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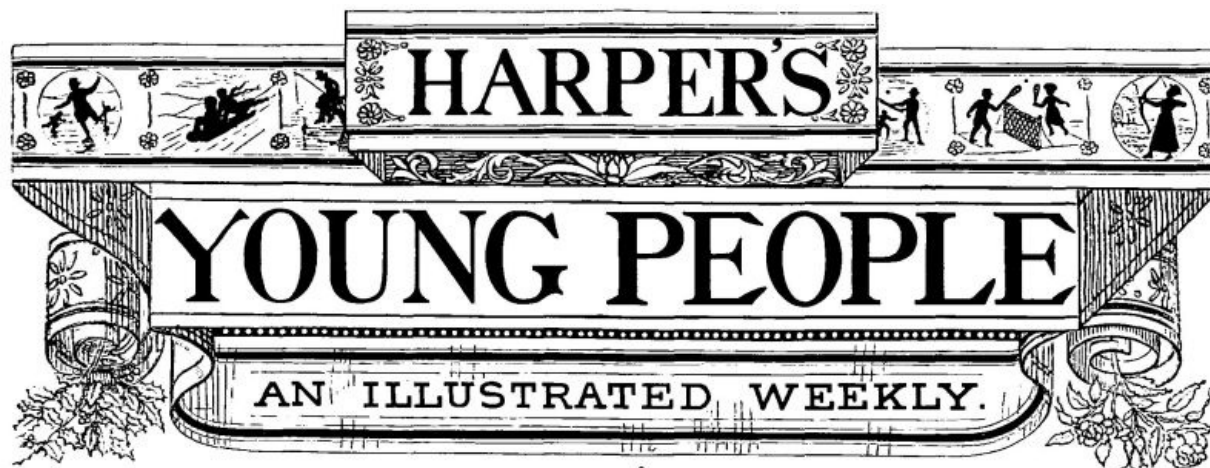
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WASHING DOLLY.

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FAREWELL.

"It's growing late," said the honey-bee;
"Winter's no sort of weather for me;
I'll hurry away to the hive."
"It's growing cold," said the bustling fly;
"There's going to be plenty of snow by-and-by,
And how will a poor fly thrive?"

The cricket piped, "The season is old,
Leaves and grasses are turning to gold;
It's a queer world that changes so;
My chirp has lost its musical tones,
And the north wind bites to my very bones;
I think I had better go."

The squirrel said, "It is growing chill;
The windfalls have gone to the cider-mill;
But there's many a chestnut burr
Ready to burst at the frost's first touch.
If snow flies soon, I sha'n't mind much,
Wrapped in my thickening fur."

"The best of the year," trilled the lingering thrush,
"Has left us behind; there's a tender hush
Brooding o'er meadow and dell;
Our nests are all empty, our birdlings have flown;
There is nothing to keep us at home, I must own;
There's nothing to sing but 'Farewell.'"

"LUCK."

"Just like his luck!" half of the boys said, when Charlie Foster won the State Scholarship.

They had made the same remark when his name had been sent in by the principal of the school to the superintendent as his best scholar. In all likelihood these same old school-fellows will keep on saying, "Just like his luck!" if Charlie ever becomes a Judge, or a Senator, or if he marries happily, or makes a fortune. Every step upward is attributed by some men and boys to that unknown quantity called "luck." And curiously enough, just as "Like his luck" is used to account for the success of one's friends, so "Just like my luck" is used to explain our own failures.

"It is just my luck! There was not a single question about anything I knew. I had crammed up the capitals of the States, square root, and the conjugations, and I was asked about mountain ranges, compound interest, and the fifth declension. I always was unlucky!"

In all this talk about "luck" is there not a good deal of inconsistency? We never employ the word to account for our own successes or somebody else's failures. When the said Charlie Foster misses a catch at base-ball, or catches a crab in a race, we do not cry, "How unlucky he is!" but, "What a muff that Charlie Foster is!" and when we ourselves manage to get on the roll of honor, we resent with virtuous indignation any congratulations on our luck. "Luck, indeed!" we growl; "there was no luck at all. It was just hard work, and nothing else."

Moreover, this talk about luck is, in the first place, somewhat unmanly, not to say cowardly. To trust to luck is a confession that one can not do anything by one's own labor or one's own intellect. It is really, my boy, an acknowledgment that you have no independence of character, no strength of will, no patience, and no perseverance. It is a sure confession of carelessness and idleness. "I'll study this thing or that thing, and trust to luck for the rest," you say, and the result is you are nowhere in the examination.

So in everything we undertake. If we neglect to take ordinary pains, if we omit ordinary prudence, no luck ever saves us from disaster.

Trusting in luck is a very different thing from trusting in Providence. Providence aids those who aid themselves, and just in proportion as they do their work honestly and conscientiously. Luck is a kind of capricious spirit which is expected to set at naught all the laws of nature for our advantage, or to our disadvantage, without the slightest apparent reason why it should intervene at all. If there is such a thing, that can either make or mar us, our first duty is not to be its slave, but to make ourselves its master.

We must not stand like beggars at a street corner until luck drops a few coppers into our hats. We must be a law unto ourselves, and not mere playthings of chance. Let us be honest enough to acknowledge our own mistakes. The grumbler who laments,

"I never had a slice of bread,
Cut nice and smooth and long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side,"

fancies himself unlucky. If he were honest, he would blame himself for not keeping good hold of his bread and butter, and if he thought about it, he would see that falling on the buttered side was a natural result of the way in which he was holding it.

This notion of luck very often arises from a mixture of conceit and jealousy. We do not like to allow that another has more talent than we have, and has used his faculties better. He has, however, if we examine his career, been more studious, more careful, more observant. It would be much more noble of us, instead of repeating like parrots the word "luck," meaning thereby that he has got a reward which he does not deserve, to candidly say, "He has deserved all he has won; he is the better fellow."

Another evil arising from this talk about luck is that at last we actually believe in it. Once under the influence of this notion, we exercise no caution or foresight. "Luck," we say, "will bring us through." Fortunately for our future and permanent success, luck does nothing of the sort. In the long-run, luck is nowhere. You may have heard of games of chance—gambling games, as they are styled—and of lotteries and the like. You have heard of people being lucky at them. The professional gambler and lottery-keeper know better than that; they know that even in throwing dice there is very little luck. The man who is lucky to-day is unlucky to-morrow: it is in reality skill or trickery and not luck that enables the professional gambler to pursue his career.

Lucky people, in fact, are people who have thoroughly trained themselves for the battle of life. They have eyes open to perceive a coming danger, and have learned how to avoid it; they recognize a difficulty, and know how to overcome it; they see an opportunity, and know how to make use of it; and they are ready, with all their faculties alert, to seize it before it has gone forever. Their success is visible to every eye, and arrests our attention at once. What we do not see, very often what we will not see, but deliberately shut our eyes to, is the foresight they exercise, the careful training they have undergone, the long practice which has made them perfect.

There is nothing brilliant or showy about this practice and training, and therefore we have not noticed them. But they are there, nevertheless. To all of us, every day of our lives, opportunities present themselves which pass without our heeding them, or, if we see them, without our having the courage and skill to avail ourselves of them. We let them fly, never to return, because we are

not ready, and then we cry, "Just like our luck!" As Shakspeare says,

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Away with your notions of luck. Be manly, and trust to work. Do your duty, and let luck do its worst.

THE TALKING LEAVES.^[1]

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An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER VII.



efore Steve Harrison and his friend left the ruins of the ancient town behind them, they had decided that they were going away from a complete solitude—a place where even wild Indians did not very often come.

It looked desolate enough, with its scattered inclosures of rough stone, not one of them with any roof on, or any sign that people had lived there for a hundred years at least. The windows in the tumbling walls had probably never had either sash or glass in them, and the furniture, used by the people who built the village, whatever it may have been, had long since disappeared.

It could never have been a very large or populous town, but it could hardly at any time have had a wilder-looking set of inhabitants than were the party of men who drew near it at about the time when Steve and Murray were killing their cougar.

Two tilted wagons, a good deal the worse for wear, apparently pretty heavily laden, and drawn by six mules each, were accompanied by about two dozen men on horseback. Their portraits would have made the fortune of any picture-gallery in the world. Everybody would have gone to look at such a collection of bearded desperadoes.

They were not Indians, nor were they dressed as such. They were attired in every fashion except well and cleanly. If the odds and ends of several clothing stores had been picked up after a fire, and then worn about out, and patched and mended with bits of blankets and greasy buckskin, something like those twenty odd suits of clothes might have been produced; that is, if the man who tried to do it could have had these for a pattern. If not, he would have failed.

The men themselves were as much out of the common way as were the clothes they wore, but they had somehow managed to keep their horses and mules in pretty good condition.

Horses and mules are of more importance than clothing to men who are as far away from tailors and civilization as were these new-comers in the neighborhood of Steve's mine.

If Steve had seen them he would probably have trembled for the "Buckhorn," for Murray would at once have told him that these men were miners.

That was nothing against them, certainly, and they must have been daring fellows to push their hunt for gold so far beyond any region known to such hunters.

One look at their hard, reckless faces would have convinced anybody about their "daring." They looked as if they were ready for anything.

So they were, indeed, and it is quite probable a man of Murray's experience would have guessed at once that they were ready for a good many other things besides mining.

Just now certainly they were thinking of something else.

"Bill," said the foremost rider to a man a little behind him, "we were wrong to leave the trail of them army fellers. We're stuck and lost in here among the mountains."

"It looks like it. We'll hev to go into camp, and scout around till we find a pass. But it wasn't any use follerin' the cavalry arter we found they was bound west."

"That's so. It won't do for us to come out on the Pacific slope. It's Mexico or Texas for us."

"We'd better say Santa Fe."

"They'd make us give too close an account of ourselves there. Some of the boys might let out somethin'."

"Guess it's Mexico, then. That isn't far away now. But I wish I knew the way down out of this."

The ruins, strange and wonderful as they were, did not seem to excite any great degree of curiosity among those men. They talked about them, to be sure, but in a way which showed that they had all seen the same sort of thing before during their wild rovings among the mountains and valleys of the great Southwest.

Just such ruins are to be found in a great many places. We do not even know how many, and

nobody has been able yet to more than guess by whom they were built or when.

Mere ravines and gorges and cañons would not do for this party. They must find a regular "pass," down which they could manage to take their horses and mules and wagons. Even before they halted, several of them had been looking and pointing toward what Murray had spoken of as "the western gap."

