

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Young People, January 17, 1882, by
Various**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Harper's Young People, January 17, 1882

Author: Various

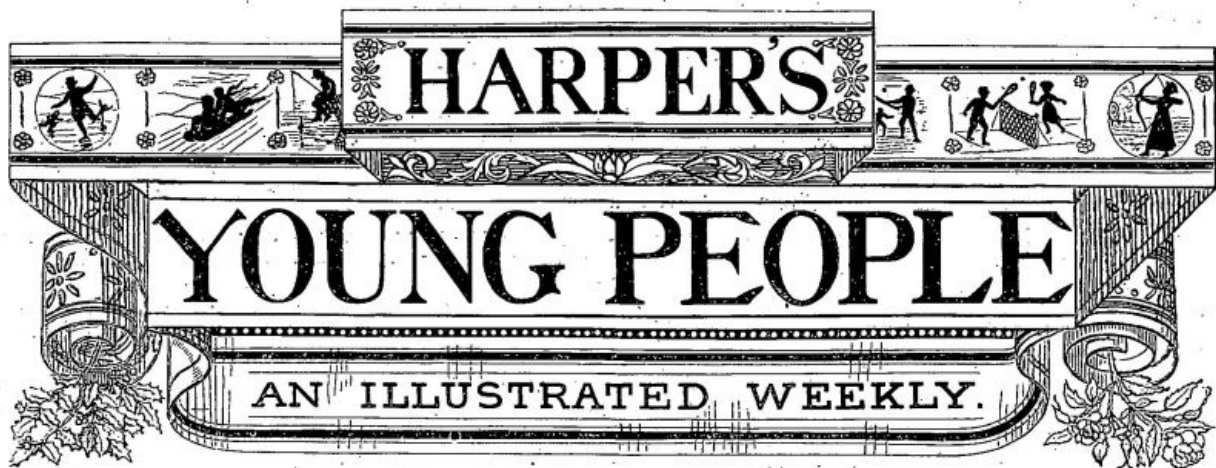
Release date: July 11, 2016 [EBook #52553]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 17,
1882 ***

[JUST FOR FUN.](#)
[A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE IN 1782.](#)
[SICK DOLLY.](#)
[THE BOYHOOD OF DANIEL WEBSTER.](#)
[THE TALKING LEAVES.](#)
[PET STOCK MARKET REPORT.](#)
[A LITTLE DREAMER](#)
[ON SKATES.](#)
[MY BEAUTIFUL CHILD.](#)
[THE LITTLE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)
[SCIENTIFIC PUZZLES.](#)
[THE LITTLE MAN.](#)



[Pg 177]

Vol. III.—No. 116.

Tuesday, January 17,
1882.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW
YORK.

Copyright, 1882, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

\$1.50 per Year, in
Advance.



"A LARGE HANDSOME SLEIGH, DRAWN BY FOUR COAL-BLACK HORSES, PASSED LIKE A FLASH."

JUST FOR FUN.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

Percy Vance was a stranger in the town and a new scholar at the grammar school. His age was set down in the roll-book as twelve, but judging from his height the girls thought he must be past fifteen, while the boys, after noting the slimness of his figure, the paleness of his face, and the timid look in his great gray eyes, declared he could not be over ten.

None of the lads had ever seen him run, and as for playing games, Ted Harley affirmed that he "didn't know a marble from a top."

But there was something the new-comer *did* know, and that was his lessons; so it was not long before he stood at the head of several classes.

[Pg 178]

"He must study straight along from the time school's out till supper, and I say it isn't fair," Dan Tregwin was wont to complain; "for a fellow who wants to have some fun now and then don't stand any chance at all."

But the boys soon forgot all about "Percy, the Prig," as he was called by some, in the joys of the first big snow-storm the town had been favored with for several years.

In the afternoon of the day succeeding the storm Ted Harley and Dan Tregwin were taking turns dragging one another on Ted's long "coaster" toward the steepest hill in town, when Dan suddenly stopped so short that the sled caught him by the legs and threw him down.

"Well, what next?" he exclaimed, as he picked himself up. "Here's Percy Vance actually coasting!" And he called Ted's attention to a boy rapidly approaching them down a side street.

As he reached the bottom of the slope Percy guided himself around the corner, and went skimming on in the same direction as his school-mates.

It was at this moment that an unusually loud jingle of bells was heard behind them, and as the lads swerved to one side a large handsome sleigh, drawn by four coal-black horses, passed them like a flash.

Dan and Ted instinctively shouted "Hurrah!" and even Percy stood up to stare after the merry party with longing eyes.

"Hi, quick!" suddenly cried Ted, "they've stopped at that house down there. Let's cut along and get a good look;" and all three boys were soon by the side of the four-in-hand, the occupants of

which had gone in to make a call, leaving the sleigh in charge of the coachman.

"Whose is it, I wonder?" whispered Dan, feasting his eyes on the silver-mounted harness, the Russian bells, and the gayly colored plumes.

"I'm pretty certain it doesn't belong in town here," returned Ted.

But just then the coachman called out: "I say, lads, will ye stand by thim layders' heads a bit?"

Dan and Ted at once sprang forward.

"And you," continued the man, turning to Percy, "just climb up to that sate, and hould these lines whilst I take a look at that off-whaler's foot. Don't pull on 'em now, mind ye," concluded the good-natured Irishman, as he assisted young Vance to his high perch, and placed the reins in his hands.

At the same instant Ted and Dan exchanged whispers in which the word "fun" might have been heard. Then, as the coachman's right foot left the step, they both chirrured softly to the horses, and let go their hold.

The effect was almost magical. All four of the spirited animals started off with a jerk that threw the coachman on his back in the street, and came near sending Percy after him.

The terrified driver leaped to his feet in an instant, but how could he hope to stop the team? His shouts and the wild clangor of the bells speedily brought the whole party out of the house, but they, too, were powerless.

Dan and Ted, who had merely meant to make the restive horses rear a bit "just for fun," to frighten "the prig," thinking that the coachman could easily clamber up again and pull them in, rushed from the spot with faces paler than Percy's and hearts that beat fast and loud from other causes than running.

Meantime how fared it with the victim of the "fun"?

As soon as he recovered from the shock of the sudden start, Percy pulled on the lines with all his might. But the flying animals scarcely noticed the tightening rein. Only aware that the iron grip with which they were usually held was no longer there to restrain them, they tore along at a mad pace, plunging and snorting with the joy of unaccustomed freedom.

Fortunately the street was but little travelled, but then there was the steep hill to go down.

