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THE WAY THE LITTLE FOLKS KEEP THANKSGIVING.

ELSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Dolly, it's almost Thanksgiving. Do you know what I mean, my dear?
No? Well, I couldn't expect it: you haven't been with us a year.
And you came with my auntie from Paris, far over the wide blue sea,
And you'll keep your first Thanksgiving, my beautiful Dolly, with me.

I'll tell you about it, my darling, for grandma's explained it all,
So that *I* understand why Thanksgiving always comes late in the fall,
When the nuts and the apples are gathered, and the work in the fields is done,
And the fields, all reaped and silent, are asleep in the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise our Father, who sends the rain and the dew,
Whose wonderful loving-kindness is every morning new;
Unless we'd be heathen, Dolly, or worse, we must sing and pray,
And think about good things, Dolly, when we keep Thanksgiving-day.

But I like it very much better when from church we all go home,
And the married brothers and sisters, and the troops of cousins come,
And we're ever so long at the table, and dance and shout and play,
In the merry evening, Dolly, that ends Thanksgiving-day.

Now let me whisper a secret: I've had a trouble to bear;
It has made me feel quite old, dear, and perfectly crushed with care;
'Twas about my prettiest kitten, the white one with spots of black—
I loved her devotedly, Dolly: I've been *awfully angry with Jack*;

So mad that I couldn't forgive him; and I wouldn't kiss him good-night,
For he lost my Kitty on purpose, shut up in a bag so tight;

He carried her miles and miles, dear, and dropped her down in the dark;
I would not wonder a bit, dear, if he took her to Central Park.

And then he came home to supper, as proud as a boy could be.
I wonder, Dolly, this minute how he dared to be looking at me,
When I called my Kitty and called her, and of course she didn't come,
And Jack pored over his Latin as if he were deaf and dumb.

When I found out what he had done, dear, it was just like lead in my heart,
Though mamma is as kind as an angel, I knew she would take his part.
Suppose Kitty *did* chase the chickens?—they might have kept out of her way.
I've been so sorrowful, Dolly, I've dreaded Thanksgiving-day.

For I'll never pretend to be good, dear, when I feel all wrong in my mind;
And as for giving up Kitty, I'm not in the least resigned.
And I've known with deep grief, Dolly—known it a long time back—
That I couldn't keep Thanksgiving while I hated my brother Jack.

For you can not love God and praise Him when you're cherishing anger this way.

I've tried hard to conquer it, Dolly—I gave Jack two pears to-day;
I've mended his mittens for him.—Why, who is this creeping in?
Why, it's surely my own white kitten, so tired and grimed and thin!

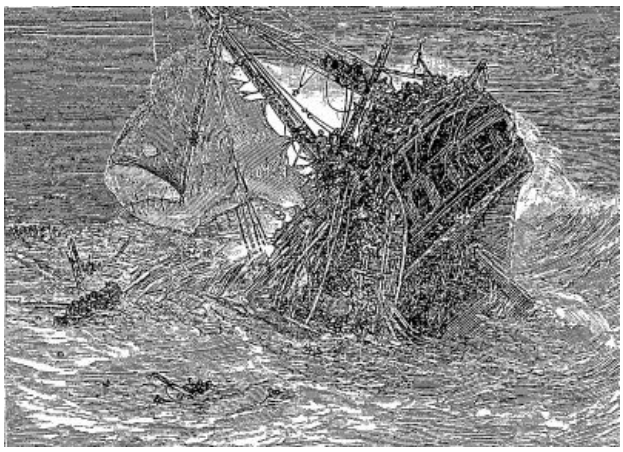
And now we *will* keep Thanksgiving, Dolly and Kitty and I;
I'll go to church in the morning. I'm so glad, I'm afraid I'll cry.
Oh, Kitty! my lost, lost treasure, you have found your own way back,
And now I'll forget my troubles, and be friends again with Jack.

PERILS AND PRIVATIONS.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I.—THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR."

On the 4th of August, "being Sunday, 1782," the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman, homeward-bound, was scudding, under little canvas, before a northwest gale. She had left Madagascar to the northeast some days ago, and was supposed by her Captain (Captain Coxon) to be at least a hundred leagues from the nearest land. Before daylight John Hynes, a seaman, with one Lewis and others, were aloft striking the foretop-gallant-mast, when Hynes asked Lewis if he did not think certain breakers ahead indicated land. The latter answering in the affirmative, they hastened to inform the third mate, Mr. Beal, who had the watch. Mr. Beal "only laughed at them," but in a few minutes the *Grosvenor*'s keel struck, and "as she beat very hard, every soul on board instantly ran on deck."



WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR."

These souls, predoomed to destruction, were very many—nearly two hundred, including, alas! both women and children and sick. If the position of those who are well and strong in such circumstances is pitiable, what must be that of the weak? The Captain endeavored in vain to mitigate the universal panic; for though no water could be detected in the vessel by the pumps, it was well understood there was a hole in her; and since the wind was off the land, which could now be discerned a hundred yards away, it was feared she would be driven to sea, and founder. The gunner was ordered to fire signals of distress; but on going to the powder-room he found it full of water. The mainmast was cut away, then the foremast, but without easing the doomed ship, against which the waves beat with impatient fury, as though greedy for their prey.

To those who have only seen the summer sea at play upon our shores, it is difficult to picture the force with which in storm every wave strikes a vessel in this position. She shudders at every blow, and groans and shrieks like any living creature. To the ignorant and timid, who feel the hull quivering under them, it seems as if she were going to pieces at every stroke. "At all hazards," they say to themselves, "let us get out of this to land;" but when they look upon the boiling waves, that seethe as in some bottomless caldron between themselves and the wished-for shore, even the frail planks on which they stand seem by comparison security. Even when a boat has perhaps

with infinite difficulty been lowered, and they see it thrown hither and thither like a ball beneath them, and only kept from instant destruction against the ship's side by boat-hooks, they shrink from such a means of escape, and leave it to bolder spirits. In the case of the *Grosvenor*, the yawl and jolly-boat, which had been hoisted out, were dashed to pieces as soon as they touched the water. An Italian and two seamen, however, swam to land with the deep-sea line, by help of which a stronger rope was conveyed ashore, and then a hawser.

By this time a great crowd of natives had collected on the beach, who helped to fasten the hawser to the rocks, and the other end of the rope being made fast to the capstan on deck, it was hauled tight. Communication was thus established between the ship and the land; a perilous mode of safety, however, that could only be used by the most agile seamen, of whom no less than fifteen out of twenty attempting to pursue it dropped into the sea, and were drowned before the eyes of their companions.

The people on the wreck now busied themselves in constructing a raft, the only means of escape that was apparently left them, and it was launched overboard, and guided to the ship's stern, so that the women and children might be dropped into it from the quarter gallery. But hardly had it reached the waves when it was torn asunder, "the great ropes that bound it together parting like pack-thread," and the men in charge of it perished. Picture to yourself, reader, how each of these successive events must have affected the survivors, who beheld them all, and felt them to be so many preludes to their own destruction. In despair they all huddled together on the poop awaiting death, while with a crash that made itself heard above the tempest, the great ship clove asunder. [Pg 51]

And here, as we shall find often happens in these narratives of disaster, what would seem to have been their certain doom proved for a time their preservation; for the wind suddenly veered round, and blowing directly to the land, carried the starboard quarter on which they stood into shallow water, and the whole company reached the shore.

By this time the night was falling; but the natives, who had retired with the setting sun, had left the embers of a fire, by which means three others were lighted, and some hogs and poultry being driven ashore, the poor creatures made a good repast—which was their last one. They soon learned from their companions on shore that it was from no motives of humanity that the inhabitants had offered them assistance, nor indeed, beyond fastening the hawser, had they given any help, but occupied themselves in seizing whatever came to land, especially anything in the shape of iron.

Among most savage nations iron holds the place which gold fills among those more civilized, and a few horse-shoes or rusty nails are valued more highly by them than pearls or diamonds. To any one who has seen the weapons or instruments in use among the South-sea Islanders, and the curious devices by which horn and bone and wood are made to supply the place of the coveted metal, this will not appear strange; and as the desire for gold too often hardens the heart among our own people, so that for iron makes that of the savage as the nether millstone, or as iron itself.

With the next morning a host of natives thronged the beach, to the great terror of the castaways, who had no weapons of any kind. The former took not the slightest notice of the new arrivals, but, knowing that they could turn their attention to them at any time, busied themselves exclusively with plunder. Next to positive ill-treatment, the poor *Grosvenor* people felt that nothing could augur worse for them than this total indifference to their wretched condition.

A cask of beef, a barrel of flour, and a puncheon of rum they managed to secure for themselves, and with a couple of sails they contrived two tents for the ladies and children. This was all the provision they had, though they were a hundred and thirty-five in number, and even the puncheon of rum the Captain gave orders to be staved, "lest the natives should become dangerous by getting intoxicated."

Then he called the people together, and in a pathetic speech informed them that to the best of his belief they were on the coast of Caffraria, and that it might be possible in sixteen or seventeen days to reach on foot some of the Dutch settlements. As the ship was wrecked, he informed them that his authority was at an end, but if it was their wish he would resume it, as without discipline the difficulties of travel would be greatly increased. Then they all answered that "he should still be their Captain, by all means."

One man named O'Brien had a swelled knee, and elected to remain with the natives, whom he thought he might conciliate by making them little trinkets out of the lead and pewter cast ashore, and having recovered from his ailment, and learned their language, might better be able to get away. Him therefore they left (little knowing the tender mercies of those to whom he so pitifully intrusted himself), "but Mr. Logie, the chief mate, being ill, was carried by two men in a hammock slung upon a pole."

The whole company then began to move westward, followed by many of the natives, "who took whatever they chose from them, and occasionally threw stones." Presently they met thirty Caffres whose hair, instead of being crisp and curly like the rest, was made up in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and whose faces were painted red. Among them was a Dutchman called Trout, who spoke English. They offered him an immense sum if he would conduct them to the Cape, but he replied that it was impossible. He had murdered several of his own countrymen, and therefore could not venture among them again; besides, having a wife and children among the Caffres, to whom he had fled for refuge, he was averse to leave them, even if the tribe would have let him go, which he was well assured they would not. As to the journey, he informed them (as it turned out only too truly) that it would be attended with unspeakable difficulties, arising from the cruel nations

through which they would have to pass, desert lands, and wild beasts.