That was the opening through the ranges which had been for a moment such a temptation to Steve Harrison.

"It's west'ard, Bill, but it may hev to do for us."

"It may take us down, to some lower level, or it may show us a way south."

"The great Southern Pass is down hereaway somewhar."

"Further east than this. We ought to strike it, though, before we cross the border."

"Mexico ain't a country I'd choose to go inter, ef I hed my own way, but we've got to go for it this time."

But whatever may have been their reason for seeking Mexico, they were just now a good deal puzzled as to the precise path by means of which they might reach it. It was getting late in the day, too, for any kind of exploration, and the mule-teams looked as if they had done about enough.

So it came to pass that the ruined village of the forgotten people was once more occupied.

Did they go into the houses? No. It was the man called Bill who said it, but all the rest of them seemed to feel just as he did, when he remarked:

"Sleep in one of them things? No, I guess not—not even if it was roofed in. They were set up too long ago to suit me."

That stamped him as an American, for there is no other people in the world that hate old houses. No real American was ever known to use an old building of any kind a day longer than he could help. He would as soon think of wearing old clothes just because they were old.

The ground near the ruins was covered with fragments of stone and fallen masonry, but there was a good camping ground between that and the trees from which Murray and Steve had fired at the buck.

"It's the loneliest kind of a place, Captain Skinner," said Bill, just after he had helped turn the mules loose on the grass.

"I wish I knew just how lonely it is. I kind o' smell something."

"Do ye, Cap?"

Every such band of men has its "Captain," of some kind, and sometimes very good discipline and order is kept up. But Captain Skinner was hardly the man anybody would have picked out for a leader, before seeing how the rest listened to what he said, and how readily they seemed to obey him.

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He was the shortest, thinnest, ugliest, and most ragged man in the whole party; and just at this moment he did not appear to be carrying any arms except the knife and pistol in his belt.

"If I don't smell it, I can see it. Look yonder, Bill."

"That's so!—blood!"

It was the spot on which the buck had fallen, and in a moment more than half a dozen men were looking around in all directions.

They understood all they saw, too, as well as any Indians in the world, for in less than five minutes Captain Skinner said: "That'll do, boys. We must follow that trail. Two white hunters. They killed the buck. Both wore moccasins; so they ain't fresh from the settlements. There's something queer about it. They were on foot, and they carried off their game."

It was indeed very queer, and it would not do to let any such puzzle as that go by unsolved. So, while several men were ordered out after game, and several more were left to guard the camp, Captain Skinner himself, with Bill and five others, armed to the teeth, set out at once on the trail of Murray and Steve Harrison.

It was easy enough to follow those two pairs of footprints as long as they were made in the grass. After they got upon rocky ground, it was not so easy, and the miners did not get ahead so fast; but they did not lose the trail for a moment. Indeed, it was about as straight in one direction as the nature of the ground would permit.

"Two fellers out yer among these ere mountains, all by themselves," growled Bill, as they drew near the ledge at the head of the deep cañon.

"We don't know that they're all alone yet," said Captain Skinner. "They carried that deer somewhere."

"Right down yonder, Captain. They stopped here to rest from kerryin' of it, and I don't blame 'em, if they'd got to tote it down through that thar cañon."

"It's a deep one, no mistake."

"Captain, look yer!" suddenly exclaimed one of the men. "We've lit on it this time."

"The ledge? I wasn't looking at that."

A perfect storm of exclamations followed from every pair of lips in the party. Such a ledge as that they had never seen before, old mine-hunters as they were. But each one seemed inclined to ask, just as Murray had asked of Steve, what could be done with it. Gold enough, but nothing to get it out of the rock with, and no where to carry it to. It was a sad problem for men who cared for nothing in the wide world but just such ledges and just such gold. What was the use of it?

Steve Harrison never knew it, but his mine was of a good deal of use to him and Murray just then. It kept Captain Skinner and his men looking at it long enough for them to get nearly back to the camp of the Lipans.

"It won't do, boys," said Captain Skinner at last. "We're wasting time. Come on."

They followed him, every man turning his head as he did so to take another look at the yellow spots that shone here and there in the quartz. Their way down the ravine was made with care and circumspection, for they did not know at what moment they might come in sight of "those two fellers and their deer."

It was well for them, probably, that they were cautious, for, after a good deal of steep climbing, just as they were about to clamber down one of the rocky "stairs," the man called Bill exclaimed, "Captain, thar it is!"

"The deer? They've left it. I see it."

"More'n that further down."

"A big-horn! And there's a painter lying beside it!"

"More'n that, Cap. They didn't give up that thar game for nothin'."

"Lay low, boys. Git to cover right away. Red-skins!"

There was no difficulty in hiding among the rocks and boulders, and the miners were out of sight in a moment.

They could see, though, even if they were not seen, and they were soon able to count a dozen Indian warriors leading three pack-ponies as far up the ravine as four-footed beasts could go.

"Wonder if they've wiped out the two fellers," said Bill.

"Looks like it. Or they may have captured 'em. Lost their game, if they haven't lost their scalps. Wonder what tribe of red-skins they are, anyhow."

There was a better reason than that why No Tongue and Yellow Head did not come back with their friends, but it was just as well that Captain Skinner and his miners did not understand it.

"Captain," whispered one of the men, "shall we let drive at 'em? We could pick off half of 'em first fire."

"Not a shot. All we want jest now is to be let alone. I don't mind killing a few red-skins."

"Mebbe they killed the two fellers."

"Likely as not. I'm kind o' glad they did. That there ledge is ours now. Let 'em carry off their game, and then we'll climb back. I reckon I know now how we'd best work our way down to the level those Indians came from."

The Lipans made short work of loading their ponies, and the moment they were out of sight, the miners began their climb out of that cañon. There was no good reason why they should follow the Lipans.



THE LIPANS SECURING THE GAME.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Charlotte Corday is remembered as the assassin of the wicked Marat. No one was ever more cruel than Marat. He was one of the worst of the French Jacobins at Paris, who in 1793 practiced every kind of crime. They professed to be freemen, but were tyrants more cruel than Nero. They filled Paris with murders, executions, and every kind of misery. No one's life or property was safe, and Marat, who was now their leader, constantly urged them to new cruelty. He seemed to the people of Paris and all the world a savage monster who could only live amidst bloodshed and crimes, and had begun in France what is known as the "Reign of Terror."

There lived in the country a young girl whose intended husband, it is said, had been put to death at the suggestion of Marat. Her name was Charlotte Corday. She was about twenty-five years old, fond of reading and study, tall and beautiful, when she resolved to kill Marat. If she could destroy

the monster, she thought she would save the republic and revenge her lost lover. In July, 1793, Charlotte bade her father good-by in a short note, and set out from a friend's house at Caen on her journey to Paris. She hoped to make her way into the famous club of the Jacobins, and stab Marat in the midst of his guilty companions.

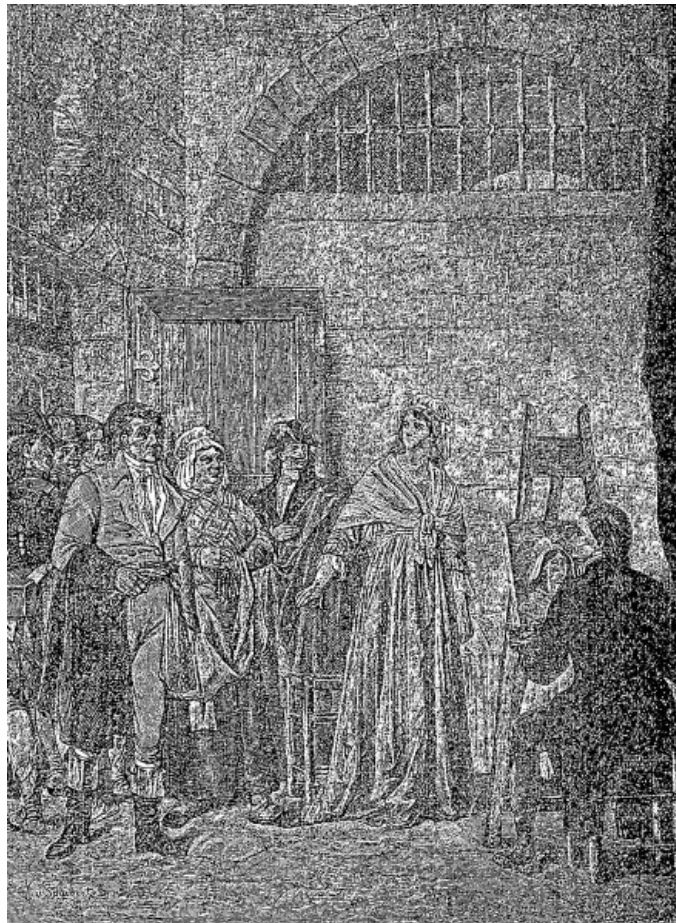
Early on the second morning after she had reached Paris she went to the Palais Royal, bought a knife, and drove to the house of Marat. He had been for some time unwell, and unable to join his companions at the Jacobin Club. Charlotte was refused admittance, and went away disappointed. She went back to her hotel, wrote a short note to Marat, telling him that she wished to see him on business of importance to France, and once more returned to his house. She sent up the note. Marat read it, and ordered her to be admitted. He was in his bath; Charlotte stood alone before her victim. It was the 13th of July, 1793, about eight in the evening.

She told him of some events at Caen. Marat asked the names of the deputies from Caen, and began to write down a list of them to have them put to death. The guillotine was an instrument then employed to cut off people's heads; and Marat said, "Let them all be guillotined."

"Guillotined!" exclaimed Charlotte, with horror, and plunged the knife into Marat's heart.

"Help!" he cried; "help, my dear!"

His housekeeper and some others ran into the room. He was seen lying covered with blood, and Charlotte standing motionless beside him.



**PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE
CORDAY ON THE EVE OF EXECUTION.**

A crowd gathered around the house; they carried her away to prison. She was brought to trial before the Revolutionary judges, and showed no signs of emotion or fear. "It was I that killed Marat," she said. She was condemned to death. She wrote to her father, asking his forgiveness for having given her life to her country. On the 15th of July she was led through the streets of Paris to the scaffold. Many of the people followed her with applause and cries of sympathy. She smiled as her head was cut off, looking beautiful even in death.

