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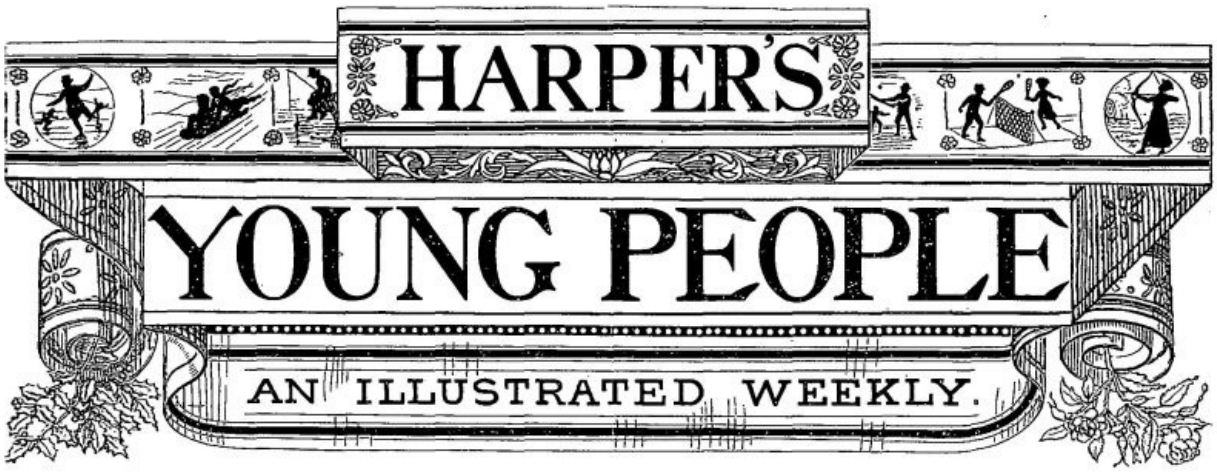
[Pg 17]



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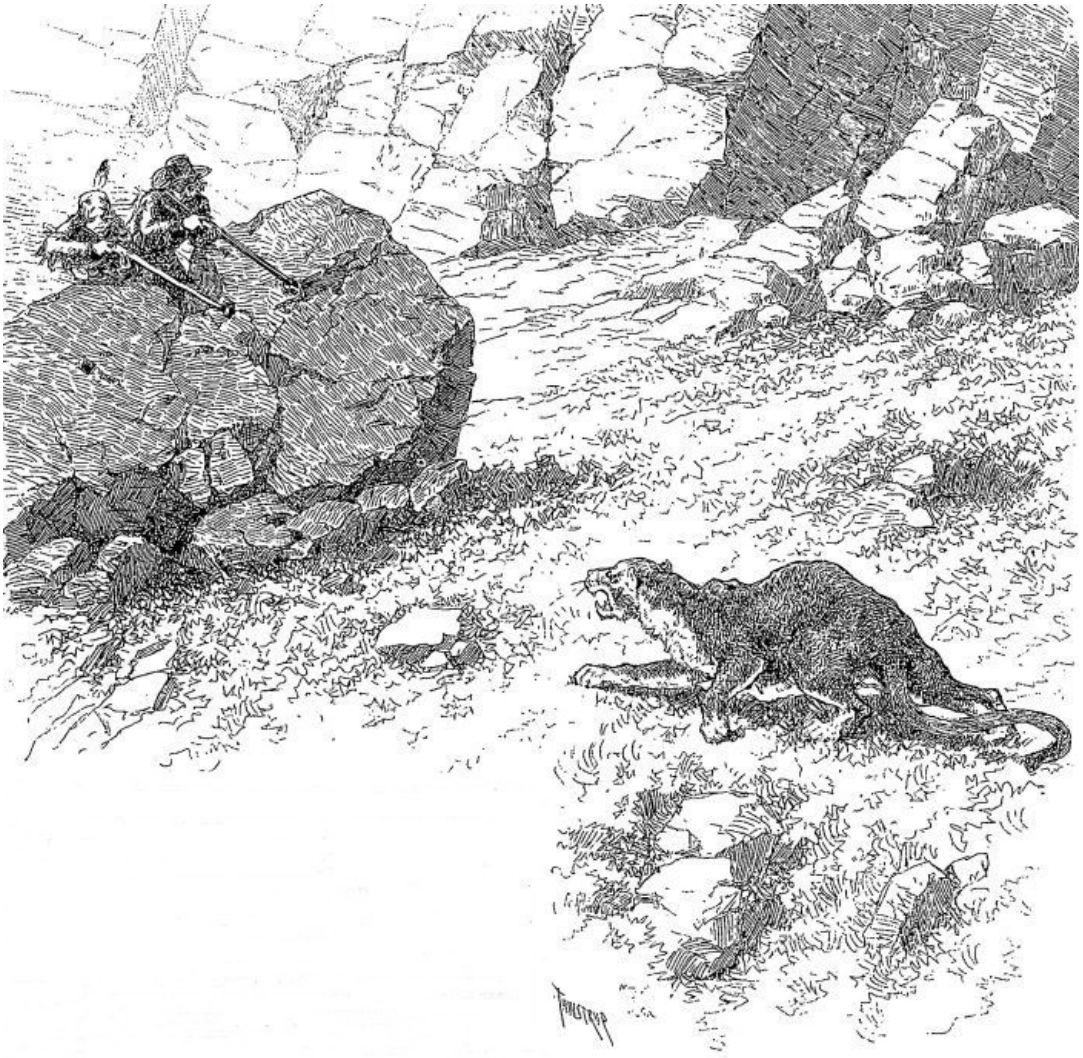


KILLING THE PANTHER.

THE TALKING LEAVES.[1]

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

Chapter VI.

Steve Harrison rose to his feet, and looked curiously along the ledge in both directions.

It was not the first ore he had seen during his three years and more of wandering with Murray and the Lipans, but never before had he tumbled down upon anything precisely like it. [Pg 18]

"Mine," he said to himself, aloud—"mine! But what can I do with it?"

"Do with it? What can you do with it?"

Murray was still kneeling upon the precious quartz, and fingering spot after spot where the yellow metal showed itself, and the strange fire in his eyes was deeper than ever.

"Steve!"

"What, Murray?"

"I thought it was all gone, but it isn't."

"Thought what was all gone?"

"The gold fever. I used to have it when I was younger. It isn't a love of money; it's just a love of digging up gold."

"Can you feel it now?"

"Dreadfully. It burns all over me every time I touch one of those nuggets."

"Let it burn, then."

"Why? What's the good of it?"

"Maybe it'll get strong enough to keep you from wasting the rest of your days among the Lipans."

"Among the Lipans? You don't know, Steve. Didn't I tell you what keeps me? No, I don't think I did—not all of it. You're only a boy, Steve."

"You're a wonderfully strong man for your age."

"My age? How old do you think I am?"

"I never guessed. Maybe you're not much over sixty."

"Sixty!"—he said that with a sort of low laugh. "Why, my dear boy, I'm hardly turned of forty-five, white hair and all. The white came to my hair the day I spent in hunting among the ruins the Apaches left behind them for my wife and my little girl."

"Only forty-five! Why, Murray, you're young yet. And you know all about mines."

"And all about Indians too. Come on, Steve; we must look a little further before we set out for the camp."

Steve would willingly have staid to look at all that useless ledge of gold ore, but his friend was on his feet again, now resolutely turning his wrinkled face away from it all, and there was nothing to be gained by mere gazing. A gold mine can not be worked by a person's eyes, even if they are as good and bright a pair as were those of Steve Harrison.

Before them lay the broken level of the table-land, and it was clearer and clearer, as they walked on, that it was not at all a desert.

It was greater in extent, too, than appeared at first sight, and it was not long before their march brought them to quite a grove of trees.

"Oak and maple, I declare," said Murray. "I'd hardly have thought of finding them here. There's good grass too, beyond, and running water."

"Hullo, Murray, what's that? Look! Are they houses?"

"Steve! Steve!"

It was no wonder at all that they both broke into a clean run, and that they did not halt again until they stood in the edge of a second grove not far from the margin of the full-banked stream of water which wound down from the mountains and ran across the plateau.

Trees, groves, grass in all directions, and a herd of deer were feeding at no great distance, but it was not at any of these that the two "pale-faced Lipans" were gazing.

"Houses, Murray!—houses!"

"They were houses once, Steve. Good ones, too. I've heard of such before. These are not like what I've seen in Mexico."

"They're all in ruins. Some one has started a settlement here and had to give it up. Maybe they came to work my mine."

It was less than half an hour since he had stumbled over it, and yet Steve was already thinking of that ledge as "my mine." It does not take us a great while to acquire a feeling of ownership for anything we take a great liking to.

"Settlement?—work your mine?" exclaimed Murray. "Why, Steve, the people that built those houses were all dead and gone before even the Apaches came here. Nobody knows who they were. Not even the wisest men in the world."

That was a great relief to Steve, for if they had been forgotten so completely as that, they were sure not to interfere with him and his mine.

The two friends walked forward again until they stood in the shadow of the nearest ruin.

It must have been a pretty large building before its walls began to topple over with age and decay. Some parts that were yet standing were three stories high, and all was built of rudely shaped and roughly fitted stone. There was no mortar to be seen anywhere. If there had ever been any, it was all washed away.

"There must have been quite a town here once," said Murray, "up and down both banks of the run of water. It was a good place for one. It looks as if there was plenty of good land beyond, and there's a great bend in the line of the mountains."

"I wish I knew where it led to. I'd follow it."

"What for?"

"It might give me a chance to get away."

"It might, and then again it might not. There's a gap that seems to open off there to the west, but then it won't do."

"Why won't it do? Couldn't I try it?"

"Try it? Yes; but you won't. I must look out for you, Steve. You're more of a boy than I thought for."

"I'm man enough, Murray. I dare try anything."

"That's boy, Steve. Stop a minute. Have you any horse to carry you across country?"

Steve looked down at the nearest pile of ruined masonry with a saddening face.

"You have no horse, no blanket, no provisions, no supply of ammunition except what you brought along for to-day's hunt. Why, Steve, I'm ashamed of you. There isn't a young Lipan brave in the whole band that would set off in such a fashion as that—sure to make a failure. You ought to have

learned something from the Indians, it seems to me."

Steve blushed scarlet as he listened, for he had been ready the moment before to have shouldered his rifle and set off at once toward that vague and unknown western "gap." It must be that the glimpse he had taken of that golden ledge had stirred up all the "boy" in him.

"I guess I wouldn't have gone far," he said, "before I'd have run clean out of cartridges. I've less than two dozen with me."

"When you do start, my boy, I'll see to it that you get a good outfit. Now let's try for one of those deer. It's a long shot. See if you can make it."

A fine buck with branching antlers, followed by two does, had been feeding in the open space beyond the ruins. The wind was brisk just then from that direction, and they had not scented the two hunters. They had slowly drawn nearer and nearer, until they were now about three hundred yards away. That is a greater distance than is at all safe shooting for any but the best marksmen, and sometimes even they will lose their game at it.