The boy's naturally timid heart almost failed him utterly as he fully realized the danger, and for a moment he was tempted to throw himself back among the robes and hide his face from the disaster that was all but certain.

But suddenly his eye lit up with an unusual fire; he took a fresh hold on the lines, braced his feet, leaned back, and prepared to face the worst.

With a whirl, a rush, and a swaying from side to side, the four-horse runaway neared the steep descent. In an instant the boys toiling up with their sleds gave the cry of warning, and the hill was cleared. Then, with eyes almost starting from their heads, they gaze after the brief vision of Percy Vance driving a four-in-hand at lightning speed.

As for Percy himself, he can scarcely realize that the dreaded coasting hill has been left behind with no wrecked sleigh, wounded horses, and bruised boy to keep it company. But hardly has he had time to congratulate himself on his escape when another noise mingles with the rattle of the bells, and the next instant he finds that he is started on a mad race with a train of cars.

With a cold thrill of terror coursing through his frame, Percy now recollects that the road runs parallel with the railroad track for a mile or more in the open country, and then crosses it. And here is the train beside him.

Spurred on to yet greater speed by the thunder of the cars the horses rush onward. The keen wind cuts Percy's face almost as sharply as a knife, while the thought of the crossing fairly burns itself into his brain.

Oh, why does not the engineer remember it too, and put an end to the terrible contest?

But still ever on, tearing, whirling, rushing, plunging, go engine and cars, horses and sleigh, neither gaining on the other.

To Percy it seemed as if the race had lasted all his life-time. But in reality it had only continued a moment or two, when the engine slowed up, the horses were allowed to dash on ahead, and the sleigh flew victoriously over the crossing just in front of the iron monster, that, puffing forth great clouds of steam and smoke, waited for it to pass.

Another narrow escape; but how long could this go on? Percy's hands were becoming numb from the cold, his head was beginning to swim from the long-sustained excitement, and— Here is a sharp turn in the road, the point thickly grown with trees, and the sound of bells coming from the other side.

A brief instant of suspense, and the corner is reached. There are shouts of warning, cries of horror, and then it seemed to Percy as if he had suddenly gone to sleep.

At that same moment, in the loft of Mr. Harley's barn, two figures were stretched upon the hay,

face downward.

"Oh, Ted," one of them is saying, in a hoarse whisper, "Percy Vance hasn't any father, you know!"

"And I remember now," replied the other, in equally dismal tones, "somebody's telling me his mother was always so afraid something would happen to him."

Then both boys lay quiet in their misery until it grew dark, when, under cover of the night, Dan hurried off to his own home, and Ted went in to eat his supper, feeling as if every mouthful would choke him.

The next morning Dan stopped for his friend, and together the two proceeded to school.

"I wonder what they can do to us?" whispered Ted. But Dan could only shake his head and put a finger on his lips.

On reaching the school-house the boys found a group of their school-fellows eagerly discussing some important matter. The first words they heard were:

"He's been arrested, and as they've just come here there was nobody to go bail, so Percy was taken to prison."

[Pg 179]

At this there was a chorus of horrified "ohs!" from the girls, and grave shakings of the head on the part of the boys.

Ted and Dan stood mute, with white lips and dilated eyes, waiting to hear more.

At this moment Ralph Minting, one of the "big boys," pushed his way in among the crowd, demanding to know what had happened.

"Why, haven't you heard?" cried three or four in a breath, and then George Binder began:

"Only think, Percy Vance tried to run off with a four-horse sleigh! The coachman gave him the lines to hold for a minute, when the 'prig' started the team up. The man was knocked off the step, and away went Percy like the wind, until he ran into Mr. Renford's cutter, three miles from here, when he was thrown out and stunned. The cutter was upset, and Mr. Renford bruised a bit, while the horses ran into a stable-yard half a mile farther on, and stopped, with sleigh and all safe and sound. But the owner was in a towering rage, and as soon as Percy was brought back, he had him arrested for petit larceny, as they call it, and—"

Here the nine-o'clock bell cut short the narrative, but Ted and Dan had heard enough.

Without daring to look at one another, they went in and took their seats. But instead of studying, they sat most of the time gazing in a dazed sort of way at Percy Vance's vacant seat.

At recess Tom Wayne, whose father was justice of the peace, came running breathlessly into the yard with the news that Percy had been "brought up," and firmly denied the crime charged against him.

"And just as I left," concluded Tom, "they had the coachman up as a witness. He declared there were two boys standing at the horses' heads, so they couldn't have started off of their own accord. But the queer part of it is that nobody knows who these two boys were except Percy, who vows he will never tell."

At these words Ted and Dan started as if struck, and then, regardless of the bell that had already begun to ring, made off on a run for Judge Wayne's office.

As if by a common impulse, they gave themselves no time for thought, but on reaching the door passed inside at once, to be greeted with the exclamation:

"An' shure here are the young gintlemin to spake for thimselves. Now, thin, me byes, step forward and testify as to how this young scapegrace tried to stale me tame, givin' me at the same toime this big bump on the back of me head."

Neither of the lads ever forgot Percy's look at that moment. He was sitting by a sad-faced lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, and as Ted and Dan entered the room, his large gray eyes gave them both a brief piercing glance, then instantly dropped toward the floor.

"Let Percy Vance go. It was all our fault," cried Dan, in a loud voice; and then he went on to tell how he and Ted had started the horses.

"But how—why, boys, I don't understand," exclaimed the bewildered judge, who knew both lads well. "What did you do such a thing for?"

"Just for fun," replied Dan, in a low voice, and hanging his head.

Thereupon the owner of the sleigh and Judge Wayne held a short consultation, the result of which was that each of the offenders was required to hand over all his pocket-money as a fine, and pass the remainder of the day in the cell Percy had occupied.

"We make your punishment thus light," concluded the judge, "in consequence of the manly way in which you have come forward and acknowledged your fault."

He then proceeded to give Percy an honorable discharge, and from that time forth Mrs. Vance lacked not for friends, nor was her son ever again called a "prig."

As for Ted Harley and Dan Tregwin, after seven hours spent in the station-house, their ideas as to the difference between pure fun and malicious mischief were so distinct that there is no danger of their ever mixing the two up again.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE IN 1782.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

One hundred years ago a little girl named Mary Butt was living with her parents at the pretty rectory of Stanford on the Terne, in England. She was a bright and beautiful child, and when she grew up she became Mrs. Sherwood, the writer of a great many charming stories for young people.

But nothing that she wrote is so entertaining as the story of her childhood, which, when she was an old lady, she told to please her grandchildren. I wonder how the girls who read this paper would endure the discipline which little Mary submitted to so patiently in 1782.