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Marat, her victim, was buried by his fellow Jacobins with a great display. His body was covered with flowers, and his bust or statue appeared in every part of Paris. The Reign of Terror went on for two years longer. The murders and executions were fearful. But at last Robespierre, Marat's successor, was killed, and the murderers were punished. Marat's four thousand busts were thrown down, and his grave dishonored.

As for Charlotte Corday, she was a murderess roused to madness by the crimes of her victim.

**HOW "THE BABY" WENT NUTTING, AND WHAT CAME OF
IT.**

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"Beats all," said good old Mr. Hurlbut to good old Mrs. Hurlbut, as he laid down the paper from which he had been reading—"beats all what mizzable little fellers some o' them poor children in the city be. It seems a good many folks on farms, like us, Sereny, have took 'em in 'n' kep' 'em a spell. Must 'a done the poor little things good. Law! makes me feel bad."

Good Farmer Hurlbut took off his spectacles and wiped them with great thoroughness. He was thinking not only of the little newsboys, and the other poor children of whom he had been reading, in the city, fifty miles away, but of a certain little boy of his own and "Sereny's," who had gladdened their home for nine short years, and then had died, leaving them desolate indeed, but with a warm place in their hearts for all his kind.

Presently Farmer Hurlbut spoke again, and, it seemed to Aunt Sereny, rather irrelevantly:

"Lots o' nuts this year up in the north pastur. The clump o' chestnuts is fuller 'n ever—the biggest chestnuts I ever see; 'n' up higher there's more walnuts 'n' butternuts than you ever see in your life. Guess we'll have to go over and get George's folks 'n' Eliza Jane 'n' the girls, 'n' have a picnic some warm day up there, and gather 'em."

"Yes, we must," assented kind Aunt Sereny.

"It would be sorter nice for them poor little fellers in the city to take a day off in the woods so," continued Farmer Hurlbut, jerking his thumb toward the paper from which he had been reading.

"Yes, it would," concurred Aunt Sereny.

"But," went on Farmer Hurlbut, with a puzzled expression, "how to get at 'em—that's the question."

"I should think so," said Aunt Sereny, whose sole mission in life was to agree and to smooth over and to dispense peace generally.

Suddenly Farmer Hurlbut seized his paper, and began to look over what he had been reading, passing his finger patiently along the lines.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed at last, pinning a particular place with his big thumb. "I thought I see the name of the superintendent of the society, 'n' I did. He'd know, I s'pose."

"Know what?" asked his wife, mildly.

"Why, how to get at 'em."

"Oh!" Aunt Sereny brightened up wonderfully.

"How d'ye s'pose 'twould do to ask a whole raft on 'em to come?" asked Farmer Hurlbut, reflectively.

"I'd be kinder afraid on 'em, so many, seems to me"—with a little deprecatory laugh.

"Thet's so," said her considerate husband. "They be wild little critters, so I've heerd. Mebby five or six would be enough. My! how their eyes would shine to see them nuts!"

Aunt Sereny laughed—a wholesome, sunshiny laugh as ever was heard.

"'N' I know," continued Farmer Hurlbut, affectionately, "that you'd feed 'em up, 'n' pet 'em, 'n' do 'em more good 'n all the mission schools in creation."

Aunt Sereny protested modestly, but was sure she would be willing to try and see what she could do.

There was a little time of silence, during which the clock struck nine.

"Wa'al, what say, Sereny?" said the old farmer at last.

The old lady understood him perfectly.

"I say, Josiah," she replied, with considerable emphasis—"I say, do just as you've a mind to."

The consequence of this conversation was a letter from Farmer Hurlbut to the superintendent, and later, the appearance of six ragged boys, equipped with bags, on a pleasant Wednesday morning in early November, at the railroad station in the city, ready to take the train which would reach Farmer Hurlbut's at nine o'clock in the forenoon. That is, six boys were expected. But when the gentleman who was waiting at the station to put the little party on the cars came to count them, behold! there was a seventh figure, very much smaller than any of the rest, holding on tight to a bigger boy's hand.

It was a shrunken little mite, with a big coat on it that came to the floor, and a hat that must have belonged to somebody's grandpa—a comical, pitiful, heart-breaking little figure as ever was seen.

"Who's that, Tim?" asked the gentleman of the boy to whose hand the little creature was desperately clinging. He didn't know Tim very well, and had never encountered this tiny object before.

"I don't know as you'll like it," gasped Tim, apparently in great terror lest he was going to be circumvented, "but it's the Baby, 'n' he's five years, on'y he's little, 'cause he hasn't growed, 'n' he's been sick, 'n' mother said as how a whiff o' country'd do him good, 'n' mebby he could go 'stead o' me. Philly here'll see to him."

"Yes, sir," said Phil Barstow, whose outfit was only less imposing than the Baby's own. "I know

the Baby, 'n' the Baby knows me, 'n' if you think it's too many for Tim to go too, we kinder decided—Tim's mother 'n' Tim 'n' me—that mebbly the Baby'd better go 'stead o' Tim, or," added Phil, with unexpected heroism, and swallowing hard, "or 'stead o' me."

"It's all right," said the gentleman, who was sure, from the tone of Farmer Hurlbut's letter, that he wouldn't mind having seven any more than six. "It's all right, Tim. Now take good care of him, and sit still, all of you."

So "the Baby" was put on board, and the cars moved slowly off.

At the end of their journey, there was Farmer Hurlbut with his big lumber wagon, which had three boards laid across it for seats. The boys, with their bags and their dreadful costumes, filed out as soon as the train stopped, their glowing faces revealing unmistakably their identity.

They were immediately pounced upon and conveyed to their seats in the wagon, where Aunt Sereny was waiting for them.

Farmer Hurlbut was overflowing with joviality and good-humor. Two great suggestive baskets and a mighty jug were packed into the front of the wagon, and behind were various boxes and barrels to hold the surplus nuts.

"And who's this?" asked Aunt Sereny, beaming delightfully from the front seat of the wagon, and fixing her gaze particularly upon the forlorn little straggler clinging tight to Tim's hand.

"Please, mum," said Tim, eagerly, "it's the Baby, 'n' he's sick, 'n' mother was for havin' him come 'stead o' me, but they said mebbly you'd take us both."

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"Take you both!" exclaimed the dear old lady, wiping her eyes vigorously, and kissing the Baby's weazened little face, "I guess we will! It'll do him good, likely's not, bless his heart! Josiah, mebbly"—as the horses started off briskly—"mebbly," significantly, "the boys are hungry after their journey. Just get out the little tin cups 'n' I'll give them a drink o' milk apiece, 'n' mebbly a sandwich 'n' a turn-over as we're riding along. It's a good ways up to the north pastur'," continued the old lady, as she dealt out the things liberally, and watched them grasped eagerly by the half-starved little creatures.

"There's plenty, boys; eat all you want. Goodness me! Josiah Hurlbut," she whispered to her husband, "they haven't had nothing to eat for a week—I know they haven't!"

But the chief ecstasy was on the back seat, where the Baby was ensconced between Tim and Philly, and eagerly swallowing a cup of Aunt Sereny's rich yellow milk.

"Massy, Phil," cried Tim, admiringly, "see the Baby a-drinkin'! How does it taste, Baby?—good?"

The Baby nodded, a grave smile settling upon his poor little visage under the big hat.

"More," he said, weakly.

"More! My gracious!" said Tim, in the wildest spirits—"more! He wants more, Philly. Hain't et or dranked so much as this for a month, I sh'd think. Can he have some more, mum?" reaching out a claw-like hand with the tin cup, which went back brimming full.

Pretty soon the boys began to talk.

"See there!—quick! That's a squirrel, boys—a reg'lar squirrel. Ever see one before?"

"Trout in that brook, bet you a cent, boys! Won't the rest o' the fellers stare when we tell 'em what we've seen?"

"Are there more nuts 'n that"—pointing to a heavily laden tree which they were passing—"in the place we're going to?"

"Humph!" returned Farmer Hurlbut, the sight of whose ponderous fist had impressed his wild little crew as much perhaps as his kindness and generosity; "there's more nuts up in the north pastur', where we're a-goin', than you'll see all the way put together."

In about an hour the north pastur' was reached, and the boys tumbled out of the wagon amid a jumble of sweet-fern and pennyroyal, and other sweet woody-smelling things.

Aunt Sereny found a comfortable seat near by, and fell to knitting as usual, and Farmer Hurlbut, going to a thicket close at hand, pulled out two long stout poles, which he had prepared for this very occasion, and laid away a week before.

Then Jim Bowker and Sammy Jones, two of the biggest boys, were sent up two of the best trees, and once well up, they lay flat along the great branches, and plied the poles vigorously. The glossy brown nuts and prickly burrs came flying "fast and furious."

The Baby crept timidly out of the wild bombardment, and sat down beside the ample figure of Aunt Sereny. His tiny hand—the fac-simile of Tim's only less skinny—grasped her dress firmly. Aunt Sereny put her hand into her pocket and drew forth unheard-of treasures of peppermints, sweet-flag root, and caraway-seeds. These the Baby gravely took and devoured.

Noon coming ever so much too soon, Aunt Sereny, amid great applause, suggested something more in the line of refreshments. She accordingly spread a white cloth over a great flat rock, and set forth a feast calculated to drive a hungry boy crazy with delight. Even the Baby fairly laughed aloud.

"I tell you, boys," said Tim, springing to his feet as he heard it, and even dropping a precious tart in his enthusiasm—"I tell you the Baby hasn't laughed like that since I can remember. Hi! ain't it jolly?"

The meal fairly over, they lay a little while on the warm dry grass enjoying the mild sunshine, Aunt Sereny knitting peacefully on. Two or three boys dozed a little, and the Baby crept up to his old place beside Aunt Sereny, and gathering up his tiny figure upon her dress, went fast asleep. She spread a light shawl over him, and drew him closer, amid affectionate and admiring glances from Tim. Tim adored anybody who was good to the Baby.

Pretty soon Farmer Hurlbut roused them up to go to the walnut-trees, and two other boys were detailed for duty in the branches, which they beat and beat again with their poles. "Shucks" were new things to them all.

"Shure enough," said Larry O'Brien, with a fine brogue, "and now I'll know what they mane whin they say I don't know shucks—but I do, though."

This caused an uproarious laugh, and Larry kept on saying witty things, to the great amusement of all. Not Sydney Smith himself was ever the source of more delight.

The train was to start at five, and it was nearly that time when the tired, sunburned, happy little crowd drew up at the railroad station. Aunt Sereny had been having a whispered consultation with Farmer Hurlbut on the way home, and when they stopped, she took Tim and the Baby aside.