Greatly depressed, the party moved on, every day harassed by the natives, who when the sun went down invariably retired. The poor unarmed Englishmen could do little against men armed with lances and protected by targets made of elephant's hide, and in the end they had always to sue for peace, cutting the buttons from their coats, and offering such trinkets as they possessed, to buy off their assailants. One day they plundered the gentlemen of their watches, and the ladies of some diamonds they had concealed in their hair; on another they took from them what was far more valuable, their one tinder-box, flint, and steel.

After this loss every one travelled with a fire-brand in his hand to guard against the wild beasts at night. Fresh-water they generally found by digging in the sand, but their provisions were now nearly all expended, and dissension for the first time appeared among the unhappy band. "The fatigue of travelling with the women and children being very great, the sailors began to murmur."

We should pause before condemning these men, though they may deserve condemnation, to consider what some of us at least might have done in their case. It was morally certain that to advance as they were at present doing, by slow degrees, was to perish. Some hoped, no doubt, that by making quicker progress they might get help, and return for the rest, as indeed some did. Moreover, the same chivalry is hardly to be expected (though in these narratives it will be seen that it was often found) among uneducated persons as in those of gentler mould; it may even be added—to be quite fair—that when it is exhibited they do not get the same credit for it. For an officer to run away in battle is actually more difficult, because it is more disgraceful, than for a common soldier. In this case almost all the officers, including the Captain, remained with the ladies and children, and "many of the sailors, induced by the great promises made by Colonel James and others, were prevailed to stay with them, to carry what little provision was left, and the blankets with which they covered themselves in the night." A Captain Talbot, three of the ship's mates, one or two gentlemen and their servants, with the remainder of the seamen, among whom was John Hynes, "being in all forty-three," made up the forward party.

A young boy, Master Law, a passenger, between seven and eight years old, crying after one of these, a passenger, and having no surviving relatives of his own, was taken with them, it being agreed that they should carry him by turns whenever he should be unable to walk. It is not to be supposed that this separation of the two parties took place in anger or bad feeling on either side. Indeed, the next day, when those who had left the Captain's company, having had to wait all night beside a river for the ebb tide, were overtaken by the rest, the meeting between them was [Pg 52] most affecting, and once more they all travelled on as before. Nay, all the shell-fish, oysters, mussels, and limpets they could find on the sea-shore, although their other provisions were now quite expended, were that day, we are told, reserved solely for the women and children. Arriving at a Caffre village, where the Dutchman Trout lived, they were wickedly ill-treated by the inhabitants; and by his advice, since in smaller numbers they would be less likely to arouse the jealousy of the natives, they once more separated, "never to meet again." From this moment, unless from hearsay, we have only the record of what may be called the sailors' party, narrated by John Hynes.

They kept along the coast-line as well as they could, but the frequent rivers, too deep and swift to be crossed by those who could not swim well, often compelled them to journey inland. Here we see how, not only in time of shipwreck, but afterward, the art of swimming, so easily acquired in youth, is so valuable. If it had not been for these diversions from their course more lives would certainly have been saved, as they had to take to the woods, where sorrel "and such wild berries as they observed the birds to peck at," and which they therefore knew were not poisonous, were their only food, and where wild beasts devoured them at night. When the rivers grew somewhat narrower, they lashed together all the dry wood they could collect with woodbines and their handkerchiefs, and on the raft thus formed they set the little boy and those who could not swim, while the others pushed it over. In this way they sometimes crossed rivers two miles broad.

The country now grew mountainous, and much more difficult to traverse. They saw no paths but such as were made by lions and tigers, against which they had to make up huge fires at night; yet even these were preferable to such fellow-creatures as were to be found in that inhospitable land. Every morning, while their strength lasted, one of their number climbed a tree to examine the direction of the coast-line, to which they kept as close as was possible. They presently became too weak to gather fuel for more than one fire, into which they put the few oysters and mussels they could collect, as they had no other means (having been long ago plundered of their knives) to open them. Their watches, as I have said, were gone, and the sun was their only time-piece. At first with a nail fashioned into a knife they cut notches in a stick for week-days, and one across for Sundays; but they lost the stick in crossing a river, after which "days, weeks, and months" went by without record. One day they found a dead whale upon the shore, a sight which filled them with ecstasy. As they had no means of cutting it up, they made a fire upon it, after which they cut out the parts thus grilled with oyster shells.

The sight of a fine level country now led them to hope that they had got beyond Caffraria, and reached the Dutch settlements. This caused them to strike inland, but they had soon to return to the coast again for food.

The strength of the whole party now began to fail. Captain Talbot sat down several times to rest himself, and the rest did the same; "but the Captain repeating this too often through weariness," they presently went on and left him. His faithful servant, however, observing his master in that condition, went back, and was observed to sit down by him. "Neither of the two was ever more seen or heard of."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NICOLO, THE LITTLE ITALIAN BOY.

"GRANDPA, YOU DO LOOK SWEET."

BY M. E.

Just think of it, dear Grandpapa,
This day belongs to me;
My birthday 'tis—I'm four years old—
Last time I was but three.
And six small girls and five small boys
Are coming here to tea,
And you must be as beautiful
As ever you can be.

Teresa Grover's grandpapa
Has got no hair at all;
His head shines—though he's very nice—
Just like an iv'ry ball.
And I guess she'll be awful s'prised,
And all those other girls,
And small boys too, when they see you
With lots of pretty curls.

For to my party you must come,
And help us play and laugh;
I wouldn't have a birthday, dear,
Unless I gave you half.
And you shall have the very best
Of everything to eat.
And now your hair is done, and, oh,
Grandpa, you *do* look sweet!

THE LAME TURKEY.

A Story of Thanksgiving-Time.

BY RUTH HALL.

"Childern, childern, come here quick. That 'ere lame turkey's out ag'in."

So called Mrs. Amasa Andrews, in the kitchen doorway, and two shrill trebles answered her from the pumpkin patch.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, where's it gone to? Out in the orchard, or across the fields?"

"Under the hill, down by Uncle Jake's old place," waving away the panting figures who rushed into view from behind the corn-house. "You'd better hurry up, or he'll get clean away this time."

George and Patty needed no second warning. In the missing turkey were bound up delightful visions of "white meat," "wish-bones," and "stuffing," on which they had been dwelling for two months past, and which they had no idea of losing at this late day, only one little week before Thanksgiving. So they tore like small whirlwinds across the kitchen yard, squeezed under the fence, and slid down the steep hill, never stopping to take breath until they had lost sight of home, and had "Uncle Jake's old place" in view.

"Oh, George!" gasped little Patty then, "what if we didn't find it?—what ever would we do?"

"Wouldn't have no Thanksgivin'," replied George, stolidly.

"Oh, but I just couldn't bear that. I couldn't, truly. It is such a awful long time since we had a taste o' turkey, George."

"Not since last Christmas, before we ever thought o' comin' here to live," her brother mused, as he trimmed a switch with dexterous fingers. "Pa 'n' ma was alive then, 'n' little sister, 'n'—There's that gobbler now!"

They were close to the house, which had long been vacant, but now showed signs of life in open door and windows, and a faint curl of pale blue smoke from the tumble-down chimney. In the tiny door-yard stood the runaway, calmly picking at a few potato-skins in a rusty old tin pan.

The children crept softly up behind a brush heap, intending to rush from thence and surprise him, and were about to carry their scheme into effect, when George laid a detaining hand upon his sister's arm.

"Hush!" he whispered. "What's that comin'?"

"Oh, Sally," called a thin voice from the door of the little house, "come and see what's here. A turkey, Sally—a real turkey, sure's you live!"

"But it ain't for us," said another voice. Evidently Sally had come. "It belongs to some 'un, 'Melia, 'n' they'll come after it. That means a Thanksgivin' dinner for somebody"—with a heavy sigh.

"Oh dear!" went on the younger voice, "don't you wish 'twas ours, Sally? I never tasted turkey 'n all my life, an' I *do* hate corn meal so!"

"Turkey's for them that has fathers to buy 'em," replied Sally, with a sob in her voice; and then some one called shrilly from an inner room:

"Come, girls, Miss Watson's washin's ready;" and the little forms, at which our Patty and George had been furtively "peeking," disappeared.

It was the work of a few moments to catch the lame turkey, and to start him homeward at the point of George's switch; but someway neither child looked happy over the achievement.

"George," finally began Patty's pleading little voice.

"Well, what d'ye want?" in his gruffest manner.

"They hain't got no father, Georgie."

"No more ha' we, nor mother neither. We're orphans."

"Oh, George! when we've got such a good Aunt Polly, 'n' such a Uncle Amasa. An' *corn meal*, George." [Pg 54]

Now Patty's brother "hated corn meal so" too, as his crafty sister knew. There was a little pause.

"Well, what shell we do?" he inquired, finally. "Tell Aunt Polly, 'n' get her to send 'em something down?"

"We couldn't do that," small Patty answered, decidedly. "They can't afford to do much extra, I'm afraid, Georgie. You know we're quite expensive, our keepin'; I heard old Miss Crandall tell Mike so."

"Miss Crandall's a gossip, Uncle Amasa says."

"But I know we *are*," poor Patty went on. "Aunt Polly ain't had no fall bunnit, you know, an' she does her own washin' since we come. I'm afraid we cost 'em quite a deal."

"Well, what *shell* we do?" George cried, desperately, and giving the lame turkey a savage cut over his saucy tail.

"I don't know what you'll do," was Polly's calm response, "but I shell give that 'Melia every smitch o' my turkey next Thursday. So there!"

There was another pause, and then George remarked, with a great showing of coolness: "Well, all right. An' I'll take Sally my turkey an' *all* my pumpkin pie!"

"Oh, you dear George!" began his sister, and then broke down and cried.

"What air you childern whisperin' about?" queried Aunt Polly, coming upon the two, sitting side by side on the wood-pile, later in the day.

