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**ISAAC NEWTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.**

## **NEWTON'S CHILDHOOD.**

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Sir Isaac Newton is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day; but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste; he amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and different tools, and when his companions were at play spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a windmill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running around its cage. He made a water-clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been construing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow-scholars, and was always fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school-boys how to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark winter mornings; and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil, and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motions of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

At last, when he was about sixteen, his mother placed him in charge of a farm, and every Saturday he went with a servant to Grantham market to sell his corn and vegetables. But the affairs of the farm did not prosper; the young philosopher hid himself away in a room in a garret which he hired, studying mechanics and inventing a water-wheel or a new model, while the sheep wandered away in the field, and the cattle devoured his corn.

Next he went to Cambridge University, and became a famous scholar. At the age of twenty-four he began his study of the spectrum, as philosophers call that brilliant picture of the colors of the rainbow, which is shown by the sun's rays shining through a three-sided piece of glass, called a

prism. It is one of the most beautiful objects in science or nature, and Newton's study of its splendid colors led to his greatest discoveries in *optics*, or the science of the sight. In our own time the use of the prism and its spectrum has shown us of what the sun and moon are composed.

One day, as Newton sat musing in his garden at his retired country home, an apple fell from a tree to the ground. A great idea at once arose in his mind, and he conceived the plan of the universe and of the law of gravitation, as it is called. He was the first to discover that famous law. He showed that the heavier body always attracts the lighter; that as the apple falls to the earth, so the earth is drawn toward the sun; that all the planets feel the law of gravitation, and that all the universe seems to obey one will. Newton soon became the most famous of living philosophers. But at the same time he was the most modest of men; he never knew that he had done anything more than others, nor felt that he was any more studious or busy. Yet he never ceased to show, even in late old age, the same love for mechanical pursuits and the study of nature he had shown when a boy. His most famous work, the *Principia*, proving the law of gravitation and the motion of the planets, appeared in 1687. He made beautiful prisms of glass and other substances, and fine reflecting telescopes, the best that were yet known. He wrote valuable histories and works. He was always a devout Christian and scholar. He died in 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thus the puny babe that was scarcely thought worth the care of his nurses became an active and healthy boy and man, with the clearest mind of his time. He was stout, ruddy, healthy, and never, it is said, lost a tooth. But he preserved his health by avoiding all that was hurtful. He was a philosopher at twelve years old, and the world owes much of its progress to Newton's well-spent childhood.

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## **TIM AND TIP;**

### **OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG. <sup>[1]</sup>**

**BY JAMES OTIS,**

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

#### **CHAPTER XI.**

### **ONE COOK SPOILS THE BROTH.**

The question of what was to make up the dinner bill of fare appeared to be an important one to all, and many were the suggestions made to the cooks. Some proposed that the work of raising the tent be intrusted to other hands, so that Bill and Tip could go out and bring in a deer or a bear; others thought the old hen should be killed at once, and served up as a roast; while one portion of the party seemed to think it Captain Jimmy's duty to get his ship under way, and go after some fish for a chowder.

But Tim and Bobby did not allow any of these remarks to trouble them; they were the legally elected cooks, and they proposed to do the work in their own way.

"We'll get the dinner," said Tim, with some dignity, "an' after it's done, if you fellers don't like it, you can cook one to suit yourselves."

But the cooks did listen to what Bill had to say, since he was one of the high officials, and he was strongly in favor of making the first dinner in camp a "big" one, even going so far as to propose in all earnestness that the hen be killed.

"We might jest as well eat her," he said, as he looked murderously toward the unhappy fowl, which was struggling to free herself from her bonds at the risk of breaking her leg. "'Cause jest as likely as not she'll get away, an' then we sha'n't so much as have a smell of her."

"It will take us too long to fix her up for dinner," said Tim, who was just the least bit afraid that he was not cook enough to serve the hen properly. "We can get enough to eat to-day without havin' so much fuss."

"I don't care how long it takes; what we want is a bang-up dinner, an' I go in for havin' it now," said Bill, decidedly.

Bobby was on the point of throwing the weight of his opinion against the proposed feast, when a bark of triumph was heard from Tip, and the question was settled without further discussion. The dog, which had been struggling to get free from the time he had been tied so near the hen, to which he seemed to think he had a perfect right, finally succeeded in releasing himself. There was a sudden rush on his part, a loud cackling protest from poor Bidy, and then she was tossed in the air a dead chicken.

Bill had presence of mind enough, fortunately for the dinner prospects, to seize his hen before Tip made his lunch from her, and he said, as he handed her to Tim:

"There, you see Tip knew we ought to kill her, an' so he did it for us. Now we can have a good [Pg 787]

dinner."

Tim made no reply, and perhaps for the first time in his life he was angry with Tip for having meddled in matters which did not concern him. It was necessary now to cook the hen, and as he stood with her in his hand the terrible thought came to him that he did not even know enough to prepare her for cooking.

"Do you think we had better have her roasted or boiled?" he asked, in a low, reckless way, of Bobby.

Now this other cook was quite as perplexed about the matter as Tim was, and he was thoroughly well pleased that he had allowed his partner to take the lead in other matters, so that the latter would now be obliged to take all the responsibility of the hen's appearance at the dinner table.

"I think we had better roast her," he said, in a careless sort of way, as if to him one style of cooking was as easy as another.

Again was Tim disappointed. He had hoped Bobby would propose boiling her, in which case all he would be obliged to do would be to pop her in the kettle, letting her stay there until she was done. But since Bobby was so cruel as to propose the hardest way of cooking the hen, roasted it must be, or gone was his reputation as cook.

"I'll pick the feathers off," said Bill, gleefully; and Tim handed him the fowl.

"I don't seem to see how we're goin' to get along," said Tim to Bobby. "We ain't got any dishes to cook her in."

"We don't want any, do we?" asked his assistant, in some surprise. "I always thought when folks that were campin' out cooked anything, they stuck it on a stick in front of the fire an' let it sizzle."

"We can do it so now," he exclaimed; and since this suggestion had been made, roasting chickens did not appear to be any very hard matter after all.

He piled the wood on until he had a fire large enough to roast a pig, cut a long sharp stick on which to spit the hen, and had hardly completed these preparations when Bill Thompson reappeared with the now featherless victim of Tip's blood-thirsty nature.

Bill's work might have been done more neatly; but what did a few feathers amount to when a dozen hungry boys were waiting to be fed? Tim was not quite sure whether he had better cut off the head and legs or not; but as they did not seem to be in the way, he concluded they might as well be cooked. Neither did he think any cleaning necessary, but plunged the stick through her, and stuck one end in the ground in front of the fire with all the grace of an experienced cook.

The remainder of the party watched this work with hungry eagerness; and when Tim filled the kettle with potatoes, they settled themselves down contentedly to wait for the "bang-up" dinner, which they in a measure owed to Tip.

The water in the pot bubbled and boiled merrily; the murdered hen began to steam and sizzle, until every boy's mouth watered; while Tim and Bobby bustled around in an important manner, feeling that they were looked up to as the head men of the party, and enjoying the honor immensely.

They piled on the wood, stirred the potatoes, as if that was the important part of cooking that vegetable, while every few moments Tim would smell of the hen, nearly singeing the hair from his head each time. They were certainly good cooks, if keeping up a big fire could make them so.

The hen did not appear to be revengeful at having been so suddenly deprived of life, for in a short time her rather lean body began to turn brown, and a most delicious odor arose on the air, even if she was thickly crusted with ashes.

As Tim turned her carefully, he thought with surprise that he was a really good cook, and blamed himself for having been so distrustful of his own ability.

Thus matters went on, successfully but slowly, until some of the boys showed such plain signs of impatience that Tim thought it necessary to display more evidences of the dinner, even though the hen was far from being roasted.

He and Bobby selected from the cooked provisions enough in the way of pies and cake to make twice as large a party feel very uncomfortable. They spread this feast at one side of the fire, where it would be out of the way of the smoke, and Tim was trying to calculate how it would be possible to cut an apple pie in eleven pieces, and have them all of equal size, when a sound as of water thrown on fire, accompanied by a cry of dismay from Bill Thompson, caused him to start violently.

The sight that met his startled gaze was a sad one, and it did not seem any less so to him than it did to all the others of that hungry party.

The kettle of potatoes had been hung to the pole by a rope, which had burned slowly, until it broke, letting the potatoes, water, and kettle into the fire, deluging the half-roasted hen, and



**PREPARING THE GREAT FEAST.**

basting it with cinders, until it looked like a huge ball of mud.

The steam and smoke were so dense that it was impossible to attempt any rescue. All that could be done was to wait a few moments, and Tim spent that time dancing around the ruins like a crazy Indian.

It was a horror-stricken party that stood around the drowned fire, watching the cooks as they fished up first the muddy hen, and then the potatoes, all looking very sorry for their plunge into the ashes.

"Now all you've got to do," said Bill Thompson, with the air of one who knew, "is to put the potatoes right back, an' wash the hen. They'll cook jest as well as ever, only it'll take a little longer, that's all."

Surely there was nothing so serious about the accident, if it could be repaired with so little trouble, and the spirits of that party rose as rapidly as they had fallen. The hen was given a sea bath, which took nearly all the ashes off, and those which remained, Bill Thompson thought, would make her taste the better. The potatoes did not need any cleansing, so Tim thought, and were put into the pot again, looking quite dirty, but in very nearly a cooked condition.

Another fire was built, rocks were placed in such a way around it that the kettle could rest on them, the hen was put on another stick, and again the chances for dinner looked promising.

The food which had been spread out on the ground looked very tempting to the idle ones of that hungry party, and every now and then one would try to get a piece of pie or cake, until Tim, who was determined that no one should have anything to eat until all could be served, was almost at his wits' end to prevent them from making a perfect raid on the larder.