"Tim," she said, "can't you leave the Baby with us a little while—to stay a week or two, you know? You tell me where to write, and I'll let your mother know how he gets along. We'll take good care of him."

Tim gazed at her with open mouth and shining eyes. "The Baby?" he gasped. "Why—mother—and—me" (slowly) "can't get along 'thout the Baby. He sleeps with me"—his lip trembling—"every night. Seems 's if I couldn't sleep nohow 'thout his little hand hold o' mine."

"But he says he'd like to stay," Aunt Sereny answered, coaxingly. "I asked him"—for the mite had ridden home in Aunt Sereny's lap.

"Does he?" said Tim, brightening. "If he *wants* to—mebby—well—D'ye s'pose mother'd like it?"

But Aunt Sereny settled Tim's doubts, and the train finally rolled away without the Baby.

There he staid at the farm-house, and grew so strong and well that he was allowed to remain for many a long year. Tim and his tired, overworked widowed mother became frequent visitors to the same hospitable spot, as well as the rest of the boys who had formed the memorable nutting party. In fact, a nutting party in the north pastur' became an annual institution, which continues to the present time.

A PRIVATE CIRCUS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

There's going to be a circus here, and I'm going to it; that is, if father will let me. Some people think it's wrong to go to a circus, but I don't. Mr. Travers says that the mind of man and boy requires circuses in moderation, and that the wicked boys in Sunday-school books who steal their employers' money to buy circus tickets wouldn't steal it if their employers, or their fathers or uncles, would give them circus tickets once in a while. I'm sure I wouldn't want to go to a circus every night in the week. All I should want would be to go two or three evenings, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. There was once a boy who was awfully fond of going to the circus, and his employer, who was a very good man, said he'd cure him. So he said to the boy: "Thomas, my son, I'm going to hire you to go to the circus every night. I'll pay you three dollars a week, and give you your board and lodging, if you'll go every night except Sunday: but if you don't go, then you won't get any board and lodging or any money." And the boy said, "Oh, you can just bet I'll go!" and he thought everything was lovely; but after two weeks he got so sick of the circus that he would have given anything to be let stay away. Finally he got so wretched that he deceived his good employer, and stole money from him to buy school-books with, and ran away and went to school. The older he grew the more he looked back with horror upon that awful period when he went to the circus every night. Mr. Travers says it finally had such an effect upon him that he worked hard all day and read books all night just to keep it out of his mind. The result was that before he knew it he became a very learned and a very rich man. Of course it was very wrong for the boy to steal money to stay away from the circus with, but the story teaches us that if we go to the circus too much, we shall get tired of it, which is a very solemn thing.

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We had a private circus at our house last night—at least that's what father called it, and he seemed to enjoy it. It happened in this way. I went into the back parlor one evening, because I wanted to see Mr. Travers. He and Sue always sit there. It was growing quite dark when I went in, and going toward the sofa, I happened to walk against a rocking-chair that was rocking all by itself, which, come to think of it, was an awfully curious thing, and I'm going to ask somebody about it. I didn't mind walking into the chair, for it didn't hurt me much, only I knocked it over, and it hit Sue, and she said, "Oh my, get me something quick!" and then fainted away. Mr. Travers was dreadfully frightened, and said, "Run, Jimmy, and get the cologne, or the bay-rum, or something." So I ran up to Sue's room, and felt round in the dark for her bottle of cologne that she always keeps on her bureau. I found a bottle after a minute or two, and ran down and gave it to Mr. Travers, and he bathed Sue's face as well as he could in the dark, and she came to and said, "Goodness gracious, do you want to put my eyes out?"



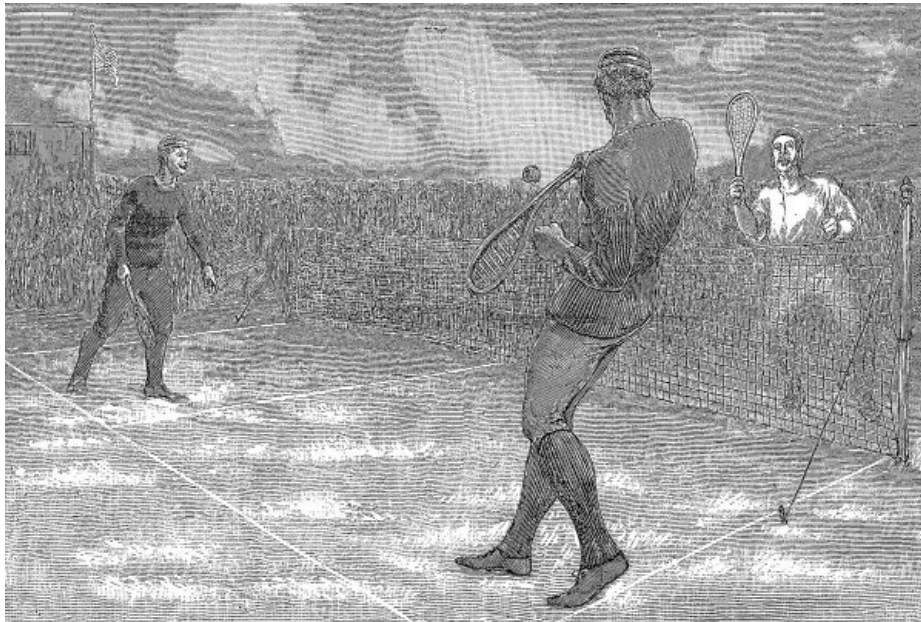
"OH, MY!"

Just then the front-door bell rang, and Mr. Bradford (our new minister) and his wife and three daughters and his son came in. Sue jumped up and ran into the front parlor to light the gas, and Mr. Travers came to help her. They just got it lit when the visitors came in, and father and mother came down stairs to meet them. Mr. Bradford looked as if he had seen a ghost, and his wife and daughters said, "Oh my!" and father said, "What on earth!" and mother just burst out laughing, and said, "Susan, you and Mr. Travers seem to have had an accident with the inkstand."

You never saw such a sight as those poor young people were. I had made a mistake, and brought down a bottle of liquid blacking—the same that I blacked the baby with that time. Mr. Travers had put it all over Sue's face, so that she was jet black, all but a little of one cheek and the end of her nose, and then he had rubbed his hands on his own face until he was like an Ethiopian leopard, only he could change his spots if he used soap enough.

You couldn't have any idea how angry Sue was with me—just as if it was my fault, when all I did was to go up stairs for her, and get a bottle to bring her to with; and it would have been all right if she hadn't left the blacking bottle on her bureau; and I don't call that tidy, if she is a girl. Mr. Travers wasn't a bit angry; but he came up to my room and washed his face, and laughed all the time. And Sue got awfully angry with him, and said she would never speak to him again after disgracing her in that heartless way. So he went home, and I could hear him laughing all the way down the street, and Mr. Bradford and his folks thought that he and Sue had been having a minstrel show, and mother thinks they'll never come to the house again.

As for father, he was almost as much amused as Mr. Travers, and he said it served Sue right, and he wasn't going to punish the boy to please her. I'm going to try to have another circus some day, though this one was all an accident, and of course I was dreadfully sorry about it.



LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT THE ST. GEORGE'S CLUB GROUND, HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY, OCTOBER 27, 1881.

A LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

Although the game of lawn tennis, which was introduced to the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* early in the summer, has made giant strides in popularity, it does not seem to carry its character in its face, for there are still people to be found who have seen the game and yet have not appreciated its merits. More than one person has said to me, "I don't see much fun in knocking a ball over a net for a person on the other side to knock it back again."

Now there is a great deal of reason in that. To knock a ball over a net for another person to knock

it back again would be very poor fun. But, as we know, the object in knocking the ball over the net is that the other person shall *not* knock it back, which is quite another thing, and which, indeed, is the essence of the game.

Should this view of the case fail to convince the ignorant persons above referred to that lawn tennis is a game deserving of respect, and that it is not, what Dr. Johnson called fishing, the pastime of fools, I would take them to see a lawn tennis tournament. I would do that, however, only out of pure good nature, for it would be a great deal more pleasant to look on at a tournament in company with some one who knows the game. And so, if you please, I will take my readers to the tournament at the St. George's cricket ground at Hoboken, New Jersey. The name of the club suggests that it is English in its origin; and that is a good omen, for is not old England the home of lawn tennis, as it is also of cricket?

Eight courts are laid out on the carefully prepared ground, which is refreshingly green even after this long dry summer, and several games are in progress.

Our artist has chosen for the subject of his illustration on page 41 the double-handed match between Messrs. Anderson and Henry, of the Seabright Club, and Messrs. D. and G. F. Miller, of Utica. Though the double-handed game is very interesting, it does not possess the same attraction, for players at least, as a single-handed contest, in which one player has to cover the whole of his court. Not that the young player who looks forward to taking part some day in a public tournament should neglect the double game. It is, indeed, a very necessary part of the practice required to make a player thoroughly at home in the game, for it teaches him how to "place" his "returns."

Watch the players carefully, and notice the quick decision required to place the ball beyond the reach of both their antagonists. In a single-handed game there is only one man's vigilance to outwit. In the double game there are two, and one of two partners, if they are both good players, should always be within reach of the ball wherever it may be placed. Thus you see that a young player who has learned to place his returns well in a double game will find that part of his work much easier when he has only one antagonist on the other side of the net.

But while I have been talking about "placing," the crowd has gathered around a court where a single-handed game is being played. Let us, then, practice what we preach, and place ourselves where we can see the game. It is between Mr. Anderson—the same whom we saw playing in the double game—and Mr. Cairnes, a young Englishman who is on a visit to this country, and has returned the hospitality he has received by beating the lawn tennis champion of the United States. Ah, well, we will forgive him, for he is young—barely twenty-one, judging from his looks—and he does not know any better. But he can play tennis.

As we take our places, the scorer calls, "Two games all." Anderson plays up well, and wins the next game, and still another. The doughty Englishman is getting beaten; he is playing carelessly. But see! It is very plain that he recognizes the fact that the games are going on too fast, for as soon as he learns that the score is four to two in Anderson's favor, his play begins to improve. He wins the next four games in succession, and so wins the set. And right well did he play.