Patty hesitated. Good and kind as Aunt Polly always was, her sharp eyes and sharper voice were awe-inspiring to her small niece. But George, whose bravery was the glory of his sister, looked up at the tall woman with his fearless gray eyes, and told the story of that morning's adventures and their resolution, adding:

"An' we were just a-wonderin', Aunt Polly, how we'd get the things down there, an' if you'd let Mike go with us, maybe, 'cause you know you say you don't like us to go where you don't know the folks."

"That'll be all right," his aunt said, simply, "an' I'm glad you thought of it, childern. 'It's more blessed to give,' you know. George, I wisht you'd get me some chips."

So she turned the subject then; but that evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Andrews sat together over the kitchen fire, with their charges asleep up stairs, Aunt Polly retold George's story, keenly watching her husband's face as she did so, although her eyes were apparently fixed upon her knitting.

Uncle Amasa took his pipe out of his mouth and drew a long breath. "Bless them childern," he said, heartily. "I vum, now, Polly, that makes me feel putty small—don't it you? To think o' their thinkin' of it, an' they a-lookin' forward to Thanksgivin'-day so long!"

"Well, what kin we do, Amasa?" was his wife's quiet question.

"Massy! I don't know. But we'll send that widder her dinner anyway, an' we won't rob them little childern o' theirn neither."

"But, Amasa"—Aunt Polly laid down her knitting—"don't you see that won't be the *childern's* givin'? I don't want to take away their dinners, dear knows; but 'twouldn't be right, after all, you know, for them to be gen'rous and keep their turkey too."

Uncle Amasa mused a moment. "That's so!" he said, ruefully, at last. "I tell ye, Polly, woman, we'll give 'em the hull turkey, an' we'll throw in the pies. I guess we won't starve on bacon an' cabbage, an' on Chris'mas I'll manage so's they can hev a turkey, 'n' we too. I love my dinner's much 's the next 'un, but I swan to massy them babies o' ourn make me feel putty small—putty small!"

And gathering up his boots and pipe, Uncle Amasa strode off to bed.

And so it came to pass that on Thanksgiving-eve George and Patty, accompanied by Uncle Amasa, not Mike, again followed the lame turkey under the hill to Uncle Jake's old place. But this time the recreant fowl was borne on their uncle's shoulders, in the huge market-basket, in company with potatoes and onions and golden pies and rosy cranberries; in short, with the party's Thanksgiving dinner.

Uncle Amasa first placed the basket on the cracked door-step, and then he and George concealed themselves in the darkness behind the brush heap, while Patty, the lightest and fleetest of the three, knocked at the door, and then ran swiftly to the common hiding-place.

A faint streak of light came from the doorway as Sally appeared holding a tallow candle aloft. A moment's silence while she stared at the basket, and kneeling by it explored the contents; then—

"Oh, mother! 'Melia!" she screamed, "it's a turkey, and it's pies, an'—oh, come quick an' see!"

There was the hurry of other footsteps, and a cry from 'Melia: "Just to look at the onions! Oh, I *do* love them!" and then some one upset and extinguished the candle, and under cover of the darkness Uncle Amasa drew the eager children away.

As they went up the hill together George remarked, "I'm glad she likes onions; so do I."

But Uncle Amasa drew his rough hand across his eyes, murmuring, in a choked sort of voice: "Well I swan, if between them two sets o' childern, them that gives 'n' them that takes, I don't feel putty small! Yes, I do that, put-ty small!"

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

A TALK ABOUT SURPRISE PARTIES.

"What's this?" said I. "Let me put on my glasses, please," as a bevy of nieces and nephews clustered around me, holding out square-shaped notes, which bore a resemblance on the outside to invitations. Invitations they were, to a surprise party at the residence of Miss Nellie E——, to be held on an appointed evening. Four or five signatures in rather scrawly hands were appended to them, and at the bottom of each billet I read a mysterious word, as, for instance, on Cora's, the word Lemons; on Kitty's, Sugar; on Rebecca's, Cake; and on Edwin's, Money. These were the articles which, it was explained, the guests were to bring with them to furnish the entertainment. Miss Nellie knew nothing about the honor in store for her, although an elder sister, who had been consulted, "did not object," said Alfred, "to our coming."

"But," added honest little Mary, "she did not seem very glad to have us."

"Children," said I, "there are several objections to surprise parties. People who wish to give parties usually prefer to name the time and select their guests themselves. It may be very inconvenient to a little girl's mother to have her house seized by a merry set of young folks, who enter it for the purpose of having a good time. The parents who are to provide lemon, sugar, and cake, or to supply the young gentlemen with pocket-money, may not wish to have their money or their goods used in that way. And, as a rule, gay evening parties, surprise or otherwise, interfere seriously with school duties, and therefore are not precisely the right things for boys and girls.

"Still, if you must surprise any one, Aunt Marjorie would advise you to politely decline these invitations, and look about for the poorest and neediest person you can find. Take the sugar, the lemons, the bread, the ham, and the little packets of pocket-money, put them safely in a basket, and set them down at the door of the crippled girl, or the lonely boy whose mother and father are dead. You will enjoy such a surprise party for months after it is over."

THE FALL OF A MOUNTAIN.

[Pg 55]

BY DAVID KER.

Some seventy years ago an old man sat at the door of his cottage in the Swiss village of Goldau enjoying the warmth of the summer sunshine, and the view of the fresh green valley dappled here and there with dark clumps of trees. All around the great purple mountains stood up against the sky, as if keeping guard over the pretty little village in their midst, with its tiny log-huts clustered beneath the shadow of the neat white church, like chickens nestling under the wing of the mother hen.

A big, florid, jolly-looking man came striding up the path, and held out his hand to the old peasant, with a hearty "Good-day, Neighbor Kraus."

"Good-day, Neighbor Schwartz. Fine weather to-day."

"Beautiful. We'll have a famous harvest this year, please God."

"I hope so, neighbor. Won't you sit down a minute? It's warm walking."

"Thanks; I will. Holloa! what's the matter over yonder?"

Right opposite them, five thousand feet overhead, towered the dark mass of the Rossberg, the highest of the surrounding mountains. Just as Schwartz spoke, its huge outline seemed to be agitated by a slight tremulous motion, like the nodding of a plume of feathers.

"Well, my friend, what are you staring at? Did you never see the trees shaking in the wind before?"

"Of course; but it seemed to me somehow as if it wasn't only the trees that shook, but the whole mountain."

"You're easily scared," chuckled the old man. "I suppose you're thinking of the old saying that the Rossberg is to fall some day. Bah! they've been saying so ever since I was a child, and it hasn't fallen yet."

Schwartz laughed, and the two friends went on talking. But suddenly the visitor started up with a look of unmistakable terror; and no wonder. His spiked staff, which he had stuck carelessly into the ground beside him when he sat down, was *moving to and fro of itself*!

"Good gracious! do you see that, Father Kraus? And look at those birds yonder, flying screaming away from the trees on the Rossberg! Something is wrong, say what you will."

At that moment Hans Godrel, the miller, came flying past, shouting: "Run for your lives! The stream's dried up, and that always comes before an earthquake or an avalanche. Run!"

"Pooh! I'll have time to fill my pipe again," said old Kraus, coolly producing his tobacco pouch.

But Schwartz was too thoroughly frightened to wait another moment. Down the hill he flew like a madman, and had barely got clear of the village when the earth shook under his feet so violently as to throw him down. He sprang up again just in time to see poor old Kraus's cottage vanish in a whirl of dust like a bursting bubble.

The next moment there came a terrific crash, followed by another so much louder that it seemed to shake the very sky. In a moment all was dark as night, and amid the gloom could be heard a medley of fearful sounds—the rending of strong timbers, the hollow rumble of falling rocks and gravel, the crash of wrecked buildings, the shrieks of the doomed inmates, and the roar of angry waves from the lake below, as if all its waters were breaking loose at once.

The last house of the village, on the side farthest from the Rossberg, was that of Antoine Sepel, the wood-cutter, who at the first alarm snatched up two of his children, and made for the opposite hill-side, calling to his wife to follow with the other two. But the youngest, Marianne, a little girl of six, had just run back into the house, and before her mother could reach her, the first crash came. The terrified woman seized the other girl, and fled without looking behind her.

But the old servant, Françoise, could think of her little favorite even under the shadow of coming destruction. She darted into the house, and had just caught the child in her arms, when the tremendous din of the final crash told her that it was too late. In an instant the house was lifted bodily from its place, and spun round like a top. The child was torn from her clasp, and she felt herself thrown violently forward, the strong timbers falling to pieces around her like a pack of cards. Still, however, the brave woman struggled to free herself; but the weight that kept her down defied her utmost strength. For her own safety she cared little, although a violent pain in her head and a numbness along her left arm told her that she was severely hurt. But where was the child?

"Marianne!" cried she, in desperation.

"Here I am," answered a tiny voice, seemingly not far from her. "I'm not hurt a bit, only there's something holding me down; and I can see light overhead quite plain. Won't they come and take us out soon?"

"No, there's no hope of that," said the old woman, feebly; "this is the day of doom for us all. Say your prayers, darling, and commend yourself to God."

And upward through the universal ruin, amid shattered rocks and uprooted mountains, stole the child's clear sweet voice, praying the prayer that she had learned at her mother's knee. It rose from that grim chaos of destruction like Jonah's prayer from the depths of the sea, and like it was heard and answered.

How long the two prisoners remained pent up in that living grave they could never have told; but all at once Marianne thought she heard a voice calling her name, and held her breath to listen. Yes, she was not mistaken; there *was* a voice calling to her, and it was the voice of her father!

Sepel, having seen his wife and the other three children placed in safety far up the opposite hill-side, had hurried back to seek the missing girl. But it was in vain that he looked for any trace of the village or even of the valley itself. The green, sunny uplands, where the laborers had been working and the children frolicking but a few hours before, were now one hideous disorder of fallen rocks, bare gravel, and black cindery dust, amid which he wandered at random, calling despairingly upon his lost darling.

But the answer came at last: a clear, musical call, which rose from a shapeless heap of ruin that even he had failed to recognize as his pretty little cottage. Hurrying to the spot, he began to tear away the rubbish with the strength of a giant, and speedily drew forth the child *unhurt*, the falling timbers, as if by miracle, having formed a kind of arch over her, completely protecting her from injury.