Finally, worn out with running from the fire to the table every time he saw one of the party moving innocently up that way, he told Bobby to keep strict guard over the food, and that young gentleman wiped the ashes and perspiration from his face with an air of relief, as he seated himself near the largest pie, prepared to act the part of watch-dog.

Tip, who had been running about in everybody's way, and seriously troubling his master, now came toward the fire, and sat down on his little stubbed tail in such a suspicious manner that Tim felt reasonably certain it was his purpose to steal the hen whenever a good opportunity presented itself.

Such base action on Tip's part caused Tim more delay, as he tied him securely to a tree out of reach of temptation, and by the time the tired cook got back to his work again, a great commotion was raised by Captain Jimmy and Bobby.

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When Bill Thompson had quelled the tumult, it was learned that Captain Jim had doubted Bobby's honesty from the first moment he had been appointed guardian of the food, and had watched him from behind a tree. He stated positively that he saw Bobby's eyes fixed on the apple-pie in such a way as no officer of the company should look at a pie, unless the time had come to eat it, and at a time when he thought no one was looking, Jim was sure he saw him put his fingers under the crust, pull out two slices of apple, and eat them.

Of course such a charge as this caused intense excitement, and the majority of the party thought Bobby ought to be punished in some way as a warning to others, and more especially to show that the officers of the party should be above reproach, or, failing in their duty, be punished severely.

Some of the party proposed that the culprit be condemned to go without his dinner; others, not quite so blood-thirsty, believed he should be deprived of his office, while there were those who believed that to forbid him eating any pie would be punishment enough.

It is hard to say just how Bobby would have been obliged to atone for the sin if the hand of justice had not been stayed by the dinner itself.

"You'll have to let him go this time, for he must help me," said Tim. "We'll make him work all the harder to pay for what he's done."

Once more over the smoky fire and amid the flying ashes Bobby labored for the good of others, working out the punishment for his sin.

The kettle of potatoes was taken from the fire, and while Bobby picked out the pieces—for they had boiled until they were discouraged, and had burst their skins—arranging them on two shingles, Tim took the well-blackened remains of poor Bidy from the spit, laying them on a short bit of board in great triumph.

Then the hungry party gathered around the place which represented the table, and waited impatiently to be served to some of the savory roast.

Bill Thompson, with his hunting knife, proceeded to carve the fowl, which was a work of some time, owing to its exceeding toughness.

In order to show proper respect for the office he held, Bill waited on Captain Jimmy first, and that young gentleman did not waste much time before he began to eat.

The roast was quite raw inside, even though it was burned outside, but that, in Captain Jimmy's hungry condition, made very little difference. He cut off the first mouthful and began to eat in a ravenous manner, when suddenly he stopped, looking very queer.

"What is the matter?" asked Tim, anxiously, quick to notice the change in the Captain's face.

"I dunno," said Jim; "but it tastes kind o' funny."

"That's 'cause you ain't used to hen," said Bill, almost savagely, not pleased that any one should find fault with his fowl.

Just then another of the party, who had received his portion and begun eating, laid down his knife and fork with an unmistakable air of discomfort.

"Perhaps you don't like hen," said Bill, now growing angry that food of his providing should be refused.

By this time several of the party had shown signs of disliking the roast, and Bill proceeded to taste and try for himself.

He cut off a large mouthful, and began eating it with the air of one who thinks he knows just what he is about to taste, and has made up his mind beforehand to be pleased. But he stopped as suddenly as the others had, and looking sternly at Tim, he asked,

"What did you put on this hen?"

"Nothin'; perhaps it tastes queer 'cause the taters tipped over on it."

"It don't taste like taters," said Bill; "it tastes a good deal worse."

Then he examined the uncarved portion of the fowl, and the mystery was explained.

"I know what the matter is, an' I don't think you're much of a cook, Tim Babbige. You've cooked the hen without cleanin' her, an' of course she's spoiled."

Tim could make no reply, for as soon as Bill spoke he remembered how chickens ought to look when ready to be roasted, and he knew he could no longer hope to be considered a good cook.

That day the party made their dinner of boiled potatoes and pastry, while Tip feasted on the half-roasted fowl he had so ruthlessly slain.

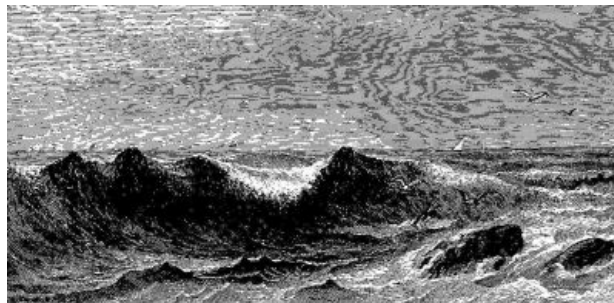
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE SEA.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

### I.



THE SEA.

Here is a view of the sea. In front is a splendid wave just ready to put on its creamy cap, and to fall over with a glorious roar upon the shore. How the spray will fly as the white water rushes up the beach with a soft hissing sound, or dashes over those brown rocks! Behind is the level floor of the water, and far away the sky and water meet at that beautiful line called the horizon.

Did you ever see the ocean? Have you been to that most wonderful place in the world, the sea-shore? If you live in the interior, and have not seen the salt-water, save all your spare pennies, and resolve that some day you will travel east or west, and look at least once in your lifetime upon the great and wide sea. Perhaps you have seen it. All the better. You know how the waves look, how the sea-birds skim over the water, how beautiful the sky and clouds that rest on the horizon, how sweet the air, what grand sights and sounds you may find where the land and water meet.

If you live near the sea, take this book in your hand, and let us go down by the water. If you live far away from the sea, look at the picture, and at any other pictures like it you can find, and try to remember what you read, that when some day you do see the real ocean, you may perhaps understand it better, and learn to love it as do all those who see it every day. First, be careful. Do not be disappointed. Do not expect too much. You can see only a mere speck of the sea at once. As you stand by the shore, the vast circle of water seems to be immense, yet it is only a very little space on the wide sea. It is this that disappoints people who see the water for the first time. They expect too much, so that they do not really understand it.

Look at the big wave just ready to break. Where did it come from? How long have these waves been pounding on the shore? How old is the sea? When did it begin, and what does it all mean? If you wait here a little while, you will observe that the waves are slowly coming nearer and nearer,



or are moving off, leaving the beach bare. Taste the water. It is bitter and salt, like brine. These are strange things, and perhaps if you sit here by the water for a while, we may learn something of what they mean.

The world is like a splendid picture-book, full of stories more wonderful than any fairy tale. The boy or girl who has eyes to see can read this book as he walks over the great pages. The sea is one of the best pictures in the book, its history and its work the strangest story you ever heard. This water you see from the eastern shore of the United States is a part of the Atlantic Ocean. If an ocean steam-ship should sail straight away toward the horizon at a speed of three hundred miles a day, she would be ten days in crossing to Europe. Yet this ocean is only a long gulf between the continents. Outside of this gulf is the real ocean, covering three-fourths of the entire surface of the earth, or, as they measure it, about 146,000,000 square miles of water.

How old is the sea? Thousands of millions would fail to tell the number of years that the sea has covered the earth. Before there was any dry land, as we see it to-day, there was water everywhere. The land sprang from the sea. These waves helped to build up the hills and rocks. The tides helped to carve out the continents. Nearly all the surface of the dry land was once dissolved in the sea, just as to-day we find salt dissolved in the sea-water.

Men who have studied the sea and the land feel sure that at one time, so long ago no one can imagine the number of years, the world was red-hot, and all the water hung in thick clouds of steam above the melting rocks. Showers of scalding rain fell on the glowing earth, and gathered in ponds and lakes of boiling water. As the earth cooled, more and more water fell from the steaming sky, and slowly the pools grew larger and became united, until at last all the waters were gathered together in one place. Just as now salt is dissolved in the sea-water, so many of the elements of which the dry land is composed were dissolved in the hot seas, or were suspended as soft mud in the swift currents that flowed hither and thither under the cloudy skies where the sun never shone.

In time the rain ceased, and the blue sky appeared. Then more wonderful things happened. The muddy water began to grow clear and cool. The materials dissolved or suspended in the water fell down to the bottom and covered the floor of the sea, and a new kind of rock began to be made. The soft mud became hard and firm. Earthquakes tore up the beds of hardened mud, twisted them into new shapes, and lifted them above the water into the air. Then the dry land appeared. Rocky, rough, and wild, without trees or grass. Much of it was the remains of the older fiery days before there were any seas, but much also came out of the water, and was once dissolved in it, just as salt is now dissolved. Iron, silver, gold, limestone, chalk, and slate, with many other things that go to make the land, were once drifting about in those old oceans, or lay as mud upon the bottom.

Then the waves began to work, tearing and rending the rocks, knocking off bits and pieces only to throw them about in every tide, grinding and rolling them together in the surf, and then appeared that strange thing under your feet—the sand. Pools and little bays were formed on that old shore, and the sand and mud settled in quiet corners. The rain fell on the soft mud, and every drop left its little mark where it fell. To-day we can see this very mud turned to stone with every splashing rain-drop printed on it. These pools and bays afterward became dry land, only to be turned over, twisted, and bent out of shape by earthquakes, or torn up by floating icebergs drifting on those ancient seas.

This has been the work of the sea—to create the dry land. To-day, even while you are looking on, the sea is at work. The waves are always tearing down and building up. The water holds countless millions of living creatures, each in its tiny shell. Each one drinks the water, and extracts from it the lime he uses to build his house. Millions of these creatures die every day, and their tiny houses sink down like a white snow-storm of shells and skeletons to the bottom of the ocean. Deep under the Atlantic these shells cover the bottom with a soft mud called ooze. Perhaps this ooze will in some long-distant time be lifted above the sea to form a new dry land, just as ages ago the bones of other creatures made vast ranges of hills along the shore.