It is difficult to say wherein lies his great excellence. It is not in his "service." Service is all very well, and it is very useful to have a good service, especially when playing against indifferent antagonists; but among the best players service does not count for much. The "return" is of very much more importance, if for no other reason than that one has many more balls to return than to serve. In the first place, you should make certain that your ball is going over the net. Youth is ambitious, and ambition every now and then gets a fall; and so the young player who tries to just skim the top of the net every time is very apt to drive his ball into instead of over the net. It is much better to send even the easiest kind of a ball for your adversary to return, for there is always a chance of his foot slipping, or something of the kind; or perhaps he will be ambitious, and drive the ball with great skill and precision into the middle of the net. The English player returned his balls very closely over the net, but they always went over, and doubtless his accuracy in that respect is the result of long practice.

Another point in which he excelled was the skillful manner in which he placed the ball close to the side lines in the back court. This is very pretty work, but it is also dangerous, for it must always be remembered that there is not a hair's-breadth between a "good" ball and a bad one, between just in court and just out. One is success, and the other failure. For young players there are many opportunities of placing a ball out of the opponent's reach without playing it right up to the base line or side lines of the court. In tennis, as in other things, a middle course is safest for beginners.

Although lawn tennis has sprung rapidly into favor, it is still but a new game in this country. It takes several seasons' play for a person to become a first-rate player. By the time most of my readers are old enough to take part in a public tournament, some of them will probably play better than the best players of to-day. As time goes on, the standard of the game grows higher. The best players to-day are men, and they did not have the great advantage of beginning to learn tennis when they were boys.

But it is not only a boys' game; it is quite as suitable for girls, and many girls and grown ladies play very well, in spite of the man who said in an article on the subject not long ago that all ladies were "duffers" at tennis. If some of our lady players were to express their opinions of that man, he would not be flattered by them, even if the ladies did not call him slang names.

In New York and other large cities there are winter tennis clubs, to which both ladies and gentlemen belong. Very cold work, perhaps you think, with snow on the ground, and the

thermometer somewhere near zero; but indeed they care nothing for that. What are snow-storms and chilling winds to them when they are safely under cover in some hall that they have hired for one or two afternoons a week? That is how tennis is played in winter, and if it should be called floor tennis rather than lawn tennis, the game is the same, and the enjoyment perhaps as great as in the summer game.

But tennis is, after all, a summer game. Winter has its own sports and pastimes—skating, coasting, sleighing, and the gymnasium—to which my readers will devote their hours of recreation. So at the first flurry of snow they will hang their rackets as trophies over the mantel, and leave lawn tennis to the enthusiasts until the warm sun and soft rains of spring shall have spread over the court a carpet of fresh green grass.

AN ASIATIC STORY.

[Pg 43]

We suppose most of our young readers know that the people of far-off Asia have their folk-lore and their fairy stories just as we have them. This is one relating to a quarrel about the stupid question of "caste," which simply means whether one person is of better blood and position than another.

There was once a dog and a cat. It was a very rainy day, and some men were eating their dinner inside their house. The cat sat inside, too, eating her dinner, and the dog sat on the door-step. The cat called out to the dog, "I am a high-caste person, and you are a very low-caste person." "Oh," said the dog, "not at all. I am the high-caste person, and you are of very low caste. You eat all the men's dinner up, and snatch the food from their hands just as they are putting it into their mouths. And you scratch them, and they beat you, while I sit away from them, and so they don't beat me. And if they give me any dinner, I'll eat it; but if they don't, I won't." "Oh," says the cat, "not a bit of it. I eat nice clean food; but you eat nasty, dirty food, which the men have thrown away." "No," said the dog, "I am high caste, and you are very low caste; for if I gave you a slap you would tumble down directly." "No, no," said the cat. And they went on disputing, and began to fight, until the dog said, "Very well, let us go to the wise jackal and ask him which of us is the better." "Good," said the cat. So they went to the jackal and asked him. Said the cat, "I am of the higher caste, and the dog is of the lower caste." "No," said the jackal, "the dog is of the higher caste." The cat said, "No," and the jackal said, "Yes," and they began to fight.

Then the jackal and the dog proposed to go and ask a great big beast, who lived in the jungle, and was like a tiger. But the cat said, "I can not go near a tiger, or anything like one." So then they said, "When we come near the beast you can remain behind, and we will go on and speak to him." So they ran into the jungle, where there was a tiger who had been lying on the ground with a great thorn sticking in his foot. When his aunt, the cat, saw him, she scampered off, for she was dreadfully frightened.

The thorn had given the tiger great pain; for a long while he could get no one to take it out, so had lain there for days. At last he had seen a man passing by, to whom he called and said, "Take out this thorn, and I promise I won't eat you." But the man refused through fear, saying, "No, I won't, for you will eat me." Three times the tiger had promised not to eat him; so at last the man took out the thorn. Then the tiger sprang up and said, "Now I will eat you, for I am very hungry." "Oh, no, no!" said the man. "What a liar you are! You promised not to eat me if I would take the thorn out of your foot, and now that I have done so you say you will eat me." And they began to fight, and the man said, "If you won't eat me, I will bring you a cow and a goat." But the tiger refused, saying, "No, I won't eat them; I will eat you."

At this moment the jackal and the dog came up. And the jackal asked, "What is the matter? why are you fighting?" So then the man told him why they were fighting; and the jackal said to the tiger, "I will tell you a good way of eating the man. Go and fetch a big bag." So the tiger went and fetched the bag, and brought it to the jackal. Then the jackal said, "Get inside the bag and leave its mouth open, and I'll throw the man in to you." So the tiger got inside the bag, and the jackal, the dog, and the man quickly tied it up as tight as they could. Then they began to beat the tiger with all their might until at last they killed him. Then the man went home, and the jackal went home, and the dog went home.

THE MERRY WIND.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

The merry wind came racing
Adown the hills one day,
In gleeful frolic chasing
The rustling leaves away.
In clouds of red and yellow,
He whirled the leaves along,
And then the jolly fellow

He sang a cheery song.

The merry wind was weary
At last of fun and play;
His voice grew faint and eerie,
And softly died away.
Far off a crow was calling,
And in the mellow sun
The painted leaves kept falling
And fading, one by one.

A DANGEROUS PLAYTHING.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

Ever since Meg laid her hand on a moderately warm stove, when she was learning to walk, she has been very much afraid of fire, and no one in the house is in the least anxious about her playing with matches, for she could not be hired to do such a thing at any price. Indeed, it was thought a very remarkable event when, having reached the advanced age of seven years, she consented to take one of the long tapers made for the purpose and light the gas in hall and sitting-room.

Her mother was glad to have her do this, thinking that it would make her careful, and at the same time teach her not to be overtimid. And so it did, but not in the way mamma expected; for one evening, as Meg carried her taper under the portière, what should she do but set the fringe on fire!

Seeing that Meg had all her life been in mortal dread of just such an accident, it was very brave in her, without an instant's hesitation, to brush the fire out with her two little hands. She did not even scream, but she was very pale and "trembly" when she went to mamma in the library, and showing her besmirched hands, said, "It's all over, mamma, but I 'most set the house on fire." Sure enough, the fringe, scorched for a distance of two or three feet, proved that it was a narrow escape.^[2]

Upon the whole, it would be well if all young people were as much afraid of fire and of matches—the cause of fire—as Meg was. Many a family has had to run for their lives out into the dark night because some heedless youngster saw fit to take this dreadful creature, fire, for a playmate.



**RESCUED FROM THE
FLAMES.**

Our artist actually witnessed the incident which he has so cleverly drawn. The flames had seized on the lower stairways and stories of the house, so that escape was impossible for the mother and child on the fourth floor. No ladder could be procured, so one of the most active of the firemen climbed from one window to another, by the help of sashes and blind fixtures, until he reached the frightened pair. Others followed him, stationing themselves in the lower windows. A mattress was brought out, and held by a score of strong arms under the windows.

Baby must go first, though mamma could hardly bear to have him leave her arms; and perhaps the fireman had to be a little rough before he made her loose her hold. It was simple enough to deal with him, however, and he scarcely had time to squall and kick, so deftly was he passed down, first to the man standing in the window below, then to the one who sat on the sill, and finally dropped into the mattress.

Mamma was more difficult to manage, because she was bigger and heavier. But, on the other hand, she could help a little by holding on to the sills, and letting go when she was told. So at last she too was steadily lowered from hand to hand until she reached the mattress and the ground.

If these men had been a little less brave and skillful than they were, there might have been a sad tale to tell as the result of a boy's thoughtless experiment with a match. Sad enough a fire always is, however, for those who lose or suffer by it, and in all large cities the Fire Department is very carefully equipped and organized.

The old-fashioned hand-engines, such as are shown in the illustration, with a row of men at the brakes on either side, are all out of use now, and are seldom seen save in villages and small towns. There even they are fast giving way to chemical engines, and before many years the old piano machines will be almost forgotten. Nevertheless, they did good service in their day, and were manned by as daring a set of fellows as ever ran to a fire, or broke each other's heads in a street fight. Thousands of them served bravely on both sides in the war of the rebellion, but when those that were left of them went home, steamers—the

small cut shows the first one that did duty in New York—had come in and crowded out the old "machines." Volunteers were no longer wanted.

Very different affairs were fires in those days from what they are now. Then the first shout of "fire!" set loose a very bedlam of noises. Bells rang, every one who was in the street yelled "fire!" and the whole population rushed madly toward the place where it was supposed to be. It is a wonder that anything was ever done amidst such a scene of confusion; but in reality fires were wonderfully well managed.

How different is everything now in all the large cities! In New York, for instance, there are several fires every day, but most people learn of them through the newspapers. Not an alarm-bell is rung. Very rarely is the cry of "fire!" heard.

You are sitting quietly at home, perhaps. Suddenly you hear the sharp stroke of a peculiarly toned gong. Then there is a thunder of wheels, a clatter of galloping hoofs, and you rush to the window in time to see a vision of gleaming brass, flying sparks, dark figures clinging to the swaying engine, and a pair of noble horses straining every nerve. Perhaps that may be all you know of a great fire until the next day.

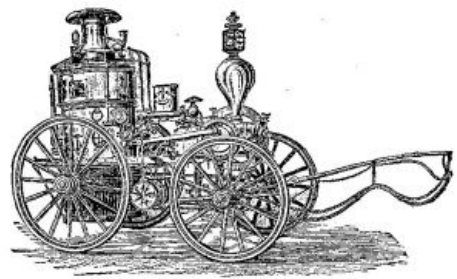
Should you take a car, and follow anywhere from one to ten miles to the burning building, you will find an immense, quiet crowd, kept out of harm's way by a strong force of police, while in the cleared space before the building the tireless steamers are at work, each of them throwing two or three steady streams of water into the heart of the fire.