The stories so often told of "long shots" at deer and tigers and geese and other terrible wild beasts are for the greater part of the kind that are known as "fish stories," and Steve would have been glad if that buck had been a few rods nearer. He knew his rifle was a good one, however, for it was a seven-shooting repeater of the latest and best pattern, and had been selected for him by Murray himself out of a lot the Lipans had brought in, nobody knew from where. [Pg 19]

"Steady, Steve. Think of the deer, not of the gold mine."

"I'll aim at him as if he were a gold mine," replied Steve, as he raised his rifle.

"I'll try for one of the does at the same time," said Murray.

Crack! crack! Both rifles were discharged almost at the same instant; but while the antlered buck gave a great bound, and then fell motionless upon the grass, his two pretty companions sprang away unhurt.

"I aimed too high," said Murray. "I must lower my sights a little."

"I've got him," exclaimed Steve, "gold mine and all. But he'll be a big load to carry to camp."

They found him so. They were compelled to take more than one breathing-spell before they reached the head of the ravine, and there they took a long one, right on the gold-bearing ledge.

"Splendid pair of horns he has—" began Murray, but Steve interrupted him with,

"That's it! That's the name of this mine, when I come for it."

"What's that, Steve?"

"It's the Buckhorn Mine. They always give them a name."

"That'll do as well as any. The ledge'll stay here till you come for it. Nobody around here is likely to steal it away from you. But there's more ledge than mine just now."

So there was, and Steve's countenance fell a little as he and Murray again took up their burden and began to toil under it from "stair to stair" down the rocky terraces of the grand chasm.

"We won't go any further than we can help without a horse," said Murray at last. "And there's the big-horn to carry in."

"Murray, that big-horn! Just look yonder!"

It was not far to look, and the buck they were carrying seemed to come to the ground of his own accord.

"Cougar!" exclaimed Murray.

"The biggest painter I ever saw," said Steve, "and he's getting ready to spring."

The American panther, or, as Murray called him, cougar, is not so common among the mountains as he is in some parts of the forest-covered lowlands, but the vicinity of the table-land above, with its herds of deer, might account for this one. There he was now, at all events, preparing to take possession of the game on the top of that bowlder without asking leave of anybody.

"Quick, Steve! forward while he's got his eyes on the antelope. We may get a shot at him."

Almost recklessly they darted down the cañon, slipping swiftly along from bowlder to bowlder, but before they had covered half the distance the panther made his spring.

He made it magnificently. He had scented the blood of that antelope from far away, and he may have suspected that it was not a living one, but his instincts had forbidden him to approach it otherwise than with caution. He would not have been a cougar if he had not made a spring in seizing upon his prey.

They are nothing in the world but giant cats, after all, and they catch their game precisely as our house cats catch their mice. If anybody wants to know how even a lion or a tiger does his hunting, "puss in the corner" can teach him all about it.

"He will tear it all to pieces!"

"No he won't, Steve. We can get a bead on him from behind that rock yonder. He'll be too busy to be looking out for us for a minute or so."

That was true, and it was a bad thing for the great "cat of the mountains" that it was so, for the

two hunters got within a hundred yards of him before he had done smelling of the big-horn, in which he had buried his sharp, terrible claws.

"Now, Steve, I won't miss my shot this time. See that you don't."

Steve took even too much care with his aim, and Murray fired first.

He did not miss; but a cougar is not like a deer, and it takes a good deal more to kill him.

Murray's bullet struck a vital part, and the fierce beast sprang from the bowlder with a ferocious growl of sudden pain and anger.

"I hit him. Quick, Steve!"

The panther was crouching on the gravel at the bottom of the ravine, and searching with furious eyes for the enemies who had wounded him.

The report of Steve's rifle rang through the chasm.

"I aimed at his head—"

"And you only cut off one of his ears. Here he comes. I'm ready. What a good thing a repeating rifle is!"

It was well for them, indeed, that they did not have to stop and load just then. It did not seem any time at all before the dangerous beast was crouching for another spring within twenty feet of them.

It would not do to miss this time, but neither Steve nor Murray made any remarks about it. They were too much absorbed in looking along their rifle-barrels to do any talking. Both reports came together, almost like one.

They were not followed by any spring from the cougar. Only by a growl and an angry tearing at the gravel, and then there was no danger that any more big-horns, living or dead, would ever be stolen by that panther.

"Well, Steve, if this isn't the biggest kind of sport! Never saw anything better in all my life."

"A buck, a big-horn, and a painter before sundown."

"It'll be sundown before we get them all in. We'd better start for some ponies and some help. Tell you what, Steve, I don't care much for it myself, but the Lipans would rather eat that cougar than the best venison that ever was killed."

"I suppose they would; but I ain't quite Indian enough for that, war-paint or no war-paint."

So, indeed, it proved; and To-la-go-to-de indulged in more than one sarcastic gibe at his less successful hunters over the manner in which they had been beaten by "No Tongue and the Yellow Head—an old pale-face and a boy." He even went so far as to say to Steve Harrison, "Good shot. The Yellow Head will be a chief some day. He must kill many Apaches. Ugh!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROCKS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Not long ago I saw some men at work in a stone quarry on Second Avenue, at the corner of Seventieth Street, New York. In this part of the city there are many empty lots not yet built upon. These vacant squares are in some places covered with great masses of rough rocks, that must be cleared away before the houses can be built. So it happens there are stone quarries right in the midst of the city. In talking to you about the sea, you may remember I told you the world is like a great picture-book. Here is one of the leaves lying wide open, where we may read a strange old story. Those of you who live in New York can go up to Seventieth Street and see it; but the men are busy tearing it down, and before you get there, there may be nothing left but a fine row of cellars or a block of houses. Many of you can not visit New York, so I carried my camera to the place, and took a photograph of the rocky wall. The engraver has made a picture from my photograph, and here you can see it. At the left you can look down Seventieth Street, and see part of the rocky

THE ROCKS TELLING THEIR STORY.

hill on the next block. On top is an old shanty, a tree or two, and a tumble-down fence. Directly in front is the solid wall of stone, just as it has lain there for perhaps tens of thousands of years. In the foreground are the broken fragments of rock that have been torn down by the blasts. One of the quarry-men looked up from his work just as I set up my camera, and got nicely caught in the picture.

You must study these rocks. See how they are split into thin sheets and layers. The rocky wall is full of horizontal seams. It looks as if made of thin layers laid one over the other. The middle part of the rock, that is in the shadow of the overhanging layers, is divided into very fine layers, so close together it is hard to tell them apart, yet you can see by the broken edge against the sky that all the rocky pile is in sheets and layers one above the other.

I carried some of the small pieces home, and rubbed them together over a sheet of paper, and soon had a small heap of black and white dust. Here we have two things about these rocks. The picture shows you the rock is arranged in layers. Rubbing the pieces together showed that it was made up of fine dust that when wet would resemble mud or wet sand. These things plainly point to the water. The rock must have come from the sea.

The rain and the frost may have begun the work. The rain wet some old rocks, and the cold turned the water to ice, and the ice worked its thin fingers into every crack, and broke off millions of small pieces. The spring torrents swept this dust into the streams, and these carried it to the sea that then covered all this part of the country. Perhaps it was the surf beating on some ancient shore that ground up the rocks; but of this we can not be so sure as we may be concerning some other rocks we shall see presently. One thing is pretty plain. The loose dust or mud was swept hither and thither by the tides and currents. Very likely the moon arranged all these sheets of stone. The tides rose and fell as the moon swung round the world. Each tide carried up some of the soft glittering and silvery mud, and left it on the shore to dry in the sun. The next tide brought a little more, and laid it over the first sheet. In this way, for perhaps hundreds of years, the moon bid the sea spread carpets of mud and soft sand one over the other upon its floor. Under the shadow of the overhanging part of the rock it seems to be of quite a different kind. Something happened, and the tides and currents brought a different kind of material.

In time the soft mud became pressed together into solid rock, and was lifted above the sea. Perhaps not suddenly, but so slowly that a thousand years passed before it was all dry. Then terrible days came. The rock was bent and twisted by strains and heavings as the earth moved. None of these layers as we see them to-day are level. All are tilted up toward the northeast. Hot rocks, liquid, like melted lead, burst up and filled the cracks with new kinds of stone. The old rocks were frightfully burned, and changed so much that in looking at some of the pieces we can not be quite sure whether they came from the sea or not. For this reason they are sometimes called the changed rocks. However, much of the rock to be found in this part of the city clearly came from the sea; and perhaps the whole of it, except that which has been melted, was born in the ocean.

Afterward the pile of rocks was buried deep under solid ice, that ground and crushed over it as it moved toward the south. To-day you can see where the ice tore off great pieces, and scratched and polished the low hills into their present curious shapes.

I have chosen these rocks on Second Avenue because they tell so much. They show you how to read the great picture-book of the world. How do we know all these things happened? Because we see such things going on to-day all about us. The sea, the ice, the wind, the tides, and the rain are ever at work tearing down and building up. We can see the sea making sand and mud that will one day be solid rock and dry land. Surely these things are worth studying, and you must look about for other rocks, and try to read their story.

Everywhere in New York city, and in many other Eastern cities, you will see a rock that you may be very sure came from the sea. A smooth and beautiful stone that is like a story-book telling of old beaches where the surf beat with terrible fury in great storms, where the tides kept time with the moon, and of long summer days when the sea was smooth, and gentle waves fell on the white sand glistening in the sun. This is the brown stone used in building houses. It is a real sandstone.

Upon the beach you saw the sand arranged in wavy lines and curves by the water. Each creamy wave that ran up the beach left a trace showing just how far it went. The smaller and lighter particles of sand swept along by the water were dropped just at the place where the water stopped for an instant before it turned back. As the wave retreated, you remember the larger grains of sand were to be seen sorted out along the lower edge of the beach.

Look at these blocks of sandstone. Here are the same markings. Look carefully and you will soon find a piece where the sand is arranged in horizontal layers just as the water left it. Perhaps you can count a hundred layers in a single piece of stone. Some will be thick, and full of large grains of sand. There must have been a high tide that day, or perhaps there was a bad storm. Some of them will be thin, and of about the same thickness for several inches. It must have been pleasant weather then, when the sea was smooth, and each tide brought up about as much sand one day as another.

The masons in getting out the stone from the quarry cut across the layers in every direction, so that these marks are not everywhere equally plain. Yet with a little search you can soon find a perfect picture of that old, old beach. Each piece bears the finger-marks of the sea, the tracings of the moon and tides, the very handwriting of the waves. Afterward the white sand was stained with iron rust. The water bearing the iron left it mixed with the sand, and when it became dry,

and was lifted above the water, the iron bound all the sand firmly together into this beautiful red sandstone, this story-book of the sea.

THE CAPTURED MOUSE.

THE PRINCESS SUNNYLOCKS AND THE RUNAWAY SUNBEAM.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

One day a Sunbeam determined to run away from all his merry brothers and sisters, and go upon an excursion by himself.