The water is the great land builder, and these waves are the hammer with which it grinds and pounds the rocks into sand. The tides and currents shift the sand about, making new beaches where the birds gather to find their food, and children come to play. Day by day, summer and winter, the work goes on. The sea is never idle, never hurries, never stops. The beach to-day is different from yesterday. To-morrow it will be different still. You may not see the change, but the change goes on, and will go on for countless years on years to come.

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## **MAX RANDER'S WAR STORY.**

[Pg 790]

**BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.**

It was a year ago last fall. I was only eleven then, and we were all travelling over in Europe—father, mother, Thad, and I.

Thad's my little brother, you know, two years younger than I am.

Well, we had been to London, with its jolly cabs, and to Paris, with its funny sewers, and were on our way back from little Switzerland, with its big mountains, when father took it into his head to

stop for a week in a poky old town somewhere in Germany.

Here we staid at a dreadfully quiet hotel on a narrow street, which Thad called an alley; but father liked it because it was right opposite a house where he used to board in a professor's family when he was a boy.

We had been in this dismal place for three or four days, when one morning mother woke up with one of her nervous spells, so instead of our all going off for a long walk in the country, father staid home with mother, and sent Thad and me to take a stroll through the streets near the hotel, where there was not any danger of our getting lost.

Well, we started out and walked twice around the market-place, stood gazing for five minutes at some dusty cakes and candy in the confectioner's window, and spent ten minutes more in watching the German boys play their stupid games during recess at the Gymnasium, which is not a gymnasium at all, but a grammar school. Then when they all went back to their books again, we were left out in the roughly paved street with no sidewalks, nobody in it to look at, no horse-cars to ride on, and the sun shining as brightly as if we were having a jolly good time, and were hoping it would not rain.

"Oh, how these stones hurt my feet!" exclaimed Thad, when we had stumbled along in an aimless sort of way for a block or so. "Let's go out in the country." And into the country we went, keeping on in the same street until it changed from a street into a road on which we had never been before, with tall trees in a straight line on each side of it, and nice green grass all along the edge.

I was pretty positive, to be sure, that father would not have approved of our going outside the town, but what else could we do to amuse ourselves?

"It's better than bothering mother, anyway," I finally decided; and so we walked and ran, played tag and counted trees, until we grew tired, when, spying a nice shady spot under the brow of a hill, I told Thad that we had better rest there awhile before starting back again for dinner.

"It's a valley, isn't it, Max?" observed my brother, as we stretched ourselves out beneath a large tree. He had just begun the study of geography, and feeling that I should never neglect any opportunity of training his young mind in useful knowledge, I at once began to point out all the geographical divisions within view, and was much encouraged by the respectful attention Thad appeared to pay, until I suddenly discovered that he was asleep.

"Poor little chap!" I muttered; "I wonder if I oughtn't to wake him up;" and while I was trying to guess whether we had come one mile or three, in order to reckon how long it would take us to return to town, I—well, I must have fallen asleep too, for the blue sky, and the green grass, and the yellow sun finally got so mixed up in my mind that I wasn't sure of any one of them, and then all was a blank, as authors say in books when they don't exactly know how to describe a person's feelings in an upset or a runaway.

Well, I lay there in that sort of a hollow place in the bank, with the tree in front of me, and Thad at my side, for an hour or two, I guess.

Of course I don't know what went on around me during that time, so I sha'n't attempt to tell; all I know is that when I had the natural use of my senses once more, I heard such a horrible noise right over my head as nearly made me lose them again.

Bang, bang, bang, and boom, b-r-r-r, bang!

What on earth could it all mean? I rubbed my eyes and felt of my ears to make sure they were in good working order, and then ventured to peek out around the tree which I have said stood directly in front of the little hollow in the side of the hill which I had chosen for a resting-place.

Goodness! didn't my heart beat like sixty when I saw what it was that made the racket. Soldiers!

There they were, whole regiments of them, standing on the edge of the field opposite, just where it sloped down to form the valley Thad had spoken about.

He had been waked up too by this time, and when he saw the troops over there blazing away right for the spot almost where we were crouching, he looked pretty well scared, I can tell you.

"What are they doing, Max?" he asked, grabbing hold of my jacket, and squeezing up closer to me.

"I guess they're fighting," I replied.

"Who are they fighting with?" But just then another bang, bang, banging over our heads answered the question, and revealed to us the terrible fact that we were between two fires.

I won't pretend to say that I wasn't frightened, for I was, and I'll put it to any other fellow of eleven if he would not feel sort of trembly about the knees to wake up from a nap and suddenly find himself between two armies firing away at one another for dear life.

"But I didn't know there was any war here now," continued my brother, when there was a slight pause in the hostilities, as the newspaper writers say.

"Oh, you never can calculate on countries over here," I returned, as I wiped the perspiration from my forehead. "I s'pose the Emperor's got mad with France again, and they're going to kill off several thousand poor chaps, who don't feel mad a bit, to fix matters. Those are Germans over there; I can tell by the uniforms, so of course the French must be on our side. Now—" But at that instant the firing began again worse than ever.

The smoke filled the little valley in clouds, so we couldn't see how many men fell; and when it



blew away, there was nobody lying on the ground, so we concluded they must have cleared the field of the killed and wounded under its protection.

Sometimes in the pauses of the shooting we could hear the captains and generals shouting, and the drums beating, and see the flashing bayonets, and the flags flying proudly.

"Perhaps they won't find us, after all," said Thad, during one of these peaceful lulls; and indeed I had already begun to indulge myself in the same hope, when what should the Germans do but rush down the opposite bank, and prepare to charge right for our tree.

On they came, plunging over stones and ditches, swords waving, bayonets flashing, fury gleaming from their eyes.

"Don't cry, Thad," I whispered, when there was only a few feet left between us and the advancing army. "Come, let's stand out in front of them, so they won't trample on us, anyway;" and summoning all my courage, I took my brother by the hand, and stepped out from behind the tree, facing the whole battle front.

As soon as the Colonel or Captain, whichever it was, caught sight of us, he shouted out at the top of his voice; but of course neither Thad nor I understood a word, although I supposed he was calling on us to surrender.

Thinking this a much more comfortable way of ending matters than by being put to the sword, I screamed out, as bold as I could: "If you please, sir, we're Americans, and I hope you'll whip the Frenchmen all to pieces."

I didn't expect he'd understand all I said, of course, although I was pretty certain of America's being nearly the same in German as in English.

But what do you think the man did? He said something to the soldiers; then turning to me, he pointed to an opening in the ranks he had caused to be made just in front of us, and at once understanding what he meant, Thad and I ran for it, never stopping until we had left the soldiers far behind us, when I thought it would be as well to call a halt, and consider as to the quickest way of getting back to the hotel, for it was by this time long after the dinner hour.

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However, we managed to find the road after a while, and then we made for the town as fast as ever we could. Of course we got a scolding for having staid out so late; but when the story of the exciting adventure we had passed through was told, I felt sure we'd both be looked upon with more respect.

Well, father and mother listened breathlessly, and when I had finished I asked father if he had heard anything about the invasion of the French army. At that he broke out into the most frightful fit of laughter, and really for a minute I thought that my account of the danger Thad and I had been in had made him kind of hysterical (I always used to think it ought to be *her*-terical, as men don't often get that way), until he caught his breath long enough to say: "Oh, Max, Max! there wasn't any French army there. The whole affair was merely a sham battle between two of the German regiments for practice, and the only reason you didn't get hit was because the guns were only loaded with powder."



## THE GAME OF POLO.

The Polo family have always been great travellers. The adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo, who started Eastward long enough before Columbus thought of discovering America—or, indeed, before anybody thought of Columbus—was the first of the long line to make himself known throughout the world. This was about the year 1280, or more than six hundred years ago; and almost as long ago as that, according to all accounts, another branch of this distinguished family, which we have come to know as the game of Polo, was known and liked in other parts of the Orient. Travellers tell us that for centuries the inhabitants of certain districts of India have played the game, and liked it so well that they gave it a name signifying in their language "the game of all games." This game was born in a country where there were no telegraphs, no railroads, not even an old-fashioned stage-coach. All travelling was done on horseback, and all business depended upon the skill and fidelity of the horsemen. A game that taught the dusky lads to be good horsemen was more than an amusement—it was a national blessing. Polo was for ages, and is still, the national game of these districts. The boys are hardly large enough to lay their hand on a pony's back before they learn to play Polo. The English in India have taken up the game, but even with their superior ponies and equipments they can not vanquish the natives in a friendly contest with the ball and mallet. This is because the Indians from their earliest boyhood are taught to play the game, just as we, at a similar age, are taught the beauties of the Latin grammar. The English are almost as fond of good horsemanship as the East Indians, and as soon as their soldiers in India saw the game, they learned it

and played it. Thus Polo travelled from India to England. Five or six years ago it took a trip to America; and although it still makes New York its head-quarters on this side the Atlantic, it has travelled all over the United States, visiting nearly every principal city, and generally making a long stay.

The only thing to prevent American boys from learning to play this exciting game is the great lack of ponies. While an East Indian boy would have a pony, even if he were too poor to have a coat, many an American boy with plenty of coats is not able to have a pony. But with the ponies once at hand, and boys who can ride them well, the game is easily learned. It is no more, indeed, than "shinny" on horseback, and if there is any American boy who does not know how to play shinny, he is yet to be heard from. Ordinary horses are too large for Polo, even when the players are full-grown men, for the higher a player is from the ground, the more difficult it is for him to strike the ball. The smaller the pony, the better for the player; and it should be as gentle as a kitten, as quick as a flash, and as swift as a deer.



**A GAME OF POLO.—DRAWN BY J. E. KELLY.**

The ponies generally used in New York and Newport are brought from Texas and Mexico, and, as most boys know, these animals do not unite all the good qualities of the Arabian steed. They are a little too fond of kicking, and of stopping suddenly, and smiling with their ears, while their rider slides over their head. Sometimes, however, a young member of the

party appears mounted upon a Shetland pony, a shining, bright-eyed little animal, as gentle as it is beautiful. These ponies are scarce, and often expensive; but it will be good news to some of the boys to hear that a gentleman has recently stocked a farm with them in Westchester County, only a few miles from New York, and that he intends to raise hundreds of them for sale.