From the time she was six until she was thirteen she wore every day an iron collar around her neck, and a backboard strapped tightly over her shoulders. This was to make her perfectly straight. Perhaps you may have seen here and there a very stately old lady who never was known to lean back in her chair, but who always held herself as erect as a soldier on duty. If so, she was taught, you may be sure, to carry herself in that way when she was a little girl.

Poor Mary's iron collar was put on in the morning, and was not taken off until dark, and, worse than that, she says: "I generally did all my lessons standing in stocks, with the collar around my neck. I never sat on a chair in my mother's presence."

Her brother and herself were great readers, but you can count on the fingers of one hand all the books they had to read. *Robinson Crusoe*, two sets of *Fairy Tales*, *The Little Female Academy*, and *Æsop's Fables* formed the entire juvenile library. They used to take *Robinson Crusoe*, and seat themselves at the bottom of the wide staircase, the two heads bent over the page together. Whenever they turned a leaf, they ascended a step, until they reached the top, and then they began to go down again.

Little Marten was not very persevering with his Latin, so, although it was not then the fashion for girls, Mary's mother decided that she should begin the study in order to encourage him. The sister soon distanced the brother, and before she was twelve her regular task of a morning was fifty lines of Virgil, translated as she stood in the stocks.

You will ask what sort of dress this little girl was allowed to wear one hundred years ago. In summer she had cambric, and in winter, linsey-woolsey or stuff gowns, with a simple white muslin for best. Her mother always insisted on a pinafore, which was a great loose apron worn over everything else, and enveloping her from head to feet.

It is quite refreshing to find that neither the backboard nor the Latin took from the child a love of play and of dolls. Her special pet was a huge wooden doll, which she carried to the woods with her, tied by a string to her waist, after the grown people had decided that she was too big to care for dolls. A friend one day presented her with a fine gauze cap, and this was the only ornament she ever possessed as a child.

I think the little girls who compare 1882 with 1782 must be thankful they were not born in the last century. I know that I am. Yet little Mary Butt was a very happy child, spending, when permitted, hours of great delight in the woods and groves, and listening eagerly to the talk of the learned and travelled visitors who came to Stanford Rectory.



"IT'S TELLING ME ALL ABOUT THE SEA."

SICK DOLLY.

BY J. E. PANTON.

Please step softly, Dolly's sleeping
After such a night of pain;
Neither Maude, nor I, nor Alice,
Thought she'd ever sleep again.

Yes, we sent for Mr. Doctor,
And he gave her heaps of pills,
Big black draughts, and pale magnesia,
Rhubarb red, and oil, and squills.

Said she had a dang'rous fever;
Thought she might have caught a cold,
Or perchance had got the jaundice,
For she looked like yellow gold.

Shook his head, then sighed a little,
As he took an ample fee,
Then remarked that after dinner
We should see—what we should see.

But she sleeps; so tell the Doctor,
When he comes at half past four,
That our darling doesn't want him,
And he needn't come here more;

THE BOYHOOD OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

It will be just one hundred years, on the 18th of January, since Daniel Webster, the great statesman, orator, and lawyer, was born, and the time seems a fit one for saying something of his boyhood.

Webster's father lived near the head waters of the Merrimac River, and the only school within reach was a poor affair kept open for a few months every winter. There Webster learned all that the ignorant master could teach him, which was very little; but he acquired a taste which did more for him than the reading, writing, and arithmetic of the school. He learned to like books, and to want knowledge; and when a boy gets really hungry and thirsty for knowledge, it is not easy to keep him ignorant. When some of the neighbors joined in setting up a little circulating library, young Webster read every book in it two or three times, and even committed to memory a large part of the best of them. It was this eagerness for education on his part that led his father afterward to send him to Exeter to school, and later to put him in Dartmouth College.

There are not many boys in our time who have not declaimed parts of Webster's great speeches; and it will interest them to know that the boy who afterward made those speeches could never declaim at all while he was at school. He learned his pieces well, and practiced them in his own room, but he could not speak them before people to save his life.

Webster was always fond of shooting and fishing, and however hard he studied, the people around him called him lazy and idle, because he would spend whole days in these sports. Once, while he was studying under Dr. Woods to prepare for college, that gentleman spoke to him on the subject, and hurt his feelings a little. The boy went to his room determined to have revenge, and this is the way he took to get it. The usual Latin lesson was one hundred lines of Virgil, but Webster spent the whole night over the book. The next morning before breakfast he went to Dr. Woods and read the whole lesson correctly. Then he said:

"Will you hear a few more lines, doctor?"

The teacher consenting, Webster read on and on and on, while the breakfast grew cold. Still there was no sign of the boy's stopping, and the hungry doctor at last asked how much further he was prepared to read.

"To the end of the twelfth book of the *Æneid*," answered the "idle" boy, in triumph.

After that, Webster did not give up his hunting and fishing, but he worked so hard at his lessons, and got on so fast, that there was no further complaint of his "idleness." He not only learned the lessons given to him, but more, everyday, and besides this he read every good book he could lay his hands on, for he was not at all satisfied to know only what could be found in the school-books.



"TO THE END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEID," ANSWERED THE "IDLE" BOY, IN TRIUMPH.

Webster's father was poor and in debt, but finding how eager this boy was for education, and seeing, too, that he possessed unusual ability, he determined, ill as he could afford the expense, to send him to college. Accordingly, young Daniel went to Dartmouth. But after he had been there two years, and had gone home for his vacation, he startled his father one morning by declaring that he would not go back to college unless his brother Ezekiel could be educated too. This seemed out of the question. The father could barely afford to educate one son, and he could not spare the other from the farm-work that provided the means for this. But young Dan was generous and resolute. If Zeke could not be educated, he would not. He would not let them sacrifice Zeke for him, and there was an end of the matter. The good old mother solved the difficulty. She was getting old, she said, and her children were dear to her; she was willing to give up everything for their good, and if they would promise to take care of her during her old age, the property should be sold, the debts paid, and what remained should be spent in educating both the boys. After much debate, the matter was settled in this way, and it is pleasant to know that the dear old mother never knew want as a consequence of her devotion to the welfare of her children.

Many anecdotes are told to illustrate the character of young Dan. He was always lavish of his money when he had any, while his brother was careful but generous, especially to Dan, whom he greatly admired. On one occasion the boys went to a neighboring town on a high holiday, each with a quarter of a dollar in his pocket.

"Well, Dan," said the father on their return, "what did you do with your money?"

"Spent it," answered the boy.