Meg's papa told her all about this, and how seldom it is that a fire nowadays has a chance to make much headway; but her visit to an engine-house was the most comforting. There she saw the splendid horses, and the engine in perfect order, with the wood under the boiler ready to light; and the man on duty explained how the stroke of the alarm-bell unhitched the horses, if they were in their stalls, and how the handsome creatures knew just where to go to be "hitched up," and how eager they were for their race to the fire.

Just as he was quietly showing them all this, a succession of ear-piercing clangs were heard. Meg's papa knew what it meant, and catching his little girl up in his arms, hurried with her into an out-of-the-way corner. The still, well-ordered engine-house was instantly alive with energy. The horses snorted with excitement, as they backed out of their stalls and trotted into place. Hurried footsteps were heard overhead and on the stairs, and in a moment several men were springing to their stations. One turned on the steam and lighted the fire; others made fast the few buckles required to attach the harness. The driver was in his seat, the whip cracked, and away went the already smoking engine at a tearing pace.

Meg trembled like a leaf when it was all over, and her father was afraid that she would be more nervously timid than ever. But to his surprise she said to him as they walked home, "Papa, now I've seen how everything is done, I shall never be afraid any more."

And just after she said so they met the engine on its way back, for the fire was already out.



THE FIRST "STEAMER" IN NEW YORK.

NURSERY RHYMES.—*Continued.*

[Pg 45]



Ring-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies;
Hush! hush! hush! hush!
We're all tumbled down.



Little maid, little maid,
Whither goest thou?
Down in the meadow
To milk my cow.



Seesaw—Jack in the hedge,
Which is the way to London Bridge?



As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty lass,
And she dropped me a courtesy.



Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber.



As Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday;
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"To-morrow—will be Monday."



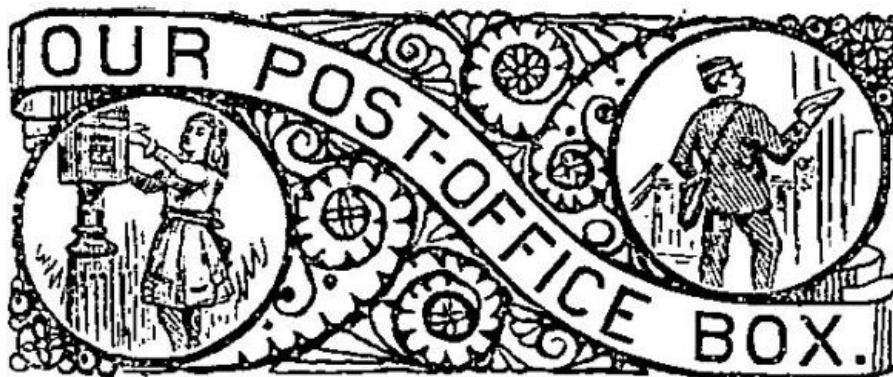
Georgie Peorgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry:
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Peorgie ran away.



My mother and your mother
Went over the way;
Said my mother to your mother,
"It's a chop-a-nose day."



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Learned to play when he was young.
And with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased all the girls and boys.



[Pg 46]

Now that the leaves are falling, and the wind is whistling round the eaves and roaring down the chimneys, we must think of pleasant things to do in-doors. Who likes to toss a bean-bag back and forth? We know of no exercise so simple, so easy, and so well calculated to develop the muscles of the arms and chest as this pretty, graceful game of throwing the bean-bag. Take some strong calico from your mother's piece-bag, and make a square case of any size you please, sewing it all up except one little space, into which you must pour your beans. Having done this, sew up that corner tightly, and your bag will be made. Two or three bean-bags will be necessary if there are several young people to enjoy the frolic. A good time for this special game is the last half-hour before dusk, and if you can coax mamma and auntie to join you, all the better.

Jack-stones are favorites with many children. Little silk bags filled with rice are sometimes substituted for stones in this game. They make a sweet and musical *swishing* sound as they are thrown up and caught.

The little girls who have china dolls might make very cunning pen-wipers by taking eight pieces of gay flannel or merino—from mother's piece-bag again—cutting them into a circular shape, and folding twice, stitch them around Miss Dolly, who will then look precisely like a fairy in fluted petticoats.

PRESCOTT, ONTARIO, CANADA.

You have asked the children to tell of their amusements, so we send you a game called "Genteel Lady." You must have a number of twisted papers made to represent horns. For each mistake that a player may make, a horn is stuck in the hair. The game begins by one of the party saying to her neighbor on the right hand, "Good-morning, genteel lady, always genteel. I, a genteel lady always, come from that genteel lady always genteel" (pointing to the person on her left hand) "to tell you that she has an eagle with a golden beak." This is repeated by the next girl, who must add something to the last phrase, but must keep strictly to the formal introduction. It is quite likely that she will make a mistake, and if she does, she is immediately to receive a horn. After this she will be called "the one-horned lady, always one-horned," until she shall receive another horn, when she will be called "the two-horned," etc. Each person who repeats what has been last said without making a mistake must add something—as silver claws, diamond eyes, raven plumage, or whatever else she chooses—to the description of the eagle. At the end the horns, which are regarded as forfeits, are all ransomed.

We like the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much indeed.

FANNIE and ANNIE.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have written before to your paper, and shall be very much disappointed if this goes into that dreadful waste-basket into which my first letter must have gone, for I have heard nothing from it. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for nearly a year, and think it is a splendid paper. I spent my vacation this summer at Hempstead, Long Island. I caught several turtles. I visited Garden City, and saw the cathedral and other noted buildings. I am very fond of animals. I have a black cat named Ned. I had a greyhound named Golden, but he died in a fit while I was away this summer. I have also a gold-fish. I read the account of President Garfield's boyhood in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I hope we boys will profit by his example.

ALBERT W. T.

The following letter will show country boys how a city boy of ten, who had spent all his life in a large hotel, enjoyed his first visit to a village where he could play in the fields, and enjoy the society of other boys in out-of-door sports. He sent an account of his experience to his parents, who have kindly allowed us to print it in Our Post-office Box.

PLAINFIELD, ILLINOIS.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I am having lots of fun with Harry F., Lester S., Willie R., and Clint H. at recess. These are the boys who go to school. At recess we play lasso, and tree-tag, and pussy in the corner. Papa, I rode Kit day before yesterday night in the dark to Plainfield, and yesterday I rode her to Plainfield and all around Robert's house. I went out in the corn field to see Robert husk corn. Then when I went home to uncle's, he wanted me to go and get the cows; but I could only find the calves, though I looked all over for them; then I drove the calves, and uncle and I went to look for the cows, but he went afoot, and I went on horseback; and I saw one in the corn, and I went there, and I saw four cows, and I drove them home all alone, and I was so busy I did not shut the bars, and uncle wanted me to go back alone and shut the bars. Dear father, I appreciate the popper and corn, and two days ago I popped a panful, and the boys and I ate it out in the yard, and had a good time. To-day I popped a panful, and Wallace and I ate a little of it, and saved the rest, and I have got it now popped. Dear papa, I learned to husk corn to-day, and yesterday I helped uncle churn to make butter. Oh, mamma, there are lots of girls go to school over here, and have a lot of fun. I can ride terribly fast on Kit. I borrow Mr. McClellan's saddle and bridle. Oh, mamma, the seat of my pants is nearly all torn off, and I have no others. I wish I could get them fixed. Can you tell me how I can, mamma? The boys think a great deal of me—I know they do. Oh, papa, I guess I will get fat pretty soon, because I eat about ten sweet-potatoes, a lot of chicken, and toast at every meal. If I stay much longer, I will want some more money—about fifty cents.

Very truly, your son,
WALLACE.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I have often thought I should like to write to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I live in London, England. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is given to us by a very kind American gentleman who lives in London. I have two sisters, named Eleanor and Maud, and three brothers, named Francis, Charles, and Edward. We all thought that "Toby Tyler" was delightful. I am in the Telegraph School in London; I expect some day when I get into an office I shall send telegrams to America; I do not think I like any English magazine so well as HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am very fond of reading the letters in the Post-office Box. I was very sorry to hear of the sad death of President Garfield, and the day that he was buried I went to hear the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral ring. They ring only when great people die. They were muffled, and sounded so very solemn! It seemed as if one of our own great men had died. I never remember anything like it. It seemed as if every one was in mourning.

MARION H.

BELOIT, WISCONSIN.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE what a nice trip we had on Lake Michigan this summer. There were papa, mamma, my sister, my two aunts, my uncle, and myself. At first we went on the cars to Racine; then we went on board the *Muskegan*. At first I did not know what to think of finding myself on such a large steamboat. We went to Milwaukee, then to Sheboygan, Jacksonport, Escanaba, and up to Green Bay. We had fair weather all the time, and that made it delightful. At most of the places we got off the boat, and rambled about. There was another little girl on the boat just about my sister's age. We had lots of fun playing doll and telling stories and riddles. One evening papa, that other little girl, whose name is Mabel, and myself, were on deck, and began telling stories and riddles. There were some little bits of boys and girls there who had some knit horse-reins, and liked to have us drive them. We went up on the hurricane-deck, and looked upon the water. We came home well pleased with our trip.

S. BELLE C. (aged 9).

KELLOGGSVILLE, OHIO.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have got a little dog named Trip; I have a little harness, and I drive him. I have a little squirrel named Chickery. I and two of my friends went chestnutting, and got six nuts apiece. I have a little sister named Leva. Maybe I will take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE next year. My little friend takes it, and I like it very much. I hope I may see my letter printed.

GRACIE H.

KELLOGGSVILLE, OHIO.

I, too, am twelve years old. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like "Toby Tyler" and "Tim and Tip" the best. I have a little bird named Billy, and a doll named Jennie. I have not any brothers or sisters, but a dear little Cousin Ralph. I go to school, and study reading, arithmetic, geography, and spelling.

KATIE M.

RUSH CITY, MINNESOTA.

I am ten years old, and I have a little pony, and her name is Topsy. My papa says she is buckskin-color, but I think she is golden. And I had two pet rabbits, one black and one white, and papa had a puppy bird dog that broke loose and ate them both up, and I could not find them. One day I went out-doors and found their ears. We had a wild canary's nest in a maple-tree in our yard, and mamma got one of the birds, and it sings more than our tame one. I attend school, and study geography, arithmetic, Fourth

Reader, grammar, spelling, and writing. I am the youngest in all my classes, but still keep a little ahead. I like the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much.

