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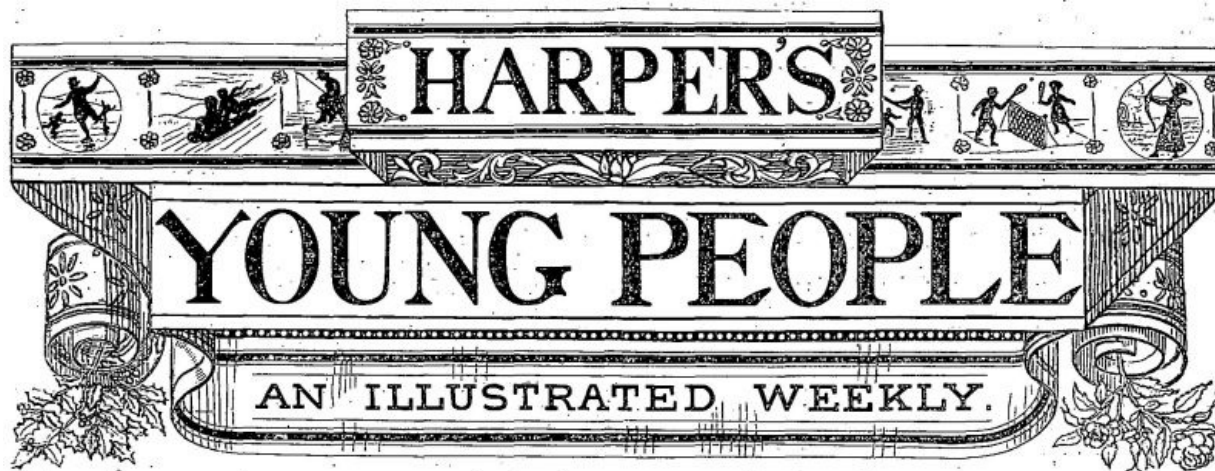
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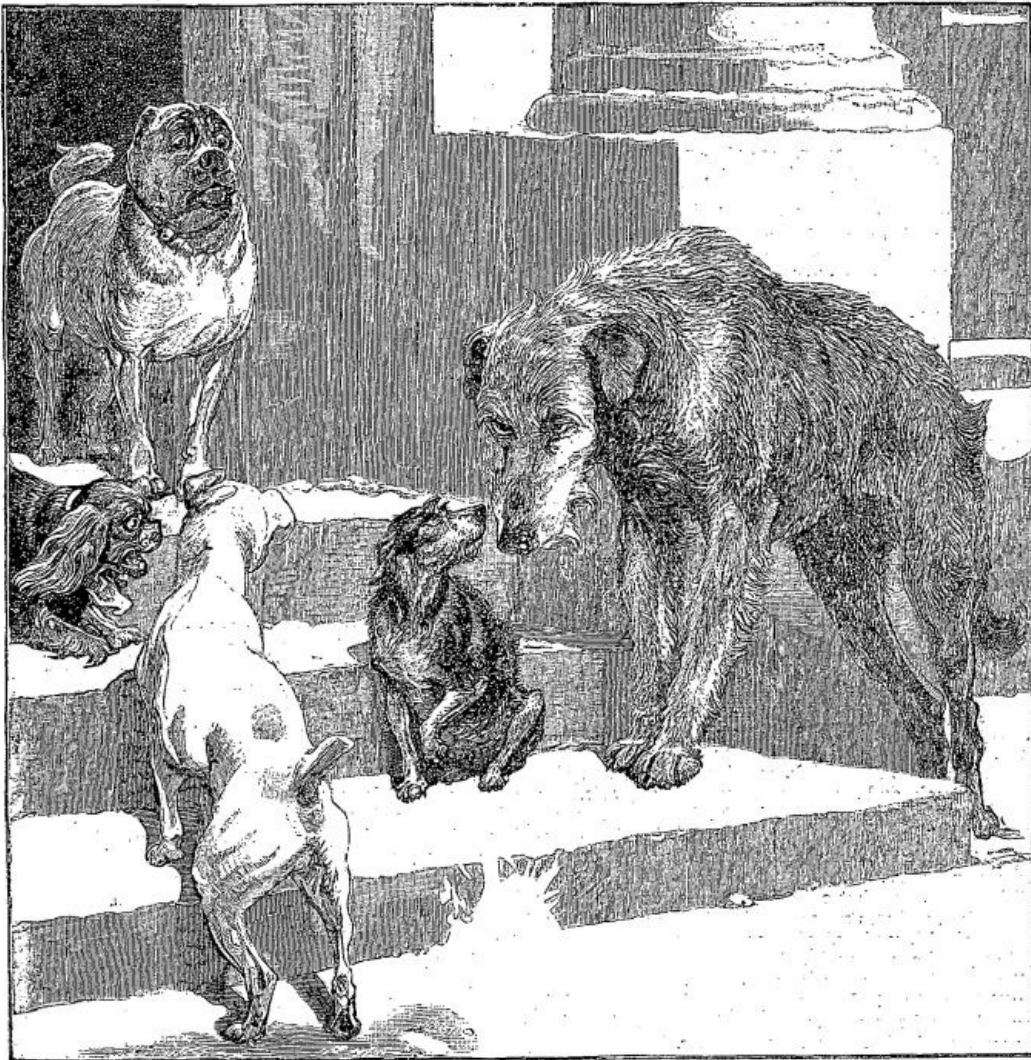
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A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

MAX RANDER'S ADVENTURE IN BERLIN.

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BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

A few days after my war experience, we moved to Berlin, where Thad and I managed to have a more cheerful time of it, as father allowed us to walk by ourselves as far as we pleased in either direction on "Under Ten Lindens," which was the way my brother pronounced the name of the main avenue.

We used to wander up and down this street for hours, watching for Emperor William, although as soon as his carriage came in sight, I always hurried Thad around the nearest corner for fear he might be in the way of somebody who wanted to shoot the Kaiser. So we never saw anything more than the horses' heads, and the sun shining on the helmets of the officers.

I had now become very suspicious of these Germans and their queer customs, so when mother heard from some friends in another town that one of the young fellows in the party had been compelled to join the fire-company because he was over a certain age, and had lived there six months, I determined to keep my eyes open wider than ever.

Yet after all I got mixed up in a dreadful way before I had been in the city a week, and this is how it happened:

One morning Thad and I had walked a little further than usual, when we suddenly came upon a lot of people crowding about the entrance to a large building in a way that was so enticingly suggestive of a circus that we could not resist the temptation to join them.

As the Germans haven't yet invented any outlandish fashion of making figures, it did not take me long to find out the low price of admission from the sign before the door, and telling Thad to keep fast hold of my jacket, I began working my way inside.

I soon found that the crowd was not as dense as it had seemed, and in less than two minutes I had bought my two tickets, and was waiting my turn to pass through the narrow space where a man was taking them up. I gave one to Thad, and as I went in ahead of him, handed my own to the door-keeper, who looked at it and at me, then suddenly seizing me by the shoulders, turned me completely around, at the same time shouting out something that made everybody rush up and stare at me as if they had never seen a boy before.

This lasted for about five minutes, during which time I kept crying out in the most broken sort of English I could talk:

"Let me go. I'm an American, and haven't even seen your Emperor. Besides, I never shot anything out of a pistol but peas in my life. Oh, don't somebody understand?"

But nobody offered to help me, and as two fat men with red faces came up and prepared to march me off between them, I could only resign myself to my fate, first begging Thad, however, to run back to the hotel as fast as he could, and tell father that I had been arrested.

All this while the crowd had been very merry at my expense, and when the two fat men began to walk off with me, loud laughs and cheers were heard on every side. In this humiliating manner, then I was taken from one end of the building to the other, but to this day I can't remember what was in it, although I am sure there were neither horses nor clowns.

I had felt somewhat easier in my mind since sending after father, and was now expecting to see him rush in, "haggard with anxiety," at any minute, when I was suddenly walked out through a side door, and marched off in a direction directly away from our hotel.

"Hold on there! Where are you taking me?" I cried, struggling to free myself, with the sole result of making my captors grip tighter and laugh louder.

The next instant they turned into a photographer's, and signed to me that I was to have my picture taken.

"Well, it's all over with me now," was my despairing thought, as there came to my mind faint recollections of having somewhere heard that a certain class of prisoners were always photographed before being sent to jail.

While the artist was getting things ready, I had a desperate idea of refusing to sit still, but, as I sadly reflected further that by so doing I would only add to the malice of my enemies, I determined to remain passive, and let them do with me as they would.

But wasn't I just boiling over with wrath inwardly! To think that a free-born American should be seized in this shameful manner, and treated like any common criminal, was outrageous, and in spite of the terror I was in I felt like shaking my fist at the whole party, and letting them know that New York had a Seventh Regiment that could whip their entire army—at least I should think it could from the way I've heard Cousin Walter talk, who's a member of it.

As it was, I could do nothing but sit there like a statue, with my head pinched by the iron frame behind me, and the artist in front of me fussing around his cannon-like arrangement, which, had it gone off and killed me on the spot, I thought would be in no way surprising in this land of surprises.

In five minutes the picture was taken, and then as the two red-faced men came forward, I resolved to make one last, bold dash for liberty.

Giving a sudden spring, I bounded from the chair, rushed for the door, and—plumped straight into my father's arms.

"Well, Max," he began in the calmest tones imaginable, "I see they haven't quite taken all the life out of you yet," and then he went on talking in German with the fat men, who soon grew redder in the face than ever as they shook all over in fits of laughter.

And what do you suppose all the fuss had been about? Just this: I had happened to be the millionth visitor that had entered the building, and that person, whoever it might be, the managers had decided should be treated with great honor, conducted in state through the exhibition, and finally have his photograph taken as a souvenir.

