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THE HOLIDAYS OVER.

MARJORIE'S NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

II.

It seemed to Marjorie as though she never would find that particular door; but at last it was reached. She put in the key; it turned in the lock, and she went in, not a little frightened and trembling.

She found herself in a large room covered, like the rest of the castle, with crystals; but on one side of the wall seemed to be a sort of gallery, evidently overlooking some other room. "I wonder if I ought to go in?" thought Marjorie. But almost at the same moment she felt herself impelled on, and to the foot of a little staircase leading up to the gallery. Now even before she had time to be surprised at what she saw below, she had a feeling that if she asked the horse a question, he would answer from somewhere. So she said, quite aloud, "What place is this?"

And the answer sounded from somewhere, "It's SANTA CLAUS'S COUNCIL CHAMBER." (Marjorie felt as if it was written or spoken in big letters.)

And then Marjorie, trembling in the white gallery, looked down on the most splendid room she had ever even dreamed of. It was long and high; there were panels of crystal; there were panels of sapphire and emerald and jasper, and there were lines of golden toys strung here and there. At the upper end was a splendid throne, with reindeers on either side. The whole room was ablaze with light. Marjorie longed for a hundred eyes.

Presently there came a rushing noise like the music of a million sleigh-bells; doors behind the throne fell back, and behold! a procession entered. Crowds of brilliantly dressed people came first, and then heralds and trumpeters, and many elves ringing bells. At last a majestic figure clothed in a snowy cloak of fur, with a long white beard and a crown of icicles, appeared. Every one fell back, the ladies and gentlemen, elves and dwarfs, bowing, the trumpeters flinging back their heads and pealing forth a triumphal blare. Through this double line Santa Claus walked, and took his place on the throne. Marjorie waited, breathless, for what would come next. Then she saw that the gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen had taken places on either side of the

throne, and suddenly she seemed to know just who they all were.

"Why, *of course!*" she whispered to herself, eagerly. They were the fairy-tale people. There was Beauty; there was Prince Charming, Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty, and even the Babes in the Wood. As for Jack the Giant-killer, he was there in fine array. Marjorie saw him, and lots of other dear people she loved to read about. There were absolutely no giants.

As soon as they were all seated, the doors again opened, and four dwarfs entered, bearing huge silver dishes, full of something which sent up a most delicious odor. Santa Claus stood up, and called out, loudly:

"Beans porridge hot,
Beans porridge cold,
Beans porridge in the pot
Nine day's old."

And then Marjorie perceived that this supper was for the fairy people. Those who liked it best "in the pot nine days old," grouped themselves around a great big silver kettle, and dipped in long gold spoons.

Marjorie was still watching with eager eyes, when again the doors opened and a second procession entered. This was as queer as the other was gorgeous, for all sorts of toys came in of themselves; not only rocking-horses, but baby houses and blocks (each one by itself), and toy alphabets, and tea sets walking, Noah's arks ahead of the animals, woolly dogs, and bears on sticks. Directly after them came Marjorie's horse, and Nine-times-naught, with Augusta on the Kennebec.

A second pause followed, and then a whole group of dolls rushed in. They did not come in as sedately as the toys. The French dolls flounced about, the rag dolls pushed each other, and the china dolls just seemed to come in higgledy-piggledy, anyhow. But as soon as toys and dolls had assembled, they gathered about Santa Claus's throne with a most intimate air of proprietorship. Marjorie hadn't seen him smile before.

"Now, *what* next?" said Marjorie.

"*Will* you wait?" said the voice of the horse.

But somehow Marjorie felt as if she just couldn't wait. The toys and the dolls made very free with Santa Claus. When everything and everybody looked comfortable he spoke. His voice was loud, but kind.

"Lot No. 14."

From the toys came an ark, a big doll, and a woolly horse. They stood in the middle of the splendid room, and the doll, who had on a red satin dress, came forward.

"We are very happy," she said, and Marjorie listened eagerly, never having heard a doll's voice before. "We were given to a little girl who is a cripple. She lives in a small room with her mother and two sisters. When we came, she said God was so beautiful and kind this Christmas. She sent for other children to play with us. They were ragged and cold and hungry, but they were perfectly happy and thankful because they had us. They were so happy, that they forgot that a little girl named Marjorie had been cruel to them."

(Up in the gallery Marjorie gave a little shiver, for she remembered these poor children perfectly. Her governess, Miss Marbery, had wanted her to share her Christmas money and presents with them. Marjorie had stamped her feet angrily, had called them "miserable little beggars," and had openly refused to think of such a thing. Now she bowed her head and silently cried.)

The doll seemed to have done speaking. She moved back, and took her place with the woolly horse and the ark. Marjorie heard a voice say.

"These toys can come back on New-Year's Eve for an hour or two, and report to Santa Claus," and at that minute to her horror she beheld all of her own Christmas presents troop forward.

"Where have *you* all been?" said Santa Claus.

It was her own doll who answered.

"We came to Marjorie," she said. "She lives in a warm, comfortable, beautiful house, where every one pets her, and is kind to her, and tries to make her happy. She is never cold, nor hungry, nor sick, but nothing pleases her. These toys did not satisfy her." (Here the toys sprang about angrily.) "She was cross and petulant, and she flung me into a corner because she did not get a new doll. All the toys hate her and despise her. She has never done anything at Christmas-time for any one else."

Then Santa Claus spoke again:

"What could she have done this Christmas?"

The doll gave a little sigh.

"I wanted very much to be given to the poor little lame girl," she answered. "To her I would have been a treasure. It would have been so easy for Marjorie to have made Christmas a happy day for a great many people."

The doll ceased speaking, and then Marjorie saw that all the fairy people were busy writing down something on the wall behind them. There was perfect silence for a moment, and then it seemed to poor bewildered Marjorie that all those beautiful walls blazed forth terrible words about

herself. "Shut her out from our favor forever." "Miserable." "Ungrateful." "Cold." "Proud." "Cruel."

"Oh!" she moaned to herself, "what *can* I do, what *can* I do?"

Suddenly the clock struck twelve. New-Year's Day had come, and in a flash toys, dolls, fairy-tale people, all seemed to melt away, and Marjorie found herself cold and weary in that strange flower garden.

She stood still a moment, and listened eagerly for the sound of the horse's rock. It came at last. [Pg 163]

"Well," he said, gravely, "you were allowed to come out. Get up into the saddle and I'll tell you why."

Marjorie obeyed, and then said, softly,

"Please why?"

"Because you are sorry for your faults—you showed humility."

"Oh yes, indeed, I *am* sorry," murmured Marjorie.

The horse's rock sounded a little softened. "And next year perhaps a flower may grow for you in this garden."

"I will try," Marjorie answered. "But if I never come back, how shall I know?"

"By your own feelings. When it grows, its fragrance reaches down to the world, and brings you peace and happiness. You will not need to be told that somewhere a blossom is waiting for you. God's garden paths reach down to every heart."

Marjorie sprang up. She was in her own room; it had grown dark, the fire was dying away, and there was Uncle John in his great-coat looking at her and laughing.

"Well, Pussy," he exclaimed, "you're a great girl to go to sleep. Come, I want you to go out with me and buy New-Year's presents for the Williamsons. Hurry up."

Marjorie felt dazed. What *had* she been dreaming about?

"Why," she said, and looked around to see her horse standing very still and bright-eyed in the middle of the room—"why, where's Augusta, on the Kennebec?" she said, suddenly, rubbing her eyes.

Uncle John roared laughing. "You've been studying too much lately, Puss," he said, kindly.

"No, I haven't," said Marjorie. "I've been a mean girl."

Later, as they were driving through the snowy streets, Marjorie put her hand into her uncle's, and said, gravely, "Uncle, where is God's garden?"

He was silent for a moment, and then he answered, quietly: "Dear, it ought to be all around us. It is wherever we can do any good or prevent any evil; the place we are going to to-night might be your part of His garden if you chose."

Marjorie looked up at the star-lit sky, wondering what she could do. Then she said to herself, "I feel as if somewhere there I might plant my flower."

And I am sure she did.

PERILS AND PRIVATIONS.

BY JAMES PAYN.

II.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

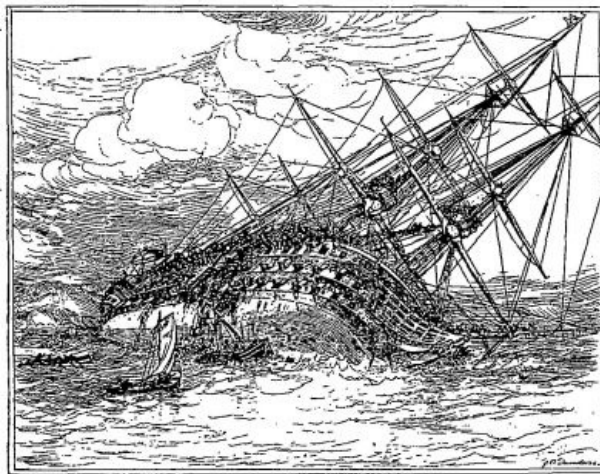
In a letter which Miss Martineau once showed me, from a relative of hers, long dead, addressed to her great niece from Southsea, near Portsmouth, and dated August 9, 1782, there occurred this singular passage:

"The day is calm and pleasant, and as I sit at the open window, the great vessel in the offing, betwixt me and the Fair Island" (the Isle of Wight used to be so called), "seems to sway not a hand-breadth, nor to flutter a single pennant." Then, in a trembling hand, but still the same, was added: "A dreadful thing has happened. When I had written that beginning of my letter, Dorothy, I looked again southward; the sea was as waveless as before, and the Fair Island sparkled in the sun, but betwixt us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain had gone wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of the ship, a terrible apprehension took hold of me; and when the alarm-guns from the fort began to thunder, I knew she had gone down. I hear near a thousand men were aboard of her."

