are fifty cents out of my bank for the Harper's Young People's Cot, and mamma sends two dollars for my little sister who is dead.

I like my paper ever so much, and I hope all the little boys and girls who read it will send some money for the cot.

NED BISHOP.

---

NIAGARA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I saw your letter about the Young People's Cot, and I thought I would send a little, which I earned myself. I made some little boats and sold them in the store, and I now send thirty-six cents, and will send some more after a while.

J. B. SENIOR.

---

CANE SPRING DÉPÔT, KENTUCKY.

I saw your letter in YOUNG PEOPLE about Young People's Cot, and sold my chickens, and received \$1, which I inclose.

CHARLES A. LUTZ.

---

BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; have taken it ever since the first number, and like it very much. I picked up blocks for papa, and got fifteen cents, which I am going to send to you for the Young People's Cot. I wish it were more.

PERLY D. TEMPLE.

---

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I send you the money that I have earned picking berries for my mamma. It is for the Young People's Cot. I am six years old.

RUSSELL GRINNELL.

---

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

Little May Lilian Bishop wishes to send \$1 toward the Young People's Cot, 50 cents being from her own small savings and 50 being the prize taken by her doll at a doll show last week.

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WINCHESTER, NORTH CAROLINA.

My sister Nellie and I wrote a letter some months ago for the Post-office Box, but it was not published. I now write again to send one dollar for the Hospital Cot. Nellie is North at school now, but half of the money sent is hers. Mamma gives us all the surplus eggs, and we sell these and have the money to do with as we please. We have over one



hundred chickens, young and old; they are quite tame. One rooster was so large that we harnessed him to a small cart. I have a little gold mine with a tunnel, pump, windlass, and a small rubber doll to go down in the bucket. I am nine years old.

FLORENCE JULIA BATES.

---

I hope that you will succeed in getting a real nice cot. Here is twenty-five cents that I have earned myself by helping my mamma, as she has not been well.

MAY BLAKESLEE.

---

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Castor and Pollux," George Sylvester, George McLaughlin, "Young America," Nellie Brainerd, Emma Roehm, Agnes G. F., "Florence Nightingale," Willie B. H., Maggie J. Laurie, T. M. Armstrong, Maud Williams.

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## **PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.**

### **No. 1.**

#### **HALF-SQUARE.**

1. The Christian name of one of our most honored Presidents. 2. Supports. 3. A runner. 4. Single spots. 5. A pronoun. 6. A consonant.

#### **WORD SQUARE.**

1. A bird. 2. To infer. 3. Nips. 4. Sluggish. 5. Homes without hands.

CLAUDE.

---

### **No. 2.**

#### **ENIGMA.**

My first is in fork, but not in knife.  
My second is in guitar, but not in fife.  
My third is in chain, but not in locket.  
My fourth is in fire-works, and also in rocket.  
My fifth is in early, and also in late.  
My sixth is in pencil, and also in slate.  
And when you have uttered my musical word,  
You will find that my whole is a beautiful bird.

LULA.

---

### **No. 3.**

#### **TWO DIAMONDS.**

1.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. A fruit. 4. An abbreviation of a boy's name. 5. A letter.  
2.—1. A letter. 2. A part of the body. 3. A retreat. 4. A wild flower. 5. A musical term. 6. A track.  
7. A letter.

LULA.

---

## **ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 98.**

### **No. 1.**

Clothes-horse. Sun-shade.

**No. 2.**

Locust. Sirena.

**No. 3.**

S            V  
RUM      TIN  
SUGARV IPER  
MAY      NET  
R            R

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[For exchanges, see third page of cover.]

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**CONVENTIONAL ART; OR, RAPHAEL JOHN AND THE MOON.**

[Pg 784]

A sadder moon you never knew.  
She was sailing away  
(As poets would say)  
O'er heaven's deep bay  
Of invisible blue:  
But of what avail  
Was her silvery trail,  
When the earth, rolling by  
In the distant sky,  
Brought a zealous young artist to view.



For Raphael John was learning to draw;  
He could "do" very fair  
A table or chair,  
And he thought he might dare  
"Do" the moon; for what flaw  
In the world could be found  
If he made it look round,  
And with nose, mouth, and eyes,  
Like the one in the skies,  
A likelier moon, why, who ever saw?

But Raphael John was an artist too free  
And a boy far too smart  
To mistake for true art  
What is only a part  
Of her sphere; so, thought he,  
"Not to make it too real,  
I will add my ideal  
Of a face. Who need care  
If I just—bang her hair?"  
But a madder moon you never did see.



---

## A (LAKE IN CANADA) STORY.

BY C. E. M.

"(Lake in Switzerland)!" cried a voice beneath my window early one (cape in New Jersey) morning, "do you want to go (lake in Canada) with me?"

Of course I accepted with alacrity, and having effectually protected myself from sunburn by putting on my broad-brimmed (city in Italy) hat, trimmed with (island off the coast of Scotland), ran quickly down stairs, where I found my cousin (river in Virginia) (mountains in Australia) waiting impatiently. Now we had lived but a short time in this (river in Africa), and knew very few of the neighboring families, so that (river in Virginia) and I were continually in each other's (islands in the Pacific).

We walked briskly along the (one of the Bahama islands) path through the (river in Australia), and finally reached our destination, a pretty little brook, in the middle of which rose a small (city in Illinois). This we contrived to reach by means of wading, though in scrambling up the bank I ran a (town in Prussia) into my hand.

"One comfort is that we can't get much (island of Malaysia) than we are already," (port in Africa) my cousin, "and it certainly does look as though we should have a (lake in Canada) day. Come," he continued, "now we'll try our (bay in Newfoundland) (cape in Canada), and don't make any noise."

So we waited patiently, watching the insects skating over the (cape in Madagascar)-colored water, until I suddenly felt a (head on the Shetland Islands) jerk on my line, and after a slight struggle, succeeded in landing an unusually small (lake in Canada).

"What a (river in Africa)!" cried my cousin, sarcastically. "Why, you will need a (island off the coast of Australia) to carry it home."

Notwithstanding this unpromising beginning, we did have very good luck, and bore home in triumph to the (strait in New Zealand) a mess of fine (lake in Canada), off which we made a (lake in Canada) lunch.

---



**A SHORT STOP.**

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, OCTOBER 4,  
1881 \*\*\*

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