I brought one of the pictures back to America with me, and the boys at school all think it's a big thing; but then I've never told them as many of the particulars as I have just confided to YOUNG PEOPLE.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It is not the amount a gift costs in money which makes it beautiful and valuable. It is the loving thought of which it speaks which constitutes its claim to our regard. A person with a pocketful of money might rush into a store, buy half its contents, and scatter them right and left among his friends, without giving them much pleasure.

If you really wish to show your family and acquaintances that you love and would like to please them, you will suit your gifts thoughtfully to each of them, studying their necessities and tastes. You will not give grandma a gay neck ribbon, and Angie a pair of spectacles, nor present the cook with a volume of Tennyson, and brother Theodore with a pair of slippers when he already has three pair not worn out.

Gifts which little fingers themselves make are always especially prized by mammas and aunties.

There is a great deal of fun and pleasure in preparing for Christmas, and half of it comes from the difficulty of making peoples' presents, when the people are always popping in at the wrong moment. Let me suggest two or three pretty things which the girls may make without much trouble, and with very little expense.

A chintz bag to contain the weekly stockings until they are mended is a gift to be prized by a busy mother. Let it be of any size you please, and gather it on either side to a square of pasteboard, the corners rounded a little at the lower edge. These squares must be covered, and on one of them may be gathered a little outside bag to hold darning cottons and thimbles, while the other must have some bits of gay flannel attached for a needle-book.

A set of table napkins may be worked with a tiny design in each corner. Beautiful hair-receivers are made of tiny Japanese parasols, opened half way, and looped up with ribbon. A baby's rattle may be easily made. Set up twenty-four stitches with scarlet single zephyr, knit across plain twenty-two times, bind off, and leave an end long enough to sew up the sides. Run strong thread through every stitch on one end, draw up tightly, and fasten; then stuff it with cotton, and when nearly full put in a twisted cord. Then make two more pieces of other colors, stuff in the same way, and fasten little bells to each, attaching all three to a rubber ring.

The little fan-shaped shells which are gathered on the beach in summer make lovely emery needle-cushions. Stuff the cushion with emery sand, and glue it fast to the shells, the large rounding ends apart. Tie with a loop of narrow satin ribbon.

A very beautiful afghan for grandpa can be made without much labor, if the whole family will join in knitting it. Take German town wool; you will need six hanks of black, three of white, three of pink, three of blue, and three of yellow. Set up fifty stitches for each strip, and make the strips each a yard and a half long. Crochet together with black, and finish with a deep fringe.

A small photograph on an easel, a growing plant, an album filled with stamps, a handkerchief case made of crocheted worsted over silesia or muslin, a scrap-book filled with selections—any little thing, in fact, which says, "I love you," is a fit and graceful Christmas gift.

A WAR FOR AN ARCHBISHOP.

THE CURIOUS STORY OF VLADIMIR THE GREAT.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

In the latter part of the tenth century Sviatozlaf was Grand Prince of Russia. He was a powerful prince, but a turbulent one, and he behaved so ill toward his neighbors that, when an opportunity offered, one of them converted his skull into a gold-mounted drinking cup, with an inscription upon it, and his dominions were parcelled out between his three sons, Yaropolk, Oleg, and Vladimir.

Yaropolk, finding his possessions too small for his ambition, made war on Oleg, and conquered his territory; but his brother Oleg having been killed in the war, the tender-hearted Yaropolk wept bitterly over his corpse.

The other brother, Vladimir, was so grieved at the death of Oleg that he abandoned his capital, Novgorod, and remained for a time in seclusion. Yaropolk seized the opportunity thus offered, and made himself master of Vladimir's dominions. Not long afterward Vladimir appeared at the head of an army, and Yaropolk ran away to his own capital, Kiev. Vladimir at once resumed the throne, and sent word to Yaropolk that he would in due time return the hostile visit.

About this time Yaropolk and Vladimir both asked for the hand of the Princess Rogneda, of Polotzk, in marriage, and the father of the princess, fearing to offend either of the royal barbarians, left the choice to Rogneda herself. She chose Yaropolk, sending a very insulting message to Vladimir, whereupon that prince marched against Polotzk, conquered the province, and with his own hand slew the father and brothers of the princess. Then, with their blood still unwashed from his hands, he forced Rogneda to marry him.

Having attended to this matter, Vladimir undertook to return his brother's hostile visit, as he had promised to do. Yaropolk's capital, Kiev, was a strongly fortified place, and capable of a stout resistance; but Vladimir corrupted Blude, one of Yaropolk's ministers, paying him to betray his master, and promising, in the event of success, to heap honors on his head. Blude worked upon Yaropolk's fears, and persuaded him to abandon the capital without a struggle, and Vladimir took possession of the throne and the country. Even in his exile, however, Yaropolk had no peace. Blude frightened him with false stories, and persuaded him to remove from place to place, until his mind and body were worn out, when, at Blude's suggestion, he determined to surrender himself, and trust to the mercy of Vladimir. That good-natured brother ordered the betrayed and distressed prince to be put to death.

Then Vladimir rewarded Blude. He entertained him in princely fashion, declaring to his followers that he was deeply indebted to this man for his faithful services, and heaping all manner of honors upon him. But at the end of three days he said to Blude: "I have kept my promise strictly. I have received you with welcome, and heaped unwonted honors upon your head. This I have done as your friend. To-day, as judge, I condemn the traitor and the murderer of his prince." He

ordered that Blude should suffer instant death, and the sentence was executed.

Now that both Oleg and Yaropolk were dead, Vladimir was Grand Prince of all the Russias, as his father before him had been. He invaded Poland, and made war upon various others of his neighbors, greatly enlarging his dominions and strengthening his rule.

But Vladimir was a very pious prince in his heathen way, and feeling that the gods had greatly favored him, he made rich feasts of thanksgiving in their honor. He ordered splendid memorials to various deities to be erected throughout the country, and he specially honored Perune, the father of the gods, for whom he provided a new pair of golden whiskers—golden whiskers being the special glory of Perune.

Not content with this, Vladimir ordered a human sacrifice to be made, and selected for the victim a Christian youth of the capital. The father of the boy resisted, and both were slain, locked in each other's arms.

Vladimir gave vast sums of money to the religious establishments, and behaved generally like a very devout pagan. His piety and generosity made him so desirable a patron that efforts were made by the priests of other religions to convert him. Jews, Mohammedans, Catholics, and Greeks all sought to win him, and Vladimir began seriously to consider the question of changing his religion. He appointed a commission, consisting of ten Boyards, and ordered them to examine into the respective merits of the different religions, and to report to him. When their report was made, Vladimir weighed the matter carefully.

He began by rejecting Mohammedanism, because it forbids the use of wine, and Vladimir was not at all disposed to become a water-drinker. Judaism, he said, was a homeless religion, its followers being wanderers on the face of the earth, under a curse. The Catholic religion would not do at all, because it recognized in the Pope a superior to himself, and Vladimir had no mind to acknowledge a superior. The Greek religion was free from these objections, and, moreover, by adopting it he would bring himself into friendship with the great Greek or Byzantine Empire, whose capital was at Constantinople, and that was something which he greatly desired to accomplish.

Accordingly he determined to become a Christian and a member of the Greek Church; but how? There were serious difficulties in the way. To become a Christian he must be baptized, and he was puzzled about how to accomplish that. There were many Greek priests in his capital, any one of whom would have been glad to baptize the heathen monarch, but Vladimir would not let a mere priest convert him into a Christian. Nobody less than an archbishop would do for that, and there was no archbishop in Russia.

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It is true that there were plenty of archbishops in the dominions of his Byzantine neighbors, and that the Greek Emperors, Basil and Constantine, would have been glad to send him a dozen of them if he had expressed a wish to that effect; but Vladimir was proud, and would not think of asking a favor of anybody, least of all of the Greek Emperors. No, he would die a heathen rather than ask for an archbishop to baptize him.

Nevertheless, Vladimir had fully made up his mind to have himself baptized by an archbishop. It was his life-long habit, when he wanted anything, to take it by force. He had taken two-thirds of his dominions in that way, and, as we have seen, it was in that way that he got his wife Rogneda. So now that he wanted an archbishop, he determined to take one. Calling his army together, he declared war on the Greek Emperors, and promising his soldiers all the pillage they wanted, he marched away toward Constantinople.



VLADIMIR BESIEGING THE CITY CONTAINING HIS ARCHBISHOP.

The first serious obstacle he met with was the fortified city of Kherson, situated near the spot where Sevastopol stands in our day. Here the resistance was so obstinate that month after month was consumed in siege operations. At the end of six months Vladimir became seriously alarmed lest the garrison should be succored from without, in which case his hope of baptism must be

abandoned altogether.

While he was troubled on this score, however, one of his soldiers picked up an arrow that had been shot from the city, and found a letter attached to it. This letter informed the Grand Prince that the water-pipes of the city received their supplies at a point immediately in his rear, and with this news Vladimir's hope of becoming a Christian revived. He found the water-pipes and stopped them up, and the city surrendered.

There were plenty of bishops and archbishops there, of course, and they were perfectly willing—as they had been from the first, for that matter—to baptize the unruly royal convert, but Vladimir was not content now with this. He sent a messenger to Constantinople to tell the Emperors there that he wanted their sister, the Princess Anne, for a wife; and that if they refused, he would march against Constantinople itself. The Emperors Basil and Constantine consented, and although Vladimir had five wives already, he married Anne, and was baptized on the same day.

Having now become a Christian, the Grand Prince determined that his Russians should do the same. He publicly stripped the god Perune of his gorgeous golden whiskers, and of his rich vestments, showing the people that Perune was only a log of wood. Then he had the deposed god whipped in public, and thrown into the river with all the other gods.