This was the famous "wreck of the *Royal George*," immortalized by the verse of Cowper. She was a ship of one hundred guns, carrying brass 24-pounders on her main-deck, brass 32-pounders on her middle deck, and iron 32-pounders on her lower deck. Her lanterns were so large that the men used to enter them to clean them. She had six months' provisions on board, and many tons of shot. The blue flag of "brave Kempenfelt" was flying at her mizzen, and in two days she was to leave Spithead to join the fleet in the Mediterranean.

So sudden and unexpected a catastrophe was never before heard of in nautical annals; but the cause of it is common enough. It arose from the obstinacy and fool-hardiness of the lieutenant of the watch. These caused the death of some eight hundred human beings. It is not necessary to mention his name; indeed, the sailor from whose personal narrative I compile the story, and who had probably just joined the ship, did not know his name, though of course it could be discovered easily enough. "He was, if I remember right," he says, "the third lieutenant, a good-sized man between thirty and forty." Fortunately for himself, perhaps, he was drowned with the rest.

The accident arose through the heeling over of the ship. It was necessary to lay her on her side to get at the water cock, situated in that part of the hold called the well, in order to replace it by a new one. The operation was begun at eight o'clock in the morning. The ship at that time was "full of Jews, women, and people selling all sorts of things," as was usual on the eve of a long voyage. The last lighter, with rum on board, had just come alongside, and was lashed to the larboard side of the vessel, and the men were piped to clear her, and stow the rum in the hold. Though the water was almost level with the port-holes through which the larboard guns were run out, no danger seems at first to have been apprehended. The sea dashed in with every wave, and disturbed the mice in the lower deck, and the men amused themselves with hunting them in the water. "There was a rare game going on," are the words of the narrator.



"I SAW THE PORT-HOLES AS FULL OF HEADS AS THEY COULD CRAM."

By nine o'clock the weight of the rum barrels and of the sea water brought the larboard port-holes still lower, and the carpenter applied to the third lieutenant to give orders to "right ship, as she could not bear it." But the lieutenant gave him a very short answer. The captain—Captain Waghorn—was on board, and also the admiral; but admirals and captains are not consulted in such matters. The lives of those at sea, as of those on land, are mainly in the hands of subordinates. In a very short time the carpenter repeated his warning, and the lieutenant answered, "Sir, if you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command." In a minute or two afterward, it is true, this fool-hardy officer ordered the drummer to be called to beat to right ship, but it was then too late. There was no time to beat his drum, or even time to get it. "Let us try," said our sailor to the lieutenant of his gun, "to house our gun out without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right the ship." They pushed the gun, but it ran back on them, and they could not start it. "Then I cried, 'Ned, the ship is sinking, jump out at the port-hole!' He did so, but I believe was drowned, for I never saw him again. I followed him. *I saw the port-holes as full of heads as they could cram, all trying to get out.*"

What a picture! Imagine all those poor fellows struggling to escape through a space not large enough for one-tenth of them, up an incline as steep as the peaked roof of a house, and with a hungry sea rushing in behind them! Above all, think of the poor women! Our sailor, holding on to the best-bower anchor, which hung above the port, seizes hold of one and drags her out, but at that moment the draught of air from between-decks, caused by the sinking of the ship, blows him off his feet. Then the huge mass goes down, and draws him down with it. He tries to swim, but can not, "though I plunged as hard as I could with both hands and feet; but when the ship touched bottom, the water boiled up a good deal, and I felt that I could swim, and began to rise." So, even if a vessel with a hundred guns goes down and takes one with her, there is some use, you see, in having learned to swim. When he comes to the surface he hears—what a sound at such a moment!—the cannons ashore firing their signals of distress, but he can see nothing. His face is covered with tar, a barrel of tar having been staved in as the ship went down, and its contents spread over the water. He strikes it away from his eyes as well as he can, and looks about him.

The fore, main, and mizzen tops of the huge ship were all above water, and he climbs up into comparative safety. In the shrouds of the mizzen-top he finds the admiral's baker, and sees the

woman he has just pulled out of the port-hole rolling by. He seizes her once more, and hangs her head over one of the ratlines of the mizzen-shrouds, like clothes to dry, which is the best he can do for her; but a surf comes and knocks her backward, and "away she went, rolling over and over." Strangely enough, the poor creature is saved after all by the boat of a frigate lying at Spithead, whose captain has just put off to the rescue. "I must look to those who are in more danger than you, my lad," he sings out to our sailor, as he goes by.

"Ay, ay, sir," is the reply; "I am safely moored enough."

The captain of the *Royal George*, though, strange to say, he could not swim, was picked up alive. But out of nearly a thousand men, which was the ship's complement, although some were on leave, and sixty marines had gone ashore that very morning, only a very few were saved. Government allowed five pounds to them for the loss of their things. "I saw the list, and there were but seventy-five."

For several days afterward bodies would suddenly come up to the surface at the spot where the ship had sunk, "forty and fifty at a time. The watermen made a good thing of it; they would take from the men their buckles, money, and watches; then, making fast a rope to their heels, would tow them to land."

The poet who sings of the calamity tells us "no tempest gave the shock," and indeed there was scarcely any breeze at all. The ship was anchored, and had not even a stitch of canvas on her to keep her steady.

Sixty years afterward the interest of this terrible event had by no means died away, and I well remember, as a boy, going on board the ship that was stationed above the scene of the calamity, to see the divers who were still employed upon the wreck. The aspiration of the poet,

"Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by her foes,"

was never realized; but almost everything was taken out of her; and more fancy articles—paper-knives, work-boxes, etc.—affirmed to have been made from her timbers, were sold, I am afraid, than the *Royal George*, big as she was, could ever have furnished. In country places and at the sea-side in England you may purchase them even now at the bazars—old-fashioned articles, with this tomb-like inscription on them: "This desk" (or letter-weight, or paper-knife) "was made out of the wood of the *Royal George*, sunk off Spithead in 1782, with eight hundred of her crew."

THE TALKING LEAVES. ^[1]

An Indian Story.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XIV.



he advance of To-la-go-to-de and his Lipans that day had been a slow one, and it grew slower and more cautious as hour after hour went by without any word from the two pale-face scouts.

The chief himself grew uneasy. He thought they would surely return or send him some word before night-fall; but the sun was nearly setting when at last he went into camp with his discontented warriors on the very spot where Steve and Murray had made their halt before daylight.

Then, indeed, he could wait no longer, and several braves were ordered out on foot, with others on horseback a little behind them, to explore what was left of the pass, and see what they could find.

They could have done more for their chief and themselves if the night had not been a cloudy one, so that not a brave among them ventured to descend into the valley.

If they had done so they might have discovered two very important facts. The first was that the Apache hunting village had left it, bag and baggage. The second, and quite as important a discovery, would have been that the camping ground abandoned by the Apaches had been promptly occupied by a strong party of pale-faces.

All the scouts could really do was to bring back word that the pass was clear of enemies to the border of the valley.

That was an anxious night for To-la-go-to-de.

The morning would bring news, at all events, for he determined to dash on with all his warriors, and find out about matters for himself.

"No Tongue is wise. He is a great warrior. Sometimes wise old warrior gets knocked on the head. Then he not come back at all."

There was a possibility, as he well knew, that the Apaches themselves had something to do with the silence of his two pale-face friends.

Another head had been quite as busy and troubled as that of To-la-go-to-de all that day. Captain Skinner also would have given something for a few minutes' conversation with "them two mining fellers."

He felt sure they could have given him both information and advice; but he said to himself: "Of course they won't come nigh our outfit. They know we've jumped their claim. Still, they did the friendly thing with Bill and the boys, and they sent word they didn't bear us any ill-will. That's 'cause they feel sure of their own ground. They're on good terms with the red-skins. I wish I could say we were."



THE RAGGED LITTLE CAPTAIN.

Well he might, considering how many of them there were in that country, and how near to him some of them were coming. All the way down the pass the ragged little Captain had ridden in advance of his men, carefully scanning every rock and bush and tree. At last he paused at the very spot where Bill and his companions had had their little difficulty. He seemed to see some signs that needed studying, and he stooped down and picked up something. Only a pair of strong thongs of buckskin, that looked as if they had been recently used in tying up something. He could make very little out of them; but he noticed the marks of horses' feet going in and out of the forest.

"Signs are getting pretty thick. Hullo! an arrow. Cut in two, and blood on it. Bill, isn't this the spot?"

"This 'ere's the very place, Cap. We came awful nigh havin' a fight right yer."