And as his mamma, the Moon, was off on a visit to the other side of the earth, and his papa, the Sun, was busy flirting with all the brooks and flowers he could find, instead of minding the little Sunbeams, as he had been told to do by the Lady Moon, he thought it a capital time.

So making use of the limbs of an old elm-tree to hide him from his papa's view, he slipped through the dancing leaves, and stopped just one minute on the outside of a gray old palace to consider what he should do with himself.

"Oh, you darling Sunbeam!" called a sweet voice from a little latticed window, "how ever did you get there? You are the first sunbeam that ever managed to slip through that old elm's leaves. Do come in and play with me."

"With all my heart," answered the Sunbeam, gliding through the open casement right down beside the loveliest little girl; and before she could say a word he had played at hide-and-seek among her golden curls, peeped into her bright blue eyes, and kissed her rosy lips a dozen times.

The little girl did not get angry; she just laughed, and said, "Oh, you dear Sunbeam!" And then she added, sadly, "No one kisses me, now that my mamma has gone away."

"Where did she go to?" asked the merry Sunbeam.

"Ah! that is what I do not know. But come, and I will show you her picture;" and as she spoke the Princess let the Sunbeam into a room where hung the portrait of a lovely lady, whose rosy lips looked as though they would say, "My darling child," and whose white hands seemed as though they would lift the Princess up and fold her to her breast.

"See, this is my mamma," she cried. "She used to call me Princess Sunnylocks, but no one calls me that now; for since the other Queen came in her place I have been so lonely and so sad. Ah! if I only knew where my mamma was gone, I would go and find her out; for I am sure she wants her little Sunnylocks. *Oh, I must go to her!* Dear Sunbeam, tell me where you think she has gone."

The Sunbeam glided first upon the rich gilt frame, and then he kissed the small white hands, and then he kissed the lovely face all over, and as he came back to the Princess, said, "She is just like you; and she is so beautiful that she must have gone to Fairy-Land."

"Gone to Fairy-Land," cried the little Princess. "Why, if she has gone there, so will I; I too will go to Fairy-Land." And catching up her cloak and hood, she fled as fast as her feet could carry her, away from the gray old palace, and out into the forest that bounded her father's kingdom.

All day she travelled gayly on, as happy as the birds who brought her berries, or the squirrels who brought her nuts; and just as evening fell, she found a lovely spot where seven oaks grew, and underneath their shadow was a fairy ring, as soft as velvet and as fresh and green as could be. Here she determined to pass the night; so, commending herself to the care of the good God, she lay down in the centre of the ring and fell fast asleep.

The next morning when she opened her bright blue eyes she had to shut them quickly; for there was the runaway Sunbeam laughing right down into her pretty face from among the branches of the largest oak.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, you dear, dear Sunbeam," she cried, "for I am sure you know the way to Fairy-Land."

"To be sure *I* do; but *you* must go to the great white Stork who lives in the ruins over there, and he will tell you where it is, and how to get there too. Come now with me, and I will find you some sweet ripe dew-berries."

The Princess tripped by the Sunbeam's side, and at last they came to the ruins. Then she knocked at the door, but the Sunbeam jumped through the window right down upon the Papa Stork's shoulder.

"Ah! you are welcome, my dear Sunbeam—take a chair, I pray," said the Papa Stork, gravely.

"So I will; but first send some one to open the door, for a sweet little princess knocks there to gain admission."

Mr. Stork opened the door himself, and led little Sunnylocks in, who said,

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Stork, I bring you a gift of sweet ripe dew-berries which the Sunbeam found, and I gathered fresh from the grass this morning."

"We are much obliged, my dear, and will accept them gratefully," said Mrs. Stork; "and now thou and the Sunbeam will stay and take breakfast with us, and then thou mayst go upon thy journey." [Pg 22]

Sunnylocks thanked Mrs. Stork, and after she had eaten her breakfast she inquired the way to Fairy-Land.

"Why, I thought every bird and beast and flower knew the way. But then thou art neither bird nor beast nor flower, consequently thou canst not know the way. Fairy-Land lies on the other side of the moon."

"Alas! alas! how can I get there, then?" said the little Princess, sadly.

"Cheer up thy heart, my pretty maiden, for I will direct thee to one who will take thee to Fairy-Land if thou art as brave as thou art fair," said Mr. Stork.

"I fear nothing," cried the Princess, "and will brave all dangers to reach dear Fairy-Land."

"Then thou must go three days' journey through this wood, when thou wilt come to a range of mountains; climb that one whose head is crowned with clouds, and there, upon a projecting cliff, stands King Eagle's castle. He alone can take thee to Fairy-Land."

The Princess then kissed the Storks all round, and the Sunbeam kissed her, after which they ran upon their journey, seeking berries, and playing hide-and-seek the whole day long.

At last night came, and Sunnylocks lay down beneath an old oak-tree. Here she slept sweetly until the Sunbeam coaxed a frolicking Breeze Fairy to shake some dew-drops down upon her lovely face. That made her laugh and shake her golden curls, and then she ran a race with them, until she was quite tired out, when they caught and kissed her.

Presently they met a merry little Robin-Redbreast, who was busy getting his breakfast, and he invited them to sit down and have some too, which they accordingly did; and Robin had a long story to tell of how a wicked white owl had eaten a dear little wren who was his sweet companion.

When he had finished, the Sunbeam vowed he would tease that owl all day, and so did the Breeze Fairy.

The Princess now thanked the Robin, who sang her a sweet song, and even accompanied her a little way; then they parted, and Sunnylocks ran gayly on her journey.

Just at sunset she found a lovely bank of white violets, which, of course you know, are the Fairy Queen's own flowers, shielded by her magic power from all evil; consequently on them Sunnylocks slept sweetly all that night.

When she awoke she looked about for the Sunbeam, but neither he nor the Breeze Fairy was to be seen; so she ate her breakfast, and then began her last day's journey.

At last she reached the mountains, but as it was fast growing dark, she began to search for a resting-place. Now as she looked uncertainly about her, a beautiful long-eared Rabbit came out of a little cave in the mountain-side, and asked her what she sought.

"For a place to pass the night, madam," said the Princess Sunnylocks.

"Come in and sleep in my pretty house. There is a soft bed in the warmest corner, and there is

new fruit for your supper," replied the grave gray Rabbit.

The Princess readily consented, and was soon asleep in the Rabbit's cozy bed. The next morning, after thanking the Rabbit for her kindness, she began her journey again; but the mountain was rough and steep, so she was forced to travel very slowly now; but as she clambered wearily up, out jumped Sunbeam, and kissed her on both cheeks before she could say, "Oh!"

"Where have you been, you darling Sunbeam?" cried she, clapping both her hands.

"Oh, I have had such a glorious time! We killed the owl, and then I ran down into a great city, where a bad man was beating his poor horse, and I gave him such a stroke right on his head that all the people cried: 'He is dead! he is dead! A sun-stroke, *poor* man! Take him to the hospital!' And then all the papas and mammas looked at the tell-tale mercury, and forbade their boys to play ball that day."

"Ah, you naughty Sunbeam!" cried the little Princess—"not naughty for hurting the bad man, but for getting all the little boys shut up."

At that the Sunbeam laughed, and said, "Oh, that did not matter; most of them slipped away, anyhow; boys do do such things, you know," he added, gravely.

"What else did you do?" asked Sunnylocks.

"Oh, I kissed all the little girls I met, and I freckled the runaway boys, and I teased all the fat people, and I made a crying baby laugh by jumping on the wall, and I went into the King's palace and kissed the Queen before his face, and I did ever so many things besides."

"And now you have come to help me to Fairy-Land," said the little Princess, gayly.

"Yes, and I might have carried you there, only I was afraid my lady mamma would set me to work again," laughingly said the Sunbeam.

"You are a lazy fellow," said sweet Sunnylocks; and then they went on, the Princess laughing gayly at his freaks, for never did Sunbeam behave so wildly before or since. In fact, he performed so many wonderful feats that Sunnylocks never felt tired once, and was surprised when she found herself fairly in the Eagle's castle, and standing before that monarch himself.

He listened gravely to all her entreaties to take her to Fairy-Land, and then he stretched his mighty pinions, and bade her follow him.

This both the Princess and the Sunbeam did, gliding swiftly down the mountain-side until they reached Cloud-Land, where the Eagle bade her step into a tiny skiff made of a fleecy cloud.

No sooner had she done so than away it floated, King Eagle just a little in advance, and the Sunbeam making beautiful rainbows over it, just to amuse himself and her.

Soon the skiff moored in a lovely arbor, where the water made sweet music as it rippled by the amber steps, up which the Princess now went alone, for the Sunbeam fled back to the mountain-side again, as he was afraid his lady mamma would set him to work.

And now if you want to know what Fairy-Land looks like, you just ask your baby brother or sister the first time you see them smiling in their sleep, and they will tell you; for only babies and angels have the right words to describe it with.

All I know is that Sunnylocks was led to the palace of the Fairy Queen, which is built of all the lovely actions which are unheeded in this world of ours, and that she dropped upon her knees and said:

"Dear Fairy Queen, the Sunbeam saw my beautiful mamma's picture, and he said she was so lovely that she must have come to Fairy-Land. *Oh, if she has, please give her to me, for I want her —oh, so much!*" and little Sunnylocks stretched out her arms as though to clasp her dear mamma in them.

"Dear child," said the Fairy Queen, "thy mother is not here; she went to the Land of the Blessed to dwell; but be thou of good cheer, and I will send thee thither also." And as she spoke she came down from her gleaming throne, and taking Sunnylocks by the hand, she led her to the shore of the mighty Ocean Space.

Here she waved her magic wand, and instantly a bark made of a purple cloud, with golden masts and rosy sails, drifted swiftly to the shore; and after a loving farewell, Sunnylocks was borne by it onward, and still onward.

At last she stepped upon a land whose glory far exceeded that of all God's other worlds; and as she stood upon the wondrous shore, great bands of little children came singing down to meet her, led by One beyond all beautiful, who smiled upon them as they pressed about His steps.

Now when Sunnylocks saw the beauty of the children, and perceived that He who walked with [Pg 23]
them was indeed the King, she feared *she* would not be received; but He stooped down, and set His seal upon her brow, while the children robed her in such garments as they wore, and then the great King led her toward a lovely lady seated on the ocean's shore, as though she watched for some one.

But as soon as Sunnylocks beheld her lovely face, she cried, "My beautiful mamma!" and this time the lips *did* say, "My darling child," and the white arms *did* fold her closely to her breast; and all the children rejoiced with great joy because Sunnylocks had found her dear mamma, and come to dwell forever with them.

"But what became of the runaway Sunbeam?"

Well, when the Sun, his papa, discovered that he was gone, he sent six of his brothers to catch and bring him back; but the little Sunbeam was too fleet for them, for before they could even touch him, he jumped right into the Lady Moon's arms, and as he was the very littlest and the very youngest Sunbeam, it was not likely his mamma would send him back to be punished.

So the six little Sunbeams went back, and standing before their papa, with their little fingers in their sweet little mouths, they all told him what the Lady Moon had said.