Brave old Françoise had been less fortunate. Her left arm was so badly hurt that she never recovered the use of it, and to the end of her life she was always timid and nervous from the effects of that terrible night. But, compared with the rest of the ill-fated villagers, she might well esteem herself fortunate. Four-fifths of them were killed on the spot, many more crippled for life, and those who escaped found themselves reduced to absolute beggary. Of Goldau itself nothing

remained but the bell of its steeple, which was found more than a mile away. The lower end of Lake Lowertz, farther down the valley, was completely choked up by the falling rocks; and the water thus dislodged rushed in a mighty wave seventy feet high over the island in the centre, sweeping away every living thing upon it. The once happy and beautiful valley is still a frightful desert, and here and there among the surrounding hills you may find some white-haired grandfather who himself witnessed the calamity and will tell you, in his quaint mountain speech, how the Rossberg fell upon Goldau.

[Pg 56]

AN UNEXPECTED THANKSGIVING DINNER.

PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT.

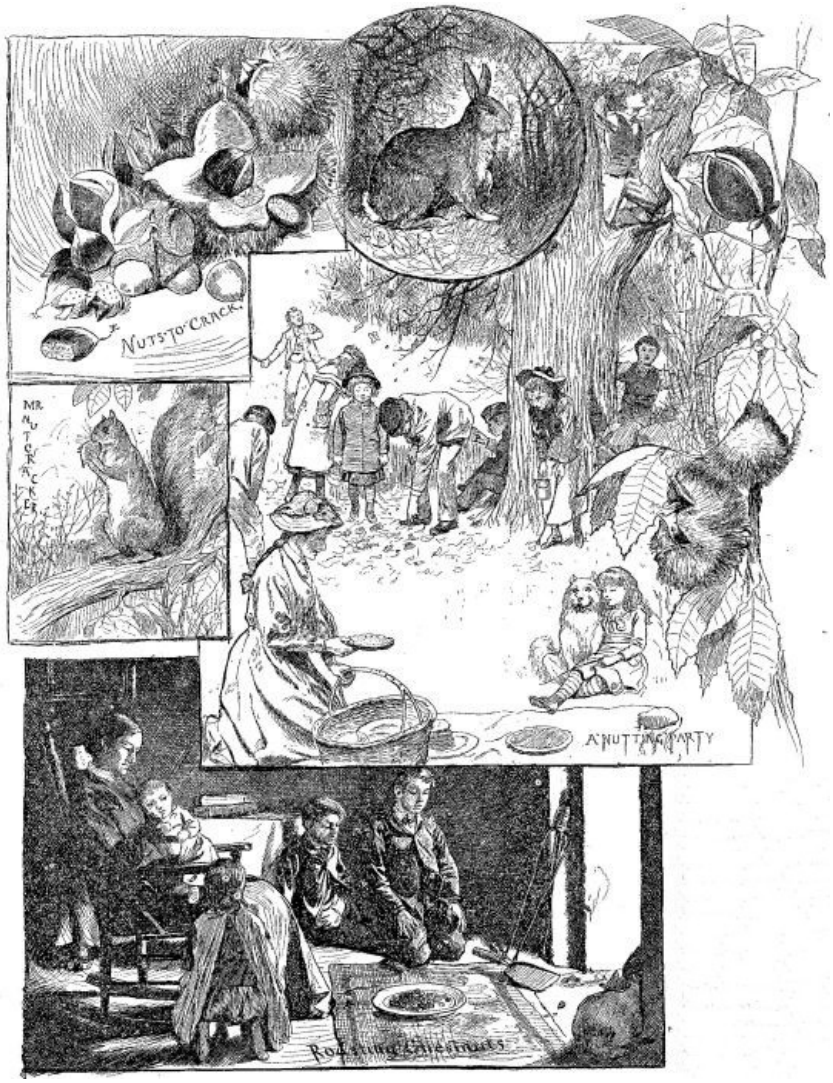
I.—ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

There is hardly a boy or girl in this country who does not know some of the tunes in *Pinafore* by heart—few, indeed, among our readers who have not heard the opera—and all will be interested in hearing something about the composer of that delightful music.

Arthur Sullivan is a bright-eyed, dark-haired man thirty-seven years of age. When quite a little fellow he was a choir-boy in the chapel of St. James's Palace in London, and at thirteen years he had made such progress in musical studies that he composed an anthem that was sung in the chapel before the Queen. On this occasion, he relates, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, the Bishop of London patted him on the head, and gave him ten shillings. At the age of fourteen, Arthur Sullivan won the Mendelssohn Scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, being the youngest of those who tried for it, and was sent to Leipsic, in Germany, to study under the most famous musicians of the time.

Strange though it may seem, the name of the composer of *Pinafore* first became known by a sacred oratorio, called the *Prodigal Son*. Since that time Mr. Sullivan has written other oratorios, as well as a great many songs that are sung everywhere; and there is hardly a hymn-book that does not contain several hymns by this same great musician. The composer of *Pinafore* has followed up his success in that opera with two others (also commencing with a P), the *Pirates of Penzance* and *Patience*, and it is said that he is already at work upon yet another one.

It may be said that comic operas are very light work for a great musician to devote himself to; but those which Arthur Sullivan has composed are the best of their kind, and the man who makes people glad-hearted does as much good as he who makes them wise.



THE PLEASURES OF NUTTING-TIME.

MICE AS PETS.

There is one kind of pets, and a very amusing kind they are too, which every boy can have simply by setting a trap, and no one will object to the snaring of them, or speak of the cruelty of depriving them of their liberty. These pets are little bright-eyed, long-tailed mice, which can be induced to display quite as much affection as any other pet, and which are wonderfully interesting whether at play or at work.

Mice are not difficult to tame; they show great fondness for the one who feeds them, and if their cage be properly cared for, are as cleanly pets as one could wish to have.

To deprive mice of their liberty hardly seems cruel, since they are so mischievous and destructive, and the boy who makes pets of them, provided he catches them at home, takes away just so many provoking bits of mischief from his mother's pantry, which is much better than to snare birds or squirrels.

Mice will live and breed in a cage, and be quite as happy as when enjoying their liberty, for they are accustomed to make a home of such tiny places that they do not suffer in confinement, as pets do who find their greatest pleasure in roaming.

It is possible to buy white mice at any bird-fancier's, but there are reasons why it is better to have at least half your pets of the ordinary house mice rather than to have them all white. One is [Pg 57] that your mother will look with more favor upon your mouse pet if it is one the less from the number that annoy her.

There is hardly any necessity of telling a boy how to set a mouse-trap, and in almost every house his labor will be very quickly rewarded with as many as he can care for.

But once the industrious little fellows are caught and caged, do not make the cruel mistake of thinking because they are only mice they do not need any care. As long as they were in the walls, or under the floors, they could take care of themselves, for they knew to the fraction of an inch on which particular portion of the shelf the cheese was placed, and exactly how to get at the bread. But when they have been deprived of their liberty, it becomes the duty of their captor to see that they want for nothing. What is true of any pet is equally true of mice; they are entitled to all the care and attention they need as soon as they are deprived of the power to care for themselves.

If one wants to have very tame mice, so tame that they can be taught to come out of their cage at the word of command, and return to it when the play is over, he should catch young ones, and put them in a cage with wire front and solid back and sides. [Pg 58]

Almost any kind of a hard-wood box, not less than twelve inches long and wide, and eight inches high, can be made into a good cage by running wires about the size of an ordinary knitting-needle up and down the front, about a quarter of an inch apart. Then cut a small sliding door at one side, and have the back made to slide up and down for purposes of cleanliness. If at one end a small run-around, made of stout wire set very closely together, be placed, the pets will have such a home as they will be perfectly contented and happy in.

At one corner of the cage should be some rags for a nest, and unless there are little ones in it, this nest must be removed at least once each week. The entire cage should be washed quite as often, and every care must be taken to keep it sweet and clean. Dry sand or sawdust is a good thing to scatter over the floor of the house, as it can then be cleaned readily by simply scraping the old sand out and pouring in fresh.

Mice when at liberty are great builders, and have many curious ways of providing snug quarters for their young. In one instance a number of empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one which was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had therefore conveyed into it a quantity of bedding which she made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. Nothing would have been easier than to have formed the cavity at the under side, so that the soft materials of the nest would exclude the light; but the mouse had simply formed a comfortable hollow for her young, and therein she had placed them.

The rapidity with which a mouse can make a nest is somewhat surprising. Some few years ago, in a farmer's house, a loaf of newly baked bread was placed upon a shelf, according to custom. Next day a hole was observed in the loaf; and when it was cut open a mouse and her nest were discovered within, the latter being made of paper. On examination, the material of the habitation was found to have been obtained from a copy-book, which had been torn into shreds and arranged in the form of a nest. Within this curious home were nine new-born mice. Thus in the space of thirty-six hours at most the loaf must have cooled, the interior been excavated, the book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made, and the young brought into the world.

If you have started your mouse menagerie with young mice, they should be given a soft warm nest, and fed on bread and milk until they are grown, when almost anything may be given them. Water should always be provided for them, and the dish in which it is kept must be shallow, or they may drown themselves.

If you whistle or make some peculiar noise when you feed them, they will soon learn to associate the sound with the pleasure of eating, and come out of their nest at the summons. To make them eat from the hand, exclude cheese from their bill of fare several days, and then hold a bit that is toasted where they can get it. The temptation will be so strong that at the second trial they will take it from their master, and after that they will eat from his hand very readily.

Young mice are great acrobats, and the antics of the little climbers and leapers are very amusing when they have space sufficient in which to display their skill.

Several instances are recorded of mice that made musical sounds something like a soft low warble, and it has been thought by some that this musical power might be cultivated so that they really could become singing mice! But this is open to very many doubts, their vocal organs being so entirely different from birds.

The most reasonable supposition is that the mice that are reported as having sung were affected with some disease in the lungs or air-passages, which caused the piping noise called music.

THE TALKING LEAVES.[1]

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

refusal to go out with the hunters was a strange thing to come from Red Wolf. No other young brave in that band of Apaches had a better reputation for killing deer and buffaloes. It was a common saying among the older squaws that when he came to have a lodge of his own "there would always be plenty of meat in it." He was not, therefore, "a lazy Indian," and it was something he had on his mind that kept him in the camp that day. It had also made him beckon to Ni-ha-be, and look very hard after Rita when she hurried away toward the bushes with her three magazines of "talking leaves." Red Wolf was curious. He hardly liked to say as much to a squaw, even such a young squaw as Ni-ha-be, and his own sister, but he had

some questions to ask her nevertheless.