He next ordered all the people of his capital city to assemble on the banks of the Dnieper River, and, at a signal, made them all rush into the water at once, while a priest pronounced the baptismal service.

That is the way in which Russia was changed from a pagan to a Christian empire. The story reads like a romance, but it is plain, well-authenticated history. For his military exploits the Russian historians call this prince Vladimir the Great. The people call him St. Vladimir, the Greek Church having enrolled his name among the saints soon after his death. He was undoubtedly a man of rare military skill, and unusual ability in the government of men. Bad as his acts were, he seems to have had a conscience, and to have done his duty so far as he was capable of understanding it.

THE TALKING LEAVES. ^[1]

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An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER X.



aptain Skinner and his miners were quickly at the head of the ravine again, but the gold ledge stopped them all as if it had been a high fence.

"Cap," said the man called Bill, "of course them two fellers lit onto this mine. They couldn't ha' helped it. But they haven't done a stroke of work on it. Reckon we kin set up marks of our own."

"Twon't pay."

"We can't leave a claim like this."

Every man of the party was of the same opinion, and Captain Skinner said: "Go ahead, boys. Only I can tell you one thing—we're going to move out of this, through that western gap, before daylight to-morrow morning. We're too near those red-skins down there to suit me. There's no telling how many there may be of them."

The men sprang to their work with a will. The first thing they did was to set up a "discovery monument" right in the middle of the ledge, at the head of the chasm.

Large flat stones were laid down, others carefully set upon them, and so up and up, until a pretty well shaped four-sided pyramid had been made, six feet square and as many high.

Then two more, nearly as large, were set up at the ends of the ledge, where the gold vein disappeared in the high cliffs. Seven strong men can do a great deal in a short time when they are in a hurry and all understand exactly what to do.

"Now we'll go for supper, and send out the rest."

"Must have a shaft begun and a blast fired."

The miners have a law of their own among themselves that a man who finds a mine must do some work on it and set up "marks," or else his claim to it is of no value.

These miners only paid no attention to another "law," that a man like Steve Harrison, for instance, is entitled to all the time required to do his work and set up his monuments. One part of the law is just as good as another.

The return to camp was quickly made, and there was news to tell all around, for the hunters not only brought in game, but also the information that they "reckoned an army train could be hauled down that gap to the westward. It's almost as good as a road."

"We'll try it to-morrow," said the Captain.

He went out with all the men he could spare from camp as soon as supper was eaten, and they carried with them pickaxes, crowbars, mining drills, and shovels. All the tools were pretty well worn, but they would answer for the work in hand.

It was getting dark when they reached the ledge; but that was of less consequence after two huge bonfires had been built near the central monument, and heaped with fragments of fallen pine-trees.

Then the work began.

"Gangs of three," said Captain Skinner—"one on each side. We'll have two shafts started. Bill, drill your blast right there."

The shafts would not have been needed for a long time in actually working out ore from a ledge like that, but two such holes would make a very deep mark, that could not be wiped out, and the blast would make another.

It was hard work, but as fast as the men who were prying and picking loosened a piece of quartz, it was lifted away by their comrades, and it was a wonder how those two shafts did go down.

All the while Bill was tapping away with his hammer and drill on the spot pointed out to him, and was making a hole in the rock about the size of a gun-barrel.

"Two feet, Cap," he shouted at last. "That's as far as I can go with this drill, and it's the longest there is in camp."

"That'll do. Charge it. Our job's 'most done."

The night was cool, but the miners had kept themselves warm enough. They were not sorry when their hard-faced little Captain ordered them out of the two holes; but it was odd to see such great, brawny fellows obeying a man who looked almost like a dwarf beside them.

"Got her charged, Bill?"

"All right, Cap."

"Stand back, boys. Touch yer fuse, Bill."

That was a slow-match that stuck out of the hole he had drilled in the rock, and it led down to the charge of powder he had skillfully rammed in at the bottom.

"We can hardly afford to waste so much powder," the Captain had muttered, "but it won't do for me to cross 'em too much on such a thing."

Back they went for a hundred yards, while the fuse burned its slow, sputtering way down through the "tamping" Bill had rammed around it.

They had not long to wait. The blazing fires lit up the whole ledge and the bordering cliffs, and the miners could see distinctly everything that happened on it. Suddenly there came a puff of smoke from the drill hole. Then the rock outside of it, toward the chasm, rose a little, and a great fragment of it tumbled over down the ledge, while a dull, thunderous burst of sound startled the silence of the night, and awaked all the echoes of the cliffs and the cañon. No such sound had ever before been heard there, by night or by day, since the world was made; but Captain Skinner and his miners were not thinking of things like that.

"That'll do, boys," he said. "There'll be powder marks on that rock for twenty years. Our claim's good now, if any of us ever come back to make it."

The men thought of how rich a mine it was, and each one promised himself that he would come back, whether the rest did or not.

It is not easy to tire out fellows as tough as they were; but Captain Skinner was a "fair boss," as they all knew, and the men who stood sentinel around his camp that night were not the men who had toiled so hard on the mine.

"He doesn't seem to need any sleep himself," remarked one of them to Bill, as they were routed out of their blankets an hour before daylight the next morning.

"You'll have to eat your breakfast on horseback, you three," he said to them. "Strike right for the gap, and if you come across anything that doesn't look right, you can send one of you back to let me know. Sharp, now! We won't be long in following."

Their horses were quickly saddled, and away they rode, each man doing his best, as he went, with a huge piece of cold roast venison. The Captain had remarked to them: "That'll do ye. Your coffee'll be just as hot as ours."

That meant that the cold water of one mountain stream was just about as pleasant to drink as that of another.



**"ALL THE WHILE BILL WAS
TAPPING AWAY WITH HIS
HAMMER."**

Bill and his two comrades were not the men to grumble over a piece of necessary duty like that, and they knew it was "their turn."

The sun was well up before they reached the head of the gap, and a glance showed them that it was all the hunters had prophesied of it. It was in fact a sort of natural highway from that tableland down to the valleys and plains of Arizona.

"This'll do first rate," said Bill, "only I'd like to know what thar is at the lower end of it."

"That's what we're gwine to look for. If ever we come back to work that mine, Bill, what ranches we can lay out on that level beyond the ruins!"

"Best kind. Raise 'most anything up thar."

No doubt of it, but now for some hours their minds and eyes were busier with the pass before them than with either mines or farming.

"Not a sign yet, Bill, and we're getting well down. See them pines?"

"Off to the left?—Hullo! Put for the pines, boys. We'll nab those two. See 'em?"

"Coming right along up. All we've got to do is to 'bush our horses, and let 'em git past us."

"Only two squaws."

The three miners dashed on a minute or so until they could turn aside among the thick-growing covers of the forest.

They rode in a little distance, until they were sure they could not be seen from the pass, then they dismounted, tethered their horses, and slipped cautiously back to crouch among some dense bushes among the rocks within a few yards of the path by which any one coming up the gap must needs ride.

"We'll get 'em."

"Learn all we want to."

"Hullo, Bill, can see 'em. That ain't all—thar's some kind of a brave not fur behind 'em."

"I see. Only one. Well, we kin take him too."

"Take him! Bah! knock him on the head. I don't exactly like to fire a gun just here."

"Old Skinner'd kill ye if ye gave that kind of warnin' to a crowd of red-skins."

"Mebbe there isn't any."

"You don't know. Safe not to make too much noise anyhow."

They might have fired every cartridge they had and not have been heard by the Apaches in the valley, but there was no one to tell them so. At the same time they felt perfectly safe to talk, for they were sure there were no human ears near enough to hear them—so sure, that they talked aloud and recklessly.

Perhaps it would have been as well for them to have imitated Captain Skinner, who hardly ever talked at all.

As it was, they had nothing to do but to wait, for their intended captives were evidently in no sort of hurry, and were laughing merrily as they loitered along the ravine below, picking berries here, and a flower there, and making a capital frolic of their morning ride.

Laughing, talking, thoughtless of all danger, and yet they were riding on into the most terrible kind of a trap.

How could any help reach them if once they should go beyond those treacherous rocks and bushes?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEUR INDIANS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

"It's a shame, that's what it is, and I don't think mothers have got any right to make boys eight years old tend little dried-up-looking babies that can't do anything but cry."

Eddie Barnard's voice expressed the sympathy he felt for his cousin, Charley Harnden, when he found him caring for the baby on that particular Saturday afternoon they had counted on for putting the finishing touches to a large kite which it was believed would outsail any other in the village.

"Boys wasn't made to sit 'round holdin' babies, and I just wish Doctor Abbott hadn't brought this one, 'cause it's just done nothing but plague me ever since it come;" and Charley almost shook his little baby brother, who was sucking his thumb as contentedly as if he hadn't an idea how sadly he was in the way.

"I'll tell you what we might do, and then babies wouldn't bother us anymore," said Eddie, as he

jumped to his feet suddenly. "We might turn Injuns, like two I read of in a book Sam Basset lent me. We could be reg'lar Injun chiefs, an' go out to Chickcommon woods to live."

At first Charley was delighted with the idea, and he danced around at great risk of upsetting the baby entirely, but a sudden thought clouded his joy.

"Injuns have wigwams, an' squaws, and ponies, an' we can't get any of them."

"Yes we can; we can catch Tom Downey's old blind horse an' play it was a pony, an' you ain't smart if you don't know where to catch a squaw." [Pg 87]

"Where?" asked Charley, breathlessly.

"Ain't there your sister Nellie? Can't we get a lot of grasshoppers an' coax her out behind the meetin'-house to see them? An' then can't we catch her an' tie her, an' drag her by the arms up to the woods, just like any Injuns do?"