At that the Sun got into a tremendous passion, and hid himself and all the little Sunbeams behind some ugly clouds for three whole days; and when he next came out, the astronomers declared they saw dark spots upon his face.

THE SURPRISING EXPERIENCE OF BEN BUTTLES.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Part Second.

Ben Buttles was a real mother boy; that is, he was in his sixteenth year, yet did not think himself too old to love and obey his mother, or care for her comfort. It is always a bad sign when a boy begins to outgrow one or both of his parents.

So, immediately after his arrival in Savannah, Ben borrowed the mate's writing materials, and wrote to Mrs. Buttles, to relieve the anxiety he knew she must be feeling, despite his telegram.

Ben's educational advantages had been limited, though I am glad to say he made the most of such as he had had. Hence I trust that better-educated boys will excuse the mistakes they may see in his letter. Poor Ben had never seen such a book as *The Polite Letter-Writer* in his whole life. But he had read the late Captain Buttles's old log-books over and over again, and looking upon them admiringly as specimens of high literary art, he had, perhaps without knowing it, imitated their short and pithy sentences in this almost the first letter he had ever written. And I am not sure that most business men, particularly editors, would object if some of their correspondents could tell their story as clearly in as few words. This is a copy of the epistle:

"SAVANAR, *October* 29, 187-.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I take My pen in hand To ashure you I am safe, et ceterer. tell Jim Studley i cort a hollibut nigh the braking shole I gess would way 200. Then got under way for Home about 6 pm with Thretning wether. It come on to Blow with hevy sqwalls from n,n,w to n. a terble cross sea Runnin. carried away my Starbord ore and had to lay to a Drag. at 11 pm Colided with brig *calipso* laying to Making a complete reck Of the Dory. got Abord the Brig by the Main chanils Arriving at savanar Oct 28. Thay are verry Kind. Capn adams who cent the Tellygraft says there is nothing Bound north and to stay abord til We are loded for boston. he will pay me saylor wages when i Go back. The mate has gave Me a starch shirt, a hat Shoose and socks. And the sekond mate a soot of Blue close wich Is a little wore. And flanils. i was never Drest so Nice. I am Looking for a good paing job Ashore while i am hear. perhaps i can Make a Big strik and Bring home the munny to pay up the Morgige. I must Now close with love to All inquiring frends Yore duttifle sun

"BEN B."

Having mailed this remarkable document, Ben strolled through the streets, enjoying the novelty as only a boy can who has never been ten miles from home in his whole life.

"Why, what a high steeple!" said Ben to himself, as he stopped below the Cotton Exchange, and gazed admiringly at the lofty but slender spire of the handsome church directly opposite.

Now it is a curious fact that if you stand still in the street, and begin to look intently at anything, some one else is sure to stop and stare in the same direction, as though people generally had an interrogation point for a sort of mental birth-mark. And Ben had hardly fixed his gaze on the tall spire, when two gentlemen came to a halt and began to look the same way.

"I thought you took the contract to regild the ball and arrow up there, Miles," Ben finally heard one of them say, with a nod of his head toward the weather-vane.

"So I did," returned Mr. Miles, who was a "boss" painter, "and a nice fix I'm in about it, too."

"How so?" asked the other, as, bringing his gaze earthward, he leaned up against the iron fence, and lit a cigar.

"Well," answered Mr. Miles, following his friend's example, "it's this way: I contracted to have the thing done for so much. I supposed, of course, that the vane could be sent down, like any other, and gilded, and had my best man go up to see to it. He worked at the nuts and bolts that hold it for 'most half a day; then he came down all of a shake, and says the thing can't be done, everything has rusted so, and that if it can't be regilded where it is, it can't be done at all. *He* won't be hired to go up there again, and I can't find any one hereabouts that *will* try it for love or money. I even telegraphed to New York for Ferguson, the steeple-climber, offered to pay

expenses, and give him seventy-five dollars to boot; but he is engaged two months ahead. I'd give a hundred and fifty dollars to-day," said Mr. Miles, smoking vigorously, "to any one who would shin up there and do the job; for though it isn't an easy thing, I know it *can* be done."

"Say two hundred, and I'm your man," suddenly exclaimed Ben, who had been listening, carelessly at first, then eagerly. Two hundred dollars would clear the incumbrance from the little brown house. Once he had climbed the pole of the signal-staff on Covert Point, and rove off the halyards almost a hundred and fifty feet from the ground, and was glad to get five dollars for doing it. But then, as Mrs. Buttles said, "Ben was a dretful ventur'some creetur."

Mr. Miles was a man of few words. He eagerly grasped at this unexpected straw.

"If you mean business," he said, eying Ben's self-reliant face approvingly, "come to the church to-morrow morning early, and I will show you what is to be done."

Ben nodded, and made his way back to the *Calypso*.

"I want to borrow a piece of spare running gear, sir," he said to the mate on the following morning.

"Take all you want," was the answer.

Long before Mr. Miles had made his appearance at the church, Ben was in the church tower, with the running gear coiled over his shoulder, and a coil of spun yarn in the bosom of his blue shirt. Climbing upward over cobwebbed cross-beams and girders, he found himself under the four narrow skylights of heavy ground glass that dimly lighted the narrow interior of the spire. Through one of these, which was partly open, Ben thrust his neck and shoulders. About twenty [Pg 24] feet above him the tapering spire ended in a great ball, through which rose the tall iron "spindle," surmounted by the vane in the shape of an arrow. Two parts of a knotted rope were twisted around the spindle above the ball, and brought down through the skylight. This had served Mr. Miles's workman in lieu of ladder. Ben's head and heart failed for one brief moment, as he looked upward, and for the first time began to realize the magnitude of his task. Only for a moment, though.

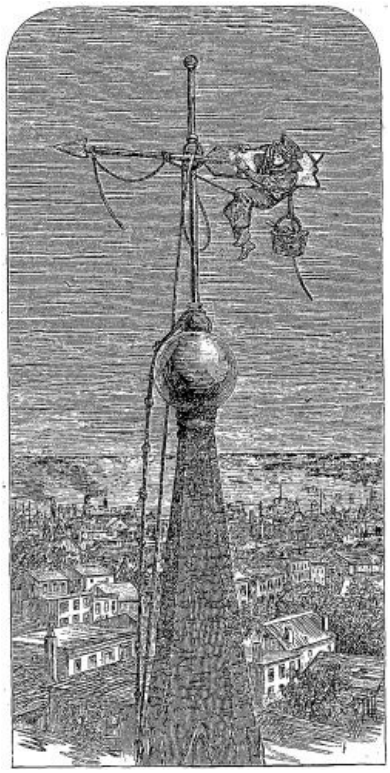
"It's for mother's sake," he said, softly, to himself, and the thought strengthened his heart and steadied his nerves.

By this time Mr. Miles had clambered up to a rude scaffolding under the open skylight with a basket containing a can of oil size and some large "books" of gold-leaf. He then showed Ben how to apply the leaf to the size, and cautioned him not to fall, which Ben gravely assured him he should try very hard not to do.

In one end of his coil of light but strong gear Ben had tied a running bowline. This he threw over his shoulder, and taking off his shoes, began his perilous ascent.

It was easy enough to reach the spindle by the knotted rope-ladder. Then came the tug of war. Up the spindle, which shook and swayed, the courageous boy crept, until, breathless and almost exhausted, he threw his arms over the vane itself, and for the first time ventured to look out and downward.

A toy-city, with Lilliputian people moving through the little streets, lay beneath him. Beyond, the Savannah River like a narrow ribbon wound through the low-lying rice fields until it reached the distant sea, which lay hazily indistinct against the horizon. The view was sublimely beautiful, but Ben's head began to swim, and he bethought himself of his task.



Casting a few feet of the coil around the spindle and over the vane, so that the bowline should hang properly, Ben called to Mr. Miles to make the end well fast. Then lifting himself by his arms, he slipped his legs through the loop and sat suspended between earth and sky. Lowering his piece of spun yarn to Mr. Miles, he received a bit of stout ratlin stuff, with which he rigged a foot-rope (as you see them under the yards of a ship) on the vane, which was about nine feet long. Mr. Miles then sent him up a basket with the gilding material, which Ben made fast to the vane. Then, with great difficulty, getting on to the foot-rope, upon which he could only *sit*—for he dared not stand—he "squirmed" himself out to its extreme limit, and began his work.

Ah me! what a terrible task it was! The sun beat down on his head with terrible force as it rose higher in the heavens. He could only use one hand to work with, the other being employed in holding on. An occasional breath of air would set the arrow in motion, and send his heart into his mouth at the same time. Every bone in him ached, his head was confused and dizzy—he dared not look directly down for his life. But he kept doggedly at his work all day long, with the one thought uppermost in his mind, "It's for mother's sake," and as the watchman in the neighboring church tower called out, "Six o'clock, 'n' all's well" (for this is one of the old usages of the city), Ben put the last touch of gilding on the point of the arrow.

Changing back to the bowline, Ben then cast off the ends of the foot-rope, while a cheer came faintly up to his ears from the

great crowd which had gathered in the square beneath, as they knew the little Yankee—as they called him—had completed his work. Hugging the spindle tightly, Ben drew himself out of the bowline, threw it off from the vane, and slid rapidly down the swaying rod. Down the knotted rope he sped, past Mr. Miles, who began to congratulate him, down by beam and ladder and winding stair, until he reached the solid earth. And then, as a great shout went up from the lookers-on, Ben for the first and only time in his whole life fainted away. But a little cold water, and the touch of the roll of crisp greenbacks which were counted out by the enthusiastic Mr. Miles, quickly restored Ben to himself, and he returned to the *Calypso* a hero.

The city papers made honorable mention of the "gallant young New-Englander," and one lady, if I remember rightly, immortalized the daring feat in a poem called "The Arrow and the Ball."

The passage back to Boston was a quick one, and Ben was once more clasped in his mother's arms, narrating the story of his adventures.

"But I wouldn't undertake such a climb again," said Ben, as he carefully folded away the cancelled mortgage, with its indorsement of paid-up principal and interest, "for all the money in Savannah."

"I hope not, Benny dear," returned Mrs. Buttles, with a tearful shake of her head; "but I should be most afraid to resk it—you're sech a dretful ventur'some creetur."

AN ENGLISH PUG.

[Pg 25]

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

An English Pug only six weeks old
To a wealthy lady one day was sold
For *sixty-five dollars*. Bless me! no!
Yes, yes, my dears, it was really so.

To learn good manners this Pug was sent
To an excellent school on the Continent,
Where the price per quarter you'd never guess
Was *twenty dollars*! No more nor less.

And when the lady made up her mind
To cross the ocean, nor leave behind
Her pug-nosed pet, on the famous ship
She paid *twelve dollars* for doggy's trip.

Arrived at New York, she went straightway
To the "Windsor," paying *a dollar a day*
For the pup that needed especial care,
And must be fed on the choicest fare.

But this terrible climate soon began
To tell on the pug-nosed Englishman,
Who had to be sent with haste emphatic
To an M. D., whose patients are all dog-matic.