He might have asked some of them of his father, but the great war chief of that band of Apaches was now busily watching Dolores and her saucepan, and everybody knew better than to speak to him just before supper. Ni-ha-be saw at a glance what was the matter with her haughty brother, and she was glad enough to tell him all there was to know of how and where the talking leaves had been found.

"Did they speak to you?"

"No; but I saw pictures."

"Pictures of what?"

"Mountains, big lodges, trees, braves, pale-face squaws, pappooses, white men's bears, and pictures that lied. Not like anything."

"Ugh! Bad medicine. Talk too much. So blue-coat soldier throw them away."

"They talk to Rita."

"What say to her?"

"I don't know. She'll tell me. She'll tell you if you ask her."

"Ugh! No. Red Wolf is a warrior. Not want any squaw talk about pictures. You ask Rita some things?"

"What things?"

"Make the talking leaves tell where all blue-coat soldiers go. All that camped here. Know then whether we follow 'em."

"Maybe they won't tell."

"Burn some. The rest talk then. White man's leaves not want to tell about white man. Rita must make them talk. Old braves in camp say they know. Many times the talking leaves tell the pale-faces all about Indians. I Tell where go. Tell what do. Tell how to find and kill. Bad medicine." [Pg 59]

The "old braves" of many an Indian band have puzzled their heads over the white man's way of learning things and sending messages to a distance, and Red Wolf's ideas had nothing unusual in them. If the talking leaves could say anything at all, they could be made to tell a chief and his warriors the precise things they wanted to know.

Ni-ha-be's talk with her brother lasted until he pointed to the camp fire, where Many Bears was resting after his first attack upon the results of Mother Dolores's cookery.

"Great chief eat. Good time talk to him. Go now."

There was no intentional lack of politeness in the sharp, overbearing tone of Red Wolf. It was only the ordinary manner of a warrior speaking to a squaw. It would therefore have been very absurd for Ni-ha-be to get out of temper about it; but her manner and the toss of her head as she turned away were decidedly wanting in the submissive meekness to be expected of her age and sex.

"It won't be long before I have a lodge of my own," she said, positively. "I'll have Rita come and live with me. Red Wolf shall not make her burn the talking leaves. Maybe she can make them talk to me. My eyes are better than hers. She's nothing but a pale-face, if she did get brought into my father's lodge."

A proud-spirited maiden was Ni-ha-be, and one who wanted a little more of "her own way" than she could have under the iron rule of her great father and the watchful eyes of Mother Dolores.

"I'll go to the bushes and see Rita. Our supper won't be ready yet for a good while."

It would be at least an hour, but Ni-ha-be had never seen a clock in her life, and knew nothing at all about "hours." There is no word for such a thing in the Apache language.

She was as light of foot as an antelope, and her moccasins hardly made a sound upon the grass as she parted the bushes and looked in upon Rita's hiding-place.

"Weeping? The talking leaves have been scolding her. I will burn them. They shall not say things to make her cry."

In a moment more her arms were around the neck of her adopted sister. It was plain enough that the two girls loved each other dearly.

"Rita, what is the matter? Have they said strong words to you?"

"No, Ni-ha-be; good words, all of them. Only I can not understand them all."

"Tell me some. See if I can understand them. I am the daughter of a great chief."

Ni-ha-be did not know how very little help the wealth of a girl's father can give her in a quarrel with her school-books. But just such ideas as hers have filled the silly heads of countless young white people of both sexes.

"I can tell you some of it."

"Tell me what made you cry."

"I can't find my father. He is not here. Not in any of them."

"You don't need him now. He was only a pale-face. Many Bears is a great chief. He is your father now."

Something seemed to tell Rita that she would not be wise to arouse her friend's national jealousy. It was better to turn to some of the pictures, and try to explain them. Very funny explanations she gave, too, but she at least knew more than Ni-ha-be, and the latter listened seriously enough.

"Rita, was there ever such a mule as that?—one that could carry a pack under his skin?"

It was Rita's turn now to be proud, for that was one of the pictures she had been able to understand. She had even read enough to be able to tell Ni-ha-be a good deal about a camel.

It was deeply interesting, but the Apache maiden suddenly turned from the page to exclaim,

"Rita, Red Wolf says the talking leaves must tell you about the blue-coat soldiers or he will burn them up."

"I'm going to keep them."

"I won't let him touch them."

"But, Ni-ha-be, they do tell about the soldiers. Look here."

She picked up another of the magazines, and turned over a few leaves.

"There they are. All mounted and ready to march."

Sure enough, there was a fine wood-cut of a party of cavalry moving out of camp with wagons.

Over went the page, and there was another picture.

Ten times as many cavalry on the march, followed by an artillery force with cannon.

"Oh, Rita! Father must see that."

"Of course he must; but that is not all."

Another leaf was turned, and there was a view of a number of Indian chiefs in council at a fort, with a strong force of both cavalry and infantry drawn up around them.

Rita had not read the printed matter on any of those pages, and did not know that it was only an illustrated description of campaigning and treaty-making on the Western plains. She was quite ready to agree with Ni-ha-be that Many Bears ought to hear at once what the talking leaves had to say about so very important a matter.

It was a good time to see him now, for he was no longer very hungry, and word had come in from the hunters that they were having good success. A fine prospect of a second supper, better than the first, was just the thing to make the mighty chief good-tempered, and he was chatting cozily with some of his "old braves" when Rita and Ni-ha-be drew near.

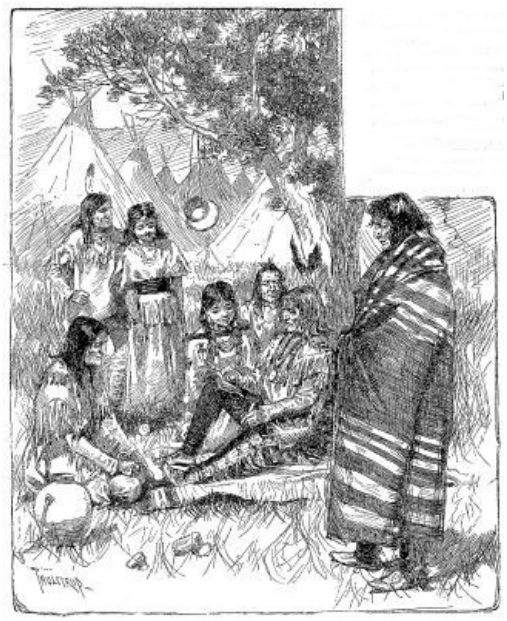
They beckoned to Red Wolf first.

"The talking leaves have told Rita all you wanted them to. She must speak to father."

Red Wolf's curiosity was strong enough to make him arrange for that at once, and even Many Bears himself let his face relax into a grim smile as the two girls came timidly nearer the circle of warriors.

After all, they were the pets and favorites of the chief; they were young and pretty, and so long as they did not presume to know more than warriors and counsellors they might be listened to. Besides, there were the talking leaves, and Rita's white blood, bad as it was for her, might be of some use in such a matter.

"Ugh!"



"MANY BEARS LOOKED AT THE

Many Bears looked at the picture of the cavalry squad with a sudden start. "No lie this time. Camp right here. Just so many blue-coats. Just so many wagons. Good. Now where go?"

Rita turned the leaf, and her Indian father was yet more deeply interested.

"Ugh! More blue-coats. Great many. No use follow. Get all killed. Big guns. Indians no like 'em. Ugh!"

If the cavalry expedition was on its way to join a larger force, it would indeed be of no use to follow it, and Many Bears was a cautious leader as well as a brave one.

Rita's news was not yet all given, however, and when the eyes of the chief fell upon the picture of the "treaty-making" he sprang to his feet.

"Ugh! Big talk come. Big presents. Other Apaches all know—all be there—all get blanket, gun, tobacco, new axe. Nobody send us word, because we off on hunt beyond the mountains. Now we know, we march right along. Rest horse, kill game, then ride. Not lose our share of presents."

PICTURE." Rita could not have told him his mistake, and even if she had known it, she would have been puzzled to explain away the message of the talking leaves.

Did not every brave in the band know that that first picture told the truth about the cavalry? Why, then, should they doubt the correctness of the rest of it? [Pg 60]

No; a treaty there was to be, and presents were to come from the red man's "great father at Washington," and that band of Apaches must manage to be on hand and secure all that belonged to it, and as much more as possible.

Red Wolf had nothing more to say about burning up leaves which had talked so well, and his manner toward Rita was almost respectful as he led her and Ni-ha-be away from the group of great men that was now gathering around the chief. Red Wolf was too young a brave to have any business to remain while gray heads were in council. A chief would almost as soon take advice from a squaw as from a "boy."

Mother Dolores had heard nothing of all this, but her eyes had not missed the slightest thing. She had even permitted a large slice of deer meat to burn to a crisp in her eager curiosity.

"What did they say to the chief?" was her first question to Rita.

But Ni-ha-be answered her with: "Ask the warriors. If we talk too much, we shall get into trouble."

"You must tell me."

"Not until after supper. Rita, don't let's tell her a word unless she cooks for us and gives us all we want. She made us get our own supper last night."

"You came late. I did not tell your father. I gave you enough. I am very good to you."

"No," said Rita; "sometimes you are cross, and we don't get enough to eat. Now you shall cook us some corn-bread and some fresh meat. I am tired of dried buffalo: it is tough."

The curiosity of Dolores was getting hotter and hotter, and she thought again of the wonderful leaf which had spoken to her. She wanted to ask Rita questions about that too, and she had learned by experience that there was more to be obtained from her willful young friends by coaxing than in any other way.

"I will get your supper now, while the chiefs are talking. It shall be a good supper—good enough for Many Bears. Then you shall tell me all I ask."

"Of course I will," said Rita.

A fine fat deer had been deposited near that camp fire by one of the first hunters that had returned, and Mother Dolores was free to cut and carve from it, but her first attempt at a supper for the girls did not succeed very well. It was not on account of any fault of hers, however, or because the venison steak she cut and spread upon the coals, while her corn-bread was frying, did not broil beautifully.