"Of course. An' we could get some bed-quilts for a camp."

"Yes, an' we'll name you Biting Tiger, an' I'll be Big Thunder, an' Nellie can be Moon-face, just as it was in the book."

For some moments the boys sat in silent bliss. Then after a time a serious doubt crept into Biting Tiger's heart, and he asked,

"But what will we do for things to eat?"

"Things to eat?" echoed Eddie. "Chiefs don't bother about such things; they just send the squaws out to get it, 'cause that's what squaws are for."

"My! but won't mother be scared when she finds out that she got an Injun to hold the baby?" said Charley, thinking with delight that in his mother's fear he should be more than repaid for all the trouble the little fellow had caused him. "But then she won't be so awfully frightened, for he ain't got anything to scalp if you wanted to do it."

"We can wait till he grows, an' then scalp him 'most every day," said Eddie, consolingly.

Then came the question of how they were to get away, for, valiant chiefs as they were, they could hardly drop the baby on the floor and run.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Eddie. "I'll go home an' get some ropes to tie Nellie with, an' then I'll go for the grasshoppers. When you hear me holler you send Nellie over, an' put the baby in the cradle, and come over lickety-split, so's to hold the squaw's mouth if she sets up a yell."

Big Thunder started for his mother's clothes-line and some grasshoppers, while Biting Tiger sat holding the baby as quietly as if he had never thought of being an Indian.

Surely there never were two chiefs on the eve of starting in the Indian business so fortunate as these two were, for in a short time after Big Thunder's departure Mrs. Harnden took the baby, and Nellie seated herself on the door-step to play with her doll.

Charley told her of the captive grasshoppers she would see if she went with him; and, clasping her doll firmly in her arms, she started for the meeting-house near by, while Charley followed, ready to spring upon her as soon as he should see his brother chief.

Eddie was prepared for the first act in his new life. He had armed himself with a long carving-knife and fully ten yards of clothes-line, so that he was ready for any desperate attempt at escape the squaw might make.

All unsuspecting the horrible fate that awaited her, Nellie approached the fatal spot, when Big Thunder sprang out, winding the rope around her body a dozen times.

"Why don't you cry, an' screech, an' kick?" asked Charley, thoroughly disappointed because their captive had submitted so quietly.

"What for?" asked Nellie, in surprise.

"Why, 'cause we're Injuns an' you're a squaw we've caught, an' now we're goin' to drag you off to the woods," replied Eddie, brandishing his knife.

"I don't want to be a squaw;" and Nellie now showed signs of making as much of an outcry as the boys could have wished for.

"But you must, and that's all there is about it," said Eddie, sternly; and then he took hold of the ends of the rope, as he shouted to Charley, "Hold your hands over her mouth, while I pull her along."

Charley hardly had time to reply before Big Thunder, with the clothes-line drawn taut over his shoulder, started ahead with a force that threatened to overthrow both captive and captor.

For five minutes there was a thrilling and exciting scene as the chief dashed along, dragging behind him the squaw, who was only half gagged by Biting Tiger.

At the expiration of that time Big Thunder tumbled over a log, striking the ground with a force that caused his nose to bleed, while Nellie, being so suddenly released, fell backward, carrying Biting Tiger with her.

Big Thunder began to cry, but realizing that Indians should not be so particular about a little thump on the nose, urged his companion to "come on," while he forced the captive ahead again.

By the time they reached the first growth of trees that marked the border of the woods the newly

made Indians were feeling very warm, and decidedly uncomfortable as to what their mothers might be able to do in the way of capturing them.

Poor Moon-face was crying as if her little heart was breaking, but it was not noisy grief, and it made her captors look at each other very guiltily, since it showed how much suffering they were causing.

The first halt was made when they reached what they supposed to be the very heart of the forest, and Nellie was tied to a fence that had evidently been placed there for the accommodation of Indians with captives. She had recovered from her grief at being dragged from home, and now played contentedly with her doll while the boys tried to make a wigwam. But it was not long before they learned how difficult it was to cut down trees with a carving knife, and by the time they had succeeded in getting about a dozen small branches together they were decidedly hungry.

"We've got to look 'round and find something to eat," said Eddie, after he had withstood the pangs of hunger as long as possible.

"I thought the squaw had to do that;" and Charley looked up in surprise that they were obliged to do any work, after all the trouble of finding and catching a squaw.

"So they do, after they get broke in, but I don't s'pose Nellie could do much toward killing bears and deers until after she gets kind of used to it."

It was sad to think they had a squaw who was not accustomed to the business, and with a sigh Charley released the captive, that all might go in search of food.

It was a long, weary tramp which they had, and it seemed that it must be nearly supper-time, when they suddenly heard a fearful noise among the bushes, as if some enormous animal was coming directly toward them. Then both the Indians turned pale with terror; for what could they do in the way of fighting a bear, with only one carving-knife between them?

Only for a moment did they face the terrible danger, and then both Big Thunder and Biting Tiger started for home as fast as their legs could carry them, while their late captive ran behind, imploring not to be left alone. It was a cowardly flight for two Indians with a captive to make, but the ferocious animal appeared to be pursuing, and they could do no less.

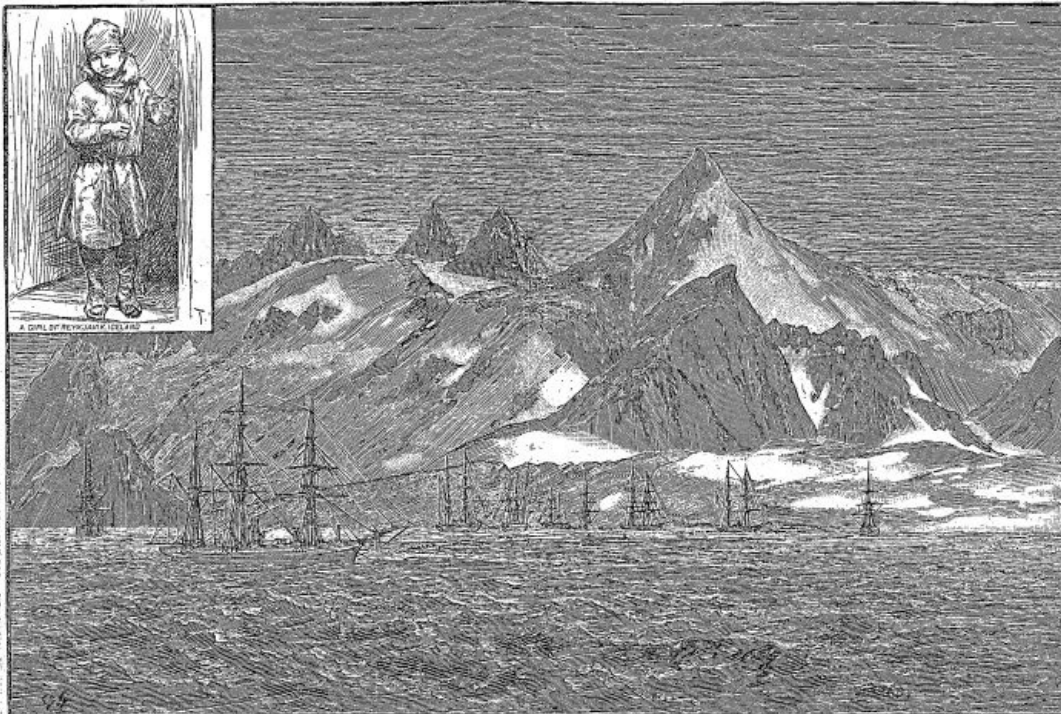
When they reached Charley's home, where Mrs. Harnden could be seen in the sitting-room with the baby in her arms, Eddie's clothes were covered with dirt and the blood that had fallen from his nose; Charley was quite as dirty, although not as bloody as his brother chief, and Nellie's once clean white dress was completely ruined.

The ferocious animal followed them up to the very door of the house, and then it looked more like Benny Cushing's pet calf than it did like a bear.

That night, after the two Indians had settled matters with their respective mothers, both Big Thunder and Biting Tiger wisely concluded that the Indian business was too painful ever to be indulged in again.



THE TWO PETS.



SPITZBERGEN—FISHING FLEET IN GREEN BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. KING, U. S. N.

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SPITZBERGEN.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

The Norsemen were once the most famous of all sailors, and in the olden times they just laughed at the dangers of the sea. Not very long ago, by great good luck, there was found on the coast of Norway a small vessel which was hundreds and hundreds of years old, and by looking at the way it was built by the shipwrights of that time we learn that they were first-class mechanics, and knew all about clinker-built vessels.

Away off in the cold seas of the Arctic Ocean, about half way between the coasts of Norway and Greenland, there is a small archipelago, the best-known island of which is called Spitzbergen. Now the very name of this dreary spot suggests a chill and a shiver, for people say, when the fire in the house is out in winter, "It is as cold as Spitzbergen."

When the Norsemen first found this island nobody knows exactly; but it is highly probable that when they went over to Iceland, some seven hundred or eight hundred years ago, they came across it in their track. What is very certain, however, is that Barentz, one of the bravest and kindest of the old Dutch sailors and explorers, landed there in 1596; and what is quite as interesting is the fact that Henry Hudson went to Spitzbergen in 1607.

The island, though it abounds in the grandest scenery, is one of the coldest places on earth during the winter. Great mountains extend along the coast, divided by huge glaciers. Nobody has ever yet tried to travel into the interior, but it is known that there is a plateau or plain there some two thousand feet in height.

In summer you can get to the islands, because the Gulf Stream pours its warm water along a part of the coast, but in winter no ship can approach Spitzbergen; it is all iron-bound. Every year a few small vessels leave the extreme northern ports of Norway, Hammerfest and Tromsö, and go to Spitzbergen to catch whales, seals, and walrus.