But he died, alas! and the doctor's bill
Was *thirty dollars*. And if you will
Take the trouble to count these figures up,
You'll find 'twas a pretty expensive pup.

A GAME OF LACROSSE AT THE POLO -GROUND, NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 24, 1881.—DRAWN BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

[Pg 26]

LACROSSE.

BY BRAINARD G. SMITH.

Lacrosse is becoming very popular among the young men and lads of the United States, and very properly, too, for it is a fine game, and one that is thoroughly American. Years ago, how many no one knows, it was played by American Indians, who called it "Baggataway."

Basil Hall, Catlin, and Lanman, who have written some of the best books about Indians, tell how the Creeks of Alabama, the Cherokees of North Carolina, and other tribes, played the game years ago, and their accounts show that then it was a fierce, hard game to play, in which the young Indians displayed wonderful skill and strength and pluck, and where broken bones were no rare thing.

"But," says one writer, "there never appears to be any spite or wanton exertions of strength to affect them, nor do disputes ever happen between the parties." These last words should be printed in large letters, that they may be easily read by all boys nowadays who play lacrosse.

In those days the game was not the scientific one that it is now. Then it was a matter of brute strength, and sometimes as many as six hundred, eight hundred, and even a thousand, players took part. The Canadian Indians claim to have invented the present game, and when the French first saw them playing, they gave it the name "La Crosse"—the bat—from the bat, or crosse, used in the game.

For a long time only the Indians played it; then the young Canadians took it up; and finally, in 1867, the game was formally adopted as the national game of Canada. Naturally the Canadians play well their own game, and the best clubs in the world are said to be the Toronto Club, of Toronto, and the Shamrocks, of Montreal.

They are great rivals, and which is the best it would be hard to say. Not long ago they played one hour and thirty-six minutes without either getting a goal, and then they were stopped by the darkness.

Lacrosse is a simple game, and easy to understand. A large level piece of ground is required, the smoother the better, but smoothness is not necessary. A goal is simply two poles driven into the ground, so that the tops, where wave little flags, shall be six feet high. The poles are six feet apart. Each side has a goal, designated by the color of the flag. These goals may be any distance apart, just as the players decide.

Now the great thing to do is for one side to throw the ball through the goal of the other side. At the end of the play, the side having thus made the most goals is the winner. By throwing, it is not meant that the ball is thrown with the hands, as in base-ball. The ball is never to be touched by the hands. All the work is done with the crosse, which is made of a frame of bent wood, on which are woven thongs of rawhide or catgut. This has a long handle. With this crosse the ball is caught, carried, and thrown.

So expert do some players become that they will throw the ball straight and swiftly from goal to goal. Mr. Lally, of the Shamrock Club, is able to throw the ball four hundred and fifty feet. The ball is of India rubber sponge, not less than eight nor more than nine inches in circumference. As the game is now played, twelve players are on each side, placed according to the best judgment

of their captains for working the ball toward the opposite goal, or keeping it from going through their own goal.

All the play, the running, dodging, leaping, twisting, throwing, is simply to get the ball through the goal. This part of it is easily learned. Of course it requires practice to enable one to handle the crosse well. But any active lad can soon get the hang of that, and once learned, it is doubtful if he will give up lacrosse for base-ball, with its broken fingers and sprained thumbs, or for foot-ball, with its kicked shins and sometimes broken ribs.

But lacrosse is no girls' play. There is sufficient hard work and danger to make it quite exciting enough for anybody; but there is not much danger of a player's getting maimed for life, as has often happened in these other games. There are no spiked shoes worn, no wrestling, no holding, no intentional tripping, no striking. It is simply a game of agility and endurance.

To be a good player, one must be able to run well and to run long. It is remarkable what speed and endurance some of the players possess. To have these, they must take good care of their health, and good lacrosse players are careful seldom or never to touch tobacco or strong drink, nor to eat unwholesome food at unnatural hours.

Lacrosse is a good game, because it cultivates courage in a boy, knocks the timidity out of him, gives him confidence and pluck, and teaches him to govern his temper. It develops judgment and calculation, promptness and decision, and gives him a healthful and manly recreation. Besides, it is a cheap game. It can be played on almost any vacant lot. In Canada it is played in the streets of the towns and on the village greens. The balls are not expensive, and last well, and the crosses do not cost a large sum.

It is a pretty game. It is very interesting to watch twenty-four players, especially if they are wearing tasteful uniforms, all rushing, leaping, dodging, over the green grass, each side intent upon driving that little black ball through the goal.

There have been games of lacrosse that were not so pretty. History tells of one that ended in a fearful tragedy. It was played over one hundred years ago, in 1763. One of the British chain of forts in the North was Fort Michilimackinac. On the 4th of June, 1763, it was garrisoned by thirty-five soldiers, and contained about ninety other persons, men, women, and children. It was the birthday of King George, and the soldiers were celebrating the day.

There had been rumors that the Ojibway Indians had conspired with Pontiac, the great chief, to capture the fort, but Captain Etherington, the commandant, paid no attention to them. So, when on this day the Ojibways sent an invitation to the fort to see a grand game of "baggataway," or lacrosse, between them and the Sacs, on the plain in front of the fort, the soldiers gladly accepted. [Pg 27]

"The gates were opened wide," says Mr. W. G. Beers, in his account of the game; "the soldiers were lying and standing about in groups, the majority without arms. Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie stood close by the gate, betting on the game.

"A large number of squaws were collected near the fort. Then the game began. The players, nearly naked, yelling, with leaps and dashes, chased and fought for the ball, kicking, wrestling, rolling over each other. The spectators roared with laughter. No one thought of anything but the game. But slowly the ball neared the fort. Once or twice it shot into the air, and fell inside the pickets, and was thrown out. Gradually the great body of players neared the fort, all playing with might and main.

"Suddenly the ball was thrown high into the air, and as it fell near the gate, the players made a great rush, followed by all the warriors who had not been playing.

"The war-whoop rang over the plain; the ball sticks were thrown away; the squaws threw open their blankets, and the players snatched the tomahawks and other weapons they had concealed there."

Then the massacre began, and of that little band of English but twenty escaped alive. So you see when you play lacrosse you are playing a purely American game, and a historical game too.

A YARN FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF TOM FAIRWEATHER.

A Visit to an Ostrich Farm.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

"Hello!" cried Tom, "we're off."

Off from Cape Town, South Africa. Wasn't Tom a lucky fellow? He was cruising around the world in his father's ship. To-day he was going a few miles inland to visit Mr. Van Zeilin's ostrich farm. Queer kind of farm, eh? Are you wondering whether the ostriches were the farmers? Well, you'll see.

It was a lovely trip in a railway car, much like our cars at home, by-the-bye, over fair fields bright and sweet with flowers.

Tom enjoyed it after having been cooped up on ship-board for some time; in fact, he grinned from

ear to ear with pleasure. I have a colored photograph of him I would like to show you. Blue, roving eyes, yellow hair, round, rosy cheeks—dressed in a suit of sailor clothes. His messmates thought him a nice boy, and called him "Little Boy Blue."

"Ostrich farming is a new thing, is it not?" asked Tom's father, Captain Fairweather, of Mr. Van Zeilin, the owner of the farm they were going to visit, and who, as his name showed, came of the early Dutch settlers of the colony.

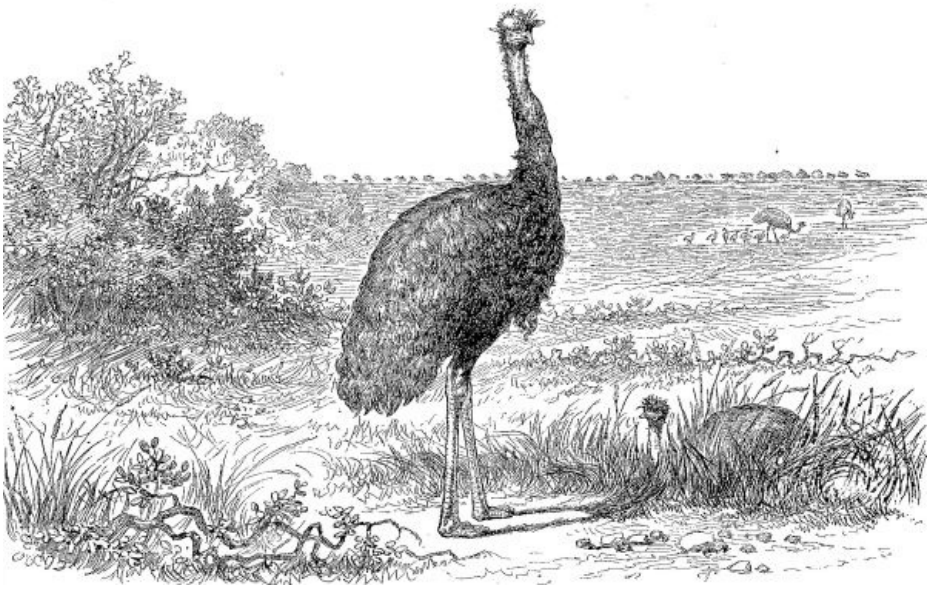
"Yes; the attempt was first made only about twenty years ago." (Tom thought twenty years made a very old thing of it.) "We have been fairly successful; our only profit is in the feathers, as you doubtless know."

"Don't you sell the eggs, sir?" asked Tom.

"As other farmers sell hens' eggs? No. The eggs are worth five dollars apiece. We hatch a good many of them by artificial means. These birds are careless of their eggs, and leave them lying around, so that it is part of our business to collect them. In other parts of Africa the natives eat the eggs, however, roasting them in the shell, and stirring the meat with a stick. They also use the thick hard shells for drinking-cups."

The party reached their journey's end, and after eating luncheon at Mr. Van Zeilin's comfortable house, started off to explore.

"Good gracious!" cried Tom; "what's that?" In the next breath he recognized the strange object before him as an ostrich, but just at first he was thoroughly amazed. It was hard to realize that any mere bird could be so big. It was as tall—well, its head would be on a level with the top of an ordinary-sized wardrobe. Its legs alone were four or five feet long. Bird, indeed! it looked more like a young camel than anything else; only it had but two legs. Tom stared and stared. He had expected to see something like a prize turkey, and now this! Meanwhile Mr. Van Zeilin had halted. He began cutting off branches from the tree beneath which they were standing.



OSTRICHES.

"I wish to show you a nest," he said; "but we shall have to be wary. We may meet with a warm reception. Tom, you are a traveller. What do you propose doing if the ostrich shows fight?"

"I'll fight back," said Tom, valorously. "He's only a bird. I guess I can whip him."

"Not so fast," said Mr. Van Zeilin, continuing to trim his branches, which he forked at one end. "Ostriches are very strong. Their strength is in their legs, and they fight with them. An ostrich has been known to knock down a lion with one well-aimed blow; so I fancy an angry bird would make short work of you, my plucky little fellow. No, I wouldn't advise you to fight."

"He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," laughed Tom's father. "What do you say to taking to your heels, my boy?"