"Glad you made out not to have any. Did those two white men and the Indians ride away in company?"

"Wa'al, no. The red-skins rid away first, and the two fellers promised to foller 'em after a while. Then I reckon they cut off into the timber. 'Peared like they must ha' been huntin'."

"Most likely they were; and waiting for us to get away, so they could go back to their mine. Boys, I'm afraid our claim won't be worth a great deal by the time we get back."

"We'll take care of that when we come, Cap. They said they'd take thar chances. We'll take ours; that's all."

Slower and more and more cautiously the mining train again moved forward, until from under the last of the pine-trees Captain Skinner could look out upon the valley and see that it was empty.

How would he and his men have felt if they could have known that at that very minute Murray was chipping away with his chisel at his inscriptions upon the central monument of the great Buckhorn Mine?

"Not a red-skin in sight," he remarked. "We'll go straight on down. There must be plenty of ways out of the valley."

No doubt of it, but the first business of those wanderers, after they reached the spring and unhitched their mule-teams, was to carefully examine every hoof-mark and foot-print they could

find.

The fact that there had been lodges was proof that the Apaches were not a war party, but there was plenty of evidence that they were numerous enough to be dangerous.

"Glad Bill didn't pick a quarrel with such a band," grumbled Captain Skinner. "But how did he happen to show so much sense? I never suspected him of it."

This was not complimentary to Bill, and it was clear that the Captain's opinion of him had not changed.

"Some kind of an accident," he said. "Nobody need waste any time looking out for another one just like it."

It was getting late in the day, and a better place for a camp could not have been found.

"This'll do for to-night, won't it, Cap?" asked one of the miners.

"Of course it will. We'll try to move east from here, or south, when we leave it."

"Shall any of the boys go for game? Must be plenty of it all around."

"Game? Oh yes. Plenty of it, after a hundred Apache hunters have been riding it down for nobody knows how long. The red-skins leave heaps of game behind 'em, always."

This answer prevented any further remarks on the subject of hunting that afternoon. They had plenty of fresh meat with them, nevertheless, and there was no reason why they should not cook and eat.

There was a reason why they should not be altogether pleased with their camping ground. They found the coals of one fire still hot enough to kindle with.

"The Apaches haven't been out of this a great while," said Captain Skinner, "but the trail of their lodge poles shows that they set off to the west'ard. That isn't our direction. I don't care how far they go, nor how fast."

The other miners did not agree with him. Neither did they like the looks of the mountain range through which the Apaches had come.

"Danger behind us or not," said one of the men, "I move we spend a day or so in huntin' and findin' out jest what's best to be done before we light out of this. We must be getting pretty close to the Mexican line."

They were even closer than he had any idea of, but when their evening conference ended, Captain Skinner was outvoted, and a "hunt and scout" was agreed upon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF A LITTLE DOG'S TAIL.

BY HELEN MARVIN.

Flash was the name of the little dog whose tail I am going to tell you about. Flash's master was a great actor, whose name was David Garrick. Flash and his master lived more than a hundred years ago.

One evening the family and a number of their friends were at a theatre in the great city of London. Flash's master was on the stage, playing his part, while Flash was in the audience, lying on his mistress's lap.

The play was almost over, when a big countryman, whom nobody knew, came out on the stage, and spoke a piece that was called the epilogue. Everybody asked, "Who is he?"

"I don't know," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was a great artist, and painted beautiful portraits, to Miss Angelica Kauffman, a lovely young lady, who was also very famous as an artist.

"I don't know," said Dr. Burney to his daughter, Miss Fanny, who had written a charming story-book.

"I don't know," said Dr. Samuel Johnson to his friend Mr. Boswell, who had taken the liberty to nudge the great man's elbow.

"Can you tell me who that actor is?" asked Mrs. Thrale, the wife of a very wealthy brewer.

"No, I can not tell you who he is," replied Mrs. Garrick.

At this the little dog in Mrs. Garrick's lap jumped to his feet, pricked up his ears, looked toward the stage at the big countryman, and began to wag his tail.

Wig-wag, wig-wag, wig-wag went Flash's tail, and Mrs. Garrick said, "Why, it is my husband; Flash knows his master better than his own wife does."

"Sure enough, it *is* Mr. Garrick!" they all exclaimed.

"We might have known it," said Miss Kauffman.

"Yes, yes: yes, yes," replied Sir Joshua Reynolds. "You see, my dear young lady, the little dog

knew more than all of us put together."

This is how Flash Garrick recognized his master, and told everybody in the theatre by the wagging of his little tail.

This is a true story, and it happened, as I told you, more than a hundred years ago.

MY FAMILY OF ORIOLES.

BY W. O. AYRES.

We were down in the country last summer, Fred and I, at Blackberry Farm. Fred is a bright, lively boy, nine years old, and everything there was novelty to him, for he had never been out of the city before, excepting once, when he was too young to notice and remember what he saw. Perhaps no boy who left New York in July enjoyed his vacation more than Fred did his two months at Blackberry Farm.

Among the residents at the farm-house was one Tiglath-Pileser, commonly called Tig for short, though Fred almost always gave him at least one of his two names in full in speaking either to him or of him. Tig was a very handsome Maltese cat, to whom his little mistress, who was very fond of him and very proud of him, had given this name of the old King of Assyria. Now Tig was a very industrious cat; he not only caught mice about the house and barn, but birds also out in the orchard, and once I saw him come in dragging a garter-snake much longer than himself.

One morning Fred came hurrying to the veranda, where I was sitting, closely followed by Tig, both of them in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, Uncle William, Tiglath has killed such a beautiful, beautiful bird! Only see! I made him give it up, though he tried hard to keep it."

And in fact Tig was at that very moment manifesting great dissatisfaction with the condition of things, and a decided determination to recover his property.

"Did you ever see such a beautiful bird, Uncle William? Tiglath-Pileser, keep your foot down. His head is so black and his breast is such a bright orange."

"Yes, Fred, there are few birds of more brilliant plumage which come so far north as New England. It is a Baltimore oriole, though if you should ask any one of the people about here, you would probably be told that it was a hang-bird, or perhaps a fire hang-bird—a name which they give it from the nest which it builds, and from its very bright colors. There are various species of orioles in other countries, but this and the orchard oriole are the only ones which are ever seen in New England."

"But why is he the Baltimore oriole if he comes here to Connecticut to live?"

"Who was the first Governor of the colony of Maryland, Fred?"

"Cecil Calvert, known as Lord Baltimore," replied Fred, in regular school-boy style.

"Yes; and when Lord Baltimore came to America his servants wore a livery of orange with black trimmings; and so this bird, which is very common in Maryland, was called the 'Baltimore oriole' from the colors of his coat. And it is very true of him, as it doubtless was of the servants just mentioned, that his wife and children are much more plainly dressed. The female bird and the young ones wear no such gay colors; you would scarcely suspect that they were part of his family. The people of Baltimore always speak of the oriole as 'our bird,' and if you had kept watch of the papers, Fred, you would have seen that last year in October, when they wanted to have a great festival to celebrate the completion of their splendid water-supply system, they called it 'The Baltimore Oriole Celebration.' Everywhere in the decorations, and in the dresses of the ladies, and in the scarfs and neckties of the gentlemen appeared the black and brilliant gold of the oriole."

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"What does he live on, Uncle William? His bill is very smooth, and comes to a round, sharp point. It does not look as though he could bite anything hard."

"Ah! that bill, Fred, is a wonder. And it is not merely for eating that he uses it. You remember I told you the people called him hang-bird, because of the sort of nest he builds. Now that nest he never could build unless he had this curious bill. I must tell you a story about his mode of using his bill; but before I do it we will start out for a walk, and find one of their nests, if possible, even an old one of last year will do. We will put this dead bird away, so that we can examine him again. So, Tig, if you want a bird for your breakfast, you must go and catch another."

"Yes, Tiglath, we can not spare him, even though he does really belong to you. But you can go with us." So away we three went across the fields, Tig, however, soon wandering off in search of a mouse or something.

We had not gone very far before I espied an oriole's nest. It was on the extreme end of the branch of an apple-tree. Fred climbed it, and presently we had the nest in our hands. It was hung where a branch divided into two smaller twigs, and I showed Fred very easily how the bird had begun by fastening an end of a very long soft piece of grass to one of the twigs, and then fastening the other end to the other twig, so that the middle of the grass hung down in a long loop as much as

five inches deep. Then it had made another loop, which hung across the first, and of the same depth, but this time the loop was made of a piece of bark. Then there was another loop—actually a string which the bird had found; and so it went on until there were seven or eight loops hanging.

"Now look at these other fibres, Fred, which run across and around the loops, and make a real basket of it. Do you see they go over one loop and under another, and so on? How do you suppose they were put there? There is where that shape of the bill which you noticed comes into play. Come, let us go back to the house, where you can have the bird and the nest together, and I will tell you the story, and you shall see for yourself."

We were soon quietly seated on the veranda, Fred all eagerness for a lesson in ornithology.