The Polo costume is a very bright one, generally consisting of a colored shirt, tight-fitting cloth pantaloons, and gaiters, with the small cap that is well known as a "Polo cap." There may be any number of players on a side, from one to a dozen. The ball is made of wood, painted white, and looks like a base-ball. The mallet, which is called a "stick," has a handle six or seven feet long, and is used to drive the ball into the home of the enemy. Each side has its goal, made by driving two poles into the ground about six feet apart. The ball is laid in the centre of the ground, and at a signal the players make a dash for it. Whichever side succeeds in driving it through the goal of its opponents is the victor. The games that are played on the Polo Grounds in the upper part of New York city are usually very pretty sights. They are attended almost always by a number of ladies and gentlemen of fashion, who drive out in four-horse coaches, and are shielded from the sun either by the stationary awning, or by brightly-colored tents, often made of the finest materials. In the heat of the summer the Polo centre is changed from New York to Newport, where most of the players are gathered. The last game at Newport for this season was played only a few days ago. A number of the fortunate New York boys who have spent the summer at Newport have been practicing frequently, with a view to making their first appearance in public in this city next spring. Some of them by a few months' practice have become very expert players.



The late President Garfield was born in a log-cabin—a real cabin, for it had only one room. The roof was of rude split shingles, and the floor of puncheons. His father died while the boy was still a baby, leaving the mother very poor, with four children to bring up as best she could. The country, Northern Ohio, was wild and new, and the boys had small opportunity for education, and few companions of their own age. Except the Bible, there were almost no books in that region, and there were no periodicals for young people then, so that even if the young Garfields had been able to spare time for reading, they had nothing to read.



**MOLLIE GARFIELD.**

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

boyhood he showed as much pluck and spirit in the discharge of duty as he did in these school battles. In the haying season he would walk ten miles to get a day's work to do, and he was always ready to do whatever there was to be done. He labored sometimes as a carpenter, and once, when he had no money, and wanted to attend a boarding-school, he hired himself out to a carpenter, and earned enough to pay his way by the labor of his hands on Saturdays.

At one time he hired himself to the owner of an ashery, at nine dollars a month, and worked in ashes until the ends of his hair were bleached. He next undertook to chop one hundred cords of hard oak wood for fifty dollars, and did it. He tried to secure employment as a sailor on the lakes, but failing in that, he took a place as driver to a canal-boat. No work was too hard or too humble for him, if only it were honest, and promised him a little money.



**JAMES R. GARFIELD.**

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

During the next winter young Garfield undertook to control and teach the school in a district from which the last teacher had been driven away by unruly boys. It was a brave thing to do, for he was scarcely more than a boy himself, and it was certain that the young bullies of the district would contest the question of mastery with him. There was danger of defeat and failure, but he braved all and took the school. The question whether he or the big boys were to control the school was soon brought to a test. The largest, strongest, and most daring boy became unruly,

The boy who afterward became President of the United States found himself born apparently to a life of hard country work. As soon as he could do anything on the farm, he began to help, and as he grew older, the only change that came to him was a steady increase in the amount and difficulty of the work he had to do. It was only by hard work, indeed, that the family could live at all. His mother—the dear, brave old lady to whom we have all become attached—not only attended to all her household duties, but toiled hard besides. She made the clothes for her family, and took in sewing from the neighbors. She worked in the fields, too, and even helped in the clearing of timber land, her boys working with her.

James went to the country school to learn to read and spell and cipher a little; for very little more than this could be learned in country schools then. It is said that he had many fights there, frequently having battles with lads larger than himself; and throughout his



**HARRY A. GARFIELD.**

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

After his canal-boat experience he fell sick, and before he got well again he had spent all the money he had, and more—for he was in debt for his doctor's bill. He set to work to save money, and soon paid off his debt. Meantime the thirst for knowledge had been awakened in him, and he began that severe struggle for education which ended only when he had accomplished his purpose. At first he dreamed of nothing more than going through the studies taught in the little academy at Chester, Ohio; and truly that seemed task enough to set himself, for he had neither money nor friends able to help him, and he must earn with his hands all that it would cost him for board, lodging, and tuition. He began with only seventeen dollars. This was spent during the first term. All that he could earn during vacation went to pay off the old score of his doctor, and he began the second term with but a sixpence in his pocket. Dropping this into the contribution box at church, he left himself actually penniless; but difficulties of this kind did not appall the brave, resolute boy. Had he not always earned all that he spent? He had provided for himself in the past by the labor of his hands, and he would do the same now. It was then that he hired himself to the carpenter as has been related already.

and after the custom of that time the teacher must chastise him, or the discipline of the school would have been utterly broken up. It was a question whether Garfield would thrash the boy or the boy thrash Garfield, and the school was much interested in its decision. There was a severe struggle, at the end of which there was no longer any doubt who was master of that school, for the big boy had had his thrashing, and "Jim Garfield," whom the boys had regarded as a raw youth, was ever afterward respected as "Mr. Garfield, the teacher."

It was not long after this that young Garfield began to entertain larger hopes in the matter of education. He was earning his way through the academy at Chester: why might he not earn his way also through a preparatory school, and finally through college? Young Garfield was willing and glad to be a country school-master so long as that seemed necessary, just as he was always willing to do any honest work that came in his way; but he was not content to be a half-educated school-teacher all his life, if a fuller education could be had; and after looking into the matter he was convinced that a complete college training was not beyond his reach. It would require patience, hard work, and close economy to accomplish this, but it could be accomplished, and for this resolute young fellow, with his stout heart and strong arms, that was enough. As nearly as he could tell, it would take him twelve years to fit himself for college and to go through the college course, for he must work and teach one year to earn his school or college expenses during the next. But the thought of twelve years of toil, economy, and study did not daunt him in the least, and so he set to work at once.

How he accomplished more than he had thought possible, doing in three years what he had planned to do in four, and otherwise getting on faster and better than he had expected, is too long a story to tell here; but it is to be wished that every reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would read not only about Mr. Garfield's youth, but the whole story of his life, in the biographies that have been written of him.

It is very interesting and very profitable reading, not because Mr. Garfield was a Major-General, a member of Congress, a distinguished statesman, and finally President, but because he was always a man of high character and great courage; because he knew, even in boyhood, how to master himself; because he made his own way in life by patience, perseverance, and conscientious industry; because all the high honors that have been heaped upon him were his by right of his worth. This whole great country of fifty millions of people is in real mourning for his death, not because he was President, but because every one of the fifty millions has learned to honor and love the man for his noble character.

Mr. Garfield left five children, two others having died. We give portraits of the two elder boys and of the only girl. Mollie, who is a bright, winning lass of about thirteen years, has come to be the pet of the whole American people. On the very day of his death Mr. Garfield asked especially to have Mollie sit with him, and he and she talked together until he grew drowsy. Then, still to bear him company, Mollie sat down near the foot of the bed, where, after a little while, she fainted, and was carried out of the room. That was her last visit to her father's bed-side, the last time she spoke to him or heard him speak.

Harry and James Garfield were with their father when he was shot, and their manly bearing and tender devotion to their parents during these many sad days have won for them the love and admiration of the country. Harry is said to be a fine musician. Both are at Williams College, where the late President graduated nearly thirty years ago. The younger children, Irwin and Abram, remained at Mentor with their aged grandmother during the whole time of their father's fatal illness.

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## **A BIT OF POVERTY.**

**BY W. T. PETERS.**

I know a little maiden  
In a most tremendous bonnet,  
All manufactured out of black,  
With nodding poppies on it.

Her shoes are two old rubbers,  
Full of many a hole and leak,  
And—bless you—these are only worn  
On one day of the week.

But her laugh is molten silver,  
And her hair is burnished gold,  
And the treasures in her jewelled eyes  
Are riches manifold.

And no one on the broad round earth  
Is happier than she,  
Although this little maiden  
Is as poor as she can be.

# THE TALKING LEAVES. [2]

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

## CHAPTER II.



id you say, Murray, there were any higher mountains higher than these?"

"Higher'n these? Why, Steve, the mountains we crossed, away back there just this side of the Texas border, were twice as high, some of them."

"These are big enough. Are there any higher mountains in the world than ours? Did you ever see any?"

"I've seen some of them. I've heard it said the tallest are in India. South America can beat us. I've seen the Andes."

"I don't want to see anything that looks worse to climb than this range right ahead of us."

"Where the Apaches got through, Steve, we can. They're only a hunting party, too."

"More warriors than we have."

"Only Apaches, Steve. Ours are Lipans. There's a big difference in that, I tell you."

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"The Lipans are your friends."

"Yours too, and you must let them think you are their friend, strong. The Apaches are everybody's enemies—mine, yours—only fit to be killed off."

"You've killed some of 'em."

"Not so many as I mean to kill. That's one thing I'm on this trip for. Old Two-Knives would almost have given it up if it hadn't been for me."

"I don't feel that way about the Lipans, if they did capture me. All I want of them is to get away, and go back to the settlements."

"Maybe your folks won't know you when you come."

Steve looked down at his fine muscular form from limb to limb, while the stern, wrinkled face of his companion almost put on a smile.

"I'd have to wash, that's a fact."

"Get off your war-paint. Put on some white men's clothing. Cut your hair."

"They'd know me then."

"You've grown a head taller since you was captured, and they've made a Lipan of you all over but in two places."

"What are they?"

"Your eyes and hair. They're as light as mine were when I was of your age."

"I'm not a Lipan inside, Murray, nor any other kind of Indian. It would take more than three years to do that."

"I've been among 'em seven. But then I never would paint."

The sun and the wind had painted him darkly enough, and if his hair had once been "light," it was now as white as the tops of the mountains he and Steve had been looking at.