"You would be likely to get the worst of that too," replied Mr. Van Zeilin. "The ostrich outstrips the horse. He is said to run sixty miles an hour at the start, although he can not keep up this speed. He would soon catch up with you."

"I give it up," said Tom, heartily.

"Fortunately," continued Mr. Van Zeilin, distributing the branches he had been cutting to their party of six, "the ostrich is as stupid as he is strong and swift. I will give you two points. In the first place, when you are pursued by an ostrich, if you come to a fence, get over it, and you are safe, even if it is only two feet high. The fellow could get over it with the greatest ease, but he doesn't know it, and I doubt if he ever will."

"What is your other point, sir?" inquired Tom.

"Just this. If an ostrich makes for you, present a forked stick at him—thus—and slowly retreat. It does not occur to him to dodge you. He conceives himself to be hopelessly pinned, and he

abandons the attack. You see now, gentlemen, why I have provided you each with a branch."

"I wonder you don't run up a lot of fences all over your field, sir," suggested Tom.

"That might be a good idea," returned good-humored Mr. Van Zeilin, "except that the ostriches require a long tether. They would die if we fenced them in."

They had entered a field where were collected a number of ostriches in groups, in pairs, and singly.

"The male and female take turns in hatching the eggs," said Mr. Van Zeilin. "But there is a nest that is deserted for the moment. That huge black bird over there is the owner. I wish you to see the nest, and as there are enough of us to intimidate him, I think we may venture."

So saying, the party approached; but the black ostrich showed such evident signs of annoyance, coming up angrily, and craning his neck in a defiant way, as though measuring the strength of the party, that Mr. Van Zeilin directed some of his men to drive him off with their branches.

Mr. Van Zeilin went on: "The long plumes grow in the tail and wings, you observe. Now for the nest. As you see, it is merely a huge hole scraped out in the ground."

"One, two, three, four, five, six eggs," counted Tom. "How big they are!"

Tom dropped behind the party presently as they strolled away, but a piercing scream from him suddenly rent the air. His friends turned in consternation, and saw him tearing after them in a panic, the black ostrich in hot pursuit. [Pg 28]

Mr. Van Zeilin had barely time to throw himself between the boy and the bird. In another moment he would have been too late, and Tom's cruising around the world would have come to an untimely end. When Mr. Van Zeilin had succeeded in driving off the ostrich, he turned to Tom. "How did it happen?"

"He looked so quiet, I thought there could be no harm in taking another look at the nest. I only just looked in, and he flew at me."

"But your branch—why didn't you use your branch?"

Tom owned up like a man. "To tell the truth, I was so scared, sir, I didn't know what I was about. I threw away my branch."

It was hard to keep from laughing, now that the danger was over. Tom's hair nearly stood on end, his eyes started from their sockets, and his voice shook with fright. His enemy stood eying him for a moment or two at a little distance, then went back with great strides to his nest, over which at that moment was standing a gray ostrich. Black eyed his visitor suspiciously, then angrily.

"These fellows can not endure any approach to their nests," said Mr. Van Zeilin. "Look at him now!"

Black, in fact, was going through a most singular performance. He threw himself on the ground, wallowed about in the dust, and struck the earth with his wings as though he had gone crazy.

"He is trying to work himself up to a fighting pitch," said Mr. Van Zeilin. "See! the gray is coming nearer. Watch him. Look! he is going through the same manœuvre as the other."

It was extraordinary to see the two birds. The gray did his best to work himself into a passion, the black meanwhile keeping his eye on him, and walking about in an uneasy way. Finally the rightful owner of the nest made one rush, and the other, alas! ran away.

"Oh, what a coward!" cried Tom.

"Not at all," returned Mr. Van Zeilin. "He recognizes the rights of property, and knocks under to the real owner of the nest."

"Hi!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly, and he jumped two feet at least. An ostrich had come up to him quietly, and had begun to peck at the brass buttons on the sleeve of his jacket.

Mr. Van Zeilin laughed. "No danger this time," he said. "That is a female bird. The females are very gentle. Now she is pecking at the locket on my watch chain. Her eyes are as soft as those of a gazelle, are they not?"

"She is a pretty creature, but she has no long plumes," said Tom, examining her.

"No, only short downy feathers, useful for trimming."

"My sister has a coat trimmed with little soft feathers like these," Tom said. "I wonder if ladies and girls ever think of the trouble it is to get their feathers for them?"

"Trouble and danger too," said Mr. Van Zeilin. "I tell you what, I once saw an ostrich come down on a man like a battering-ram. He knocked the breath out of him with one blow; then he rolled him over and over until he thought he had finished him, when he walked away. The man picked himself up slowly, blinded and bleeding. He had kept his face and head covered as best he could, and had realized that his only chance lay in making no resistance."

"Oh, Mr. Van Zeilin," said Tom, "how glad I am you rescued me in time!"

But this yarn is too long already, so we will not stop to tell you about Tom's return trip to Cape Town. Some other time we may spin you another taken from the log-book of "Little Boy Blue."

NURSERY RHYMES.

"Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."
"I'm going to the meadow to see them a-mowing;
I'm going to help them make the hay."

A diller, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar!
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

Tell-tale Tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And every little dog in town
Shall have a little bit.

To market, to market, to buy a plum-cake;
Home again, home again, market is late.
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, between them both,
They licked the platter clean.

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon round it.

Cross Patch, lift the latch,
Sit by the fire, and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see little Johnny
Get on a white horse.

Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea;
Sukey, take it off again,
They've all gone away.

VENICE, ITALY.

I must tell you about this lovely city and the beautiful sights I have seen. The fine old Church of St. Mark faces a square or piazza, and near this is an arch with a large clock; on top of this is an immense bell, with two bronze figures of men with hammers in their hands, with which they strike the bell when the hour comes round. There are several hundred pigeons here, which are fed by the city every day at two o'clock, and many times I have bought corn and fed them too; they are so tame that two or three have eaten from my hand at once. Two weeks ago this square was illuminated. It was called "The Illumination of the Architecture," and there were one hundred thousand lights in the piazza. The gas lamps, which are always lighted, had this night red glass globes on, thirty for each lamp. On the Campanile, or belfry, was the "Star of Italy," which had three thousand lights. The Church of St. Mark looked magnificent, illuminated by electric lights placed in front of it. An island called St. George was flashing with thousands of lights, so that it looked like an enchanted palace rising out of the water. Altogether it was the most beautiful sight I ever saw. A regatta also took place, which I watched from the balcony of an old palace. First I saw the King and Queen of Italy in a gondola, with their son the Prince of Naples. They had four men to row, called gondoliers. These men wore scarlet coats trimmed with gold braid. After a little while the nine gondolas of the race passed, their crews dressed according to the color of their boats—green, white, blue, yellow, solferino, gray, purple, red, and orange. The one in green won the first prize. After the race, the gondola in which was the royal family went up and down the Grand Canal, followed by hundreds of gondolas, some of them with streamers of silk, some with velvet trimmed with gold and silver fringe trailing in the water. Some boats larger than a gondola, called "bissom," were all covered with silk and velvet, the gondoliers dressed in gay colors. Some had eight and some ten men to row. It was a beautiful scene.

ALBERTO DAL M.

You have described the brilliant illumination in a manner both vivid and picturesque, and the thousands of bright eyes which peer into Our Post-office Box every week will thank you, Alberto, for this glimpse at fairy-like Venice, the Bride of the Sea.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

We moved to Iowa last December, and the best thing I have had since I have been here is your lovely paper, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. How we did laugh when we read about Miss Julia Nast's cooking party! When we lived in New Jersey I used to see her sometimes, and I sometimes saw her father and brother riding past our house, with those great English hounds running on behind the horses. The funniest picture I ever saw is the little De Lesseps children in the dog-cart with their father. I wish the baby had been in the cart too, with her mamma. I have been wanting to see Mollie Garfield, and, to my delight, there she was in last week's YOUNG PEOPLE. I feel so sorry for her and the rest of the family! My brothers and sister and I gave some money for the monument. When I become a grown-up lady, and the monument shall have been erected, I will go to see it.

I am now ten years old. I attend a school which the Western people call a college; in the East we would call it a seminary. I have two beautiful birds. The name of one is Cassius, and of the other Ida. I have three brothers and one sister. My big brother is in the East at college. My brother fourteen years old is getting ready for college here in Des Moines. My little brother Paul stays at home and learns his ABC's with mamma. My sister Blanche is seven years old, and can spell a little, but can not write. She is learning how to crochet.

HELEN H.

OSAGE MISSION, KANSAS.

This is the first letter I have ever written to your dear little paper. I am seven years old. I go to school. I have so many nice books, and a little secretary to keep them in. I have a velocipede, a wagon, and a wheelbarrow, and many other things. My papa is postmaster. I hope you will find this good enough to print.

ERNEST H.

You printed your letter so elegantly in those large capitals that we were delighted with it, and were very glad to send it to the press to be made into a dear little letter for Our Post-office Box.

REXFORD FLATS, NEW YORK.

I would like to belong to the Natural History Society, and when I find anything interesting I will report. Last spring, as my mother was digging in the garden, she unearthed a queer specimen. It was a common white grub, with one of the little knobs on its head grown to about an inch in length, and the other was about half as long. How many of the Natural History scholars have seen such a specimen? Not many, I am afraid. I found a ripe wild strawberry Friday, the 14th of October.

CHARLES MCB.

WHEATLAND, NEAR LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have a Cashmere goat and two wagons. The goat is entirely white. His name is Billee G. Taylor. I have painted his horns with gold paint, and it makes him look beautiful. He eats everything, from old shoes down to grass, newspapers, leather, and especially dry beech and sycamore leaves, but he will not touch maple leaves. Isn't it funny?

H. E. J., JUN.

CULLEOKA, TENNESSEE.

Many copies of YOUNG PEOPLE are sent to Culleoka every week, and yet I have never seen a letter from here. We use YOUNG PEOPLE in school instead of Readers. I am very much interested in "Tim and Tip." Please tell Jimmy Brown to write some more of his troubles; I enjoy reading his letters so much. I can work the Labyrinth Puzzle.

ADDIE C. W.

P. S.—I put in something for the Daisy Cot.

CULLEOKA, TENNESSEE.

I used YOUNG PEOPLE as a Reader for two sessions, and liked it better than any Reader I ever used. At examination we had to write off as much of "Toby Tyler" as we could remember. Why is it that editors like you to write on only one side of the paper? I like Friday to come, because YOUNG PEOPLE arrives on that day. I have worked the Labyrinth Puzzle. I live in Nashville, at the Vanderbilt University, but am now attending school in Culleoka.

SUSIE S.