"The story is about a family of young orioles, three of them, which I took from their nest just before they were large enough to fly away. Perhaps it was cruel to take them, on their mother's account, but she seemed to care very little about it, and in a few days they would have left her anyway. I carried them to my room, and put them in a large open cage, where I thought they would be as comfortable as possible.

"Knowing that their mother fed them on berries and insects, I gave them plenty of both; but they would not touch them, and all that day they ate nothing. Next morning I tried them again, but it was of no use, and fearing they would starve, I was about to carry them back to the old nest, hoping their mother could do better with them than I could, when an accident showed me how to manage them.

"I was at that time making a collection of birds, and on my working-table lay the body of a robin, whose skin I had just prepared and stuffed. I had one of the little orioles sitting on my finger, when he hopped off on the table, and seeing a piece of the flesh of the robin, he swallowed it on the instant. As he seemed to like that sort of food, I cut him another piece, and down it went like a flash, and I continued to feed him until he could eat no more, and then I brought out his brother and sister and fed them in the same manner.

"After that I had no trouble in keeping them supplied with food, and they grew rapidly. They never ate anything but the flesh of the birds which I was skinning daily. I had no suspicion that such birds would eat meat at all, nor do I think that it is generally known. Neither Mr. Audubon nor any other writer mentions any such habit as belonging to them; but these little fellows were very fond of it, and they certainly thrived well on it.

"Of course they were soon strong enough to fly, and I left the door of their cage open for them to come and go as they pleased. They grew very tame, and soon learned to come to the table and get food themselves. They always slept in the cage, but during the day they were everywhere about the room. They grew so much attached to me, that the instant I entered the room every bird with a loud chirrup would start for me with his utmost speed, lighting on the top of my head, on my shoulders, on my finger when I held it out to them—anywhere that they could find a place.

"If a stranger came with me, they were doubtful; would let him take them, and possibly sit a minute on his finger, but nothing more. It was when one of them was sitting on my finger that I first learned that curious use of his bill in nest-building of which I spoke before we went out.

"I had brought him up to my face, when, to my great surprise, he put the point of his bill between my lips, and tried to pry them open. I tried him again, and he did it the second time. I lifted one of the others, the female, and she used her bill in the same manner. It occurred to me at once that that was the way in which they built their nests. I watched them constantly, and became perfectly certain that I was right. They would try to pry open my fingers; if I separated my lips, they would try to part my teeth. They often went up to books, and put in the point of the bill to pry apart the leaves, opening the bill each time with all their strength."

"And is that the way, Uncle William, he has done with this nest? Sure enough, I can see. Look!—look here! that piece of grass has gone under this loop, and then it comes over, and here it goes under again."

"That is just what the bird did, Fred. At first it was all open work, and easy; but as the nest was getting nearly finished, the bill was shoved in under that loop and opened widely, and the grass passed through, and so on one after the other. And the nest could not have been made as you see it now except for that singular way of using the bill.

"But I must tell you more of their doings. They soon learned that their food came from birds, and that it was because I skinned the birds, and they learned just how I did it. If a bird lay on the table, they gave no attention to him till I sat down ready for work. Then every oriole flew immediately to the table; but each one looked around carelessly, as though he had come there by accident, and had nothing particular on his mind. They would walk about, and try to pry open books and whatever else came in their way, and very often I waited some time, just to try them and see what they would do. I would profess to read something, as though skinning a bird was not in my thoughts at all.

"But no; they knew better; one would look up at me, and then another, and then they would run about again, but all the while keeping a sly and cunning watch of me; they knew they would get the better of me in a few minutes. For the instant I took up the bird, turned him on his back, and raised my knife, a rush was made, and there they stood watching for the first bite.

"It was a most comical sight, and time and time again I used to laugh to see them. I parted the bird's feathers with two fingers of my left hand, almost always with an oriole on each finger, while three little heads were thrust close down, and as I cut through the skin; in went three bills

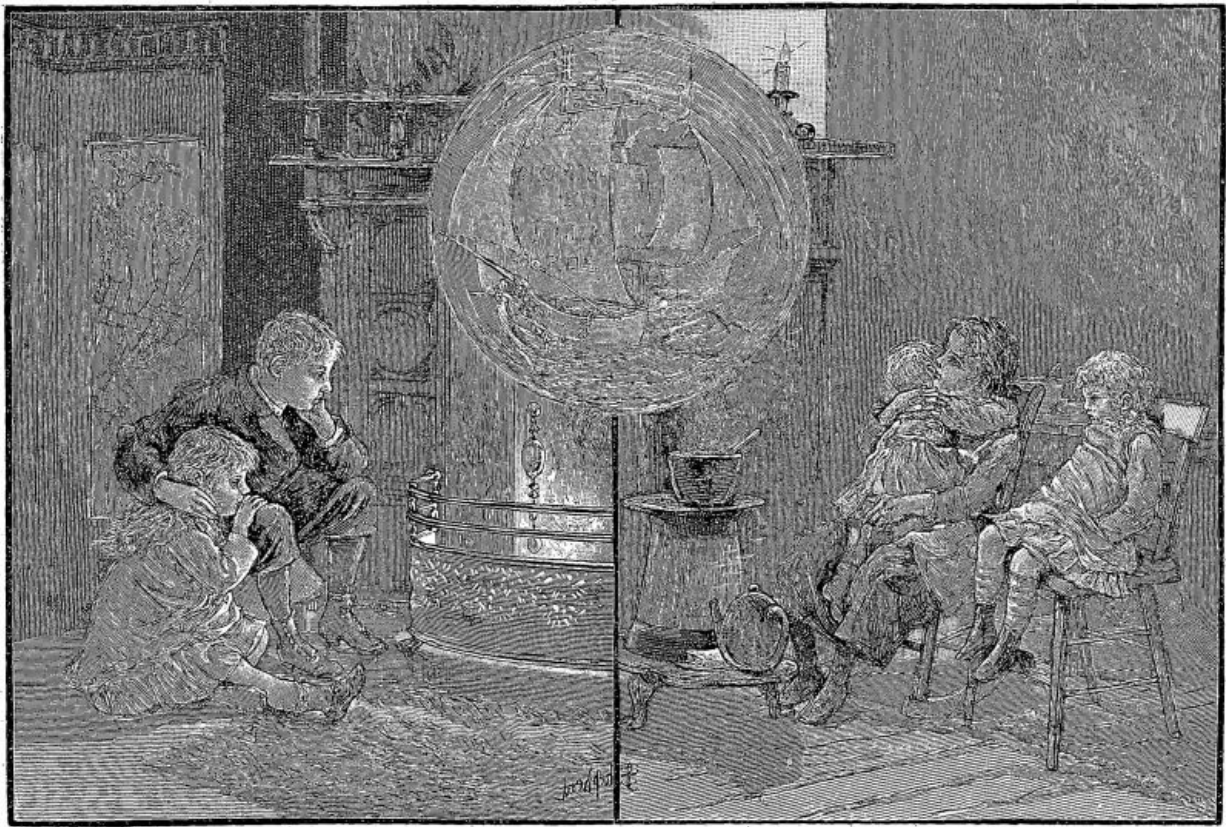
digging and tearing for a mouthful each."



AN ORIOLE FEEDING HIS MATE.

"Oh, Uncle William, what a strange thing! Do tell me what ever became of the little orioles! What did you do with them in the winter, when there were no birds for them to eat?"

"Two of them, the female and one of the males, died very shortly after they were fully grown. The other used to fly in and out of the window as he pleased, into the orchard, and across to the woods. The first time he went out he seemed quite uncomfortable, and called very loudly for me to come and bring him back again, and when I climbed up the apple tree to him, he hopped on my finger, and settled himself down in a contented way that showed he was very glad to be at home again. But after a number of excursions he learned to prefer living out-of-doors, and doubtless went to the South in the autumn with the others of his kind."



"THAT FAIRY HOPE, OH! SHE AWAKED SUCH HAPPY DREAMS."—DRAWN BY MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD.

THE LAMENT OF A LEFT-OVER DOLL.

[Pg 170]

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I'm a left-over doll, and I grieve to relate
How sad is my fortune, how lonely my fate;
For I had no notion that I should lie here,
Forlorn and neglected, at this time of year.

Oh, long before Christmas they dressed me up fine—
No dollie had clothes any better than mine;
And I rather imagine I looked very nice,
As many fine ladies inquired my price.

I was handled and dandled, and fondly caressed,
My beauty admired, my value confessed,
And yet for some reason or other was I
Put back in the show-case; the buyer went by.

One dear little maiden came into the store;
She saw me, and for me began to implore,
And said that there wasn't a doll in the place
With a handsomer dress or a lovelier face.

She stared at me long, so of course I stared back,
And saw that her eyes were a beautiful black;
And I wanted to speak, but I couldn't, because
I hadn't been made with a hinge in my jaws.

I dreamed about Christmas, and how I should be
Stuck into a stocking or up on a tree,
Then carried about in my mistress's arms
That all might admire my wonderful charms.

But Santa Claus came, and he went on his way,
And took with him many a doll, I dare say;
But as I've a chance to look round me, I find
That dozens and dozens have been left behind.

If you were a left-over dollie yourself,
You'd know how I feel lying here on the shelf
So long after Christmas; and wouldn't expect
Me to smile at old Santa Claus' cruel neglect.