Quite lately a United States steam-ship, the *Alliance*, went to Spitzbergen, and the reason why she sailed for that cold place was because she hoped she might find there some of the brave officers and the gallant crew of the *Jeannette*, a steam-vessel that sailed on a voyage of discovery in these arctic waters some time ago. The *Jeannette* had, however, gone into the polar seas by Behring Strait, which is between the American continent and Asia.

Now there was some hope that if even the *Jeannette* had been lost, a great many of the men might be still alive, who, by working their way slowly along the coast of Siberia and Russia, might have made their way to Spitzbergen. This would not have been so remarkable, for a great Northern explorer, Nordenskjöld, has done this within the last two years, only he worked his way from east to west. But the officers of the United States ship *Alliance* did not find out anything about the *Jeannette* at Spitzbergen.

The engravings on the preceding page, taken by an officer on the vessel, show how Spitzbergen looked a couple of months ago. All the vessels seen here have come to fish or to kill seals and walrus.

Many readers might hardly credit it, but a great part of the rocks which abound in Spitzbergen show evidences of volcanic origin, and what is now the coldest place in the world in winter was

once probably as hot as Africa is to-day.

When the *Alliance* went to Iceland, the people there, who are very affectionate, honest, and simple-hearted, were very courteous and polite to her officers. One of these gentlemen having seen a nice Icelandic girl, had her photograph taken, which picture is engraved in this number of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. The girl is in her summer dress, but in the winter when she goes out she will just put on a coat of fur, in order to keep comfortable, otherwise she would freeze to death.

Though the people are very poor, and have to work hard to keep themselves from starving, the climate being so cold that hardly anything will grow, yet they are very intelligent. Almost all the Icelanders know how to read and write, and during the long sunless days and nights of their dreary winter they love to pass away the time with books in their hands.

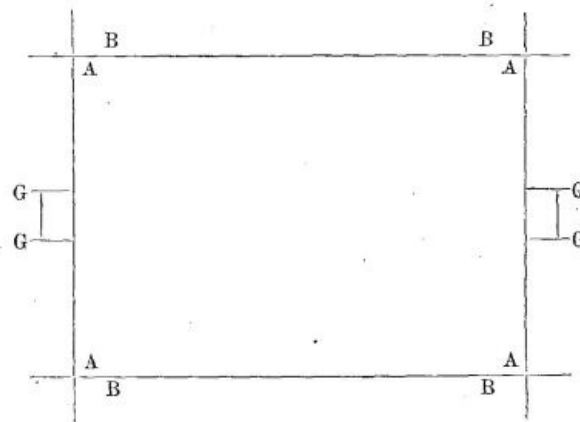


A GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

It is five minutes before three on a bright November afternoon—the place no matter where, for good foot-ball is played all over the country, though some of the Eastern colleges claim that they alone play the game with the skill and spirit it deserves. A brisk west wind is blowing, with just a flavor of north about it to make good its claim to be a "bracing" air, and before the afternoon is over, twenty-two good men and true will want all the "bracing" the air can give them, for foot-ball is a hard game.

In a large open space fenced off by stout ropes from the crowds of men and boys—ay, and ladies and young girls too, all eager for the success of brother, son, or friend—are twenty-two finely built, wiry young fellows. Eleven of them are dressed in red jerseys and stockings and white knee-breeches, and the other eleven wear blue where their opponents wear red. The lads seem in excellent spirits, for they laugh and joke one another, play leap-frog, and generally behave like boys just let out of school, which, indeed, between you and me, they really are.



Here is a picture of the ground. At each end, some little distance from the ropes, are a pair of poles (marked G G in the diagram) about eleven feet high and eighteen and a half feet apart, and the two poles are connected by a bar ten feet above the ground. The distance between one goal and the other is not less than 330 feet.

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In the diagram are two lines marked A A, A A, and two side lines marked B B, B B. The former are the "goal lines," and the latter the "touch lines." They are real and not imaginary lines on the field, for they are cut in the turf, and then whitened with lime. The distance between the "touch lines" is 160 feet.

"Goodness!" exclaims some one; "is that the ball?" And well may the question be asked, for,

except for its brown color, it looks as much like a water-melon as anything else. But that is a "Rugby foot-ball," and the scientific game of foot-ball played in this country is the same game that our old friend Tom Brown used to play, except that the rules have been considerably altered of late years.

And now the two Captains are arranging their forces, for the red Captain has won the choice of goals, and he has chosen to kick off toward the east, so as to have the advantage of the wind on his back. After playing forty-five minutes, the sides will change goals, and then the wind will be against him; but the red Captain knows that the wind is likely to fall away as the sun gets lower, so he takes the chances.

Standing in the centre of the ground, and in the middle of the line of his own "forwards," or "rushers," the red Captain calls "Ready?" and sends the ball with a well-directed kick toward blue's goal. No such luck, however, as a "touch down" behind the goal line this time. Down near the goal is a big fellow whose special duty it is to protect the goal; he is called a "back"; a little in advance of him are two more fellows, called "half-backs"; and in advance of them again is another, called "three-quarter back." It was a blue half-back that caught the ball the red Captain kicked off, and almost before it reached his hands the red rushers were upon him like an avalanche. He has no time for hesitation. Dropping the ball, he receives it on the instep of his foot, and sends it high up in the air. The reds turn suddenly; but their Captain has already secured the ball, and is making for blue's goal like a steam-engine, the ball held close to his chest. A blue forward sees an opportunity to distinguish himself, and charges the Captain; but it is of no use. See! a blue is coming across the field a little ahead of the red Captain. The latter swerves to one side; but the blue is prepared for him, and with a spring like that of a lion, he throws both arms round the Captain's neck. The other players are upon them, and the Captain, as his men gather behind him, throws the ball backward—for he must not throw it *forward*—and the reds and blues pounce down upon it, and a loose "scrummage" takes place over it.

Suddenly the excitement ceases. The ball has crossed the "touch line" B B, and so is "out of play." It may be brought into play again either by being placed on the line, and a scrummage formed over it, or it may be thrown out between the two parties, and then they fight for it.

But what is a "scrummage"? Well, I have been waiting for a real good, hard-and-fast scrummage to take place, and here we have it. For the reds have forced the ball down toward blues' goal line, but have been unable to take it into the middle of the field; and so the ball is again touched down, and this time near the corner where the goal line and touch line meet.

The ball is placed upon the line, and a "scrummage" formed over it. All the forward players of each side surround the ball, the reds forming a solid mass to push one way, and the blues to push the other way. The half-backs hover round outside the scrummage, and watch the ball so as to be ready for it if it should get pushed through on their side. The umpires are close at hand, and they, too, are peering into the forest of red and blue stockings. The mass heaves and pants and groans, the poor ball looks as if all the air must surely be squeezed out of it, and the spectators are breathless with excitement.

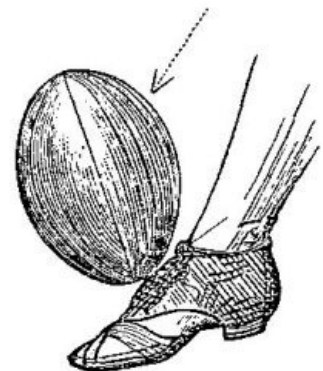
"Hold on there!—man down!" cries a blue, and red faces and rough heads are raised for a second or two, while the unlucky blue with difficulty rises to his feet. No sooner, however, has he done so than the scrummage forms again, and the reds, being the heavier lot, gradually but surely force their opponents down to their goal line, and get a "touch down in goal." This is a great advantage for the reds, for now they have a fair kick at their opponents' goal. Digging his heel into the spot where the ball crossed the line, the red Captain carries the ball at right angles to the goal line, and makes ready for his kick off. It is not a straight kick, and so not an easy one; and if he misses, a blue is pretty certain to make a "touch down for safety"; that is, touch the ball down on their own goal line, and so earn a kick off. And this is just what happens. The umpires have gone up to the goal posts to judge whether it is a goal or not. But there is no doubt about it. The ball flies away to the right hand of the further goal post, and a blue has touched it down "for safety."

The blue Captain makes a splendid kick. It is against the wind, but what of that? It only gives the blues more time to follow it up, and this they do bravely. The red back has received the ball, and tries to "punt" it back over the heads of the advancing blues, but his effort is a failure. The ball rebounds from a blue jersey and crosses reds' goal line, where a blue, who has been carried forward by the rush, touches it down.

Now it is blue's turn to try for a goal, and the blue Captain has a great reputation as a kicker of goals. Carefully placing the ball, with a due allowance for the direction of the wind, he sends it just high enough to be out of reach of the reds who face him, and a few inches over the bar between the poles.

A great shout goes up from the blues, which is taken up by their supporters outside of the ropes, for the blues have made the first and only goal; and as it very often happens that in a well-contested game neither side makes a goal, such a feat is sure to excite much enthusiasm.

After a minute's pause the players return to the centre of the field, but hardly have they taken their places when the referee calls "Time!" This means that half of the time allowed for the game has elapsed, and so the players change ends, in order that

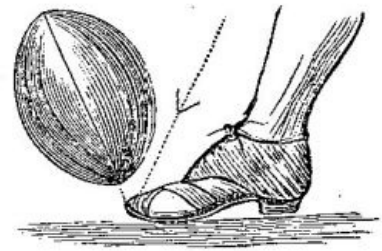


A "PUNT."

whatever advantage of wind and sun one side has had may now be enjoyed by the other.

But we have no time to follow the game any further. The blues kick off, and flushed with victory so far, they strive to hold the advantage they have gained. The reds, on the other hand, have an up-hill game to play, for a goal won is equal to four touch downs in goal, and so they have to fight hard to regain the ground they have lost.