Addie's contribution has been sent to Miss Fanshawe, the Treasurer of St. Mary's Free Hospital. In reply to Susie, the reason why editors prefer correspondents to write on one side of the paper, and not on both, is a twofold one. It is mainly for the convenience of printers that the request is made, because sometimes ten or a dozen printers are setting the type for an article at the same time. The pages are divided, and assigned to different compositors as "copy," and the article can be set up much more rapidly if the writing is on one side only of the paper. Sometimes a page has to be cut in two when there is much need for haste. Editors, who are very busy people, can read manuscript which is written in this way with more ease than if it were otherwise. As they read, they do not need to turn their leaves, but can lay them down as they get to the end of each.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I like the letters in the Post-office Box very much. I have a brother nine years old, and we have three pets—two kittens, one we call Topsy and the other Spotsy, and a large Newfoundland dog. Every morning he brings papa his paper before he is up out of bed, and we play hide and seek with him, and he runs to papa and puts his face in his arms, and waits until we call "Ready," and then hunts until he finds us.

When mamma read to my little brother Bennie about Tim and Tip, where Captain Pratt did not use Tim well, and threw the knife and fork at him, and whipped him so much, he went out into the garden, and we did not know where he was. He sat down and put his arms around Flora's neck, and cried to think how hard it was for Tim to part with Tip.

I could tell you a great many more of Flora's tricks, but I am afraid to make my letter too long, for fear it may go into the waste-basket, and I would feel very sorry to have that happen. I am twelve years old.

ELLA M.

Not the waste-basket, dear, but the pigeon-hole. We do not destroy the letters which we can not publish, and even when they are not printed, we enjoy reading them, and feel obliged to those who write to us.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Papa gave YOUNG PEOPLE to me as a birthday present, and I am so glad when he brings it home every week. I read all the stories, and I love to read the letters from all the little girls and boys. You will see I am a little Southern girl, and in the winter here the orange-trees are all in bloom, and the gardens are filled with flowers, as we do not often have the snow and ice that some of your readers do. There are only two of us. My sister Isa is ten, and has dark eyes and brown curls. I have light eyes and curls, and am eight years old, so you see that we don't look alike. I have been at a kindergarten for two years, and now I am in school with the larger girls. I am very fond of dolls, and have a great many of them. My sister is godmother to all of them, and makes all their clothes, which is a great help to me. We have a very boisterous puppy, and his name is Leo. He chewed up my prettiest wax doll. It was great fun for him, but not for me. Papa gave me another in her place, and she is very pretty. I take great care of her, so that Leo shall not get hold of her. We found a little stray kitten a few days ago in the street. We brought it home, and fed it, and as it is a tortoise-shell, and very pretty, we have named it Mrs. Langtry. What I like best of everything in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the poetry. Such pretty pieces you publish! I studied, and recited at school on Friday "Only One," by George Cooper. So do find some more for me. This is a long letter from a little girl you don't know, and as my hand is tired, I will say good-by.

MAY P.

We feel quite well acquainted with you, May, and will be glad to hear from you again. It was too bad that your poor doll met with so dreadful a disaster. We can sympathize with you, for we once had a mischief-making little dog who chewed our favorite books, tore our dresses, hid our handkerchiefs, buried our gold pencil, frightened the chickens, and flew at all our friends, until they were afraid to enter the front gate. He grew more sedate and much less entertaining, however, in the course of time, which has a very subduing effect on puppies.

Some time has passed since I wrote you, and I feel to-day as if I would like to write again. My home is on a pretty little Southern River—the Tensas—and if I were a photograph artist, I would send you some of the prettiest river views you ever looked at. I often wish I could have some of the lovely vine-covered trees in our yard. The river is so very low at present that in places one can ride across it on horse-back; yet you would scarcely believe this could you see it in early spring, for nearly every year we are overflowed, and do all our visiting and church-going in skiffs. We have steamboats all the winter season, which carry off our cotton to New Orleans, and bring back all supplies, etc., from there. The boats have nice accommodations for passengers, and trips to the city are very pleasant. I am hoping to take one this winter.

This country has been unusually healthy this summer. Papa says *distressingly* so; that is because he is the doctor. We had church service yesterday. We have it only once a month, for our minister has two other appointments besides this. He lives only a quarter of a mile from us. He has six children, two boys and four girls, and they are so fair and delicate mamma often calls them our "Lilies of the Valley." Mollie, the second girl, is just a year older than I, and we are very dear friends, so we visit very often. I have a nice set of croquet, and the children sometimes come to play with me, and we enjoy the game ever so much. Please tell me, may other than subscribers have letters in YOUNG PEOPLE.

My letter is growing long. I do not like to take too much room, and crowd out other correspondents, so I will propose an exchange, and finish it. I have a large pair of deer

horns, which I will send in return for a piece of jet, gold ore, or silver ore, or a petrified lizard or frog. I will exchange for a bunch of white violets, Wandering Jew; and grasses for grasses. Write before sending.

Marie Louise Usher,
Wild Wood Post-office, Catahoula Parish, La.

Any one, whether a subscriber or not, may write to our Post-office Box.

Utica, New York.

There are three cats which I would like to tell you about, but as it would be too long a letter, I will divide it into two, and send you the other another time. The first was a little half-bred Persian, and as she had beautiful fur, we called her Fluffy. She belonged to my sister, so we took her to a boarding-school in England, for we lived there then. After breakfast at school we used to have prayers, and I am sorry to say Fluffy used to behave very badly. She would jump up on the table and lick the butter off the bread, or run up the curtains, and look down from the top with such a catch-me-if-you-can air that it was very difficult to keep from laughing. We had great fun with her, for she used to walk into the school-room in the middle of lessons, and of course we used to try and hide her from the governess. We had her at school about a year, and then she died. All the girls were very fond of her, she was such a bright, loving little creature, so all the boarders went into mourning for her for a week.

Janie P. G.

Detroit, Michigan.

I have written once before, but my letter was not printed. I suppose you have a great many letters to attend to. I have a sweet little brother. He has been very sick, but he is getting better now. We have a cute little kitten, and its name is Toby Tyler. My papa is going to New York to open a studio this winter. I am very sorry, because it will be so lonesome here without him. He says maybe he will go where they publish this nice paper, and then he will write and tell us all about it. When Toby Tyler's monkey died, my little brother cried like everything, and I felt like it too. Please ask Jimmy Brown to tell us some more of his sad mishaps.

Katie J. C.

Rockford, Iowa.

I have written two letters to Harper's Young People, and have never seen them in print; but I will try once more. I thought the first one went into the waste-basket, but I have since found out that both were put safely into a pigeon-hole. One day not long ago I was sitting in school, and I heard a curious noise at my ear. I stopped studying, and listened. I distinctly heard the words: "Oh dear! I am so tired squeezed in here so tight. This morning when the mail came, that great monster of a man pushed a whole lot more letters in beside me. I am going to get acquainted with them." I then heard a rustling noise, and then: "How do you do? Aren't you rather tired?" "Oh my! I should [Pg 31] think so. I am packed in so that I can scarcely breathe. How long have *you* been here?" "Ever since last April." "I have just come this morning, but I have been on the road three days. I came from Kansas, and the name of the little girl who wrote me is Maudie B. She has seven kittens, a pet lamb, and a little pony, besides a whole family of dolls." I heard another curious noise, almost like thunder, only not so loud, then a bang and—awoke to find it half past two, my lesson not learned, and a boy beginning to ring the bell which is always rung just before recess.

Bat B.

Utica, New York.

I am a little boy eleven years old, and I wish to tell you what my papa brought me from Canada a short time since. He had been fishing there for about a week, and brought me a tame white rat with pink eyes. It was a curious enough pet at first, but I gave it away, as I do not like rats. I go to New York quite often to see my grandpa and grandma who live there. I always have a nice time, and see lots of pretty things. I have a collection of

cards. If any little boy or girl would like to exchange cards, please address

GEORGE S. KLINCK,
7 Steuben Street, Utica, N. Y.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I saw in YOUNG PEOPLE lately some anecdotes of cats, and I thought that I would like to describe a very strange cat owned by a friend of mine. This gentleman calls her a rabbit-cat, and she is very much like a rabbit. She has a "bob" tail, and her hind-legs are much longer than her fore-legs, so that she seems to tip forward as she runs.

She runs like a rabbit, and is very wild. It was very hard to get near enough to examine her. But the queerest parts are her feet; she has five toes on each hind-foot, and seven on each fore-foot. The fore-foot looks as if she had originally had four toes on it, and the three extra ones had been hitched on afterward.

I should much like to have this printed.

W. S. D.

RED OAK, IOWA.

I live in the western part of Iowa. My brother Herbert has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published. I did not seem to care for it at first, but now I like the stories very much indeed. I have just been reading "The Talking Leaves," and can hardly wait for the rest of it to come. I have learned two pieces from YOUNG PEOPLE to speak at school.

We have a great many pets, but those I like best are a pair of ducks. They were given to me when very small. They eat so cunningly out of my hand, and follow me all about the yard; and it is the funniest thing to see them swim in a pond that was made for them. We have a very handsome horse named Kit, and she is so gentle that I drive her down town sometimes to bring papa home, though I am only a little girl nine years old.

When I learn to write better I will write again if you want me to. I like the other children's letters very much.

NORA L.

Your writing is very plain, and we will compare your next letter with this one, and see what improvement you shall have made a few months from now.

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little boy ten years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published, and enjoy it very much. Papa buys it of the news-dealer. I think the pictures very nice indeed. How very pretty is the one of M. De Lesseps and children! How cunning they look perched up in their village cart, and what jolly times they must have together! I attend the Kindergarten School. I study geography, arithmetic, read in the Third Reader, and also study German. My teacher is, besides being thorough and efficient, a real Christian lady, and we all love her very much. Should you chance to be in Bridgeport some Friday morning, come in and see us. There are a great many who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE among our scholars, and they would be delighted to see the editor. Papa and mamma take me occasionally to your beautiful city, and next time I go papa says he will show me where YOUNG PEOPLE is published; but I will not write more, for fear my letter may be too long.

CLINTON T. P.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, NEW YORK.

Will Miss Lena W., of Tuckernuck, Pennsylvania, who writes to the YOUNG PEOPLE, as printed in the number for October 11, 1881, that she has a three-legged cat, kindly send her full name to Professor B. G. Wilder, Ithaca, New York, who has hitherto supposed himself to be the only possessor of a feline tripod?

M. J. L.—The piece of music called "Tam o' Shanter" can be purchased at any large music store in New York, and you can procure it through the book-seller in your village, or by writing directly to one of the dealers whose addresses are given on your sheet music. You will have to explain your other question more fully if you wish a reply. It is rather indefinite.