"And what did you do with yours, Zeke?"

"Lent it to Dan," was the answer. As a fact, Dan had spent both quarters.

Young Webster was very industrious in his studies, as we have seen, and he was physically strong and active, as his fondness for sport proved; but he could never endure farm-work. One day his father wanted him to help him in cutting hay with a scythe; but very soon the boy complained that the scythe was not "hung" to suit him, that is to say, it was not set at a proper angle upon its handle. The old gentleman adjusted it, but still it did not suit the boy. After repeated attempts to arrange it to Dan's liking, the father said, impatiently, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." And young Dan immediately "hung" it over a branch of an apple-tree and left it there. That was the hanging which pleased him.

After finishing his college course, Webster began studying law, but having no money, and being unwilling to tax his father for further support, he went into Northern Maine, and taught school there for a time. While teaching he devoted his evenings to the work of copying deeds and other legal documents, and by close economy he managed to live upon the money thus earned, so that he saved the whole of his salary as a teacher. With this money to live on, he went to Boston, studied law, and soon distinguished himself. The story of his life as a public man, in the Senate, in the cabinet, and at the bar, is well known, and it does not belong to this sketch of his boyhood.

THE TALKING LEAVES.^[1]

An Indian Story.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XV.



xcited and alarmed by the news brought by Ni-ha-be and Rita, Many Bears had forgotten to scold them; but when the story of their morning's adventure was related to Mother Dolores, that plump and dignified person felt bound to make up for the chief's neglect.

She scolded them in the longest and harshest words of the Apache language, and then in Mexican-Spanish, until she was out of breath. Finally Ni-ha-be exclaimed:

"I don't care, Mother Dolores; I hit one of them in the arm with an arrow. It went right through. Rita missed, but she isn't an Apache."

"Two young squaws!" said Dolores, scornfully. "Where would you have been now, and Red Wolf, too, if it wasn't for that old pale-face and his boy? What are your talking leaves good for? Why didn't they tell you to stay in camp?"

"I didn't ask them. Besides, that isn't what they're good for."

"Not good for much, anyhow. I don't believe they can even cure the pain in my bones."

Poor Dolores had never heard the story of the squaw who had a tract given her by a missionary, and who tied it on her sore foot, but her ideas of some of the uses of printing were not much more correct.

[Pg 182]

"No," said Rita, "I don't believe they're good for that."

"Anyhow," said Ni-ha-be, "the whole camp is getting ready to move. Come, Rita, let's you and me ride on ahead."

"No, you won't, neither of you. You'll stay by me, now. If the great chief wants you again, I must have you where I can find you."

The girls looked at one another, but there was nothing to be gained by rebellion.

"Ni-ha-be," said Rita, "we can keep close together. They won't go fast, and we can look at the leaves all the way."

On an ordinary march a good many of the squaws would have had to go on foot and carry their papposes, and perhaps heavy loads besides, but the orders of Many Bears prevented that this time. The poorest brave in camp had a pony provided for his wife and children, and as many more as were needed for his baggage, for the chief was in a hurry, and there was to be no straggling. His orders were to push on as fast as possible, until a safe place to encamp in should be found, or, rather, one that could be more easily defended than the exposed level they were leaving.

The idea of coming danger was spreading even among the squaws, and they were in as great a hurry as Many Bears. They did not know exactly what to be afraid of, but they were thoroughly alarmed for the swarm of little copper-colored children they had in charge.



"THERE WAS ONE LITTLE PATIENT-LOOKING MULE WHICH HAD MORE THAN HIS SHARE."

Some ponies had more to carry, and some had less, but there was one poor little long-eared, patient-looking mule which had more than his share.

A very fat and dreadfully ugly squaw rode astride with a pappoose on her back, his round head popping out behind his mother's ragged locks. A twelve-year-old boy had climbed up in front, and his younger brother and sister clung on behind, so that the little mule was turned into a sort of four-footed omnibus.

It seemed, too, as if there were more wretched-looking dogs following after this forlorn mule than attended the ponies of any chief's family in the whole band.

"Look, Rita," said Ni-ha-be. "Look at old Too-many-Toes and her mule."

This squaw had a name of her own as well as the others, but it had not been given her for her beauty.

"Isn't she homely?" said Rita. "I wonder where the rest of her children are."

"I guess she's divided them around among her relations. There's enough of them to load another mule. Her husband'll never be rich enough to buy ponies. He's lazy."

"He doesn't beat her."

"He's too lazy for that. And he's afraid of her. I don't believe he's an Apache. Think of a brave afraid of his own squaw!"

There was something very bad in that, according to all Indian notions, but Rita only said,

"What would that mule do if she wanted him to run?"

Just then the shrill voice of Mother Dolores behind them shouted,

"I'm coming. They wanted to make me help pack."

The pride of the best cook in the band was seriously offended. She knew her dignity better, and she meant to assert it.

Silent and submissive as are all Indian women in the presence of braves or of white men, they make up for it all in the liberty they give their tongues among themselves. They can talk wonderfully fast, and say as many sharp things as may be necessary.

"Now, Rita, see if you can make the leaves tell you anything about Knotted Cord."

"He isn't in them. Nor Send Warning either."

"Look. They must be there."

Neither Steve Harrison nor Murray were to be found in the three magazines; Rita felt sure of that, but she turned the pages carefully, as they rode on side by side.

She came to something else, however, in the back of one of them which almost drove from her mind the face and form of Send Warning; Ni-ha-be also forgot the brown hair and handsome face of Knotted Cord.

"Oh, so many squaws!"

"All of them so tall, too. I wonder if pale-face squaws ever grow as tall as that? Look at the things on their heads."

"See!" exclaimed Rita. "All clothes! No squaws in them."

"Great chief. Ever so many squaws. Lose part of them. Keep their blankets."

Rita could not quite explain the matter, but she knew better than that.

The series of pictures which so excited and puzzled the two Indian maidens was simply what the publishers of the magazine advertised as "A Fashion Supplement."

There was enough there to have, I think, puzzled anybody.

Gradually they began to understand it a little, and their wonder grew accordingly.

"Are they not ugly?" said Ni-ha-be. "Think of being compelled to wear such things. I suppose if they won't put them on they get beaten. Ugh! All black things."

"No. Only black in the pictures. Many colors. It says so: 'red,' 'yellow'—all colors."

That was better, and Ni-ha-be could pity the poor white squaws a little less. Rita allowed her to take that magazine into her own keeping, but they ride mile after mile, and all she found in it worth studying was that wonderful array of dresses, with and without occupants. She had never dreamed of such things before, and her bright young face grew almost troubled in its expression.