Did they do it? Ah, well, that is a secret. We can not stay to see the end of the game, and as I am not certain which side the sympathies of my readers are with, I shall not say. Some of them will, I hope, some day be "reds" or "blues," and then they will enjoy in reality the rush and excitement of the game, and taste the sweets of victory on many a hard-fought field.



A "DROP-KICK."

A PINCUSHION.

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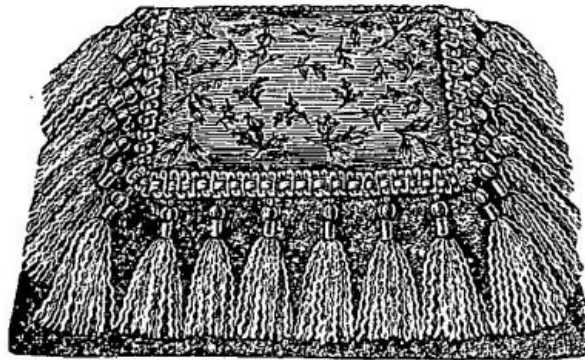
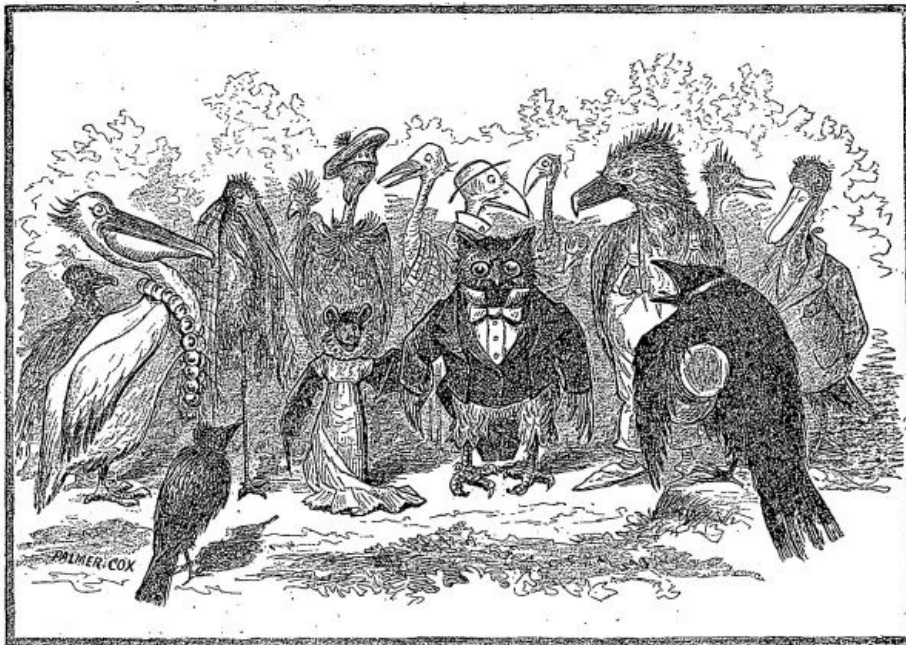


FIG. 1.—A PINCUSHION.—[See Fig. 2.]

Some little girl may like to make a pincushion, perhaps for mamma, or to leave slyly on sister's toilette table, where she will see it the first thing Christmas morning. Look attentively at our picture, and then go to the scrap-bag, and search for two pretty pieces. They need not be alike; in our cushion the bottom is garnet velvet, and the top cream-colored satin. Velvet, silk, and satin are nice materials to use, but any strong, serviceable woollen fabric will do just as well. Cut them square, and take two pieces of strong muslin of the same size for inside lining. Lay them over one another, first a piece of lining, then the two outside pieces, and lastly the second piece of lining. Then sew them firmly together on three sides. Clip away the corners outside the seam. Then turn the whole right side out, and stuff it. Sawdust is very good for this purpose. Pack in very tightly just as much of it as you can make it hold. Then turn in the edges of the fourth side, and overseam them neatly and firmly. Put some pretty tassel fringe, in colors to match, around the edge, and your cushion is finished. A handy little girl will know how to make the fringe of remnants of bright-colored wool. For those of our girls that know something of embroidery we give in Fig. 2 a pretty pattern in which to work the top. The cream-colored top of our cushion is decorated in this manner with olive and dark red silk; the olive is used for the little sprays, the stems, and the outside of the rose-buds, and the red for the heart of the bud. It looks very pretty, and the work is really of the simplest kind. If you will turn back to your last year's volume of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and look at some of the articles on embroidery for girls, by Miss Susan Hayes Ward, you will find directions for embroidering which will help you very much in decorating the top of your cushion.



FIG. 2.—COVER OF PINCUSHION, FIG. 1.



THE OWL AND THE BAT.

BY PALMER COX.

Oh, lively was the group of birds that met on Beaver Flat
The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat!
It was a sight that summer night to see them gather there;
Some came by water, some by land, and others through the air.

The eagle quit the mountain-peak to mix with meaner fowl,
And like a comrade act the part of groomsman to the owl;
The friendly stork had hastened there with long and stately stride;
It was its happy privilege to give away the bride.

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And when arrangements were complete, a circle wide they made,
And in the centre stood the pair, in finest dress arrayed.
Then out in front advanced the crow, and bowed his shining head,
And with three loud approving caws declared the couple wed.



Then kind congratulations poured from friends on every side,
As thronging round the happy pair, they kissed the blushing bride.
And soon the supper was prepared, for each had brought a share.
The crow and jay had carried corn; the eagle brought a hare;



The curlew brought a string of fish just taken from the lake;
The crane, a brace of speckled frogs; the buzzard brought a snake;
The owl and active hawk procured a dozen mice, at least;
The snipe and rail brought water-flies to help along the feast.

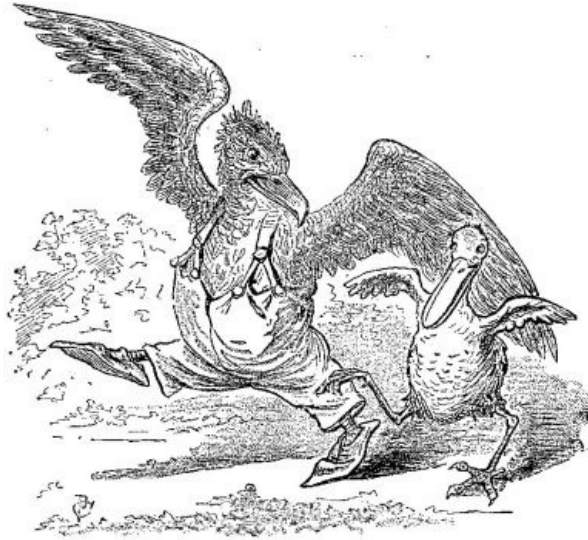


And when each bird upon the ground enjoyed a hearty meal,
They whistled tunes, and sang their songs, or danced a lively reel.
Around the green with stately mien the dodo and curlew
Moved like a pair of lovers there through dances old and new,



While wing to wing and toe to toe, with loud and joyous cries,
The stork and raven danced as though competing for a prize.

That night good feeling was restored between the hawk and jay,
Who had not passed a friendly look or word for many a day;



And birds that always went to roost before the shades of night
Now hopped around upon the ground until the morning light.
And people long will call to mind the scene on Beaver Flat
The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat.

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HIS FIRST LETTER.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

We have very great pleasure in publishing a letter from the kind lady who has charge of the ward in which our Young People's Cot will be placed when sufficient money shall have been contributed to endow it. We think that perhaps after reading this letter, with its touching description of the ward, and suggestive account of the manner in which the little sick children play at nursing their dolls, some of you who have not yet done so may like to give a Christmas offering to aid this good work. When we shall be so happy as to hear that the cot is really ours, we will take a special interest in the little ones who may occupy it.

ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,
407 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK,
November, 1881.

MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—It has been suggested to me that you would like to hear something of the "Holy Innocents' Ward" from one who knows all about it. Now I certainly "know all about it," for I see it at almost every hour of the day, and very often at different hours of the night. But whether I can say what will be of interest to you is to me a very doubtful question. You have already been told who furnished the ward; but I wonder how many have really seen it, and know just what it is like? I am *sure* that some of you have, but for the benefit of those who live far away, I will give a little description; and when We come to tell of your own cot, you will have perhaps a better

understanding as to its place in the ward, etc., etc.

The "Holy Innocents' Ward," then, is a long room, with two large windows at either end reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor. Outside of these windows are piazzas, where in warm weather the little ones can sit in their tiny rocking or arm chairs, and listen to the "moosic man" or shake hands with a favorite monkey who climbs up on the outside of the house, and to whom they always give a few pennies, and a drink from one of their own mugs.

In cold weather the children—those who are able to be up, of course—can sit close to the windows inside, and see all that is taking place in the street. On either side of the ward are rows of blue cribs with brass knobs on the corners, and hanging over each crib is a little blue frame holding a card, on which is written the name of the child who sleeps in the cot. Between each crib is a small square table with a shelf underneath. The shelves of these tables are for toys, and the tops are used for a great many different purposes. Sometimes you would find on one of them a tiny red tray holding a cup of milk-punch, on another a glass of flowers, or at times a queer-looking deep tray, in which are kept lint, bandages, plaster, etc. In addition to the tables beside the beds, each crib has a little table that stands on it—something like a butler's tray, with four legs, only the little ledge is around three sides instead of four. These "bed-tables," as they are called, can be put close up to the children, and were intended to hold the toys, scrap-books, and the blocks out of which are built most marvellous houses, that come down with a terrible "bang"—the louder the better, (Occasionally a small child has been discovered sitting on one of these little tables; but that, of course, is "out of order," although it may be a good symptom of returning health.)