C. Y. P. R. U.

Which question shall I answer first? It needs a very wise Postmistress indeed to decide which has done the most for the world, peace or war; and to answer the question decidedly, we would have to be familiar with all the histories that have ever been written, and all the systems of political economy which have governed different nations and countries in ancient and modern times. It carries our thoughts back to the days of knight-errantry, to the Middle Ages, to the period of Rome's glory, to Alexander the Great, to Babylon and Nineveh, and to Egypt and the Pharaohs. A young friend was talking with me the other day on this very subject, and he said, "I think there is a great deal more told in history about war than about peace." So there is. Wars are like storms or fierce tornadoes. They do an immense amount of damage. They devastate vast regions, and they cause many broken hearts. There is nothing more terrible than war. Still, wars are sometimes necessary. They clear the moral atmosphere; they settle questions which can be settled only by the sword, which decides which party is the stronger; and they prepare the way for peace. Some great wars have sent scholars and artisans into exile, and thus learning and useful arts have been carried to new lands, and mankind has been benefited in the end. Peace gives time for the growth of that which is best in the life of nations. Science, literature, and industry flourish in an era of peace, and home happiness and good morals prevail. More and more, as the world becomes highly civilized, and the religion of Christ is spreading from land to land, peace obtains victories, and war goes out of fashion. Nations resort to arbitration about disputed matters, and rulers learn that they can not be allowed to plunge thousands of people into distress and poverty to satisfy their personal ambition. But the thunder makes itself heard, while the dew is distilled silently, and the wheat which makes the world's bread grows without any sound, and there, after all, is the difference between war and peace.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—A dear little friend of mine wishes me to send you her history. Her name is Georgia Brand, and she is living with her "adopted papa," as she calls him, at a military station in one of our Western States. Little Georgia was found, rolled up in a tattered old shawl, under a shrub somewhere in the wilds of Colorado, with a paper pinned on her shawl, on which was written, "Take good care of my darling child," and nothing more. The soldiers who found her took her to the Colonel, who befriended the child at first, and then adopted her. He named her for his native State, Georgia, and gave her his last name, Brand. One day, when her father was telling her of some scars he had gained during the civil war, Georgia said, "See, papa, I have a scar too," and stripping up her sleeve, she showed some marks near her shoulder, which her father said looked like a brand. "Then," said little Georgia, "I am not Georgia Brand, but branded Georgia." She is a witty little thing, and the soldiers call her "the life of the regiment." What the mark meant, and who her parents were, have never been known; but she is very happy with her "adopted papa," who gives her every advantage. Even now her father says she can sing and play better than any other little girl of ten.

GEORGIA'S AUNT NELLIE.

LIZZIE H. B.—The splendid hues of the autumn leaves are due to their ripening, and not to the frost, as was formerly supposed by many persons. The gay leaves

"wear, in sign of duty done,
The gold and scarlet of the sun."

There are many beautiful allusions in our American poetry to the charms of the autumn woods. The Postmistress will give you a chaplet of verses next week, taken from some of the poets she loves best, and she hopes that you and others, who keep a commonplace book, will take pains to copy these stanzas into its pages in the neatest possible manner. Those who draw or paint might illustrate their book, and make it a delightful souvenir for the future.

The little webs which you refer to as stretched from one blade of grass to another in dry weather are made by spiders, whose instinct teaches them to spin their webs when there is little probability that the rain will destroy them.

INQUIRER.—If you have read the story of Ariadne, you will remember that after she had married

Theseus, and had been deserted by him on the island of Naxos, she was found and comforted by the young god Dionysus, or Bacchus. Venus herself had come to her, checked her weeping, and told her she should become the wife of a god. Bacchus, the god of wine and pleasure, was generally represented as a beautiful youth with long flowing tresses. The vine, ivy, and pomegranate were sacred to him, and he was often represented as seated in a car drawn by panthers and lions. You can see that the sculptor who represents Ariadne as seated on the back of a lion may have had her union with Bacchus in mind. The more beautiful part of her history is the first, where she puts into Theseus's hand the clew of thread which shall guide him in safely through the windings of the labyrinth until he can reach and slay the Minotaur. The lion is the symbol of strength and dominion, and Ariadne seated upon him is upon a throne.

We would direct the attention of the C. Y. P. R. U. to the very instructive article entitled "The Rocks," by Mr. Charles Barnard, and to the interesting description of "A Visit to an Ostrich Farm," by Lieutenant E. W. Sturdy, U.S.N. For those who are interested in athletic sports, and to the lesson which is always attached to them, that no game requiring quickness, precision, and endurance can be successfully played unless great attention is paid to health, and all habits of intemperance and self-indulgence renounced, we would recommend Mr. B. G. Smith's excellent article upon the game of Lacrosse.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.

First in butter, but not in cheese.
Second in burn, but not in freeze.
Third in virtue, but not in sin.
Fourth in needle, but not in pin.
Fifth in lie, but not in truth.
Sixth in Nettie, but not in Ruth.
Seventh in wagon, but not in sled.
Eighth in white, but not in red.
Ninth in narrow, but not in wide.
Tenth in run, but not in ride.
My whole is a town on a lake's fair side.

D. B. C.

2.

First in game, but not in play.
Second in evening, but not in day.
Third in knife, but not in fork.
Fourth in stopper, but not in cork.
Fifth in eyrie, but not in nest.
Sixth in labor, but not in rest.
Seventh in minute, but not in hour.
My whole the name of a beautiful flower.

ALICE.

No. 2.

CHARADE.

My first is an animal spry.
My second is an animal spry.
My whole is an animal spry.

WILL A. METTE.

No. 3.

WORD SQUARE.

1. To improve. 2. A landed estate. 3. To follow. 4. Parts of speech. 5. To clothe.

R. O. Bert.

No. 4.

DOUBLE SQUARE.

Across.—1. The blanched leaves of the artichoke. 2. A concealer. 3. A girl's name. 4. Dissolves. 5. A metal.

Down.—1. The rim of a cask. 2. One who contracts for service. 3. A girl's name. 4. Sums of money. 5. To clothe.

Miltiades.

No. 5.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

Behead me, and you'll find an act
No mortal lives without, in fact.
Now turn my final letter back,
And whether green, or brown, or black,
Your mother wants me from the store,
And when I'm gone will send for more.
Clap on my head. You can not be
A happy person without me.

Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 103.

No. 1.

Pansy, Phlox, Pink, Poppy, Daisy, Verbena, Rosemary, Jessamine.

No. 2.

Rhine.

No. 3.

Megrim, Ice-Cream, Pine-Apple.

No. 4.

Spill, Yam, Box, Omission, Trice, Stable.

No. 5.

G
BAA
GAUGE
AGE
E

No. 6.

Level.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from T. Knight Durham, *Lizzie Webster*, Ella Lark, Camilla M. Serrano, Forrest F., Belle Foster, Frank Duff, D. B. C., Maud Muller, Belle F. Snart, G. Chapman, Frank Lomas, "Dandy," Eddie S. Hequembourg, Susie Shipp, and "Queen Bess."

[*For Exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

GOOD COMPANY.

"I'll Try!" is a soldier,
  "I Will!" is a King;
Be sure they are near
  When the school-bells ring.

When school-days are over,
  And boys are men,
"I'll Try" and "I Will"
  Are good friends then.

SCIENTIFIC PUZZLES.

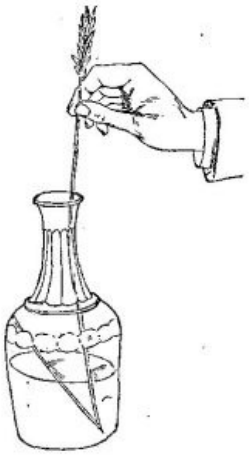


Fig. 1.

The experiment shown in Fig. 1 requires no other apparatus than a decanter and a strong piece of straw. The straw is bent before being passed into the bottle of water, so that when it is lifted the centre of gravity is displaced, and brought directly under the point of suspension. The illustration shows the method of lifting the decanter of water by the straw very plainly. It is well to have at hand several pieces of straw, perfectly intact, and free from cracks, in case the experiment does not succeed with the first attempt.

The experiment shown in Fig. 2 is apparently very difficult, but it will be found easy enough in practice if the hand be steady. Take a key, and by means of a crooked nail, or "holdfast," attach it to a bar of wood by a string tied tightly round the bar, as in the picture. To the other extremity of the bar attach a weight, and then drive a large-headed nail into the table. It will be found that the key will balance, and even move upon the head of the nail, without falling. The weight is under the table, and the centre of gravity is exactly beneath the point of suspension.

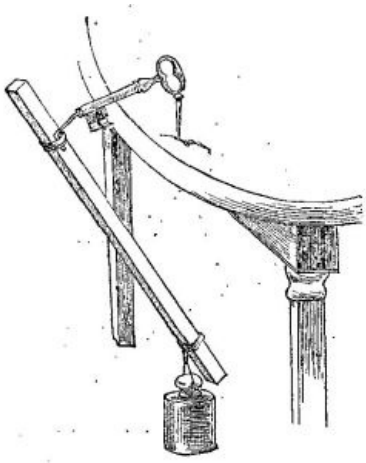


Fig. 2.

Figs, 3 and 4 are examples of the force of inertia; that is, the tendency of a thing that is at rest to remain in that state.

To perform the experiment in Fig. 3 a needle is fixed at each end of a broomstick, and these needles are made to rest on two glasses, placed on chairs; the needles alone must be in contact with the glasses. If the broomstick is then struck violently with another stout stick, the former will be broken, but the glasses will remain intact. The experiment answers all the better the more energetic the action. It is explained by the resistance of inertia in the broomstick. The shock suddenly given, the impulse has not time to pass on from the particles directly affected to the adjacent particles; the former separate before the movement can be transmitted to the glasses serving as supports.

Fig. 3.

It is possible, for the same reason, to extract from a pile of money a piece placed in the middle of the pile without overturning the others. It suffices to move them forcibly and quickly with a flat wooden ruler. The experiment succeeds very well also if performed with draughtsmen piled up on the draught-board, Fig. 4.

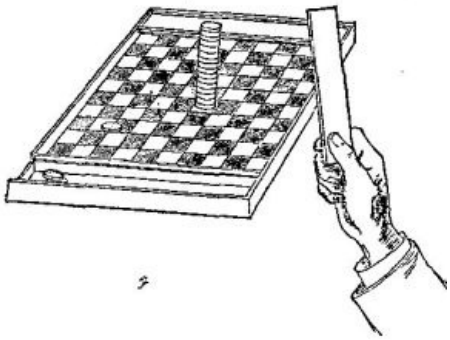


Fig. 4.

THE CAMEL.

The expression of his soft, heavy, dreamy eye tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance ever since travelling began in the deserts. The camel appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny. He has none of the dash and brilliancy of the horse; that looking about with erect neck, fiery eye, cocked ears, and inflated nostrils; that readiness to dash along a race-course, follow the hounds across country, or charge the enemy; none of that decision of will and self-conscious pride which demand, as a right, to be stroked, patted, pampered, by lords and ladies.

The poor camel bends his neck, and with a halter round his long nose, and several hundred-weight on his back, paces patiently along from the Nile to the Euphrates. Where on earth, or rather on sea, can we find a ship so adapted for such a voyage as his over those boundless oceans of desert sand? Is the camel thirsty—he has recourse to his gutta percha cistern, which holds as much water as will last a week, or, as some say, ten days even, if necessary. Is he hungry—give him a few handfuls of dried beans; it is enough; chopped straw is a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump. If the land-storm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long defleshed legs will stride after his swan-like neck through suffocating dust; and having done his duty, he will mumble his guttural, and leave, perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a landmark in the waste for the guidance of future travellers.

"MY GOLLY! I'S COTCHED HIM DIS TIME, FOR SURE."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in No. 101, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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