Behind them, on a barren, sandy level, through which ran a narrow stream of ice-cold water, about threescore of wild-looking human beings were dismounted, almost in a circle, each holding the end of a long "lariat" of strong hide, at the other end of which was a horse.

Some seemed to have two and even three horses, as if they were on an errand which might use up one and call for another. That was quite likely, for Lipan warriors are terribly hard riders. Those who had now but one horse had probably worn out their first mount, and turned him adrift by the way-side, to be picked up, Indian fashion, on the way home. When a plains Indian leaves a horse in that way, and does not find him again, he tries his best to find some other man's horse to take his place.

More than sixty Indian warriors, all in their war-paint, armed to the teeth with knives, revolvers, repeating rifles, of the best and latest patterns, and each carrying a long steel-headed Mexican lance. Not a bow or arrow or war-club among them. All such weapons belong to the old, old times, or to poor miserable second-rate Indians who can not buy anything better. The fierce and haughty Lipans and Comanches, and other warlike tribes, insist on being armed as well as the United States troops, and even better.

What could a cavalryman do with a lance? About as much as an Indian with a sword, for that is

one weapon the red men could never learn the use of from King Philip's day to this.



### THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

It was luncheon-time with that Lipan war party, and they were hard at work on their supplies of dried venison and cold roast buffalo meat. Their halt would not be a long one in a spot where there was no grass for their horses; but they could hold a council while they were eating, and they could listen to a speech from the short, broad, ugly-looking old chief, who now stood in the middle of the circle.

"To-la-go-to-de will not go back now till he has struck the Apaches. He has come too far. The squaws of his village would laugh at him if he rode through the mountains and came back to them with empty hands."

That was the substance of his address, put again and again, in different shapes, and it seemed to meet the approval of his listeners. There is nothing a Lipan brave is really afraid of except ridicule, and the dread of being laughed at was the strongest argument their leader could have used to spur them forward. Once, indeed, he made another sharp hit by pointing to the spot where Murray and Steve were standing.

"No Tongue has the heart of a Lipan. He says if we go back he will go on alone. He will take the Yellow Head with him. They will not be laughed at when they come back. Will the Lipans let their squaws tell them they are cowards, and dare not follow an old pale-face and a boy?"

A deep, half-angry "ugh" went around the circle.

To-la-go-to-de had won over all the grumblers in his audience, and need not have talked any more.

He might have stopped right there, and proceeded to eat another slice of buffalo meat; but when an Indian once learns to be an orator, he would rather talk than eat any day. In fact, they are such talkers at home and among themselves that Murray had earned the queer name given him by the chief in no other way than by his habitual silence. He rarely spoke to anybody, and so he was "No Tongue."

The chief himself had a name of which he was enormously proud, for he had won it on a battle-field. His horse had been killed under him in a battle with the Comanches when he was yet a young warrior, and he had fought on foot with a knife in each hand.

From that day forward he was To-la-go-to-de, or "the chief that fights with two knives." Any name he may have been known by before that was at once dropped and forgotten.

It is a noteworthy custom, but the English have something almost exactly like it. A man in England may be plain Mr. Smith or Mr. Disraeli for ever so many years, and then all of a sudden he becomes Lord So-and-So, and nobody ever speaks of him again by the name he carried when he was a mere "young brave." It is a great mistake to suppose the red men are altogether different from the white.

As for Steve, his hair was nearer chestnut than yellow, but it had given him his Indian name—one that would stick to him until, like To-la-go-to-de, he should distinguish himself in battle, and win a "war name" of his own.

He and Murray, however they might be regarded as members of the tribe and of that war party, had no rights in the "council." Only born Lipans could take part in that, except by special invitation.

It happened, on the present occasion, that they were both glad of it, for "No Tongue" had more than usual to say, and "Yellow Head" was very anxious to listen to him.

"That peak yonder would be an awful climb, Steve."

"I should say it would."

"But if you and I were up there, I'll tell you what we could do. We could look north and east into New Mexico, north and west into Arizona, and south, every way, into Mexico itself."

"Are we so near the border?"

"I think we are."

Something like a thunder-cloud seemed to be gathering on Murray's face, and the deep furrows grew deeper, in great rigid lines and curves, while his steel-blue eyes lighted up with a fire that made them unpleasant to look upon.

"You lived in Mexico once?"

"Did I? Did I ever tell you that?"

"Not exactly. I only guessed it from things you've dropped."

"I'll tell you now, then. I did live in Mexico. Down yonder in Chi-hua-hua."

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"She-waw-waw?" said Steve, trying to follow the old man's rapid pronunciation of the strange musical name.

"Down there, more than a hundred miles south of the border. I thought we were safe. The mine was a good one. The hacienda was the prettiest place I could make of it. I thought I should never leave it. But the Apaches came one day—"

He stopped a moment, and seemed to be looking at the tops of the western mountains.

"Did you have a fight with them?" asked Steve.

"Fight? No. I was on a hunt in the Sierras that day. When I came home it was all gone."

"The Apaches?"

"The mine was there, but the works were all burned. So was the hacienda and the huts of the peons and workmen—everything that would burn."

"But the people?"

"Cattle, horses—all they could drive with them they carried away. We won't say anything about the people, Steve. My wife was among them. She was a Spanish-Mexican lady. She owned the mine and the land. We buried her before we set out after the Apaches. I've been following them ever since."

"Were the rest all killed?"

"All. They did not even leave me my little girl. I hadn't anything left to keep me there."

"So you joined the Lipans?"

"They're always at war with the Apaches. I'm pretty near to being an Indian now."

"I won't be one, then. I'll get away somehow. I'm white, and I'm almost a man."

"Steve, have you forgotten anything you knew the day they took you prisoner?"

"No, I haven't. I was fifteen then, and if there's one thing I've been afraid of it was that I would forget. I've repeated things over and over and over for fear they'd get away from me."

"That's all right. I've had an eye on you about that. But haven't you learned something?"

"You've taught me all about rocks and stones and ores and mining—"

"Yes, and you can ride like a Lipan, and shoot and hunt, and there isn't a young brave in the band that can throw you in a fair wrestle."

"That's all Indian—"

"Is it? Well, whether it is or not, you'll need it all before long."

"To fight Apaches?"

"Better'n that, Steve. It's been of no use for you to try to get away toward Texas. They watch you too closely; and besides, the Comanches are most of the time between us and the settlements. They won't watch you at all out here. That's why I insisted on bringing you along."

"Do you mean I'll have a chance to get away?"

"I don't mean you shall go back of the mountains again, Steve. You must wait patiently, but the time'll come. I tell you what, my boy, when you find yourself crossing the Arizona deserts and mountains all alone you'll be right glad you can ride and shoot and hunt and find your own way. It's all Indian knowledge, but it's wonderfully useful when you have to take care of yourself in an Indian country."

The dark cloud was very heavy on Murray's face yet, but an eager light was shining upon that of his young friend—the light of hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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**TWO STORIES OF YOUTHFUL HEROISM. [3]**

**BY MARY A. BARR.**



## HOW KATE SHELLEY CROSSED THE BRIDGE.



**KATE SHELLEY.**

**FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PAUL  
MARTIN, BOONE, IOWA.**

Oh, but the night was wild and dark, and the wind blew fierce and high!  
Oh, but the lightning flashed and shot across the inky sky!  
While the hurtling thunder cracked and rolled, till down the black clouds  
came,  
And earth seemed nothing at all to sight but water, wind, and flame.

Kate Shelley stands at her cottage door, and peers out into the night,  
For she sees, slow creeping through the storm, the pilot-engine's light,  
And it must cross the trestle-bridge above the swollen creek:  
It stops—it runs—then down it drops, with one long fearsome shriek.

"Kate, stay!" the wailing mother cries; but the young soul rose high—  
"Nay, mother, I must try to help, though I should fail or die."  
She finds the wreck, but can not save, yet from the deep below  
A man shouts up two frightened words. She answers him: "I know."

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The train! the train! the swift express! the crowded Western train!  
How shall she quickest reach the wires? By Boone the hope is vain.  
But to Moingona's but a mile, and yet so wild and drear,  
To brave it through the stormy night the stoutest heart might fear.

Torn by the undergrowth, and drenched, the wind and rain defied,  
She reached the raging Des Moines, and the bridge that spans its tide:  
A bridge not built for human tread, but "On!" her spirit cries—  
A bridge of full four hundred feet, nothing but rails and ties.

No plank the daring steps to hold, and if a step should miss,  
Down fifty feet below her rolls the watery abyss.  
So on her hands and knees she creeps, fighting the wind and rain,  
Staining the timbers with her blood, yet heeding not the pain.

Then on and on she bravely sped! Thick darkness round her lay,  
Save when the vivid lightning made a still more dreadful day;  
Yet raging stream, and roaring wind, and fiercely beating rain  
Delayed her not: one thought had she—to save the coming train.

At length the bridge is fairly crossed. Bleeding and out of breath,  
She yet has half a mile to run—a fearful race with Death:  
O'er fallen trees, o'er rocks, through creeks, until—O blessed sight!—  
She sees the way-side station-house and its one glimmering light.

Then all forespent, with failing strength, she pushes wide the door;  
With gleaming eyes and parted lips, she stands upon the floor:  
*"The trestle's down! The engines wrecked! Oh, stop the coming train!"*  
The man springs to the saving wires—she has not come in vain.

Then tenderly they comfort her. They ask, "How did you come?"  
And, hearing, lift their hearts and hats, and are a moment dumb.  
No soul among them would have dared the passage dark and wild:  
Ah! but God's angels had a charge to keep this noble child.

O brave Kate Shelley! though hard toil thy daily portion be,

Mothers with happy pride now name their daughters after thee;  
And every child that hears thy tale shares in thy noble strain,  
And dares that perilous pass with thee to save the coming train.

### LITTLE CHARLIE WHITE.



CHARLIE WHITE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STAUFFER,  
ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.