They've marked down my price; and I very much fear
That those who buy cheaply will hold me less dear,
And the army of curious shoppers I shun
Since I had no part in the holiday fun.

FELIX.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

It is early morning in a cathedral town of Germany, and a boy is muffling his head in the bedclothes, trying to keep out the sound of bells and the sight of the bright sun-beams. His comrade, however, is doing all he can to arouse him.

"Go away, I say," is all the reply to these well-meant efforts. "What's the use of getting up to be knocked about and scolded? When mother was here, one was sure of a cup of hot milk and a kind word. I'm going to sleep again. Do hush! There, take that!" and he gave his friend a cuff on the ear.

The friend howled, which sent a pang through the boy's heart. He stretched out his hand with a gesture prompted by remorse.

"Come here, come here. I've given you just what I don't like for myself, poor fellow. I beg your pardon."

His face was well washed after that by a dog's warm tongue, which had also the effect of waking the boy very thoroughly. The conversation too went on.

"Turk, old dog, you're the best friend I have in the world, and if you didn't wake me up every day, I'd never be in school. Since mother's death, father is so cross and still and dull! he does nothing but work, work, work. But my rose-tree must be planted to-day, and if I don't do it now, I don't know when I will have the chance."

So saying, he dressed rapidly, tossed open his lattice, and took a small plant from the window-sill, ran down the outside flight of steps leading from the door of his father's shop, paused a moment to snatch up a roll and his bag of books, and then with his dog hurried down the village street.

He was soon past the houses and shops, and nearing the vast towers of the great church, which was but partly finished; and as he looked up at the points and pinnacles of heaven-aspiring height a thought which had long been in his mind burst into bloom.

It was a simple thought, but a religious one, and it so absorbed him that for a while he forgot his errand, and stood gazing up into the pure sky, blue as forget-me-nots. He was startled, however, by the village bells and clocks, and a hurrying group of workmen approaching, so he quickly sought out a lonely grave, took his plant from its pot, and digging a little hole, set the rose-bush in it.

Quick as he was, he was yet too late for school, and received frowning disapprobation from the master as he took his seat.

Unfortunately Felix was often late, often too his lessons were unprepared. But he was so ready to make amends, and was so quick in learning, that he could get on better than the duller pupils who labored more systematically.

But to-day everything went wrong; his head was full of fancies, and with his ready pencil he was sketching when he should have been studying, scrawling scrolls and rose-windows over his Latin, and sending flocks of pigeons up and down the margin of oceans and continents. He stumbled at his lessons, he bothered those who knew them, and perplexed those who did not, until the master's patience was exhausted, and he gave him a sound thrashing.

After that there was silence, sullenness, and an appearance of work, but a sudden roar of laughter from the boys made the master look up. Felix was bending over his book as if he were the only one undisturbed. The master was not, however, easily deceived.

"Come here, Felix."

"Yes, sir;" and the lad slowly obeyed.

"Give me that book."

"I'd rather not, sir."

"Give it to me."

Now Felix had a real liking for his master, and was usually sorry for offending him; but the whipping had not been beneficial, although his conscience told him that it was deserved. He presented the book. On its fly-leaf was a drawing of the master—a very clever caricature—as Cupid drawing his bow at a group of girls, who, with much disdain and derision, were pelting him

with sticks and stones.

The master's face flushed at the disrespect; but he quietly laid the book aside, and proceeded with his duties, Felix remaining standing.

The recitations went on, the hum of study, the drawl of the lazy ones, and the quick, eager replies of the ambitious. Felix was forgotten.

The boy began to think he had made a mistake. What had he gained by misconduct? Where were the thoughts of the morning under the cathedral windows? How was he fitting himself to work on the beautiful structure which was to be the medium of praise and prayer for multitudes, in the long ages to come? And yet he knew this had been his mother's hope and wish. Was he making good use of the talents God had given him?

He was looking out the window now, watching the lights and shadows on the carved stone of buttress and gable.

The boys were dismissed. He sat down to the extra tasks assigned him. He was hungry, he was miserable, but he plodded on, and finished his work. The master bade him go, and he went, but not home.

He lingered about the cathedral, watching the workmen. Finally he became fascinated by their employment; and taking up their tools, worked out a leaf pattern on a bit of refuse stone. The men left him there. Tired and faint, he sought his mother's resting-place. The rose was drooping for want of water.

"Come, it is time you were home," said a familiar voice.

Felix looked up astonished. It was the master.

"You must go with me to your father. I wish to speak to him."

Felix obeyed. The climax had come. His father was stern and hard, and the master, of course, would have a sorry tale to tell.

Fortunately the village people had gone in to their evening meal, and he would be spared the disgrace of being seen conducted like a culprit to his father. He did not speak a word, nor did the master, but shame and remorse were written on every feature. He felt as if he were a criminal about to receive sentence—a sentence, too, which was deserved, and which justice demanded.

"Well, what now, Herr Professor, is the matter?" asked the father, grimly surveying his son.

"Felix is in trouble again, Mr. Zimmerman."

"Hah! idle as usual—good for nothing—won't study?"

"Yes, a little of all, I am sorry to say. But I have a remedy to propose."

"A thrashing, of course."

"No, once a day is enough. We've tried that; it did not answer in this case as well as it does sometimes. May I have the pleasure of Master Felix's company to supper?"

"What, sir, you want the boy to be rewarded for bad behavior?"

"Not at all—not at all. Run away, Felix; get your face washed and your jacket on, and you shall be my guest for this evening."

Felix was almost too much surprised to be able to move, but without daring to question his father, he did as the master told him. While he was gone, a conversation went on between Mr. Zimmerman and the teacher.

It is not necessary to repeat it; but Felix saw a different expression on his father's face when, neatly dressed, he came down the steps and followed the master home.

He was fearfully hungry, and yet almost ashamed to take the good broth and bread which were set before him in the master's quaint and quiet little parlor; they somehow choked him; and as he looked about at the book-covered shelves and old engravings, the detestable caricature he had drawn in the morning danced before his eyes.

At last he could stand it no longer. The teacher seemed to have disappeared, and only this kind, genial host sat opposite him, heaping up his plate and bowl.

"Herr Professor," he stammered, "I beg your pardon—indeed I do."

"I am very glad to hear that, my boy; but don't think any more about it just now," was the response, and filling his pipe, wreaths of smoke began to play about the old man's head.

"It is a great pity that a lad of your talent should waste any time, Felix, and if you are willing, I think your father will let me give you drawing lessons."

Felix could hardly believe his ears.

"To be sure, you will have to apply yourself more diligently, be prompt and industrious, or all the lessons in the world won't make a man of you."

"I'll try," said Felix, though a mist was in his eyes.

"That's right," said the Professor, and then he opened some great volumes full of pictures, and the boy gazed in delighted wonder at a world more beautiful than his dreams. Not an allusion did the Professor make again to anything that had happened during the day.

When evening was over, and he courteously bade him good-night, Felix was dazed, and went home with light steps to his little bed.

As soon as Turk woke him next morning he sprang up with alacrity, and would have been off with the dawn to water his rose-bush, but his father detained him.

"Felix," said he, somewhat sternly, "the master says there's good stuff in you if you'll use it. Come here and eat your breakfast before you go, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself."

"I'll try," was the sum and substance of Felix's talk over his brown bread and milk.

Ten years after this there was a great celebration in the town, for the cathedral was finished. Cannon thundered, bells pealed, and a grand "Te Deum" was chanted to the rolling rhythm of the magnificent organ.

A group of visitors standing near a certain pillar of great beauty were applauding it, while they complimented a young architect and sculptor, whose work it was. His head was modestly bent as he received the commendation, but in a moment he raised it, and turning to a very old man in a professor's gown, whose hair was white with the snows of many winters, he took him by the hand and presented him to the visitors.

"Gentlemen, this is the person you must thank for the pillar. Whatever beauty it possesses, whatever expression it is of truth and religion, is due to my master, whose kindness rescued me from idleness, whose skill directed my youthful efforts."

SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, little daughter!
Ay, chill is the weather,
But we in our cottage
Are cheerful together.
Father is sailing
Across the wild water;
Father in heaven
Smiles down on my daughter!

Sleep, little daughter!
The wind is abating;
Father is sailing,
And mother is waiting.
Soon he will come,
In the soft sunny weather;
Father in heaven
Will bring us together.

A STEAM CHAIR.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I don't like Mr. Travers as much as I did. Of course I know he's a very nice man, and he's going to be my brother when he marries Sue, and he used to bring me candy sometimes, but he isn't what he used to be.

One time—that was last summer—he was always dreadfully anxious to hear from the Post-office, and whenever he came to see Sue, and he and she and I would be sitting on the front piazza, he would say, "Jimmy, I think there must be a letter for me; I'll give you ten cents if you'll go down to the Post-office"; and then Sue would say, "Don't run, Jimmy; you'll get heart-disease if you do"; and I'd walk 'way down to the Post-office, which is pretty near half a mile from our house. But now he doesn't seem to care anything about his letters; and he and Sue sit in the back parlor, and mother says I mustn't go in and disturb them; and I don't get any more ten cents.