Oh, how she did long just then for a look at a real pale-face woman, gotten up and ornamented like one of those pictured on the pages before her! She was learning a great deal more, indeed, than she had any idea of.

But to Rita had come a revelation, for the faces and the dresses had joined themselves in her mind with ever so many things that came floating up from her memory—things she had forgotten for so long a time that they would never have come back to her at all but for something like this.

Just now, while Ni-ha-be had the fashion plates, Rita was busy with the illustrations of "gold-mining," which had so awakened the interest of Many Bears. Not that she knew or cared anything about mines or ores or miners, but that some of those pictures also seemed to her to have a familiar look.

"Did I ever see anything like that?" she murmured. "The great chief says he did. It is not a lie. Maybe it will come back to me some day. I don't care for any more pictures now. I'll try and read some words."

That was harder work, but strange, new thoughts were beginning to come to Rita.

"You have not spoken to me," said Dolores at last. "Do the leaves talk all the while?"

"Look at these," said Ni-ha-be. "They are better than the one you cut out. There's only one squaw in that and a pappoose. Here are ever so many. And look at the funny little children. How those things must hurt them! The pale-faces are cruel to their families."

Dolores looked earnestly enough at the fashion plates. With all her ignorance, she had seen enough in her day to understand more of them than the girls could. Once, long ago, when the band of Many Bears had been near one of the frontier "military posts," where United States troops were encamped, she had seen the beautiful "white squaws" of the officers, in their wonderful dresses and ornaments, and she knew that some of these were much like them. She could even help Ni-ha-be to understand.

Rita had been silent a very long time. All the while the train had travelled nearly five miles. Now she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Ni-ha-be! Dolores!" And when they turned to look at her, her face was perfectly radiant with triumph and pleasure.

"What is it? Have you found either of them?"

"I can do it. I have done it."

"What have you done?"

"It is a story talk. Big lie about it all, such as the Apache braves tell at the camp-fire when they are too lazy to hunt. I have read it all."

"Is it a good talk?"

"Let me tell it. I can say it all in Apache words."

That was not the easiest thing in the world to do. It would have been impossible if the short story which Rita had found had not been of the simplest kind. It was only about hunters following chamois in the Alps and tumbling into snow-drifts, and being found and helped by great, wise, benevolent St. Bernard dogs.

There were mountains in sight of the girls now that helped make it real, and among them were big-horn antelopes as wild as the chamois and with very much the same habits. There were snow-drifts up there, too, for they could see the white peaks glisten in the sinking sun. It was all better than the talk of the braves around the camp-fires, and, besides, there were the pictures of the dogs and of the chamois.

Neither Ni-ha-be nor Dolores uttered a word until Rita had rapidly translated that "story talk" from beginning to end.

"Oh, Rita, are there any more talks like that?"

"Maybe. I don't know. Most of them are very long. Big words, too. More than I can hear."

"Let me see it."

The pictures of the great shaggy dogs and of the chamois were easy enough to understand. Ni-ha-be knew that she could see a real "big horn" at a greater distance than Rita. But how was it that not one word came to her of all the "story talk" Rita had translated from those little black "signs"? Ni-ha-be grew more and more jealous of her adopted sister.

Rita's prizes promised to be a source of a good deal of annoyance to her as well as pleasure and profit. On that day, however, they made the afternoon's ride across the rolling plain seem very short indeed.

Only a few warriors were to be seen when the order to halt was given, but they had picked out a capital place for a camp—a thick grove of trees on the bank of a deep, swift river. There were many scattered rocks on one side of the grove, and it was just the spot Many Bears had wanted to find. It was what army officers would call "a very strong position and easily defended."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PET STOCK MARKET REPORT.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

The report at the end of this article will enable any boy or girl who wishes to exchange pet stock to see at a glance the market valuation placed upon such things as young people would probably like to deal in.

In making up this report I have avoided the very high selling prices, and often the very low prices paid by dealers, but have taken the figures of dealers who are satisfied with a fair profit. Purchasers of pet stock will do well to bear in mind that prices vary greatly according to the season of the year, as, for instance, a month previous to the holidays the prices range the highest. During the hot midsummer months, when the young folks are in the country, the demand falls off greatly, so that dealers are forced to reduce the amount of stock on hand and the prices to the lowest figures.

The valuation of pet stock also varies according to the age, shape, color, and purity of breed, and the amount of intelligence or training possessed by the animal. The supply and demand also regulate the market price, as, for instance, I have known gold-fish of best size and color to be disposed of to dealers as low as two dollars per hundred in the months of June, July, and August, but during the months of October, November, and December the same quality of fish rose in price to ten and fifteen dollars per hundred. A caprice of fashion for any particular variety of animal or class of pet stock will often run up the price with dealers.

There is no reason why boys should complain of having nothing to do, when there are so many things that can be raised by them for the New York market that yield a fair profit, and often a large one. By clubbing together, some might raise white pigeons, for which there is so steady a demand and high prices paid. Or a pond might be constructed for raising golden carp, or gold-fish, or German carp. Just think of it: here is the United States government offering, through Professor Baird, thousands of German carp, which have been carefully bred, for free distribution to any persons who have a suitable pond or ponds in any part of the United States. When I was a boy there was hardly any demand for gold-fish, and the German carp was unknown in America;

now there is a steady demand for the golden carp at six and eight dollars per hundred, and German carp sells readily at ten and fifteen cents a pound.

Think of all the books, papers, magazines, printing-presses, and scroll-saws that might be purchased with money earned by some such pleasant occupation!

What lots of fun could be had. How much could be learned about the natures and habits of the lower animals. When any of them might die they could be stuffed or set up, thus learning a lesson in taxidermy, or their skeletons might be prepared and set up, and a lesson on comparative anatomy learned. Also studies in pencil or India ink of animal life might be made. Then, again, the club could have a rabbit pie once in a while.

PRICES TO PURCHASERS.

PRICES PAID BY DEALERS.