No; the temporary disappointment of Ni-ha-be and Rita was not the fault of Mother Dolores. Their mighty father was sitting where the odor of that cookery blew down upon him, and it made him hungry again before the steak was done. He called Red Wolf to help him, for the other braves were departing to their own camp fires, and in a minute or so more there was little left of the supper intended for the two young squaws. Dolores patiently cut and began to broil another slice, but that was Red Wolf's first supper, and it was the third slice which found its way into the lodge, after all.

The strange part of it was that not even Ni-ha-be dreamed of complaining. It was according to custom.

There was plenty of time to eat supper after it came, for Dolores was compelled to look out for her own. She would not have allowed any other squaw to cook for her, any more than she herself would have condescended to fry a cake for any one below the rank of her own husband and his family.

Mere common braves and their squaws could take care of themselves, and it was of small consequence to Dolores whether they had anything to eat or not. There is more "aristocracy" among the wild red men than anywhere else, and they have plenty of white imitators who should know better.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY AS A KING—"PAPERS ALL SOLD."

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

What are the boys and girls going to do Thanksgiving night when dinner is over, the nuts and raisins all gone, the last sugar-plum eaten, and it isn't yet time to go to bed? Suppose they try Shadow Pantomimes.

Draw a white screen across the parlor, hanging down to the floor, darken the part of the room where the audience are, and place one strong light at the extreme end, behind the stage, so that the shadows of the actors will be thrown on the screen when they pass or stand behind it. The subjects have to be guessed by the audience. A Shadow Pantomime has the advantage that all sorts of contrivances can be used, and the appearance of the players disguised, so that the lookers-on will soon want to see what is at the other side of the screen, where the sight of card-board cats and donkeys and paper noses and chins would be a sad disillusion. The player should in general keep near the screen, but never touch or shake it; and as there is no scenery except such shadows as bushes or fences, no scene is announced, but all has to be guessed from the action of the figures. The subjects should, of course, be easy to guess, as the audience enjoys better what is recognized quickly. We suggest to ingenious shadow-makers as possible subjects: *Cinderella*—the child and the godmother, the dance, the fitting of the shoe. *The Lion and the Unicorn*—the lion's mane and tail and the unicorn's horn being the chief distinctions, and the crown being represented on a pole in the middle while they fight; afterward the representation of the last lines are easy: "Some gave them white bread, and some gave them brown; some gave them plum-cake, and drummed them out of town." *Punch and Judy*, with Judy's large cap and Punch's hump, pointed cap, and long nose and chin, and of course a Toby, well cut out of mill-board or card-board. *The House that Jack built*, with a constant show of the objects in succession, some of them only cut models, held at a distance from the screen so as to enlarge the shadows: this would be necessary, for instance, in showing the house with its bright windows, and it is well for such subjects to draw a curtain across the lower part of the stage, and place a screen at each side, so as to leave only a small square of light for exhibiting the shadows, while the hands are hidden behind the screens. *Sing a Song of Sixpence*, the pie being the shadow of a packed clothes-basket, the king and queen wearing crowns, and the blackbird of the last verses being swung on the end of a thread so as to hit off a paper nose.

Most of the nursery rhymes admit of being shown in shadows, and also such ballads as the "Mistletoe Bough." There may be, for a change at the end, a few shadow charades, such as Snow-ball, Cox-comb, Asterisk (ass-tea-risk), Ring-let, Cat-as-(ass)-trophy, etc., done quickly and guessed easily.

KING HAZELNUT

King Hazelnut, of Weisnichtwo,
  A jolly King was he,
And all his subjects, high and low,
  Were happy as could be.

They feasted every day on pie
  And pudding and plum-cake,
And never broke the law—for why?—
  There was no law to break.

Oh, jolly was King Hazelnut,
  Especially at noon;
Then many a caper he would cut,
  And hum a merry tune.

And from his golden throne he'd hop,
  And fling his sceptre down,
And on the table, like a top,
  Would spin his golden crown.

Then he would slap his sides and sing
  Unto his serving-man,
"That rolly-poly pudding bring
  As lively as you can."

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A HAPPY THANKSGIVING and a splendid time to all our boys and girls!

GLENCOE, LOUISIANA.

Viola E. would perhaps find the names most familiar to your young Creole subscribers in Louisiana as unaccustomed as are those of which she writes to the ears of children outside of Virginia. In this house the young girl to whom YOUNG PEOPLE is addressed was christened Elmire, but is known only by her *petit nom* of "Fillette." Her mother's name is Gracieuse—is it not musical? An impish little ebon-hued maid in the yard is Mariquite. Another, with gleaming ivories, is Yélie. A cousin who comes often, and is nearly old enough to cast his vote, is yet "Bébé," despite his sponsors having called him Édouard. And "Guisson," his brother, who would guess his name to be Émile?

A little knowledge of creole interiors would correct the ideas so prevalent as to creole indolence. Away down here, on a sluggish little bayou that makes its way through the plantation to the not-far-distant Gulf, these young girls, though not perhaps speaking so good English as their Virginia sisters of Anglo-Saxon extraction, having learned it rather from the lips of negro servants than from their parents, are, at any rate, their peers in womanly accomplishments, if practical knowledge of the details of a *ménage* constitutes such—the ability to wash, starch, iron, straighten a room, make a gumbo, mix a cake and bake it, etc. The very neatly made calico dresses they wear are their own handiwork. After five hours spent in the school-room with their *institutrice*, and the required time given to the practice of their piano, one of them is amusing herself by making a quantity of under-clothing for a beloved little *filleule*. A *basse-cour* of about six hundred turkeys, ducks, and chickens is cared for almost wholly by the two girls and their mother. Domestic virtues these, worthy even of Yankee girls, are they not? Just as much, though, as Yankee girls or as Virginia girls do these young Louisianians claim their heritage as Americans and their place among your "Young People."

L'INSTITUTRICE.

We have read this letter with great pleasure, and now we would like to hear from somebody about our Western girls; and the New England girls too will find a corner waiting if they choose to write.

HARPER, IOWA.

I can now read all the long stories in YOUNG PEOPLE. I liked "Tim and Tip" very much, and think the bear hunt was quite funny. I had a pair of white doves given me as a present. One of them, in trying to fly through the screen door, broke its neck, and the other flew away with some wild ones. So I lost my pets, and was very sorry. I am sorry for Jimmy Brown. He makes me think of myself sometimes. My sister teaches piano music. My two brothers play in the Cornet Band, and I am learning music; so we have plenty of music. We all go to school.

HARPER R.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

I have three brothers and two sisters. This summer we all went to New Mexico. We stopped at Las Vegas, and saw the Hot Springs, and the water in the springs was so hot that we could not hold our hands in it. And we stopped over Sunday at Santa Fe, and saw the Corpus Christi procession. We saw a horned toad that ran as fast as a horse. We brought back two donkeys, and mine threw me off, and broke my two front teeth.

Uncle Henry gave us some saddles. Our baby is only two months old, and has red hair. I liked "Toby Tyler" best of any. I am nine years old. My name is

MAGGIE P.

ROSA MAYFIELD'S LOSS.

Let me introduce my readers to a bright, sunny-haired girl who on a pleasant morning in July is playing in a large garden. She first sits down in a pretty little arbor, and sews for a short time; then she puts her work away, and goes to plant some seed which old James, the gardener, has given her. Suddenly she hears some one calling to her from the house.

"Rosa! Rosa! come here a minute, my child."

"Yes, mamma," said Rosa; "I will come as soon as I have put away my tools."

When she reached the sitting-room, her mamma was not there, but on running to the bedroom, she found her, all dressed to go out, and putting on her gloves. As soon as she saw Rosa, she said: "Would you like to go to the cattle show with me, dear, and then go to your cousins, in the country for tea? The carriage will be round presently."

"Oh yes, indeed I should, mamma," said the little girl, as she skipped away to nurse to be dressed.

"Oh, you darling mamma," said Rosa, as she settled herself in the carriage beside her mother. "I always enjoy going to tea with May and Clara Haliburton so much! and I have never been to a cattle show;" and here she clapped her hands and laughed so loud that her mother had to tell her to be quiet, as the passers-by would think she must be a very badly behaved little girl.

At last, they reached the cattle show. Then they got out of the carriage, and went inside. There they saw dogs, cats, rabbits, and all sorts of animals. Rosa was greatly delighted with a beautiful white rabbit with pink eyes.

After they had seen enough, they drove to the rectory, where the Haliburtons lived. After Rosa had said good-afternoon to her aunt, May and Clara took her to see the chickens and rabbits, the donkey, and all their other pets. Never had she spent such a delightful afternoon, and was very sorry when the tea bell rang, and they had to go in. But what a tea they had! Muffins, cakes, and preserves of all sorts, and such delicious fresh bread and butter, and new milk from her uncle's farm. At a quarter to nine the carriage came to take them home, and they had to say good-by.

Rosa was so tired that she fell asleep in her mamma's arms, and never woke till the next morning, when she found herself in her own little bed.

In Mrs. Mayfield's room some parcels are waiting, addressed to Miss R. Mayfield, one large, and the others small; and as it is Rosa's birthday, she is to open them herself. All the small ones are opened. In one she finds a gold brooch from her mamma; in another is a prayer-book from her father; in the others are presents from all her little friends. At last she unties the string and draws off the paper of the large parcel, and gives one scream of delight as she sees in a beautiful lined basket the little rabbit she saw at the cattle show. The lady to whom it belonged, being a friend of Mrs. Mayfield, had heard Rosa saying she would like to have it, and had sent it to her. Rosa ran off with her new pet to feed it, and after showing it to everybody she took it into the garden and put it into a cage close by her arbor, in a sunny corner, where she could always see it. She kept it carefully for three months; but on going to feed it one morning, with her hands full of lettuce leaves and clover, she found her pet was gone. A cruel cat had come every day and watched her feeding her rabbit, and at last, seeing her just pull the door to, and not lock it, had seized the opportunity, and had carried off her pet.

Poor little Rosa cried herself to sleep that night, and for many nights after, and never loved any of the pets her mamma gave her as she had loved her little white rabbit.