I've learned that it won't do to fix your affections on human beings, for even the best of men won't keep on giving you ten cents forever. And it wasn't fair for Mr. Travers to get angry with me the other night, when it was all an accident—at least 'most all of it; and I don't think it's manly for a man to stand by and see a sister shake a fellow that isn't half her size, and especially when he never supposed that anything was going to happen to her even if it did break.

When Aunt Eliza came to our house the last time, she brought a steam chair; that's what she called it, though there wasn't any steam about it. She brought it from Europe with her, and it was the queerest sort of chair, that would all fold up, and had a kind of footstool to it, so that you put

your legs out and just lie down in it. Well, one day it got broken. The back of the seat fell down, and shut Aunt Eliza up in the chair so she couldn't get out, and didn't she just howl till somebody came and helped her! She was so angry that she said she never wanted to see that chair again, "And you may have it if you want it Jimmy for you are a good boy sometimes when you want to be."

So I took the chair and mended it. The folks laughed at me, and said I couldn't mend it to save my life; but I got some nails and some mucilage, and mended it elegantly. Then mother let me get some varnish, and I varnished the chair, and when it was done it looked so nice that Sue said we'd keep it in the back parlor. Now I'm never allowed to sit in the back parlor, so what good would my chair do me? But Sue said, "Stuff and nonsense that boy's indulged now till he can't rest." So they put my chair in the back parlor, just as if I'd been mending it on purpose for Mr. Travers. I didn't say anything more about it; but after it was in the back parlor I took out one or two screws that I thought were not needed to hold it together, and used them for a boat that I was making.

That night Mr. Travers came as usual, and after he had talked to mother awhile about the weather, and he and father had agreed that it was a shame that other folks hadn't given more money to the Michigan sufferers, and that they weren't quite sure that the sufferers were a worthy object, and that a good deal of harm was done by giving away money to all sorts of people, Sue said:

"Perhaps we had better go into the back parlor; it is cooler there, and we won't disturb father, who wants to think about something."

So she and Mr. Travers went into the back parlor, and shut the door, and talked very loud at first about a whole lot of things, and then quieted down, as they always did.

I was in the front parlor, reading *Robinson Crusoe*, and wishing I could go and do likewise—like Crusoe, I mean; for I wouldn't go and sit quietly in a back parlor with a girl, like Mr. Travers, not if you were to pay me for it. I can't see what some fellows see in Sue. I'm sure if Mr. Martin or Mr. Travers had her pull their hair once the way she pulls mine sometimes, they wouldn't trust themselves alone with her very soon.

All at once we heard a dreadful crash in the back parlor, and Mr. Travers said Good something very loud, and Sue shrieked as if she had a needle run into her. Father and mother and I and the cook and the chambermaid all rushed to see what was the matter.

The chair that I had mended, and that Sue had taken away from me, had broken down while Mr. Travers was sitting in it, and it had shut up like a jackknife, and caught him so he couldn't get out. It had caught Sue too, who must have run to help him, or she never would have been in that fix, with Mr. Travers holding her by the wrist, and her arm wedged in so she couldn't pull it away.

Father managed to get them loose, and then Sue caught me and shook me till I could hear my teeth rattle, and then she ran up stairs and locked herself up; and Mr. Travers never offered to help me, but only said, "I'll settle with you some day, young man," and then he went home. But father sat down on the sofa and laughed, and said to mother:

"I guess Sue would have done better if she'd have let the boy keep his chair."

I'm very sorry, of course, that an accident happened to the chair, but I've got it up in my room now, and I've mended it again, and it's the best chair you ever sat in.



"IT HAD SHUT UP LIKE A JACKKNIFE."



"TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH."

See our Harry, Rosie, Lil—
Restless darlings, never still;
In and out all day they run,
Little people, full of fun—
Rosie, Lil, and Harry.

"Here's a lovely pan!" they cry;
Mary, maid, has set it by.
"Let us all, while no one looks,
Play at being real cooks—
Lillie, Rosie, Harry.

"Tie on aprons, big and brown;
Careful, lift the old pot down;
Now we'll nicely fill it up;
Stir it, girls, and take a sup—
Harry, Lil, and Rosie.

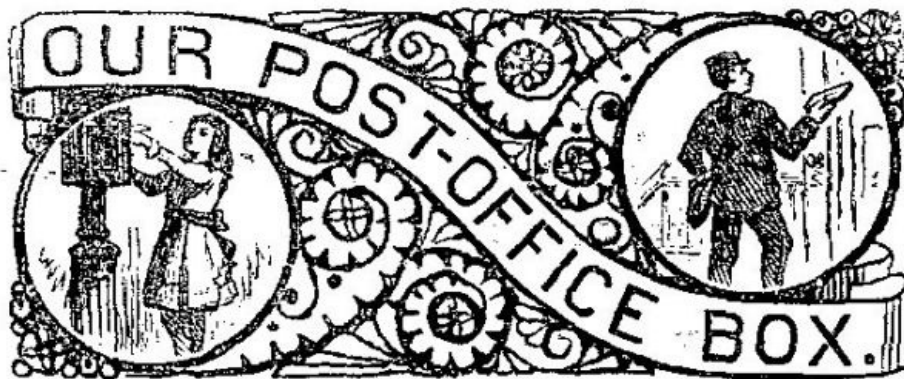
"Not quite nice—pour pepper hot,
Oil, and treacle in the pot;
Salt and coffee; apples too—
Pop this one into the stew"—
Rosie, Lil, and Harry.

In goes all, from peas to paint—
Well may Mary all but faint.
Well may she declare, quite wroth,
"Many cooks do spoil the broth"—
Harry, Rosie, Lillie.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
 To see a young woman upon a white horse;
 Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.
 She will have music wherever she goes.

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TROY, KANSAS.

I am eight years of age. I can write, but not plain enough for "tired eyes." I can set up type, and print in a small printing-press, so I will print this letter. I have no pets, as we stay in one place but a short time. I had a pretty kitty when we were at home. One day mamma put some paper shoes on her feet, and it was too funny to see how she acted. She shook one foot and then another, until she got them off.

I have a sister named Bessie, nearly four years old, and every day we take a long walk.

I go to school now, and read in the Fourth Reader, and study arithmetic, spelling, geography, and writing.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year. I like everything in it, but Jimmy Brown's are the funniest stories.

I see a great many interesting things, going from place to place, but my letter is already too long, so I will close.

J. B.

The little Glastenbury girl who does not like cats has stirred up quite a number of defenders for the household pet. We would like her to write again, and let us know whether she has been converted by the friends of puss.

GLENWOOD, IOWA.

I want to say a word to the girl who don't like cats. I have two beauties—Skip, who is so black that mother calls him Prince of Goree, and Bronk, a lovely blue Maltese. They have so many cute little ways, and afford so much pleasure to us all, that I know that little girl who "hated cats" would like these Western kitties.

Now let me tell how much I like the little paper. I have read every number that has been published so far. Even father listened to "Toby Tyler," and wondered why Mr. Otis had to kill Mr. Stubbs, though he said he supposed Uncle Daniel would not know what to do with a monkey, and it was lucky he was killed. Jimmy Brown affords us great amusement. I wonder who the real Jimmy is! *YOUNG PEOPLE* reaches us on Saturday, and that is a happy day for

CADDIE KING.

MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

I am a little boy ten years old, and have been a subscriber to *YOUNG PEOPLE* since the tenth number. I like the paper very much, and intend to take it always, as it is so interesting, especially the Post-office Box, where I read all the little folks' letters, and feel as if I were acquainted with them. The weather here is very pleasant, and there are lots of pheasants, quails, and many other kinds of birds here. I wish I were near New York, so that I could go and see the editor, or send some money for *Young People's Cot*. My father is a white man, and my mother Hawaiian. I have been to school three years. Good-by.

HENRY P.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have written to the Post-office Box a great many times, and have not yet seen one of my letters in print; but I do not think, like a great many others, that they have gone to the dreadful waste-basket. I have sent Wiggles too, but none have been published. At first I thought it was because I was not a subscriber, but pa has been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* from a news' agent for a year and a half.

I am taking music lessons. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE* to school, and my teacher uses it in preference to a Reader. I have got two subscribers for you. I do not know whether they have subscribed yet or not. One boy's mother bought a number of papers from different publishers to make a selection, and chose *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

At our school there is to be a prize given, at the completion of the book, for the best drawing. Professor S., the gentleman who prepares our book in New York, visited all the schools in Pittsburgh for the purpose of examining the drawing-books. He visited our school last, and concluded that our drawing was the best and finest he had seen in any of the schools in Pittsburgh. I tried the leaf photograph, and succeeded.

FRANK B. H.

WORTENDYKE, NEW JERSEY.