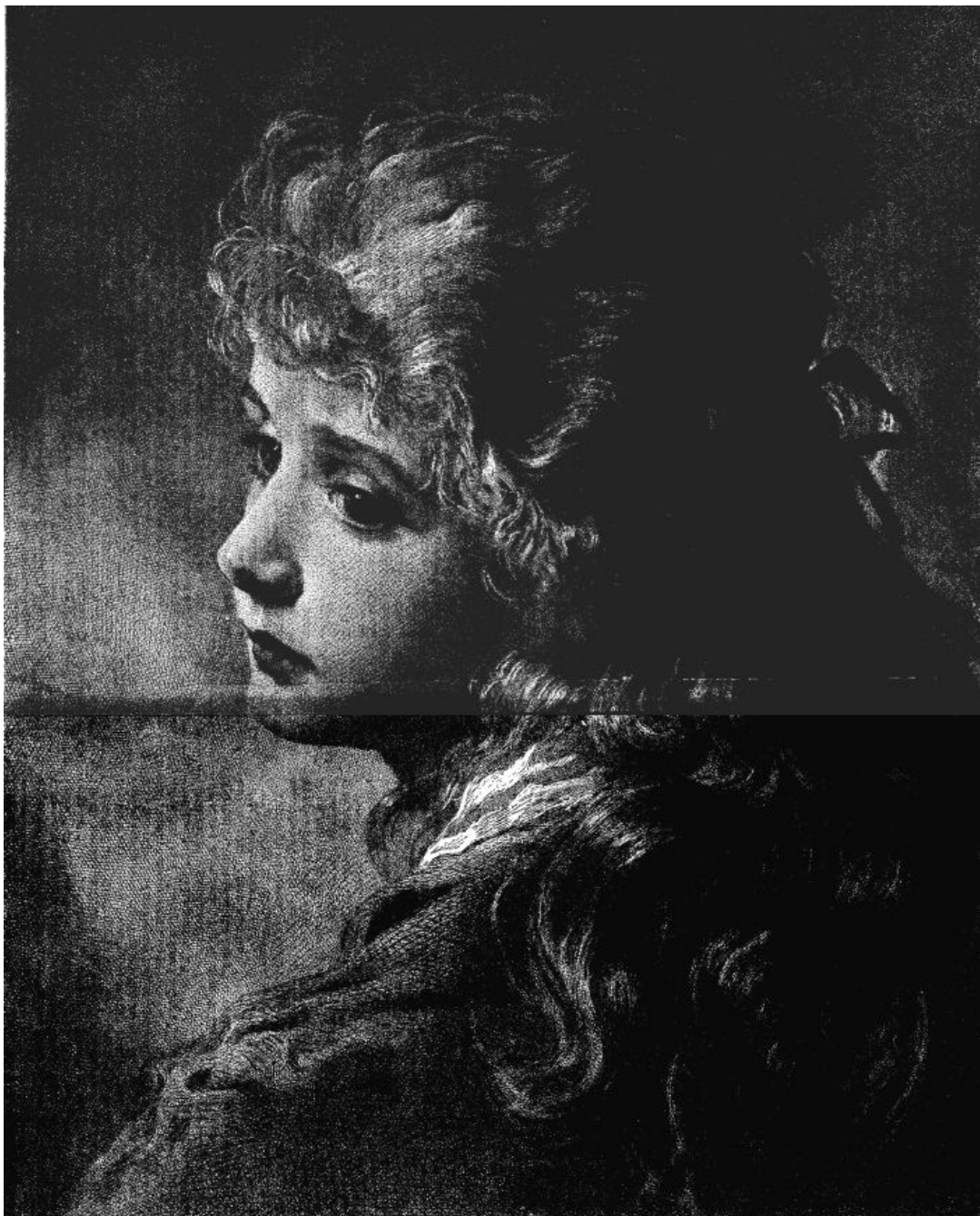
RABBITS, <i>common</i> , per pair	\$1.00 to \$2.50	Very young, 50 cents; breeders, \$1 per pair.
RABBITS, <i>fancy breeds</i> , according to } age and purity of breed, per pair }	3.00 " 15.00	No established price.
GUINEA-PIGS, <i>common</i> , per pair	1.50	Per pair \$0.50 to \$0.60
GUINEA-PIGS, <i>all white</i> , "	2.00	" 0.75 " 1.00
GUINEA-PIGS, <i>African</i> , "	3.00	" 1.00 " 1.25
FERRETS, <i>English</i> , "	15.00	" 4.00 " 5.00
SQUIRRELS, <i>gray and black</i> "	3.00 " 10.00	" 1.00 " 1.50
SQUIRRELS, <i>all white</i> , "	15.00 " 25.00	No established price.
SQUIRRELS, <i>flying</i> , "	3.00 " 4.00	Per pair \$1.50
SQUIRRELS, <i>small red</i> , "	2.00	" 0.75 to 1.00
CATS, <i>Maltese</i> (males), each	5.00	Each 2.00 " 3.00
CATS, <i>Albinos, pink or blue eyes</i> , each	3.00 " 5.00	" 2.00 " 3.00
RATS, <i>white China, pink eyes</i> , per pair	1.50	Per pair 0.50 " 0.60
RATS, <i>piebald</i> , per pair	1.50	" 0.50
MICE, <i>white, pink eyes</i> , per pair	0.50	" 0.20 " 0.30
MICE, <i>piebald</i> , per pair	0.50	" 0.10 " 0.20
RACCOONS, each	4.00 " 5.00	No established price.
NEWFOUNDLAND PUPS, each	10.00 " 15.00	There are no established
GREYHOUNDS, <i>English</i> , "	10.00 " 25.00	prices for various
GREYHOUNDS, <i>Italian</i> , "	10.00 " 30.00	breeds of dogs. Age,
POMERANIAN OR SPITZ, "	5.00 " 15.00	purity of breed, color,
TERRIERS, <i>Scotch and Skye</i> , each	5.00 " 30.00	and intelligence regulate
TERRIERS, <i>black and tan</i> , each	5.00 " 30.00	market prices.

PRICES TO PURCHASERS.

MOCKING-BIRDS, males, each	\$3.00 to \$25.00
PIGEONS, <i>pure white common</i> , per pair	1.40 " 1.75
PIGEONS, <i>common</i> , per pair	0.25 " 0.30

Dead Game.

QUAIL, per dozen	\$2.25 to \$2.50
PARTRIDGE, per pair	1.00 " 1.50
SQUIRRELS, <i>gray, black, and red fox</i> , per pair	0.20 " 0.25
RABBITS, <i>wild</i> , per pair	0.50 " 0.60
OPOSSUMS	No established price.
RACCOONS	No established price.
TROUT, <i>wild</i> , per pound	20 cents.
FROGS' LEGS, <i>Canada style</i> , per pound	50 cents.
FROGS' LEGS, <i>Pennsylvania style</i> , per pound	60 cents.
SNAPPING-TURTLES, per pound	8 cents.
TERRAPIN, per dozen	\$12.00



A LITTLE DREAMER

[Pg 185]

This dear little Ethel, a dreamer is she,
And sweet are her fancies as zephyrs of morn
That ripple in summer-time over the sea,
Or tangle themselves in the tassels of corn.