There is still another table, that stands on the floor, and around which several children can sit and play together; sometimes—in fact, often-times—the favorite play is "Hospital"; and I have often seen *very* sick dolls, who are treated in the most skillful manner. They are probed and bandaged, have their pulses and temperatures taken, are given "mick-punce" and "q'nine," have weights tied to their feet, and poultices on their chests. The ward also contains a small organ and a large music-box, and around the walls are several pretty pictures. Now can you see it all?—the long room; the blue cribs with brass knobs; the little ones in bed with bright red jackets on; those able to be up sitting in the tiny chairs, and wearing gray wrappers bound with red, and fastened with red buttons; the sun shining through the long windows on the little ones sitting near or at the "play table," and perhaps just lighting up "Young People's Cot"; the little organ, the music-box, and the pictures? I hope so; and when I write again, I will tell you just where your own cot is.

S.

TERRA CEIA ISLAND.

I am a little girl from New York who came to this beautiful island a year ago in October with mamma for her health. The climate is lovely, and has benefited mamma very much, for which I feel repaid, and am willing to be away from other children for her sake. There are only two little children besides myself on the island, and sometimes weeks pass and I do not see a child's face. We live in the midst of a beautiful orange grove, and have one of the largest and handsomest-looking orange-trees in the State. Last year it bore 4200 oranges; this year not as many. Others of our trees are bearing from 800 to 2000 each. We have fine bananas, figs in their season, guavas, plums, lemons, and other fruits of which we are very fond. The ivory-billed woodpecker steals our figs, and the pretty, naughty redbirds pick all the fruits and vegetables. Meat is scarce here sometimes, and my uncle has to shoot the quails or the pink curlews, with their beautiful spoon-bills, and the blue herons, with their lovely large human-looking eyes. We must sometimes have them to take the place of fresh meat, but not often, as uncle dislikes killing the beautiful birds, which never do any one any harm. The redbirds sing sweetly. The little phœbe-birds call "Phœbe" all day long. The mocking-birds are the first to sing in the morning, and the last at night. In the summer the quails say, "Bob White," "Bob White." The beautiful gray mourning doves come around a little later, and at night a bird that takes the place of the Northern whip-poor-will calls out, "Whip the widow," in the same strain as the whip-poor-will. I am very fond of my island home. There is a beautiful bay that our grove and house front on, called Terra Ceia Bay, about five miles long, and in some places nearly two miles wide. I have a small row-boat that I go out in with mamma, and sometimes I stand in the stern of the boat, with a long pole, and pole the boat in shallow water. The beautiful sunsets we see on the water sometimes make me wish other children could enjoy natural scenery and the wonders of the sky as I see them here. We have very fine fish called mullet that are caught with a cast net, besides other kinds, clams, and oysters.

I have four cats, named Punch and Judy (because I thought those names different to others in general) and Beauty and Topsy, and a dog named Jip. One day Jip was barking furiously, and we went to see what was the matter, and for the first time he saw himself in the looking-glass. We had a hearty laugh.

Another day he made a great deal of noise when a praying mantis, shaped similar to our large Southern grasshoppers, but with a waist similar to a wasp, instead of its being on all four legs, was standing up straight, with its fore-legs raised in an attitude of devotion, looking right at the dog. When we came, it turned around with its head, just like a Shaker woman, and looked first at one of us and then at the other, without moving its body.

I was so interested in "Toby Tyler," and knowing that Mr. Otis must like children, and as you say he is now through our State travelling in his little steam-yacht, please give him an invitation to call on us and eat some of our fine oranges, as we will have them until April. Aunt and uncle and mamma join in the invitation. He—that is, Mr. Otis—can sail from Key West or Cedar Keys into the Gulf of Mexico, then into Tampa Bay, into the mouth of Manatee River, through the cut-off into our Terra Ceia Bay. Or he could keep in the Manatee River to Palma Sola, at the Warner Mill, and they could show him through the small cut-off into our bay. We are very hospitable, and have wanted to see him ever since he wrote "Toby Tyler," and about his pet bird.

I was afraid Jimmy Brown was on a long vacation. So long as he has to be in so much trouble, please ask him to tell his tales of woe oftener, and relieve his mind.

Sometimes I go over to Manatee after my paper with my uncle. We go in a sail-boat, and I enjoy sailing so much! I wanted to have a little vegetable garden of my own, so uncle let me have a patch, and I set out fifty tomato plants, just to see what a little girl could do; they are growing finely, and putting on blossoms now—not all, but part of them.

Mamma teaches me, as there is no school near us short of six miles, and I would have to go in a sail-boat to attend school. I have most of my time taken up, as mamma teaches me to be industrious, and wishes me to try to grow up a smart girl, as it would have pleased papa so much, had God permitted him to live and know his little girl was trying to do right.

FLORENCE M. BREWSTER,
P. O. Braidentown, Manatee Co., Fla.

The verses which follow were sent by a little reader:

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM'S SONG TO THE MOON.

I stand in a little box
At a lowly cottage door;
I grow and grow and grow and grow
Till I can grow no more.
My leaves are the brightest green,
My flowers the purest white,
Of any flowers you've ever seen,
O Moon, so large and bright.
O Moon up there so high,
As you nightly roll along,
Please don't forget me in my box
As I sing my little song.

ANNIE L. C.

MILFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I wrote a letter once before, but it wasn't published. I know you can not publish all the letters that are sent you. I thought I would try again. My brother has two pet owls. He feeds them on raw meat. They are very pretty. At some times they look very small, and at other times they stick their feathers out and look like a ball of feathers. Their eyes are very large; they have two eyelids. The under one is so thin that they can see through it. The upper one is covered with little feathers. Besides raw meat, they eat mice. We catch them alive, and when we put one in the cage, one of the owls will jump on it, and catch it in his claws, and bite it in the back of its neck, and kill it. He then tears pieces off, and eats them. We have some bantams. The old bantam hen lays her eggs in the corner of the kitchen in a basket. Last spring she sat on six eggs in the basket in the kitchen, and hatched five chickens, but one of them died, so we have only four now.

JULIA B. S.

I want to tell you about an adventure that happened in Florida last winter. A gentleman and a boy went up Dunn's Lake on a fishing expedition. When they got as far as Haw Creek they found that alligators were plenty there, having come out to sun themselves, as is their custom in the early spring. Mr. Lee succeeded in shooting a good-sized one, about twelve feet long, and after much trouble he was got into the boat; but as he took up so much room, one of the men had to sit upon the alligator, supposing him to be dead, of course. They rowed as fast as possible toward town, but had not gone far when his 'gatorship gave a mighty jump, throwing the man up into the air, and nearly overturning the boat. However, they reached the town in safety, and hauled him up on the dock, where he lay for some time on exhibition to an admiring crowd. My friend John, being of an inquiring turn of mind, leaned over the animal to take a close inspection of him, when he gave a flop with his tail which knocked John quite over.

This is a true story, and I hope it will be printed.

ROBERT E. C.

Sometimes letters reach Our Post-office Box in rather a roundabout way. For instance, the other day we opened an envelope bearing the post-mark Orange, Los Angeles County, California. We found in it a letter from a gentleman living there, who sends HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to a little cousin in Dublin, and she and several of her school-mates had sent a budget of letters to him for their favorite paper. We can make room for only one, though all were pleasant little letters for a Post-office Box to receive:

CLONTARF, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

I am in school. I have a sister who is married in America, and my brother-in-law sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have two little nephews, one just four years old, and the other two. I have a number of dolls, and a very playful little kitten only a few weeks old. His whole name is Prince Albert Victor, but we call him Prince for short. My home is in Ireland, and very near the sea, and I am eleven years old. I hope my letter will reach the Post-office Box.

LOUISA E. A. E.

Louisa may tell Molly W. K. and Lillie R. that we appreciate their compliments, and are sure they must have a very delightful time at school. We never before heard of a dog that was fond of sugar, though we once saw a cat that ate pea-nuts.

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CHERRY VALLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy twelve years old, and was born with but one hand. I am writing with my left hand. I attend school, and am trying to be a good scholar. I have a nice large Newfoundland dog, and I think the world of him. We play together a great deal. My papa was a soldier in the army for three years, and now belongs to the Grand Army. I have a great many books which papa has bought for me. I have no brothers nor sisters, three brothers having died. I ride horseback often after school is over. I have a nice saddle and bridle.

WILLIS J. B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

You wanted us all to tell you about vacation, and I will do so now if it is not too late. I spent mine at Red Bank, N. J. The place where we boarded was terraced right down to the Shrewsbury River. There was a little dock, and a boat which we could use whenever we wanted it. One day we all went fishing, and mamma caught three ugly toad-fish. The jelly-fish look very graceful and pretty as they float through the water, but we used to bathe every day at high tide, and sometimes they stung us very badly. We went in after dark sometimes, and when we splashed the water it looked like fire. One day I fell off the dock; it did not hurt me, but my clothes and shoes were not worth bringing home. Another boy fell off one Sunday morning, just after his mother had dressed him in all his best clothes to meet some company who were coming from New York to spend the day. We used to ride every day. All of the roads are good, but one, to Seabright, is so level, and has such beautiful residences, hedges, miniature lakes, etc., it was almost like driving through a park.

One evening two young men rowed some young ladies to their home, about three miles up the river. The young men started home about ten o'clock. As the night was very

dark, they had a lantern. When they got about half way, one of them wanted to smoke, and as they had no matches, he opened the lantern to light his cigar. A puff of wind blew out the light. They could see nothing at all, but they rowed patiently on, until they felt sure they must be near home. Just then they heard some one shout, "Boat ahoy!" so they pulled in, very thankful to be at home. One of them said, "Is this *our* dock?"