Well, yes, ma'am, this is the lake, and the story is pleasant and true,  
Though Charlie White did nothing at all but what he'd been taught to do.  
Yet I count it honor enough, when a boy sees trouble and muss,  
Just to know what to do, *and do it*, without any talk or fuss.

You know what the August weather is, and children, for any sake,  
Will not keep out of the water: there were two that day in the lake.  
The one was near about eight, and the other was twelve years old—  
Both just of that age, as you'll allow, when children are over-bold.

One moment I heard their merry laugh ring through the summer air,  
And the next their father's shout of "*Help!*"—their mother's shriek of

despair.

But being old and lame, as you see, I stood, dazed like, on the bank,  
Till Charlie White had put off a boat, and was rowing to where they sank.

'Twas done in a moment, quick as thought; and that, as I take it, ma'am,  
Makes all the odds between true courage and that which is half a sham;  
For while we were lost in fear and fright, little Charlie had got the boat,  
And when the children rose to the top, was there to keep them afloat.

For Charlie is but a little fellow, and hadn't the strength, you see,  
To lift the children into the boat, but he spoke cheerily,  
And held them up until help came; and so, with a happy heart,  
He left them safe, and went his way, just glad to have done his part.

And best of all, as I said before, though Charlie is noways rash,  
The deed was done, as such brave deeds are, rapid and prompt as a flash;  
And this, I think, is the children's way; *they* never mind praise or gain:  
I guess you've read of that brave Kate Shelley that saved the Western train.

Well, Kate and Charlie are of one kind, and surely now I can see  
Why Jesus said to the wise and the great, "Like little children be."  
For though we may honor the men of war, who have their thousands slain,  
In a better world God's angels, perhaps, may count it a grander gain  
To succor a drowning boy and girl, or to save a loaded train.



SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I am a large girl eight years old. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE—that is, Willie and Jessie and I—and we are very glad when papa brings to us a new number. I had a little fawn which came from British Columbia. It was three weeks old when papa bought it for us, and such a time as we had in teaching the spotted little baby deer to drink milk! It grew to know us, and became a darling pet and playmate. We have sent it on a great ship to a little boy in San Francisco. I cried to see Una go away; and she cried, so the man said, for us. We live upon a hill, and can look out upon Puget Sound, and see ships coming and going all the time. On a clear day we can always see the snowy mountains.

MINNIE R.

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POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write again, and see whether my letter could find a place in Our Post-office Box this time. I came home a few weeks ago from my visit to the country. While I was at my grandpa's my sister and I had a real nice time playing by the creek which was below the house. We built a raft, and had some splendid rides on it. Last night I came home from Newburgh, where I went soon after my return from the country. On my way home with papa and mamma we saw a very large and very old-looking cat in the butcher's shop, and the butcher who owned him told papa he was twenty-three years old. He said he knew it to be so, because puss had been there with him for all that time. For the last four or five years they had chopped his meat fine for him, because he had but two teeth left, I think if he were mine I would be very proud of him—would not you?

ANNA V. H.

The cat was fortunate in having so kind an owner. Do you know that in India there are hospitals and asylums for aged and sick animals, where the greatest care is taken of and the highest honors are paid to them? Yet human life is not highly valued in some of the old lands where they are so tender of the lower orders of creation.

---

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

I enjoyed a nice vacation, and after it returned cheerfully to school. My father had said that he would give me a ring if I was promoted, so I studied hard last term, and am now in a higher class. I received four beautiful butterflies from Miss M. S. McC., of Washington, D. C. I have a branch covered with moss, and I have pinned the butterflies to it. I am much obliged to you for having printed my exchange.

BANKS H. B.

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884 MADISON AVENUE, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

We have a bird and a dog (ay, and a dog Yobbie, says Lida). The bird's name is Dixie, and he is not home. I have a little sister and brother (ay, and two boyers, says Lida). We had a real nice little kitten, but she died or ran away. She could box with her paws. Freddy tried to box with a visitor cat, but she would not, and Freddy was disgusted.

Wouldn't somebody send some tree leaves, for postage stamps? Papa has a lot of old foreign stamps, and we are making a leaf collection. I am nearly six, and I tell papa what to write for me.

ELBERTIE LAURA BRAMHALL.

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SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA.

We have a big Artesian well which flows over the pipe almost six inches, and is five hundred feet deep.

Not long ago we went to San Francisco on the cars, visited Woodward's Garden, and had a very nice time. I enjoyed the many sights, but was most delighted with the sea-lions and the monkeys. There is a place in the bay near San Francisco where the rocks are covered with sea-lions.

"Tim and Tip" is a splendid story.

ELBERT G. A.

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NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have a very kind friend who gives me *YOUNG PEOPLE* every week, and I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" "Tim and Tip," and the stories that Jimmy Brown and George Cary Eggleston write. My father is away all day, as he is a railroad conductor, and every Sunday he asks me if I have read *YOUNG PEOPLE* this week. Last Saturday two other boys and myself went after wild grapes, and we each brought home a peck of them.

HARRY S. W.

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JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl, twelve years old, and am over seven hundred miles from my home. Today I went to the Public Garden in Boston, and had a ride in the swan boat on the little pond, and saw a lovely rainbow through a fountain. Then I saw on Boston Common four cunning little goats harnessed to a little wagon called Baby Mine. I have seen many new and pretty things I could tell you about, but I suppose you have so many little correspondents that I will not write any more this time.

MAY H. L.

The little matter of business to which you refer in your letter has been attended to, and we think you were kind and considerate. You might have told us more about Boston. Did you climb to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, and did you visit the spacious Library? Perhaps you will tell us when you write again.

---

UTICA, NEW YORK.

This is the first letter I have ever written to your dear little paper. I am twelve years old. I have a nice little pussy which I call Pansy, and my brother dipped her in a pail of dirty water. I don't think it was very kind of him; do you?

I have read "Toby Tyler," and I hope "Tim and Tip" will be as good.

LUCY CANTERBURY G.

It was very unkind in your brother to treat poor Pansy so. We hope he will not tease you in that way again. Boys often do such mischievous things, when they do not really mean to be cruel. They should remember that "evil is wrought by want of thought," and that the gentlest boys are usually the manliest.

---

TUNKHANNOCK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written a letter to Our Post-office Box, because I have been afraid they would laugh at me. But I see so many little letters that I am venturing at last. My papa is a printer, and once worked in New York, and I would dearly love to live there, because there are so many grand things I could learn in school, and music too. The girls tell you about their pets. I used to have a three-legged kitten, and it could run ever so fast, but the dogs caught it finally.

I now have a cat which is the exact image of a tiger. It runs after children, and

frightens them by jumping at them. My papa took me to a picnic, and we danced the Schottisch. I live with my grandma, who is very good to me. My mamma is dead.

LENA W.

Nobody who writes to this Post-office Box need fear being laughed at. We would not be so impolite, and we love to see our children's letters, even when the little fingers have not learned to write so very well yet. It took us a long time to learn how ourselves. We have not forgotten our old copy-books, in which "Practice makes perfect" was so often set at the head of the page. For some reasons, it is very pleasant to live in New York, little Lena; but for others, we are quite sure it is equally desirable to live where your home is. You can learn "grand things" everywhere, if you try hard enough.

---

MAQUOKETA, IOWA.

I am eight years old. I had three kits. One was named Susan; the other two were Jack and Jill. Susan ran away, and poor little Jill had dreadful fits, and we don't know whether she ran away or died in a fit. Jack is just a splendid cat. He is in my lap now.

DALE L.

---

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I have seen a good many letters in Our Post-office Box, but only one from Grand Rapids. I am a little girl eight years old, and I like to read the letters very much. My brother takes the YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like to read it. When school commenced I was promoted to another class. I have a little pet kitten who sometimes has fits. One day I fed it some cat-nip tea with a tea-spoon.

ANNIE AUDUBON W.

What a pity it is that Kitty should be often ill and fitty! Are you sure, dear Dale and Annie, that you do not feed your cats with too many sweets and fats? Or perhaps you pet them too much. Try a little more neglect. It may have a fine effect.

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

The society mentioned in No. 93 is now being organized. We have five corresponding secretaries appointed, but we want one for each State and Province in North America. The rules, etc., will be printed as soon as all officers are appointed. It has been decided by a majority of the members to fix the annual dues as follows: boys, 20 cents; girls, 15 cents. All exchanges are to be made by mail. The name decided on for the society was the "International Curiosity Collectors' Club and Young People's Exchange." All are invited to join. Address ROBERT C. MANLY, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, or HARRY BELDEN, Wellington, Lorain Co., Ohio.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I thank you for answering my letter in No. 98. You said I ought to go on a farm, and that is just the thing I wish to do. My father would not oppose it, but my mother will not consent. It is not money I want so much at present, as my parents could let me go and work for nothing a couple of years for the sake of learning, but it is the future that I am thinking about. I have never looked so much at the future as I have in the last two months. It is strange, I have often thought. I sit an hour at a time. I am thinking now. I think I see a farm-house; I am sitting by the door; my hair is white, and I am very old; children are clustering around my knees. It is a nice picture, and I wonder if it will ever come true. I hope it will. I would like to work on a farm very much; I think it so free. I like flowers, and our yard is very nice, full of them. I would like to be a florist if I could not be a farmer.

N. ENG. F.

There is not much profit in day-dreams, and while you are making romantic pictures of the future, you might better be employed in studying or using to good advantage the present. A bright active boy has a good many miles to go before he becomes a white-haired man. Farming is not easy work. The farmer who means to succeed must rise early, toil hard, content himself with small gains, and lead anything rather than a luxurious life. You will be wise to be guided by your mother in the choice of a profession or an occupation.

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

I have never written to any magazine before, so I thought I would write and tell you how I like all the young people's letters. I think I like "Mildred's Bargain" best of any of the stories. I want to tell you about my pony Kitty. (Is not that a pretty name?) And also my dog Baby Belle. Well, when I come home from riding I put Baby Belle on Kitty, and she rides all over the yard, and you can not think how funny it looks.