She knows what the fairies are talking about
When tiptoe they poise on the rim of a flower;
The snow-birds before her trip fearlessly out,
And gossip away in the cold by the hour.

No poor little kitten comes mewing in vain
To pitying Ethel for shelter and food.
She flies from her prettiest castle in Spain
To play with the baby, who will not be good.

She lives in a beautiful world of her own,
And yet I have heard, and I'm sure it is true,
This dear little dreamer has never been known
To think of herself much; 'tis always of you.

And that's why we love her, and not for the gold
Of her loose waving hair nor the blue of her eyes,
Though the one is more precious than jewels untold,
And the other was borrowed right out of the skies.

And oft as she travels to Nobody's Land—
A wide sunny country, where all things are fair—
Whoever needs Ethel has only to stand
With a word and a smile just in front of her chair.

ON SKATES.

[Pg 186]

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

It may almost be said of the children of Friesland, a province of Holland, that they learn to skate before they learn to walk. As soon as the Frisian baby can stand upright, if it is winter, the skates are fastened to his little feet, and he is launched upon the glassy surface of the canal. At six years old he—or it may be *she*, for the girls are treated in just the same manner—is probably an expert skater, and for the rest of his life steel runners are to him almost as familiar a means of getting about as his own feet. The Frieslander, we are told, goes to market on skates, goes to church on skates, and goes love-making on skates, and when he has won his bride the newly wedded couple are escorted to their home by a gay torch-light procession of steel-shod neighbors.

In Holland the races on the ice are regarded as a great festival. Prizes are given, and the winners are heroes for the time. Women sometimes join the men in the races, and not seldom they carry off the prize. Two young women once won a race of thirty miles in two hours, beating several men. Imagine a couple of comely Dutch girls flying along at the speed of a railroad train between short stops, and keeping up the pace for two hours!

And what sport is there to compare with skating on a perfect piece of ice, frozen by a couple of nights' severe cold, and quite free from snow? This quickly formed ice is by far the best, for not only is it the smoothest, but it is also the safest kind of ice. It may crack, perhaps, and bend, but it is so elastic that there is little danger of its breaking. Hark to the ever-changing hum of a hundred pairs of steel blades upon the shining surface of the pond, now swelling, and now almost dying away in the clear, biting air! And mingled with it merry laughter and shouts, with every now and again a half-frightened, half-playful little scream, as some too daring beginner "comes to grief." It is a poor spirit indeed that is not fired by sounds like these when Winter first lays his iron grasp on water and on land.

The art of skating has been brought to such perfection that mere speed is almost despised among our best performers, who devote themselves to that graceful variety of the art known as "figure skating." Among the Northern peoples, however, from whom we originally learned to skate, speed and distance still hold their own. The reason of this is that in those countries skating is necessary for travelling, especially in Holland, which is literally cut up by canals that are frozen for several months every winter. Among us skating is generally done on ponds, and careering round and round a pond, however fast one may go, soon becomes tiresome.

But although we have given up long-distance skating for figures, the fastest time in which a mile is said to have been skated was done by a certain William Clark, of Madison, Wisconsin, who covered the distance in the wonderfully short space of one minute and fifty-six seconds. It is difficult to believe this, and but little less so to credit the "record" of an English skater named Tebbutt, who is reported to have skated a measured mile in two minutes and four seconds.

In France they attempt to teach people to swim by making them lie across a narrow table, and strike out in the most approved manner. It is not recorded, however, that any one thus taught ever entered the water with any confidence in his ability to swim, and it is probable that a Frenchman thus taught would swim about as well as a boy or girl would skate the first time they went on the ice after reading about it. Skating, indeed, like swimming and many other things, can be learned only by practice, but at the same time a few hints may help the beginner over the most slippery places; and if he learns what *not* to do, he has learned a great deal. Here are a few useful hints:

Do not fall. At the same time do not give up trying because you do fall, or for fear of falling. Young bones carry light weights, and falls do not hurt if they are done properly. It is the backward falls that hurt and are really dangerous. Keep the body slightly bent forward; hold the elbows down by the sides; and, above all, when you feel you are losing your balance, do not throw up your arms and wrench yourself wildly to try and keep your balance. Let balance go to the winds, if it must go, and then you may fall forward on hands and knees with all the grace you are master of. It will not be much, perhaps; but never mind.

As soon as you have learned to skate forward, and can travel at a fair rate of speed, you will want to begin cutting figures. Probably in your first attempts you will "cut a figure" that will make people laugh. Let them laugh, and laugh with them. Everything must have a beginning.

Your first figure is one that does not amount to much by itself. In fact, it amounts to just nothing. It is O. When you can make a fairly correct O on one foot, or, better still, on each foot, you will be getting on capitally. But if O amounts to little by itself, make another O on the top of it, and you will have the figure 8. Strike out boldly with one foot, leaning well over to the side so that you make a rapid curve. As soon as the circle is nearly completed, bring the left foot to the front, and pointing it well to the left make another circle as before. You will not make the second circle so easily as the first, but after a little practice you will succeed in making a very fair figure of 8.

This is the only figure that can be made altogether on the inside edge of the blade, and that is not the best way to make it, although it is the easiest. Before you go any farther you must learn the "outside edge." After skating a few yards at a good pace, bring both your feet parallel to one another, and as you skim along without effort, lean your weight first to one side and then to the other. You will find yourself moving along in a serpentine course, and one of your feet will be resting on the *outside* edge of its skate, and the other on the *inside* edge. Lift up the foot that is doing inside edge, and see how far you can go on the other foot alone. When you feel that you are losing your balance, or coming to a stop, put the other foot down, and push off again, repeating the outside edge trick with the other foot. After some practice you will be able to start off on outside edge altogether, and by throwing your weight to the side of the foot you are on, you will soon be able to make circles on the outside edge.

Outside edge is the key to figure skating, and having learned that, you may try the "three." This may be done in two ways: (1) a half-stroke inside edge forward, a little turn, and then a stroke outside backward, or (2) outside forward, the turn, and then inside backward. The turn in the middle of the "three" is not easy to describe, but it is not difficult to do. If you think of the shape of the figure, you will soon get the knack of changing from one edge of the skate to the other, and you will never forget it.

Having mastered the "three," you may try the "half double three," which is a "three" and the first part of another one. This sounds easy, but it is not so, for the reason that all your force will be exhausted by the time you have made a good tail to your figure. The "double three" is more difficult still, for the same reason. Now that you have learned the outside edge, you should do the "eight" in the proper way, namely, by making the second circle on *outside* instead of inside edge.