I think your paper is lovely. My aunt in Jersey City takes it for my sister as a birthday present. I have read so many interesting letters about pets that I thought I would write one about ours. We have a large Newfoundland dog, named Bingo, and every time I go out he runs and jumps on me. We have lots of fun with him, he is so gentle. Our cow, named Betsey, is real gentle, and when I go to the bars and call her, she comes running and jumping to me like a little kitten, and she plays with us real cunning. We raised her from a little calf. Her mother was killed on the railroad; her name was Daisy. We have two *cherry*-colored cats, Toby—not named after Toby Tyler—and Charlie. Every cold morning Toby climbs up on the grape arbor, and jumps from that to the front piazza, to my window, where he taps until I let him in, and when he gets in he cuddles down in bed and goes to sleep. These are all the pets we have. My brother had some pet rabbits, but he sold some, and the rest he let run around, and they got killed or lost. Our little baby sister is two months old. There are seven of us in our family, and all girls but one.

INA J. P.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

My home is in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. In winter it is very cold here, and sometimes it is so cold that the thermometer is 20° below zero. I have a nice pony from Sable Island, near Nova Scotia. I have some postage stamps and postmarks which I would like to exchange with the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My age is thirteen years and six months.

C. L. HAMMOND, P. O. Box 314.

WOODSIDE (NEAR LINCOLNTON), NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You are all very often in my thoughts, and sometimes when any of those funny little mistakes are made in Sunday-school, I wish you could enjoy the fun. We are trying, as we can, to take the children into the Natural History Society. My sister and I thought, as they wanted so much to belong to it, that they could begin by making a collection of Indian curiosities. We told them that all who wished to belong to the Natural History Club might bring arrow-heads or any pretty stems with them when they came to sing on Saturday. They all came. One family of five little ones were very nervous, with their hands full of arrow-heads, but whimpered out that they wanted to sing, but didn't want Miss Ida to put them in a tub. I wish you could have seen their relief when they found they were not to have a bath. Then the carols began.

They all learn the tunes quickly, but Ellen Pete will sing, at the top of her voice, "Carol, *buzzards*, carol," instead of "brothers," as the words really are.

Since my last, I must acknowledge gifts from Mrs. N. B. Blunt, Lexington Avenue, N. Y.; Miss Lulu Mears, Danby, Vt.; Master Robert Cranson, St. Johns, Mich.; Miss Julia Slack, Bristol, Penn.

For these, and all your gifts, accept my sincere gratitude. Your friend,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

ST. JOHNS, MICHIGAN.

In No. 110 the Postmistress asks if any one has seen dandelions later than November 20. I send you a pressed dandelion picked by the road-side on December 10. They have been in bloom all the fall in the yard of our court-house, but they have now gone to seed. This is the more remarkable, as we have had quite deep snow and some very cold, blustery weather, though the ground is bare now, and the weather quite mild for this time of year.

My large shepherd dog is very fond of sugar and candy, and mamma once had a little dog that would eat almost anything, if a little molasses were poured on it. He would wag his tail and lick his chops when she took the plate to pour the syrup on.

I wish we could have some more of Ben Buttles's adventures. I think they were very surprising.

ROBERT E. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

It was my good fortune to spend a part of last summer at Newport. The house where I lived was just on the banks of Almy's Pond—a charming place, surrounded with lawns and flowers of all kinds. What pleasure it was to me to obtain the key of the boat! I would run to the landing, unfasten the boat, take my oars, and push off. I acquired great skill in rowing, and it made my arms strong. Once, in the middle of the pond, I tried to catch those big lazy gold-fish; but though lazy-looking, they were more clever than I, for they invariably avoided the net.

It was not so, however, with the turtles; of a more inquisitive mind, when they heard some noise they looked out of the water to see what all that noise was about, and their curiosity caused their capture, for I very seldom missed them. The result was that I had quite a respectable drove of them; but the day before my return to the city I gave them their freedom, with the exception of two beauties which I brought home with me.

If you wish to have the pleasures of society and of country life combined, go to spend the summer at Newport. There you will find fun.

GEORGEY C. B.

WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

I want to tell you a droll cat story. Six weeks ago a family near us bought a place two miles out of the village, and moved there. Their pet cat, three years old, was placed in a basket, covered up, and carried to her new home, her owners hoping she would be delighted to walk in the woods and catch the squirrels. But when she jumped out of the basket she ran away; she liked the village company better. She wandered three weeks, hunting for her old home, where at last she arrived, half starved. We called her in and fed her, and she seemed very happy. We sent a postal to the family, and May came over, delighted to know puss was alive. She tied her in the basket again, and took her home. She seemed more contented, and they thought this time she would stay; but in three days back she came again. We sent word to them she was here, and they came for her; and in all four times she was carried home. The last time Mr. T. told her plainly that this would be the last time he should come for her. Now what do you think? she is round here again, and no one can catch her.

FRANKIE L. W.

ROME, OHIO.

I want to tell you about my pet lamb. One day papa brought in a lamb which could not stand alone. He gave it to me. We kept it in the house until it could stand alone, and I named it Kate. I fed her, and she would follow me all around. I kept her in the orchard, and when I went to feed her, I would say, "Katie, Katie," and she would run to me and drink her milk. When I stopped feeding her, her wool was five inches long, and now it is nine and one-quarter inches long.

MARY B. R.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

I have a nice doll house and five dolls. Josephine is the mamma. She has three children—Hattie, Fannie, and Clarence. I love my dolls very much.

I live on a sugar plantation, and love to go to the sugar-mill. There are two little squirrels that stay about the yard. They have a nest in the back yard, and are right tame. I watch them playing, and think they are very pretty.

We have two little kittens, John and Ambrose. They are the sweetest little kittens that I ever saw. They are named after two young gentlemen friends of the family. They play and sleep all day, and are very lazy. Their old mother went away and left them. They used to have fits quite often, but whenever they had them I would pour cold water over them, and now they are perfectly cured.

ELLA B.

FORT GRATIOT, MICHIGAN.

I am nine years old. I have a little brother four years old. His name is Weymouth. I love him very much. He always wants to play church, and be the minister. When I had company, and we danced "Sally Waters," Weymouth said he would not dance, for ministers did not dance. This summer mamma took Weymouth and me to Aylmer, Canada. We had a nice time, and I saw "Don W." and his sister there at the picnic he spoke of in his letter to the Post-office Box.

We have a bird, and I have several dolls, and one pretty paper doll mamma made for me.

I think I am the only one in this place who takes the YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am going to try and get more to take it. I like it so very much. My auntie in Montana sent it this year to me.

LIZZIE M. K.

I am a little girl six years old. I go to school, and like my teacher. Her name is Miss N. D. I like to hear my papa read the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to me. I have a sister Olivia, who is ten years old. She gets HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Saturday, and likes the stories very well. I have a pet cat named Flora, and a rooster named Dick. He is very tame, and comes running to me when I call him.

HATTIE H.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

We have three little kittens just three weeks old, and they are real sweet. My aunt Helen wanted to take them up stairs, but as soon as she took hold of them the old mother cried, and would not have them out of her sight a moment. When the mother wants to go in the yard, she comes away up stairs to the third story and cries, and then when some of us come down, she goes and stands by the door until we open it. I have a sister Etha, and a brother Josie, and we all enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I can not think which of the stories I like the best, because I like them all so well.

LOTTIE L. S.

HAVANA, CUBA.

Perhaps some of your young people will like to hear about a parrot that we used to have. He was a very funny fellow. He repeated almost everything that he heard. When mamma asked for the servants in the morning, he would commence to call them: "Lola! Dolores! German! it is time to get up; the mistress is calling you!" When he was angry he would begin to cry, "I am angry! I am angry!" When the servants did not give him dinner, he would cry, "I am hungry! I am hungry!—the servants have not given me my dinner." He knew how to laugh. Sometimes he scolded the servants, and afterward he would laugh—"Ha! ha! ha!" When we were breakfasting he used to come to the table for us to give him his breakfast, and he would eat from our hands. Sometimes he would sit on papa's shoulder. His plumage was red, green, and blue. He was very pretty.

Have you ever seen a crane? The other day a gentleman presented one to papa. He has a long neck and long legs, and is very pretty. He eats from our hands, and is very tame. He eats all the flies and roaches he can find. The other day a dog bit a little friend of ours. As it was a strange dog, that came from the street into the yard where the child was playing, it is not known whether the dog was mad or not. But the doctor said he must treat the wound as if he knew the dog was mad; so he had to burn the place to prevent the boy from having hydrophobia.

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CONCEPCION.

POLK TOWNSHIP, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy six years old. I live on a farm. I have two dogs, and my grandpa named one of them Peter. I have a brother four years old, and a darling sister, too. Papa calls sister "Black-eyes," but her name is Clara. She can say two lines of "Three Little Kittens," and says "please" and "thank you" as well as anybody. My brother and I saved our money until we had enough to buy "The Franconia Stories" and "Little Learner Series," but we like our YOUNG PEOPLE better than any books we have.

PAUL C.

NEW YORK CITY.

I will be twelve years old in a few days. I notice, in looking over my first volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, that most of the boys and girls who write to you are under that age. When I read some of their letters, I only wish I was favored as they are, and could have chickens and rabbits, and live in the country. But I am a city boy, and go to the public school, and have lots of books, and enjoy myself in reading, and playing with my two little sisters, who are, I think, the most cunning little girls I know.

JOHN M. H.

HOBART, NEW YORK.