ANNA L. P.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have written to you once before; but not having seen my letter published, I thought I would try again. Papa has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for my brother Harry and me since the first number came out. We take turns about reading it first. Harry has it first one week, and I get it first the next week. Papa made that rule because we both wanted it at once. We were so anxious to read about poor Toby Tyler! Papa read to us out of the paper about the boat that is called for him. We have two cats. The older one will not let us pet her at all, but the other is very gentle. We once had a cat that used to get on grandma's shoulder and take off her glasses, and she used to mind two little guinea-pigs we had. If she thought they got too far from the house, she would chase them back; and when papa brought them home she thought they were kittens, for she used to cuddle them up to her; and if they got frightened, they would run and get under her. When cold weather came, we sent them to the Zoological Garden, as we had no place to keep them, and grandma said the gray cat ought to have gone to take care of them. Mamma says she sees only one defect in *YOUNG PEOPLE*; that is, the date is not conspicuous enough. I am afraid I am making my letter too long. I would like to write more. On Sunday, the 23d of October, I will be eleven years old.

ANNIE R. H.

As the date is always in the same place, and you know where to look for it, it does not need to be very conspicuous for bright young eyes like yours.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Frank and I are two little boys who live in Louisville. We take your paper, and like it so much! I don't know which I like best, "Tim and Tip" or "Talking Leaves"; but Frank likes to read the letters from the boys and girls, and we want to tell them about our squirrels. We have had them about six months. They live in a large tin cage with a wheel, and they are so gentle they will eat from our hands, and come out of their house when we call "Bunny." We feed them ourselves, and they know us. I hope you will put this letter in your Box.

MASON.

I live in the country about three miles from Scottsville, New York. I have for pets one dog named Sport, four cats—their names are Jim, Prince, Tramp, and Hayes—one cow named Snowball, one calf named Strawberry, and one pony named Nellie. I am staying at my grandma's for my health. My grandpa owns a large farm, and keeps horses, cows, and other animals. I would like to exchange 100 postmarks (no duplicates, and some rare), for thirty foreign stamps, or forty-five picture-cards (no duplicates). One stone from New York, for one foreign stamp. Please write before sending.

FLORENCE POPE, Scottsville, Monroe Co., N. Y.

COMMUNITY, NEW YORK.

I wrote to *YOUNG PEOPLE* a long time ago, but have never seen the letter in print, so I will try again.

I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much indeed, and I think "Tim and Tip" is just splendid. I hope to take this paper another year.

I have a kitty, and when I go to the shed to feed her, she will jump up on a stone that serves as a table, and wait patiently for what I have to give her. My little friend Beatrice, two years old, is very fond of this kitty, and will come out and say, "Good-morning, kitty," and "Good-by, kitty," of her own accord.

It is fair-day at Oneida, and, if pleasant, Miss Nellie Thurston will make a balloon ascension this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

I am nine years old, and have a sister Christine six years old.

GERTRUDE H.

I live on the banks of the Ohio River, opposite Constance, Boone County, Kentucky. Just opposite our house is the mouth of the little creek which separates Boone County from Kenton County, Kentucky. I have a little black dog named Moses, and a cat named Mrs. Nellie de Garmo Taliaferro. My father's office is in Cincinnati. He brings me the *YOUNG PEOPLE* every Wednesday, and I go to the dépôt to meet him. My name is Bennie E. H., and I shall be nine years old the 20th of October.

We hope you had a happy birthday.

PEORIA, KANSAS.

I have three brothers and one sister, and myself am eleven years old. I have a great big doll, and her name is Mollie; and a cunning little one, and her name is Jessie. I let my little brothers play with them. My papa is the postmaster. My sister is fourteen years old. She would like to exchange flower seeds with some of the girls, and she has four different kinds.

EVA W. BATEMAN.

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

We wanted mamma to write and tell you about our dog Gip. When he is out-doors and wants to come in, he goes to the front door and rings the bell. I wonder if any of the other children who take *YOUNG PEOPLE* have such a smart dog. We have a little goat that came here last week, and it follows us all over.

GEORGIE and BESSIE S.

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

My uncle has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for his "brood of little folks," as he calls his nephews and nieces, since the first number. The brood are my cousins Willie and Grace, my sister Florence, and myself—all of whom are old enough to read—also my two sisters and brother, Mattie, Hattie, and Clarence, who are too young yet to read, but who like very much to look at the pictures, and to whom we read the stories. I have never seen a letter in *YOUNG PEOPLE* from any of its many readers in Lynn, so I thought I would write one. My uncle has two fine yellow cats, striped like tigers. Their names are Toby Tyler and Jimmy Brown. Every morning Toby goes to the door that opens on the stairway leading to my uncle's room, and mews and rattles the latch until some one opens the door and lets him run up to the apartment. As soon as Toby gets there he jumps up on the bed, and wakes my uncle up by pawing him in the face; and one morning he sat down on my uncle's face. I am twelve years old.

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IDA MAY C.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

We have two little kittens, the very prettiest kittens I ever saw. We have been rowing a great many times this summer, and I have learned to row and to swim.

SIDNEY W. A.

We wish all the boys, and the girls too, would learn to swim, if they live near the water. Swimming is easily learned, and once learned, is never forgotten.

C. Y. P. R. U.

The first story which I shall relate in outline to the readers of this column was written a quarter of a century ago by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. A physician with a large practice, he has found time for literary pursuits, and his occasional essays, collected into two volumes of *Spare Hours*,

have been the delight of a host of thoughtful and cultivated people. As in the sketches I shall give you now and then I must study brevity, I hope those who may have time and opportunity will go from me to the original story-writers, and read for themselves.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

Rab was a huge mastiff, "old, gray, brindled, as big as a little Highland bull," fierce, kind-hearted, and faithful. He belonged to a carrier, or what we would call an expressman—a thin, impatient, dark-haired little man, to whom Rab was entirely submissive. Dr. Brown being fond of dogs, had formed quite a friendship with this one, which dated back to the doctor's boyhood, when, seeing Rab attacked by a savage little bull-terrier, which was madly trying to fight whatever came in its way, he stepped up to Rab and cut the muzzle which prevented the great creature from defending himself. Six years after this, when the doctor was a young medical student, there came a procession to the hospital one afternoon in October. In at the large gate walked Rab, with "that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place, like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace." After him came the old white mare Jess, drawing the carrier's cart, in which Ailee, the carrier's wife, was seated, her husband not driving, but walking at the mare's head, and leading her carefully along.

There is no *genre* sketch in the English language which is finer than the description of Ailee Noble and her husband James. His plaid was about her. His big coat was carefully tucked around her feet. She had a sweet pale face, with silvery hair, and dark gray eyes, "eyes full of suffering, and full of the overcoming of it." He had a swarthy, weather-beaten countenance, shrewd and keen. She was like a delicate snow-drop in her unworldliness and purity. She was the victim of a dreadful malady, a cancer in her breast, and only the surgeon's knife could cure it. In those days—nearly sixty years ago—chloroform was unknown as a blessed relief from pain. Ailee was put to bed for that night, and the faithful husband and dog watched by her side. The dog reminded Dr. Brown, oddly enough, in his size and dignity, of a famous Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller, with his look of sombre command, as "of thunder asleep, but ready." Next day the operation was performed. The beautiful old woman bore it with perfect patience and silence; and when it was over, the surrounding students, though accustomed to see people suffer, wept like children. The husband "happed" her up, and carried her to her room again, Rab following.

"I'll hae nane o' yer stryngie nurse bodies for Ailee, Maister John," said James. "I'll be her nurse, an' I'll gang about on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy."

For several days she seemed to do well under his kind care. Then she grew worse, wandered in her mind, thought she had in her arms her "wee Mysie, forty years and mair" in heaven; at last came to herself, said "James," and with a long loving look for him, a glance for the kind young doctor, and one for Rab, then another satisfied gaze into her husband's face, she shut her eyes, and fell asleep in death.

There is little more to tell. Poor James did not long survive his wife. By the fall of the first snow, the two were in the same grave. Rab was taken by the carrier who succeeded to the business, but he would not eat, he would not leave the stable where old Jess was kept, nor would he let his new master come near him. At last that master had to kill him.

"I was laith to mak awa wi' th' auld dowg," said this man, "but I could doe naething else."

And says our author: "I believed him. Fit end for Rab. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?"

Marie G. Hamblin proposes that the boys and girls who read *YOUNG PEOPLE* shall emulate Secretary Blaine, and learn to repeat in their order the names of the sovereigns of England, and the dates of their respective coronations. She suggests that all who do so shall send their names, accompanied by the signatures of their parents or teachers, to the Postmistress, that the Editor of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* and Dr. Vincent may know that they are trying to acquire useful knowledge. The Postmistress approves of the plan, and gives the remainder of 1881 as the time in which all who wish may endeavor to thus exercise their memories. The names of the diligent students will be duly printed in this column.

Many persons erroneously think that a letter if left unsealed will be sent by the Post-office Department for one cent. They write their letter, leave it open, and affix a one-cent stamp to the envelope. In all such cases the recipient is compelled to pay the additional postage. And while this may not be an affair of great importance to an individual who receives an occasional letter, it involves a large expenditure when, as in the case of Harper & Brothers, letters are received by the thousands weekly.

Full letter postage is at the rate of three cents per every half ounce in America. Letters to Europe cost five cents per half ounce. Little readers will please remember this, and remind their elders, if they forget it.

AUTUMN PICTURES FOR THE COMMON-PLACE-BOOK.