GUSSIE TOBIAS (aged 10 years),
Liverpool, England.

OKAHUMPKA, FLORIDA.

I am a little girl ten years old, and live away down in South Florida, where the sun is always bright and the trees always green. In our quiet little home there are only mamma, Addie, and I. Our dear father is dead. Sister Addie is six years old. We have no school, church, nor Sunday-school. Mamma gives us our lessons daily at home, and a kind English gentleman gives me music lessons. We do not know who sends us the YOUNG PEOPLE, but hope our kind unknown friend will see this letter, and learn how much we enjoy the gift and appreciate the kindness. I am suffering from sore eyes, and not

allowed to read or write, so mamma is writing for me; but when I get well I will write myself, and tell about our pets and other things.

ROSA M. J.

SCANDIA, KANSAS.

I have been taking your paper almost a year, and like it very much. It was papa's Christmas present to me, so I thought I would write you a letter. I have a pet hen. I call her Brownie. She is getting old now. She answers me in hen language when I take her up and talk to her. I have a canary-bird. I call him Dickey. He is just learning to sing.

LAURA H.

HARLEM, NEW YORK.

I have had my cat Till seven years. We think he is a very wise cat, for he sits upon his hind-legs and begs. When I go down stairs in the morning, if I say, "Good-morning, Till," he will shake hands with me. He is a very dainty cat. He will not eat roast beef unless it is very rare, and he does not care at all for the heads of chickens and turkeys; but he loves cheese and crackers, and will eat all the cake I will give him. I am eleven years old.

MABEL M. S.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

I have a great many dolls, and a large doll house in the conservatory, which I enjoy very much, so I thought you would be pleased to have a letter from me. Mrs. Love Lee and her ten children live in the large doll house, which is a little taller than I am. I am six. The babies Faith, Hope, and Love are triplets. I wish we had three live babies. Cozy has two kittens. Cozy is my cat. Arthur and Arabella are twins, about in the middle. Blanche is the young lady, and Fifine the big school-girl. Rosebud is only six inches tall, and her eyes open and shut, and she moves her head and arms and legs. Daffodil is just the same, only smaller, and Joe is the little boy. Ida takes care of the children in the nursery. Dinah is the cook. She is colored very much. Chechon sets the table, and keeps the dining-room in order. Chechon is a Chinese. The twins have a very nice cabinet of shells and stones. I gave them some out of mine. Each of the children have something to do to help their mamma, just, as I do.

I go to Kindergarten, and once a week I speak a little piece out of *Baby-Land*, or *St. Nicholas*, or HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, or *The Nursery*. I can say all of "The Cat, the Parrot, and the Monkey." It is just at the end of my bound HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It is called "Filbert." That is the best story I know. I like "The Story of a Parrot," too, but it would have been better if some one had carried him home at last. Papa says he don't see why I like that story so well, but he reads it to me 'most every Sunday. He likes "Toby Tyler" a great deal better, or even "Tim and Tip." They are pretty good too. I don't like story boys as well as I do story animals. I like live animals too. Dogs and cats are never afraid of me, but will come right to me in the street or anywhere. I found a little mud-turtle at Minnehaha Falls, and brought it to papa and mamma by its tail, and it played with me a little while, and then I carried it back to its cave at the side of the path down the gully.

This fall I caught a live star-fish, when the tide was coming in, down on the beach at Portland, Maine, and we brought it home to put in my cabinet when it gets dry enough. It is sticky yet. It is out in the wood-shed drying. When we were going there I caught a mouse. It ran into its hole in the corner of the dépôt, all but its tail. I suppose I took hold too tightly, or else too high up, for he turned around and bit my thumb. I wasn't going to hurt him, but just to play with him a little while. I wish animals could talk. That was at the Montreal dépôt.

You asked about dolls. I have a doll, about a foot high, wheeling a little cart in front of her. When I draw the cart by a string, the doll goes trot, trot, trot on behind, and every one I meet turns around, and says, "Did you ever see anything so funny?" Uncle Ebb found it at Manistee, Michigan, and sent it to me by express.

Blossom is my very large wax doll. I draw her around the block in her carriage every pleasant afternoon. Sometimes Daisy, who is almost as large, rides in the front seat. If it is too warm for Blossom to go out, Daisy will ride in the back seat, and Charity in front. Charity is indestructible and good, but not beautiful. Cisily I took with me to Vermont and Boston and Maine, because she had never been anywhere. She ought to

have a new dress Christmas, if Santa Claus only knew it. Joe is just as tall as Cisily. I measure them often with my foot-rule. They are once and a half tall. They have the same furry hair. They have a very nice carriage, and always ride out together. I shall take Joe next. He has never been anywhere yet, but Cisily wore his overcoat and rubbers East, and took his little knife I in her pocket. He thought she might want it to whittle in Vermont or Boston. Uncle Ebb often helps me play, and speaks for the dolls. I am all there is here of children.

I have a good many more dolls. There is a small doll house full, and Mother Goose with her shoe full of them, and some of the children in the doll houses have dolls for themselves. The "log-cabin" has a family in that. The "Swiss cottage" has only wooden people. The frame house has twelve children. I like large families. They are more convenient for the children. Mamma reads your letters to me. I could read them, but they are printed so fine it is hard to read. I am in the Second Reader, and the same words are easy to read in that. I read a lesson every day in the connecting class, after Kindergarten is over at noon. I read, spell, write, and draw about fifteen minutes each, and am home to dinner at one. Then come the kitties and dolls.

NELLIE B.

SAYBROOK, CONNECTICUT.

I see you want to know whether dolls have gone out of style. No, I think not. I am eleven years old. I was very sick when I was six years old, and have not been able to walk since except in braces. I have a rolling-chair that I am wheeled in when out-doors, and I have many nice times with my dolls. I have eight of them. I think YOUNG PEOPLE is very nice. I hope this is not too long to be printed, as it is my first letter to any paper. I have eight pets.

BELLE M. I.

I want to tell you about my little dog. He is a black and tan, and is so cute. He will speak, sit on his hind-legs and beg, and catch anything thrown to him. His name is Bijon.

I will send twenty-five rare foreign stamps for ten gilt picture advertising cards, and give twelve internal revenue stamps for five gilt picture cards. One $2 stamp; nine $1; a 30 cent, 50, 25, 20, 15; two 10, two 5, and one 2 cent stamp. Please give your full address when you send cards. My name is

NELLIE MASON, P. O. Box 636,
Madison, Wisconsin.

HILL VIEW, KENTUCKY.

My teacher gave me YOUNG PEOPLE as a prize for being a good scholar. Ma raised about one hundred turkeys this year, and I raised twelve guinea-fowl with them. I like the paper very much. I am always glad when Saturday comes.

CARRIE MCK.

SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

I am sorry the girl in South Glastenbury does not like cats. If she knew my cat, I think she would like him. My brother caught fifty little fish for him, each about as long as my little finger. After he had eaten twenty-five, he could scarcely eat any more, but would not let us take them away, as he wanted to play with them. Sometimes he goes to the door, and asks us to let him come up stairs, when he gets into my doll's bed, pulls the sheet off her, and gets close to her. When she sits up in a chair, he gets in her lap. He [Pg 63]
does not like to hear the noise made by dishes, so, when they are washed, he mews till they are done. My brother plagued him once, and Kit ran to the door, and stopped a minute to consider, then ran back, and struck him with his paws. He is lazy, but you need not put that in YOUNG PEOPLE.

JESSIE B.

A puss that has fifty fish offered him at once is quite excusable for being lazy. We think he is a very interesting cat.

OAKDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Papa gave me a male canary about two years ago, and last spring my uncle gave my sister a female, and we thought we would try to raise some little birds. The mother bird laid five eggs, and they all hatched and grew to be big birds, were very tame, and we used to carry them around the room, and let them ride in our dolls' coaches. She laid five eggs again, but we only raised three more birds. They are all singers. We have seven cats—Polly, Beauty, Tom, Milly, Pussy, Harry, and Lottie. Polly is a Maltese. Our dog is named Friskie. I am ten years old.

MARY E. D.

PINE BEND, MINNESOTA.

I thought I would tell you about some hens we had when I was four or five years old. One would come in the pantry, if the window was left open, and lay her egg in a pan of eggs on the shelf. Another was determined to make her nest up stairs, and we did not dare leave the front-door open. Another hen laid three times in the wood-box in the kitchen, in spite of being driven out many times.

MARY M.

DENVER, COLORADO.

I like the paper real well, and the little letters too. My mamma reads 'em to us, 'cause we can't read ourselves. Grandpapa sent it to brother and me last New-Year's. My dolly I like so much! She has nice clothes, and the dearest little button boots and stockings what come off; and I have lovely dishes. Grandpapa sent 'em to me. I have lots of nice times with my things, but there are too many to tell about. We had a nice time at a birthday party Saturday. I just started to school this fall. I will be seven years old to-morrow. Mamma "finks" my letter pretty nearly too long now, so I won't write any more. I'll try and not be "'spointed" if you can't print it, 'cause you have so many letters. Mamma's writing for me. Good-by.

NELLIE D.

I am Charlie, Nellie's brother. I like all the stories so well, I can't tell which I like best. We can see the mountains from our doors and windows just as plain all the time, only when it's stormy. My kitty got up in mamma's lap at table the other day, and wanted to eat out of her plate. I had a live frog in a pail. One morning I went to school, and forgot to fill up the pail, and just as I came from school kitty had him. He killed him, and was going to eat him. I took him away, and gave him to the chickens, and *spanked* Sam—that's my kitty's name; I named him for grandpapa. I will be nine years old April 3, but it's so hard to write. Good-by.

CHARLES FRED D.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am eleven years old, and I save the pennies I get for doing errands to buy HARPER'S. I earned four dollars this season to help papa buy me a winter suit. I have been to Boston, and would like to live there all the time. I have only one sister, and she is my pet. She has a little white bantam hen for her pet. I have nine aunts, and I am going to write to them all some day, and send them one of my *Harper's Magazines*. Mamma wrote this letter, but I told her what to say. Good-by, from

DANIEL A.