I like your paper very much, and receive it with great pleasure every week. I am not going to school at present, but expect to very soon. We have six cats, and none of them are cunning. I am nine years old, and live on a farm. We send our milk to New York. This is one of the sections of New York State in which maple sugar is made, and it is very interesting to watch the process. We have had no snow as yet, but usually at this time of the year have about two feet—more or less.

MYRA G. W.

LIMA, PERU.

As the editor hopes that some girl will write in the defense of poor puss, I beg to say that I have two splendid cats. The largest is a fine Maltese, looks very much like an old woman, and is exceedingly fat. He is named Mr. Mason. Besides having the good quality of being an excellent mouser, he is very religious, and often spends the nights in the Cathedral, which is just in front of our house. Early in the morning he comes back, howling for something to eat. The other cat is named Mr. Stubbs, and is decidedly the favorite. He is rather thin, and has a face like a mouse, but is the most affectionate animal alive; and when mother opens the door in the morning, he stands quite still, and says, "Mew! mew!" as if to say good-morning; he then walks in, and pays us each a visit in bed. He never scratches, and I am almost sure that if Augusta C. knew him, she would think differently about cats.

I have one sister and two brothers. We were all born in Mexico, but, my parents being Americans, we are all, of course, American citizens. During the last eight years we have been living in Lima, Peru, and so Mr. Harper will not think it strange that this letter takes a little longer to go to him than some others. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since it has been published, and always praise and recommend it to everybody. It is just splendid.

CARLOTA L.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy nearly ten years old, and live in Boston. My brother Theo (who is seven) and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since we first heard of it, and we like it very much, and so do all the boys and girls in our neighborhood.

My father says that I may write a letter, which perhaps you will publish, because the little boys and girls who live in other parts of the country may like to hear about things at the sea-shore.

Last summer we lived at a place twenty miles from Boston, in the town of Cohasset, and it was the nicest place we ever had for summer, because it was always cool and pleasant in fine weather. It was near Minot's Ledge Light-House, and quite near the great blue ocean. We could always hear the sound of the waves on the beach, and could see the steamboats and vessels going up and down the coast. Sometimes in stormy and foggy weather the vessels would be in danger of going on the rocks; then the fog-horn would sound very loud to warn them off the shore.

We used to go in bathing nearly every pleasant day. My sister, who is twelve, could swim out in very deep water, but I thought it much nicer fun to dig sand on the beach, or run about the rocks on shore.

Sometimes the children from other houses would come and play with us under the trees or in the stable, where we kept our horse and our hens, and sometimes we used to take long walks to the village or through the fields.

In September, when the days grew shorter, mamma and auntie wanted to go back to Boston, because the evenings were lonesome, and most of the people were going to their homes. But I want to go to Cohasset again next summer, and I should like to see some of the boys and girls there who read this paper, and I guess they can find me by inquiring at the post-office for

HARRY A. P.

Some of our youthful puzzlers omit to send the answers with their puzzles. No puzzle can be admitted unless the solution is sent in the envelope with the puzzle. Some boys and girls send

correct answers to puzzles, but forget to sign their names, and in consequence we can not give them credit, as we would like to, for their careful work.

Nellie Anderson, Lancaster, Ohio, found violets in bloom in December.

Ada Allen, Bolivar, Missouri, has sent us her teacher's certificate that she has recited perfectly the list of the Kings and Queens of England.

Lester Tallmadge, of Leaville, Colorado, would like to receive the full address of H. R. S., who lately sent him a package of interesting curiosities, in order that he may make a suitable return.

C. Y. P. R. U.

ALICE.—I can not decide for you the question which is the most useful of all the trees in the world. I will leave it open for the C. Y. P. R. U., and members may send me their opinions. The tree which is applied to the most various and multiplied uses is probably the palm. There are a number of species of palm, differing in some minor peculiarities, but all graceful, elegant, and beautiful. The Palmyra palm (*Borassus flabelliformis*) is, on account of its great usefulness, called the prince of trees. Until this tree reaches its twentieth year it has little grace or beauty. A recent writer says: "It is covered from the root upward with the remains of old leaves which have been cut off some distance from the trunk, leaving ugly and dangerous projections. These leaf-stalks when green are soft and easily cut, but after they become dry they are almost as hard as horn. A person running against such a tree by night, or accidentally, is sure to retire wounded. After the tree becomes older, all these remains of former leaves disappear, and the straight trunk emerges smooth and clean, as if it had been artificially trimmed and polished. It rises to the height of from sixty to ninety feet, and is considered in its youth during its first hundred years. The timber is almost worthless until the tree is sixty years old."

A Hindoo poem is said to enumerate eight hundred and one uses to which the palm is applied. The leaves are used for fuel, for thatch, for mats, for baskets, for cords, for fans, for umbrellas, for pouches, books, etc. The sap is drawn from the tree twice daily during seven months of the year, and makes, when unfermented, a pleasant drink; when fermented, an intoxicating wine. It is boiled into a coarse sugar, which is used both as food and medicine, and as a cement in mortar. The fruit is considered a delicacy. There is an Indian proverb about the palm which says, "If you plant it, it will grow a thousand years; and if you cut it, it will last a thousand years."

The Postmistress acknowledges with thanks the kindness of her young friends who have sent her pretty cards and other favors of the season.

ST. CLAIR, MICHIGAN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Will you please try to think of something pleasant for five girls to do. We are trying to get up a club by ourselves. We want to meet in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening. We would like to have you tell us some name for it, and what kind of badges and what color would be nice. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much.

WORTHY E. MCE.

How would you like "We Girls?" I think that would be a pretty name for such a club as yours. As for badges, there is nothing more appropriate than a geranium leaf or two, to be worn when you meet, or you might assume rosettes of pink ribbon, or, prettier still, always wear a white apron when you assemble. I think it would be very charming for you to have some beautiful needle-work on hand, and while one should read aloud, let the others sew. If there are poor little girls in your town who do not know how to sew, or whose mothers are too busy to make comfortable clothing for them, your club, with *your* mothers' permission, might make garments for them. A cooking club is very popular among girls of your age, and, upon the whole, would perhaps give you more enjoyment, and result in more real benefit to you in making you efficient little house-keepers, than anything else the Postmistress could propose. If you try the latter work, you will need the assistance of some older friend until you are fairly organized. Please write, and tell me what you finally resolve upon.

I am a regular subscriber to your nice paper, and read it with great interest. I would like to tell you about a dog that I know of that was much attached to his master, who is a boat-builder. The other day, while at work placing beams in position in a new boat, one of the poles became loose, and was about to fall on the man, who was in the way. The dog saw his master's danger, and sprang on him, knocking him out of the way. The man was slightly hurt, but the poor dog was killed. He saved his master's life, but lost his own. Please give this to the Postmistress to publish.

KITTY B. H.

I am very glad to publish this letter in memory of the faithful dog who lost his life to save his master's.

There is one thing certain about our paper this week. The C. Y. P. R. U., on the look-out for relations of solemn fact, would never be able to tell which articles were intended for its special entertainment if the Postmistress did not point them out. "The Loss of the *Royal George*" is one, but who that did not know it to be an actual occurrence, and one of the most terrible and heart-rending in English history, would not think the story one of the wildest fancies of some writer's brain? Then who would believe that some birds could be so cruel and heartless as to feed upon the flesh of their fellows, if Dr. W. O. Ayres, of Yale College, did not tell us so in "My Family of Orioles"? Unless the Postmistress is very much mistaken, the articles in *YOUNG PEOPLE* which will be most widely read this week are those in which "truth is stranger than fiction."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

Formed half beneath and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art a second birth;
The smiths' and carpenters' adopted daughters,
Made on the earth to travel o'er the waters.
Swifter we move as tighter we are bound,
Yet neither touch the water, air, nor ground.
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, swim.

ELLA B.

No. 2.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Large plants. 4. A creeping fish. 5. A letter.
2.—1. A letter. 2. A huge serpent. 3. Juvenile. 4. A conjunction. 5. A letter.

ROBTUS.

No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To obey. 2. A surgical instrument. 3. Universal. 4. Part of a bird. 5. To breathe out. 6. A weight.
7. A pronoun. Primals—One of Shakspeare's plays. Finals—The name of a famous author.

HARMON W.

No. 4.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

One I, one O, one R, four S's, and one C.
Now place these letters in order, and form a word for me.

H. W.

No. 5.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is a familiar adage composed of 22 letters.
The 6, 4, 5, 16 is to try anything.
The 3, 18 does not mean yes.
The 11, 2, 20, 15, 16 is to lift.
The 13, 8, 10, 12 is to sting.
The 19, 22, 14 is used to wash with.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 is very sweet.
The 9, 17, 1, 21, 4 is a fragrant substance.

W. B. G.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Lodestar," Nellie Anderson, Ella Chirney, Ernest Payne, Walter E. Paulding, G. W. Taggart, Edward Lee Haines, Sammy A. Jones, Reggie Reid, Arthur Bancroft, Elbert E. Hurd, J. J. Bellman, Gerson G. Freund, Jacob Marks, Henry E. Johnston, Jun., and Willie Volckhausen.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



**SOME ANSWERS TO WIGGLE No. 23, OUR ARTIST'S
IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 24.**

FOOTNOTES:

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

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 10,
1882 ***

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