Along the river's summer walk
The withered tufts of asters nod,
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir
And azure-studded juniper
The silver-birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The ash her purple drops forgivingly
And sadly, breaking not the general hush;
The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush;
All round the wood's edge creeps the skirting blaze
Of bushes low, as when on cloudy days
Ere the rain falls the cautious farmer burns his brush.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

What School of Design can vie with the autumn colors? The leaves are not dipped in one dye, as at the dye-house, but they are dyed in light of various degrees of strength, and left to set and dry there.—HENRY D. THOREAU.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Will you admit an old lady into your pleasant circle? I wish to say a word or two about the poor cat Augusta C. dislikes so much. Probably one reason why most people like dogs better than cats is that dogs like people best, and cats like places best. A dog will follow his owner to new places, but usually a cat will stay at the old place, even if she is the only thing left, unless she is blinded and carried away by force, and then she will be frightened and confused for several days, though all her old friends may be with her. But a dog only wants his old friends with him, and he will stay almost anywhere. Cats are very interesting, though they are not quite so loving. I have a cat which a few years ago swallowed something which "stuck in her throat," and the poor creature was badly troubled by it for a long time. She could not lap either milk or water, and I was afraid she would die. I tried to feed her with a spoon, as I have often fed lambs, but did not succeed very well; her teeth were too sharp. As I sat watching poor Katherine's efforts one day to drink a saucer of warm milk which I had given her, I thought of trying to feed her with a bottle. I put the milk into one which would hold a small tea-cupful, and took her in my lap to feed her. Well, she and I "made a mess" of it the first time. But after one or two trials more, I succeeded in teaching her to drink from the bottle without spilling the milk. Every time I thought she ought to be fed—which was morning and night—I would get the bottle ready, and say, "Katherine, do you want your milk?" If she was in a sound sleep, she would spring up and mew in reply, and stand up on her hind-legs like a rabbit. Then I would stoop down to her and hold out my left hand, and she would lean her "elbows" on it, and put her paws on the "shoulders" of the bottle, I holding it in my right hand, and tipping it as she drank the milk, until she had taken the whole. She would frequently mew for more, and follow me around until I would give her another drink, when she would lick her chops, wash her face, and lie down for a nap.

When drinking she would sit on her haunches, straight up, and put her little paws around the bottle in the most comical way imaginable. One could not keep from laughing to see her. If I attempted to take it away before she was done, she would run her nails out and hold on with quite a grip. I fed her in this way for more than six weeks; and it was such a funny sight that the neighbors would come in and ask me to feed her, and friends from quite a distance would ask after my cat, and beg to see her eat. I fed her longer than was necessary on this account, for she recovered from the trouble after a while, and is as well now as ever she was, only she is getting old. I sometimes tempt her with the bottle now, just to see if she remembers her old accomplishment. But Katherine is a very wise cat. She would use the bottle when it was "prescribed" for her. When it was no longer necessary, she seemed to prefer the

We place before the C. Y. P. R. U. this week a variety of instructive and entertaining articles. The sketch of Charlotte Corday, from the pen of one of our most able American historians, will recall the lesson taught by the terrible French Revolution; a "Dangerous Plaything" will show the boys and girls what strong measures are taken in our large cities to check the ravages made by fire; and "Lawn Tennis" will give them an idea of another new device in the way of an out-door game for developing weak muscles and cultivating health and strength. As for the article on our second page, entitled "Luck," we trust that it is going to do a great deal toward inducing our young readers to cast that stupid word out of their vocabulary.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO HOUR-GLASS PUZZLES.

1.—1. A dictionary. 2. Part of a shilling. 3. A girl's name. 4. A letter. 5. An animal. 6. An atom. 7. Transit. Centrals read downward spell the name of a partly civilized people.

2.—1. A mean parasite. 2. A precious gem. 3. To yell. 4. A letter. 5. An interrogation. 6. To form the texture. 7. A peculiar appearance of the eye. Centrals read downward spell the name of a monster of the Northern seas.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is a familiar adage.
My 1, 2, 3, 9, 13 is the home of a minister.
My 14, 20, 2, 7 must never be retained.
My 19, 11, 9, 18, 13 has brought thousands to poverty.
My 21, 20, 9, 13 is the pride of the garden.
My 16, 17, 20, 9, 18 is a terror to the silly.
My 8, 20, 16 is a faithful friend.

SUSAN NIPPER.

No. 3.

EASY HALF-SQUARE.

1. A city of the United States. 2. A body of water. 3. Beheld. 4. To brown. 5. A preposition. 6. A letter.

WILL A. METTE.

No. 4.

AN EASY DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A Spanish coin. 3. A morose man. 4. A puzzle. 5. Part of a ship. 6. A rod. 7. A letter.

R. O. BERT.

No. 5.

A DIFFICULT DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. Prongs. 4. Girths. 5. A genus of plants. 6. One of the osseous fishes. 7. Opinion. 8. To perch. 9. A letter.

MILTIADES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 104.

No. 1.

CHASSEUR
LASHERS
ASPIRE
SPERE
HIRE
INS
NG
G

No. 2.

Kite, hue, habitual, chest, jot. The house that Jack built.

No. 3.

Shut the door.

No. 4.

Sleepless.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mamie G. Henderson, Ray W. Osborne, George Sylvester, C. S. F.

[For Exchanges, see third page of cover.]

THE PERFORMING ELEPHANT.

[Pg 48]

BY SAMUEL McSPEDON.

This is a very simple and funny little toy which any boy or girl can make without a great deal of time or trouble. You must trace Fig. 1 on a piece of white or black paper, but black is better. After cutting it out, paste it on a piece of white card-board. Now cut out the round holes, which are meant for eyes, and the four square holes A, B, C, and D. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 must be traced on a piece of stiff card-board, and cut out. The lower piece (*a*), which represents the trunk, is put through hole A of Fig. 1. Now put Figs. 3 and 4 through the holes C and D; then run a thread through the little round holes of Figs. 2, 3, and 4, overlapping Figs. 3 and 4 behind Fig. 2, and knotting the threads so as to form a pivot. Now put *b* through hole B, and pass it through the little hole near the upper edge of the card, as shown in Fig. 5.

Pull the trunk down as far as you can, and mark with your pen through the eye-holes two little round dots for eyeballs, as shown in Fig. 2. Then mark out the lines of the head, back, etc., with a little white paint.

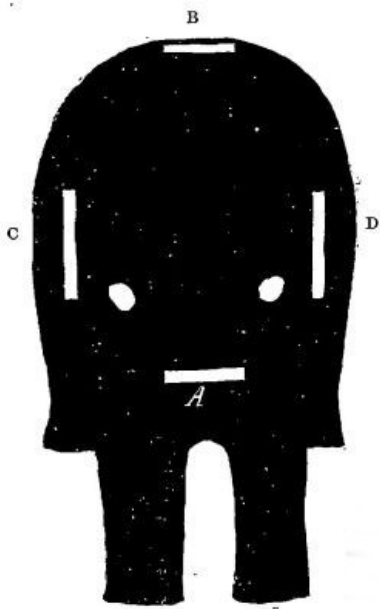


FIG. 1.

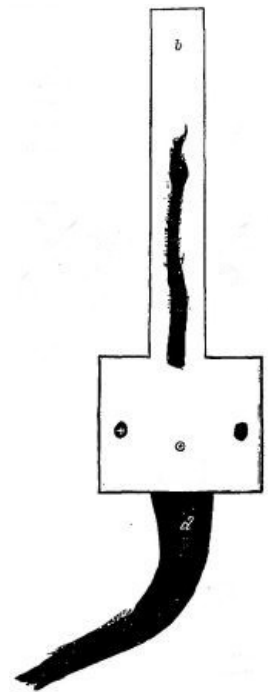


FIG. 2.

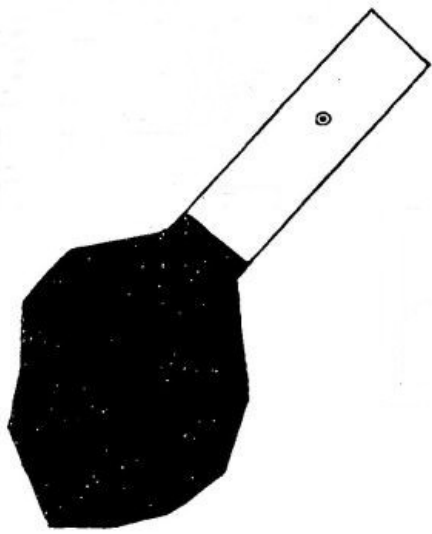


FIG. 3.

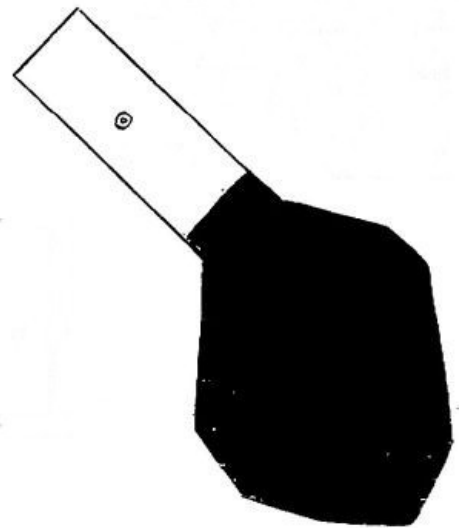


FIG. 4.

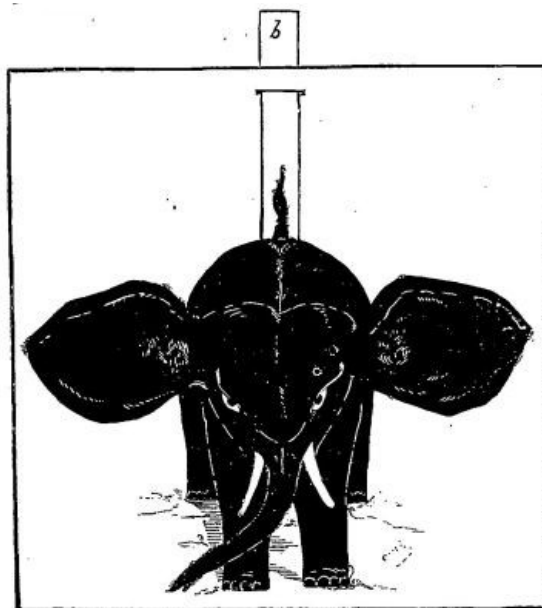


FIG. 5.

Now by pulling *b* up and pushing it down, we have an elephant like Fig. 5, which will move his tail, trunk, ears, and eyes as naturally as any elephant which has been born and brought up in the circus.

Leaf Photographs.—A very pretty amusement, especially for those who have just completed the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's get an ounce of bichromate of potassium. Put this into a pint bottle of water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing-paper until it is thoroughly wet. Let it become dry in the dark. It should be of a bright yellow. On this put the leaf; under it a piece of black soft cloth and several sheets of newspapers. Put these between two pieces of glass, and with spring clothes-pins fasten them together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall upon it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few moments it will begin to turn brown; but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a perfect print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes until the yellow part becomes white.



**QUITE IN THE STYLE OF HER
MISTRESS.**

FOOTNOTES:

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

[2] This incident is strictly true, and Meg, now some five years older, is among the regular readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, NOVEMBER 15,
1881 ***

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