C. Y. P. R. U.

The Postmistress is very happy to give the readers of Our Post-office Box the pleasure of reading a description of the little yacht *Toby Tyler*, now cruising in Southern waters:

DEAR "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—The *Toby Tyler*, named after the hero of Mr. Otis's most

successful story, is a very small steamer, being only about forty-five feet in length, and drawing but three feet of water. She was built so small and of such light draught because it is intended that she shall explore most of the rivers on the west coast of Florida, some of which are very shallow. Perhaps she will go farther than Florida, and explore a country that abounds in material for interesting adventures and thrilling stories.

As the *Toby* is so small, she can not go away out to sea and around Cape Hatteras, like the great steam-ships that carry passengers to Florida. She has to take what is known as the "inland passage."

After leaving her dock at the foot of West Twenty-ninth Street, in New York, the *Toby* steamed down the North or Hudson River until she passed the Battery. Then she was in the Upper Bay. Crossing this, and turning to the westward, she steamed along the north shore of Staten Island, through the broad river-like body of water called the Kill Von Kull. Passing New Brighton and the Sailors' Sung Harbor and Elizabethport, through the Arthur Kill and Staten Island Sound, both continuations of the Kill Von Kull, the *Toby* reached Perth Amboy, and turned into the Raritan River, which here empties into Raritan Bay.

The Raritan River is so shallow and so crooked that the yacht proceeded very slowly and carefully for seventeen miles, until she reached New Brunswick. Here she entered the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and found herself in company with great numbers of heavy canal-boats drawn by mules or horses. The canal in which the little *Toby* now sailed runs through a very beautiful portion of New Jersey, and her passengers enjoyed travelling on it very much. They especially enjoyed going through the locks, always in company with some other craft, which was sometimes a canal-boat, sometimes another steamer, with sometimes a big schooner, whose tall masts and white sails looked very funny among the trees on the canal banks.

The principal places that the *Toby* passed while in the canal were Bound Brook, Princeton, Trenton, and Bordentown. At the last-named place she passed through the last of the twelve locks, and having had forty-three miles of canal sailing, steamed gladly out into the broad Delaware River.

A run of twenty-nine miles down this beautiful river brought her to Philadelphia, where she rested for a few days, and gave her passengers time to get acquainted with this dear old city, in which so many of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE live.

On leaving Philadelphia the *Toby* steamed merrily down the Delaware for forty miles to Delaware City, in the State of Delaware, where she entered the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, which connects the Delaware River with Chesapeake Bay. This canal is only fourteen miles long, and has but two locks, one at each end, so that the little yacht, soon found herself at Chesapeake City, in the State of Maryland, and at the southern end of the canal.

After an all day's run down the upper end of Chesapeake Bay, the *Toby* entered the Patapsco River, and steamed up to Baltimore, where she landed her passengers in time to witness the great Oriole Celebration.

Then she went back down the Patapsco and again into Chesapeake Bay. This bay is so wide that it is almost as rough and stormy at times as the sea itself, and the poor little *Toby* had a very hard time, and was roughly handled by the great waves before the pleasant Wednesday morning when she turned into the broad mouth of the York River, and dropped anchor amongst the big ships in front of Yorktown. As the little boat ran in between two of the great war ships, they began firing guns and banging away at such a furious rate that in a few moments not only the poor little *Toby* but they themselves were completely enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke. In a few minutes those on board the *Toby* learned that the government steamer *Dispatch*, with President Arthur on board, had just arrived, and that all this firing of guns was only a salute to him, as though the big ships had said, "How do you do, Mr. President? We are very glad to welcome you to Yorktown."

After leaving this place the *Toby* went back down the York River into Chesapeake Bay again, and for a short distance out into the ocean, before steaming past the grim walls of Fortress Monroe and into Hampton Roads.

Without stopping to see the fort or the Indian schools at Hampton, the *Toby* hurried on, and an hour later sailed into the quiet harbor of Norfolk, at the mouth of the Elizabeth River.

The upper deck or cabin roof of the *Toby Tyler* extends nearly over her entire length, so that, though small, she can be made very comfortable in any weather. Her cabin, which is also dining-room and sleeping-room for four, is back of the engine-room, and occupies the whole of the after-part of the yacht. Her engine is in the middle, right under the smoke-stack, and forward of this is the cockpit, of which the sides are open except when inclosed by heavy canvas storm curtains. Here, in very warm weather, hammocks can be slung at night, in which the passengers may sleep.

On the upper deck is a light cedar canoe—the *Psyche*—with paddles, masts, and sails, intended for exploring rivers and lakes that are too shallow for the *Toby*, and beside the

canoe is lashed a good-sized tent with its poles, so that when Mr. Otis and his friends tire of living on board the yacht, they can, if they choose, establish a camp on shore.

In various lockers on the yacht, besides the baggage of her passengers and crew, and the coal, are stored four hundred pounds of canned provisions and fruits, a tool chest, medicine chest, ammunition chest, blankets, writing and sketching materials, books, charts, etc.

CAPTAIN C. K. M.

THE POET COWPER.

William Cowper was born November 26, 1731, in Hertfordshire. England. His mother died before he was six years old. He was sent to a school where he suffered a great deal from the teasing of the other boys. He had an affection of the eyes, and so he was placed at an oculist's house, where he had smallpox, and that cured his eyes. After that he became a clerk in a lawyer's office, and studied for admission to the bar. The strain on his mind was too great, and he sought relief by trying to commit suicide by hanging. In this he did not succeed. A friend placed him in the country, where, after skillful treatment, he recovered from the fits of mental depression that he was subject to. He was fickle and inconstant to friends, but loving and kind to his pets. He had three leverets, or hares, given to him, and in these he found much amusement, for he was sick, and wanted something to occupy his mind. The hares were males, and their names were Puss, Tiney, and Bess. He built them a house, and each had his own bedroom to sleep in. Puss lived to be eleven years old, Tiney to be nine, and Bess died soon after Cowper received him. The poetry about the chair is found in the "Task," and is called "The Sofa." Cowper died in the town of East Durham, on Friday, the 25th of April, 1800, and was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, in the church of East Durham.

EDNA L. MAYNARD.

This little description of the poet Cowper is very creditable to its writer, who is only eleven years old. But the Postmistress must disagree with her in the opinion that he was inconstant and fickle as a friend.

In this number we begin the publication of a series of articles calculated to be of especial interest to the members of the C. Y. P. R. U. They are from the pen of the popular English novelist Mr. James Payn, and, under the head of "Perils and Privations," deal with stories of fact relating to shipwreck more thrilling than any tales of fictitious adventure.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am a celebrated document, and am composed of eleven letters.
My first was one of the decisive battles of the world, and was fought between the Greeks and Persians.
My second was a very great warrior, who could not govern himself, though he conquered the world.
My third was a humane physician who invented an instrument of cruelty.
My fourth was a great philosopher and mathematician.
My fifth came over in the *Mayflower*.
My sixth was a young hero celebrated by an English poetess.
My seventh was a blind poet whom seven cities claimed for their own.
My eighth was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My ninth was a great artist.
My tenth is a distinguished living poet.
My eleventh met a disgraceful death in the Revolutionary war.

SUSAN NIPPER.

No. 2.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—Centrals.—A famous battle in the Revolution.

1. A letter. 2. A weapon. 3. A sort of knife. 4. Spectral. 5. The conclusion. 6. A letter.

W. D. M.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Devoured. 3. Orbs of light. 4. A period. 5. A letter.

E. W.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The whole, of 14 letters, is a city in Europe.
My 8, 2, 7 is a weight.
My 14, 6, 8, 11, 10 is an American city.
My 1, 6, 3, 5, 2, 3 is a Chinese city.
My 12, 9, 4, 5, 2, 13 is a small fire-arm.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 105.

No. 1.

P I L O T D
I V A N N E D
L A C D E B A R
O N D A M
T R

No. 2.

F
S A D
S I R E D
S T R I P E S
S I R E N I C A L
F A R I N A C E O U S
D E P I C T I N G
D E C E I V E
S A O N E
L U G
S

No. 3.

Valhalla.

No. 4.

"John Burns of Gettysburg."

No. 5.

D
S E R
D A T E S
D E L E T E S
S A L E R A T U S
D E T E R M I N E R S
R E T A I N E R S
S E T N E S S

S U E R S
S R S
S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from M. E. S., Willie Volckhausen, "North Star," Frank S. Davis, Nannie Francis, Charles Beck, Emma Rose A., Lucy Cox, John D. Smith, Kittie E. Gill, Henry E. Johnston, Jun., James R. Magoffin, Clara H. Tower, Annetta D. Jackson, and Calvin Rufus Morgan.

[*For Exchanges, see second and third pages of cover.*]

THE REAL WAY TO CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING, ACCORDING TO THE VIEWS OF OUR ESTEEMED FELLOW-CITIZENS G. OBBLER, ESQ., MESSRS. T. URKEY, C. APON, D. UCK, R. OOSTER, AND MANY OTHERS.

LETTER PUZZLES.

1.

Two S's, two N's, four E's, and a T,
Put together, and pray spell the word unto me.

2.

One R and two S's, three A's and one U,
Three N's and four T's and two I's, add unto
One O and one B, and tell me, I pray,
What word they will make if put in the right way.

3.

Four S's, four I's, two P's and an M,
What word can you easily make out of them?

4.

Three E's and two M's, two R's and one B,
Put down in right order, what word shall you see?

ANSWER TO YORKTOWN PUZZLE.

BELOW will be found the answer to the Yorktown Puzzle, given in No. 103, page 816:

NAMES OF ARTICLES (19).

N egro.
I mp.
N uts.
E nsigns.
T eeth.
E lm.
E wers.
N est.
T rays.
H andle.

O tter.
F lags.

O ats.
C hairs.
T ail.
O ak.
B ats.
E ave.
R amrod.

MILITARY MEN (16).

Steuben.
Lee.
Ward.
Marion.
Stark.
Gates.
Smith.
Greene.
St. Clair.
Stevens.
Gist.
Thomas.
Poor.
Arnold.
Nash.
Lafayette.

UNHAPPY THOUGHT.

Tommy. "I mean to be an Astronomer when I grow up!"

Effie. "What on earth will you do with yourself all Day long?"

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Begun in No. 101, Harper's Young People.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, NOVEMBER 22, 1881 ***

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