"Dunno," said the man: "this is *Smith's* dock." Then he put his lantern close, so he could see them, and shouted, "Blessed if you ain't the fellers what left here two hours ago!"

They had somehow got turned round and gone back. I think they paid the boatman something to keep quiet to the girls, but they had such a discouraged look next morning that I felt glad I was only a little boy.

PERCY L. MCD.

C. Y. P. R. U.

V. O. found dandelions lifting their cheery little faces to the autumn sunshine in Central Park on November 20. Did any one else see the dear, sturdy little flower so late? When its golden disks star the meadows in spring, we always give it a welcome. It seems even brighter when it blooms on the edge of frost and cold in the fall.

CIBBY C.—Your little story is very nicely written, and if you persevere you will very likely succeed in composing better stories when you shall be older.

The Postmistress thinks you will like to read the following extracts from the diary of a boy who spent his summer abroad. The glimpses of other lands which we obtain through the bright eyes of youthful travellers are very charming to those who stay at home:

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Paris, September 23, 1881.—We had a drive across the Seine River to the Hôtel des Invalides. We walked through the great court-yard, and went into the chapel, where the old soldiers have service. We met an old soldier coming out of it, and asked him if we could see Napoleon's tomb. (A great many battle-flags hung in the chapel.) He told mother where to go, and called her *ma fille* when he talked to her. The tomb was made of beautiful red marble, and there were statues all around it.

Then we drove to the old Cathedral of Notre Dame. I never supposed a cathedral could be so beautiful. We all went inside; it was dimly lighted, and there were little chapels all about on the two sides of the cathedral, and we saw the "rose-windows," and heard the bells ringing out the hour.

We then went to the Palais de Justice, and into the Sainte Chapelle, and up the narrow, winding stair to the second story. We had a beautiful time.

September 25, 1881.—A French lady came to see mamma. She had taught mamma years ago, and so mamma arranged for her to give us French lessons each day, and we like it very much.

We have been to the Louvre, and I saw two landscapes, painted by an artist whose name was Claude Lorraine; they looked very real, and were beautifully painted. They were in the Salon Carre; and in a room, out of it, I saw a picture of the three wise men of the East bringing the baby Jesus gold, frankincense, and myrrh; it was called the "Adoration of the Magi," and was so soft and old-looking! We staid a long time at the Louvre. The next day we saw the "Siege of Paris," a very real-looking and life-like panorama picture.

After that mamma took us to see the paintings of artists who are now living. These paintings are in the Palais de Luxembourg. I liked best Rosa Bonheur's oxen ploughing in a field; a flock of sheep, by Jacque; an old tree, by Diaz; and a little old church, by Millet. We had a delightful time.

October 3, 1881.—We left Paris by rail to Boulogne, then crossed the Channel to Folkestone, and then to London, which we reached at midnight. Our trunks had to be got through the Custom-house. We had written for rooms, and were glad to get into comfortable beds and go to sleep. From London we made our way to Liverpool for our ship.

We had a stormy voyage home, were out thirteen days, had to pay heavy duties on the few clothes we brought home, and now our summer trip is over.

HARRY G.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

FRANK C. F.—The better way for you will be to take your gun to a gunsmith, and not risk spoiling it by trying to mend it yourself. Black walnut is preferred for the stock of a gun.

Your question about the word Titan involves a reference to the mythology of the Greeks. The Titans were the fabled sons and daughters of Uranus and Gæa. Rebellng against their father, they were hurled from their dwelling-place in heaven, and after protracted struggles, were forced into a cavity below Tartarus. The secondary meaning of the word is gigantic, the Titans having been very strong and almost unconquerable. In these old myths the forces of nature are represented under the symbolism of poetry, and you will easily see that the Titans, being the children of Uranus (heaven) and Gæa (earth), were endowed with wonderful and magical gifts.

We would call the attention of the C. Y. P. R. U. to the very interesting historical article, by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, entitled "A War for an Archbishop," describing the strange manner in which the Christian religion was introduced into the great empire of Russia; the article entitled "Spitzbergen," by Mr. Barnet Phillips, describing the visit made to that island by the officers and crew of the United States steam-ship *Alliance* during their search for the missing *Jeannette*; and the pleasant description of foot-ball by Sherwood Ryse, whose articles on games have found so much favor with our boy readers.

Contributions received for Young People's Cot in Holy Innocents' Ward, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, No. 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York:

Minnie Gretsck, Brooklyn, \$1.25; collected by Anna and Levi Paxson from their friends Bausman, McHose, Ermentrout, Whitner, Boyer, Quier, Miltimore, Morgan, Beaver, Deeter, Boyer, Bansher, Good, Keiser, Schlechter, Henry, Medlar, Miller, Detweiler, Fricker, Mayer, and Raser, from Reading, Penn., \$4.97; Nellie Driscol, Denver, Col., 20c.; Charlie Driscol, Denver, Col., 20c.; J. Seaton Cooke, Salem, 51c.; Wardie and Johnnie Van Riper, Passaic, \$2; Satie W., North Barnstead, N. H., 25c.; Allen Gilbert, Detroit, Mich., \$1; In Memoriam, Charlotte Albert, New York, \$7; Rob, Joe, and Edward Lee Haines, Alvarado, Cal., \$1; Carlie W. Munson, New York, \$1; Edwin L. Wilson, Huntsville, Ala., 50c.; Fred, Samuel, and Willie Harnell, Fort Townsend, W. T., 72c.; Shirley Shaw, Hamden, N. Y., 25c.; May, John, and Mabel Keating, Muskegon, Mich., 50c.; May Appleton, Boonton, N. J., \$1.50; Virginia N. Appleton, Boonton, N. J., \$1.90. Total, \$24.75. Previously acknowledged, \$166.96. Total, November 14, \$191.71.

E. AUGUSTA FANSHAW, *Treasurer*,
43 New Street.

DENVER, COLORADO.

My little boy and girl, Nellie and Charlie Driscol, each send twenty cents for Young People's Cot that they have saved of their own money. They are both very much interested. Nellie calls it the "baby cot money." They hope to send more some time again.

MRS. F. A. DRISCOL.

ALVARADO, CALIFORNIA.

We have been feeding the corn-sheller, and shelling the corn off the cobs for eight days. Papa paid Mr. Stevens, the man who turned the corn-sheller for us, and he paid us. As I worked the fastest, he gave me \$2.70, and Rob and Joe each \$2. I send fifty cents to the Young People's Cot. Rob and Joe are younger than I am, and can not write. They each send twenty-five cents. Papa will try and get a dollar bill, and if he can not, he must send it in postage stamps.

EDWARD LEE HAINES.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I send you fifty cents for Young People's Cot, which I earned myself by helping my mamma nurse my baby brother Sunday afternoons. I am eight years old. I hope all the little girls and boys will send you some money for the little sick children.

EDWIN L. WILSON.

NORTH BARNSTEAD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Inclosed please find twenty-five cents, which my little girl, aged nine years, has earned for the "Cot."

SATIE'S MAMMA.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

This is a dollar that I have earned myself by bringing shavings and wood. I am eleven years old. I inclose a one-dollar bill. Maybe I will send some more some time. I did mean to send it in last time, but I did not have it all.

ALLEN GILBERT.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

1.—1. European wild ox. 2. The home of birds. 3. One of the United States. 4. Sour. 5. To relieve. 6. Domestic animals. Primals—Joined. Finals—Tells. Combined—A great republic.

2.—1. Armor. 2. A division of the Eastern continent. 3. Falling drops. 4. An inclosure. Primals—A girl's name. Finals—Ground. Combined—One of the United States.

BOB.

No. 2.

DIAGONALS.

Across.—1. Belts. 2. A tree. 3. A snake. 4. To utter words hastily. 5. Additional. Diagonals—From left to right, an animal; from right to left, an animal.

WILL A. METTE.

No. 3.

I am composed of 36 letters, and am an ancient proverb.

My 2, 13, 33 is the front of an army.

My 29, 34, 1, 24 is not shallow.

My 31, 21, 30 is part of the body.

My 29, 28, 26 is a domestic animal.

My 19, 6, 8, 34 is a verb.

My 12, 31, 4 the abbreviation of California.

My 7, 16, 9, 18, 1 is a small animal.

My 2, 11, 4, 4, 13, 26, 34 is a small town.

My 3, 22, 20, 32 is a useful metal.

My 5, 16, 31, 14 is an article of apparel.

My 10, 11, 4, 1 is a river in Africa.

My 16, 10, 15, 16, 17 is a vegetable.

My 25, 3, 33 is a metal.

My 18, 23, 7 is what is obtained by adding two numbers together.

My 26, 27 is a verb in the imperative mood.

My 35, 11, 8 is a border.
My 36, 31, 24 the product of certain trees.

LORAINÉ.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 107.

No. 1.

LEXICON SPONGER
PENNY PEARL
ADA CRY
I W
RAT WHY
MONAD WEAVE
PASSAGE WALL EYE

No. 2.

Manse, loan, waste, rose, ghost, dog.
"Many hands make light work."

No. 3.

BOSTON
OCEAN
SEEN
TAN
ON
N

No. 4.

N
COB
CYNIC
NONPLUS
BILGE
CUE
S

No. 5.

T
CAT
TINES
CINGLES
TANGHINIA
TELIOST
SENSE
SIT
A

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Lorraine," Isaac R. Boggett, J. C. Tomes, Howard C. Nyack, Hugh Downing, E. S. Hequembourg, "Queen Bess," "Phil I. Pene," Roy W. Osborne.

[For Exchanges, see third page of cover.]



SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 22, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 23.

FOOTNOTES:

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

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, DECEMBER 6, 1881 ***

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