G. C. S.

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TENAFLY, NEW JERSEY.

I have been spending my summer vacation at Canandaigua, New York. I had a very nice visit, and on my way home I became acquainted with two girls, who rode all the way to New York city with us. I am making a collection of picture cards, and any boy or girl who will exchange with me will please address

LILLIE SISSON.

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LEESBURG, NEW JERSEY.

I thought I would write to YOUNG PEOPLE, as I have never before written to a paper. Our school began the first Monday in September. I enjoyed our vacation very much indeed. My sister Lillie and I went from here to Woodbury, and from Woodbury to Atlantic City, alone on the cars, and after that we went to three other places, so we had a nice long visit. I have no particular pet, but we have a horse named Nellie, and we have two cats, one of whom we call Blackie, because he is black, and the other, "Lillie's cat," because he belongs to Lillie. We once had a cat named Malty, and we then had two kittens. Malty used to catch mice and rats and give them to the kittens. We thought her very nice. My father used to be a sea-captain. I have been as far South as St. Augustine, Florida. I have been to New York two or three times, but I never noticed the place where YOUNG PEOPLE is printed. I like the story of "Tim and Tip," and I think the stories of "Penelope," "Phil's Fairies," and "Toby Tyler" are splendid.

FLORENCE E. S.

As my sister is writing a letter, I think I will do the same. I have never written before. I thought I would like to have a letter of mine in print—I mean if it is nice enough. I am ten years old. I go to school, and a gentleman by the name of Mr. Woodruff is our teacher. I am in geography, and we are studying map-drawing; our lesson to-day is the construction lines of Asia. I can hardly wait for Tuesday to come to bring us our dear YOUNG PEOPLE. This summer, when we were at my uncle's, their birds got away. They were out in a storm. They expected to find them dead, but they recovered them next day, safe and sound.

LILLIAN R. S.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have a great deal of trouble in school this term because I sit with a girl who persists in making me laugh. She is a sweet girl, and I love her dearly, but she does do such funny things! yet she can keep her face perfectly straight, when I am giggling and receiving bad marks. My teacher is very strict, and she says I am as much to blame as Cora is, and that if I tried harder I would not get into disgrace so often. I hate to carry home a report, at the end of the week with "Not satisfactory" on it, for my mother looks so sad; but I can not seem to help myself. What do you think about it? Please tell me in Our Post-office Box.

GERTRUDE H. L.

We think your teacher would do well to let Cora and yourself sit farther apart. Two little girls who can not be trusted to control themselves in the class should be separated. But we are afraid that you do not endeavor to do what you ought in this matter. For the credit of the school and for your own honor, you should be above trifling in school-hours; and if you would only think that if there is a time for play, there is also a time for work, you would be able to behave better, and win your teachers approval.

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We had a pet once, a white squirrel, which we called Finny, but it died. Papa sent it to St. Louis, and had it stuffed and mounted for us. We now have a little gray one, a pair of white bantams, and six hens. I have a kitten all white but its tail. I have two sisters, both older than I; Lollie is sixteen, Lena is twelve, and I am nine. I hope papa will always take YOUNG PEOPLE.

E. V. G.

Do you never feel sad when you look at your stuffed squirrel? One day we were visiting a lady who had a canary-bird in a cage among vines and flowers. After a while we wondered that the bird did not sing, and then we noticed that it kept remarkably still. So we spoke of it, and then were told that Muff had died and been stuffed. And there it stood on its little perch.

[Pg 799]

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We hope Weir M. will be successful in raising his family of rabbits. Emily D. may be sure the Editor shall hear that she wants more "Pinafore Rhymes" in YOUNG PEOPLE. It does keep us busy to read so many letters, but Walter H. G. need not be afraid to send us another before long; Eva I. has our congratulations on her candy. She must try her hand at cake and bread. Jessie M. R., your hope about Tip is shared by very many. Willie Van B., who apologizes for his writing, for the reason that he has lately lost his right thumb, is assured of our sympathy; we think that, considering the misfortune, he writes wonderfully well.

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G. C. B.—You would do better not to attempt such a curtain as you describe. It is both difficult and expensive to arrange a curtain which can be raised and lowered swiftly in a hall for amateur performances. A curtain which is divided in the middle, and may be drawn quickly apart from both sides, will be more satisfactory, and can be easily adjusted.

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Box 185, Cumberland, Maryland, states that his coins are exhausted. He will return all superfluous stamps sent him on receipt of postage to do so.

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Our children will not forget Mrs. Richardson's little school, though we may not remind them of it every week. Here is another charming letter from her, acknowledging the receipt of needed gifts, and suggesting something for the future which will set many little fingers at work. Christmas is still a long distance from us, yet it is not too early to begin, in odd minutes, the pleasant work of making Christmas gifts. You will all enjoy the merry time the more if you take pains to give the little dark-eyed boys and girls at Woodside a jolly Christmas-tree.

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Once more let me thank you for the little parcels that have come since I wrote last, from Glenn Woolfenden, Nashoa, Mo.; Anna Dearburne, Big Stone City, Dakota; Miss Gertrude Guion, Elmira, N. Y.; Charley Brink, Aniaga, A. T.; Mrs. Ellen Burke, Blue Mound, Ill.; Teddy Smith, —; Miss Mary O'Neil, Miss Hattie Burgess, Miss Etta Coulter, Rochester, N. Y.; Charles R. Crowther, Bridgeport, Conn.; F. H. Day, Norwood, Massachusetts; W. A. Lewis, Lewistown, Penn.; N. A. Miller, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Miss Emma Joiner, Easton, Md. Among these parcels were two boxes of very useful books. You have helped us so generously that we have now books and papers to last us for some months to come. Of course I could in the neighborhood find use for almost any number, but that would be too big a work for either you or for us to undertake. We have decided that it will be best to build the school-house on land of its own, and so we will make a deed of the land upon which it is to be built to that effect. We will teach the school, and do all as I have promised. If your kind hearts still wish to help, you can do so by sending me some old clothes, hats, hoods, shoes, shawls; dolls and toys—no matter if they are broken: they will be acceptable and lovely to these little ones, who have never owned a "store doll" in their lives. They all are fond of candy, from Uncle Pete down to the youngest child. They will be very poor this winter, owing to the dry summer, and failure in the cotton crop. We will be so glad if the Christmas tree can have gifts that will warm up their cold little bodies! We will make and frost a large cake that will cut into forty-two generous slices; then have, without stint, cookies and hot coffee in the kitchen; when they have enjoyed this, show them the tree. If we succeed, I will write you about it. With my heart full of gratitude to you all, I am truly yours,

MRS. RICHARDSON.



I would like to tell you of a parrot my grandmother has. My uncle used to go away every Saturday evening, and return Monday morning. The parrot used to know when Monday morning came, and at seven o'clock she used to take her stand on the railing of the stairway, and when he arrived would fly down to meet him. Once she had her wings clipped so that she could not fly. The next Monday she took her stand as usual, and losing her balance, fell down stairs. She has never tried again to fly.

E. T.

Poor Polly!

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NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I am eleven years old, and this is the first time I ever wrote to any paper. I take three other papers besides this, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best. Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I wish he would write more. I think Mr. Otis is a charming author.

We have a black dog named Beaver, and a black horse named Frank, who performs circus tricks like the horses in Barnum's.

EMILY L.

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### C. Y. P. R. U.

These letters stand for Chautauqua Young People's Reading Union, and indicate, as was explained last week, that the readers of this column are a branch of the great society which meets at Chautauqua every summer for study, recreation, and training in usefulness. Whoever shall take a part in contributing to the budget of the Postmistress may write C. Y. after his or her name, on the best authority. The column will be a sort of miscellany, and you may feel entirely at liberty to send anything to it that you please. For instance, here is a letter from a boy who, in studying natural history, has happened across a pleasant incident in the experience of a traveller in the East:

MILLBROOK, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My teacher gave me as a prize for improvement in reading, a very entertaining book by E. Warren Clarke. Its title is *From Hong-Kong to the Himalayas*. I was much interested in the author's description of his first ride on an elephant. He and a friend went together, and on the neck of each animal sat a Hindoo driver, who guided its movements, and punished it when he chose with a cruel iron instrument, heavy, sharp, and dull, shaped something like the head of a harpoon. Mr. Clarke found the motion of the elephant very much like the rolling of a ship at sea. The elephants moved noiselessly along, picking their steps and avoiding holes, and sometimes they gathered grasses, leaves, and twigs with their trunks, and threw them skillfully into their mouths.

"The largest elephant became very thirsty," says Mr. Clarke, "and as he was quite warm, and we would not allow him to stop and drink, he made a peculiar plaintive utterance, which seemed to be understood by the other elephant; the latter came deliberately up, and placed his trunk in the open mouth of the thirsty one, and gave him to drink from his own stomach, or some unseen reservoir with which, like a camel, he appeared to be provided."

Wasn't that kind? I should have loved such a good elephant.

Now, Postmistress, I'll tell you one thing more, and then I'll stop. This author says that wild elephants do very little harm, and show good dispositions, not attacking you unless you disturb them; but an elephant which has once been tamed, and after that relapses into a wild state, is very dangerous indeed. He acts as if he hated mankind, and had been made bitter by his dwelling with them; and so the natives call such a fellow a "rogue" elephant.

JOE J. H.

Your letter pleases me very much, for it shows me that you are learning how to study. Some boys think that they can learn all that is essential about a branch or a study from their school text-books. On the contrary, the most that a text-book can do is to give outlines and arbitrary facts or lay down principles. A full and rounded scholarship implies a great deal of side study. The ambitious pupil will find something to bear on what he is learning in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, in the books he finds at a friend's house or in his father's library, and in the daily paper. When the attention is duly called to it, it is wonderful how all sorts of things seem to come to your help in the special line of study you have adopted. If the C. Y.'s will notice this, they will be surprised to observe how many curious coincidences there are to aid progress when people are very earnestly bent on one pursuit.

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Will the Postmistress please tell me why unmarried ladies are sometimes called spinsters? It never seems to me like a title of respect.

JENNIE F.

It is a very honorable title, because it suggests that the person bearing it is not an idler, but a useful woman. In olden times—a hundred years ago, for instance—in every household there would be a spinning-wheel and a loom, and part of the regular work of the daughters of the house was to spin, weave, bleach, dye, and prepare the garments of the family. To be a spinster was to be an important member of the community.

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Is it right to say party when you mean person?

ALICE B.

No. The use of party in the sense of person is inelegant and vulgar. Never say, "I must see a party," when you mean that you must consult a lady or a gentleman about business or pleasure.

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What is the origin of Tam o' Shanta?

"Tam o' Shanter," not Shanta, is the title of a humorous poem by Robert Burns.

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Please remember that your letters to C. Y. P. R. U. are always to be addressed plainly to the Postmistress. When you are reading, and you find something which you fancy the Postmistress would like to see, take the trouble to copy it for her. She would advise you all to keep little note-books and pencils in your pockets, or in some convenient place, and whenever a happy idea occurs to you, or you learn something new, make a brief record on the spot. There is no better way than this of fixing a fact definitely in your mind.

We call the attention of the C. Y. P. R. U. to the following articles in this number as particularly designed for them:

"The Sea" (Illustrated).—The first article of a series on the "World of Waters," by Charles Barnard.

"Sir Isaac Newton"—a biographical sketch.

A sketch of the early life of President Garfield, with portraits of his three eldest children.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### TANGLE—(*To Cal I. Forney*).

I am an African cape. Change my head, and I become successively a weight, an heir, to peruse, to dress, gained, yonder, a cycle, an electrical chemical element, and a negative.

LODESTAR.

---

### No. 2.

#### DOUBLE ENIGMA.

In binding, not in tying.  
In laughing, not in crying.  
In attraction, not in power.  
In thunder, not in shower.  
In expel, but not in banish.  
In Brazilian, not in Spanish.  
In poetic, not in rhyme.  
In duration, not in time.  
In prisons, not in towers.

My whole two way-side flowers.

DAME DURDEN.

**No. 3.**

**NATURE'S CONCLUSION.—FILL UP THE BLANKS.**

One --- in the early --- mother --- was very busy. She was --- --- ---, and thinking what she could --- in the --- --- new --- for her ---. When she --- --- --- of it, she --- that the --- --- --- quite ---. As for ---, she said, "Nothing --- --- style so well --- --- ---." --- is lovely in ---, and lilies --- --- in white. The --- rose --- --- --- except ---, and the --- must --- --- with a ---centre and --- --- --- in --- or --- is equally sweet, and as for --- ---, she --- not --- who --- butter, if I --- --- ---any other --- --- ---. Late in the --- my --- --- delicate --- --- will be --- the --- and --- the ---. They may --- --- please. As for the ---, they always come to --- festival in --- and --- petticoats. They are stiff and --- yet I pardon ---, for they --- --- ---, and many --- --- them. Dearest --- --- --- in --- --- --- will bloom after --- --- --- and --- have all faded away at the --- --- ---.

AGNES.

**No. 4.**

**PI.**

Keta arec fo het enenpis, dan teh sudnop lilw etka arec fo hetsevselm.

WILLIAM A. L.

**No. 5.**

**ENIGMA.**

First in bake, not in fry.  
Second in cake, not in pie.  
Third in nail, not in board.  
Fourth in gun, not in sword.  
Fifth in orange, not in plum.  
Sixth in subtraction, not in sum.  
If this puzzle you shall gain,  
You will find a place in Maine.

EDWARD E. P.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 99.**

**No. 1.**

D	G
B E D	M A R
L A C E D	M A N E S
B A S I L A R	M A N G L E S
DECIMATES	G A N G R E N E S
DELAYED	R E L E A S E
D A T E S	S E N S E
R E D	S E E
S	S

**No. 2.**

BEAR

ELBE  
ABLE  
REED

**No. 3.**

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

**No. 4.**

Babylon.

**No. 5.**

Cheyenne, Pechele, Mediterranean, Keweenaw, Celebes.

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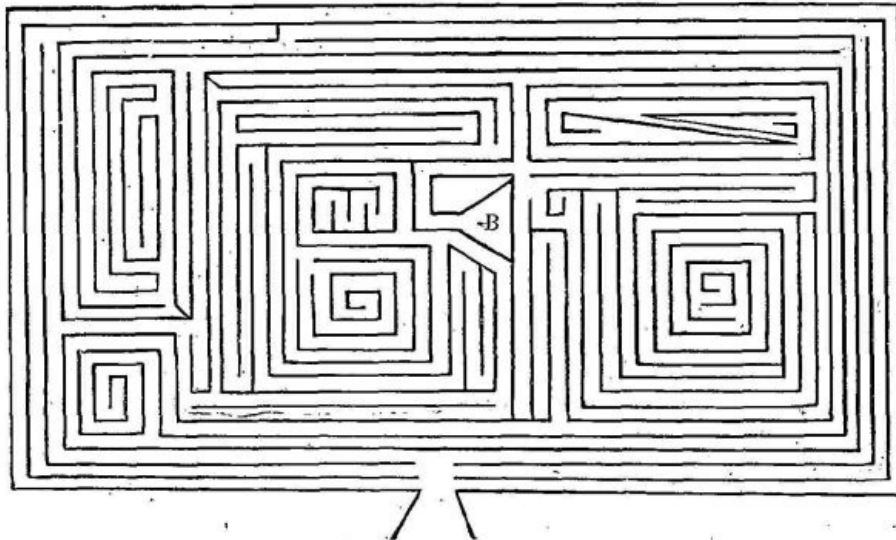
Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Phil I. Pene," Ashbel Green, "Queen Bess," Lizzie Webster, Grace Maynard, AUGUSTA LOW PARKE, S. Whitlock, E. A. Cushing, Jun., Lucretia Davis, William A. Lewis, Sadie Rubina, Harry Dietz.

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SENTENCE-MAKING, ON PAGE 752.—The sentences of Harry's father: The monarch, weary of the cares of state, resolved to *abdicate*, determining to *bequeath* the crown to his son, for whom he had *planned* a life easier and more brilliant than his own. But his *design* was frustrated by enemies, who, in the interest of a rival faction, were ready to *encroach* on the royal prerogative. They did not *foresee* a long period of war, in which great *glory* should be gained by the *hero*, and during which *impassioned* orators should place themselves in *jeopardy* while defending the *King*, thus earning the *laurel* of fame.

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[For exchanges, see third page of cover.]



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**THE KING'S LABYRINTH.**

Once upon a time an Eastern sovereign formed a labyrinth of high walls, placed in the innermost recess (B) a large bag of gold, and invited all the officers of the court to explore the maze, declaring that the man who could reach the gold should have it. The Grand Vizier was the first to attempt the task; and when, after several hours, he was rescued by a rope let down from the top of the walls, he was so worn out that he had to be kept in bed and fed on oatmeal gruel and gum-arabic for three weeks. All the other court officials, from the Keeper of the King's Umbrella down to the youngest turnspit in the kitchen, tried for the prize; but all failed, and had to be taken out from above. Then the King issued a proclamation calling upon any or every one of his subjects to come and try his skill or luck, and so many persons attempted the feat that the stones on the floor of the passages began to wear away, even though none of the people wore anything harder

than sandals.

One day a pilgrim, who was rather old, and not very sprightly, entered the labyrinth, and not being heard from for several hours, the attendants went in search of him, and at last found him—coolly counting the coins in the bag of gold. Who can trace the pilgrim's steps?

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## THE GAME OF PERSONATION.

Any number of children may join in this game, and it may be played in any room, or on a lawn or field. All join hands, and go around singing, to the tune "Buy a Broom," these words: "When I was a lady, a lady, a lady—when I was a lady, a lady was I." All then let go of hands, and march around in single file, singing this chorus: "'Twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that." During the singing of the chorus each child imitates as nearly as possible the attitudes and action of the person denoted in the first part of the song, which is changed every time by introducing a different character. All act together, and try to make the various parts as funny and as distinct as they can, and each one must look as sober as possible during the marching and acting. While they sing about the lady they must walk with mincing steps, and hold the dress daintily with the left hand, while the right seems to be waving a fan, and the head is turned archly sideways. All then go around again, joining hands in the ring, singing, "When I was a gentleman, a gentleman, a gentleman—when I was a gentleman, a gentleman was I. 'Twas this way and that way," etc., as before. In this, as in all the choruses, they imitate the person, and they strut along with heads thrown back, the forefinger and thumb of the left hand making an eyeglass, and the right hand twirling an imaginary cane. Next they use the word school-boy, and pretend to march slowly to school with folded hands and unwilling steps. The teacher is denoted by holding an imaginary book in the left and making signs with the right hand; the pianist, by playing on imaginary keys; the shoemaker, by driving pegs into the shoes; and the chore-woman, by kneeling down and scrubbing the floor or ground with both hands. The grandmother goes slowly with knitting-work in her shaking hands, and grandpa, leaning his bent form on an imaginary cane, usually brings up the rear, and ends the long procession.



"TRAIN UP A CHILD," ETC.

**YOUNG LADY.** "Look here, Boatman, my Sister and I can Row, but we want somebody to Steer us."

**BOATMAN.** "Well, Miss, this 'ere young Gentleman might. I'm sure it's time he knew how, by the looks of 'im!"

### FOOTNOTES:

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

[2] Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 101, October 4.

[3] The scene of the former of these heroic acts was in Boone County, Iowa; of the latter, Deal Lake, New Jersey. Kate Shelley is about seventeen years old, and the boy hero only twelve.

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