When you can do "outside edge," "eight," and "three," the best way to learn more difficult figures is to go to the corner of the pond where the best skaters practice, and, watch them. You will thus learn more than a whole book can teach you. Practice and attention to a few simple rules are the only roads to success: (1) When skating on one foot keep the other foot well back, with the toes turned out, and the heel close to that of the other foot; (2) keep your head up—there is no need to look down at the ice; (3) keep your elbows down; (4) straighten the knee after striking out, and keep it straight. Remember that when you are once in motion you increase your speed or alter your direction by simply throwing the weight of your body in the direction you wish to move.

[Pg 187]

MY BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY A. L. A. SMITH.

The sun rides in through the golden gates
Of the east with a wealth of light,
And the smiles of gold on valley and wold
Are smiles from his countenance bright.
The flowers and hedges are dashed with dew,
And the birds with tuneful throats
Are flooding the air with melody rare,
In liquid silvery notes.

My beautiful child, may you go forth
Like the sun with a wealth of light,
And purer than gold on valley and wold
Be the smiles from your spirit bright!
Drop words as bright and kind as the dew,
And vie with the woodland throng;
From the heart's deep well let praises swell
In showers of grateful song.

THE LITTLE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.

ADAPTED FROM CHARLES DICKENS.

BY MRS. ZADEL B. GUSTAFSON.

Near the small town of Millbank, and just outside the great city of London, there is a little street called Church Street, and a little square called Smith Square, and where this street and square come together there is a row of houses, rented very cheap, and in one of them lived the little girl whose story I shall try to tell you.

She was about fourteen years old at the time I speak of, and her real name was Fanny Cleaver; but her back was so weak, one of her short legs being shorter than the other, and she was so very little—not having grown any since she was seven years old—that she had given herself the name

of Jenny Wren, and by this name every one knew her. The queer little figure, as it hopped about, and the queer but not ugly little face, with its bright gray eyes, made her seem wonderfully like the cheerful, quick, tiny brown bird whose name she had chosen.

Jenny's mother was dead, and Jenny's father was a drunkard. If you do not know what misery comes into a home, whether it is a rich or humble one, when the father has the evil habit of drink, then you can hardly understand what a great trouble little Jenny had to bear, and all alone, too, for her bright mind, her true heart, and her skillful little hands were all the friends Jenny had. What could such a little creature do? She printed the words "Room to Let" with a stubbed pen on a piece of white card-board, and hung it in the window; and it had not hung there many hours before there came a knock at the door. The door flew open by a spring which had been touched inside. Across the narrow entry the parlor door stood open, and showed Jenny Wren sitting in a low, old-fashioned arm-chair, which had a kind of work-bench before it. Jenny looked at the handsome young lady standing on the door-step.

"I can't get up," said she, "because my back's bad and my legs are queer, but I'm the person of the house, miss, and won't you come in?"

"You have a room to let?" said the young lady. "My name is Lizzie Hexam, and I want to hire a room."

"Um-m," said Jenny; she was pressing bits of card-board between her teeth. "Take a seat—but would you please to shut the door first? I can't do it very well myself, because my back's so bad and my legs are so queer."

Lizzie Hexam closed the door, and sat down. She looked kindly at the very little creature, who went on with her work a few moments in silence, gumming together with a camel's-hair brush pieces of card-board and thin wood, which had first been cut out in different shapes. There were scissors and small sharp knives, and bright scraps of velvet, silks, and ribbon, lying on the bench.

"You can't tell me the name of my trade, I'll be bound," said the little creature, with a quick bird-like glance at her visitor.

"You make pincushions?"

Jenny nodded. "What else do I make, miss?"

"Pen-wipers?"

"Ha! ha! What else? Oh, you'll never guess," laughed Jenny.

"You do something with straw, but I don't know what," said Lizzie, pointing to one corner of the bench.

"Well done!" cried Jenny. "Now I'll tell you. I only make pincushions and pen-wipers to use up my waste, but my straw really does belong to my business. Try again. What do I make with my straw?"

"Bonnets?" said Lizzie, after thinking a moment.

"Yes. Fine ladies' bonnets," Jenny said, with a proud nod. "Dolls. I'm a dolls' dressmaker." She put her tiny hand in a very small apron pocket and drew out a card. "There," said she, "read that."

Lizzie took the card, which looked like this:

Miss Jenny Wren,

Dolls' Dressmaker.

Dolls attended at their own residences.

"I hope it's a good business," said Lizzie, smiling at the little creature.

"No. Poorly paid," said Jenny. "And I'm often pressed for time. I had a doll married last week, and was obliged to work all night to get her ready in time, and it's not good for me, on account of my back being so bad and my legs so queer. And they don't take care of their clothes, and they want new fashions every month. One doll I work for has three daughters. Bless you! she's enough to ruin her husband."

Here Jenny laughed, and gave such a sharp look at Lizzie, and hitched her little chin, as if her eyes and chin worked together by the pulling of a wire.

"Are you always so busy?" Lizzie asked, looking with wonder at the small fingers cutting, gumming, and stitching so fast.

"Oh, busier," said Jenny, tossing her head. "I'm slack just now. I finished a large order for mourning clothes the day before yesterday. The doll I worked for had lost a canary-bird, and she wanted very deep mourning." She laid down her work, and reached for a crutch that leaned against the bench. "Come," said she, "I'll show you the room. It's not large, but it's nice, and very cheap."

They went up a small and narrow staircase, and Jenny threw open a small door, and with one step down they were in a little box of a room, but it was neat as wax, and had one white-curtained window just over the front door. Lizzie hired the room at once, and then followed her queer little landlady down into the parlor again.

"Are you alone all day?" said Lizzie. "Don't any of the children in this street—"

"Oh, don't!" said Jenny, with a little cry, as if the word had pricked her. "Don't talk to me of children! I can't bear children! Oh, I know their tricks and their manners!" She said this with an angry shake of her tiny right fist close before her eyes. "Always running about and screeching, they are; always playing and fighting; always skip-skip-skipping on the walk, and chalking it for their games. And that's not all"—shaking her little fist as before. "They go a-calling names through a person's key-hole, and imitating a person's back and legs. Oh, I'll tell you what I'd do to punish 'em if I could. There's doors under the church in the square, black doors leading into dark vaults. I'd like to open one of those doors, and cram 'em all in; and then I'd lock the door, and blow in pepper through the key-hole."

The little creature stopped, quite out of breath.

"Blow in pepper!" said Lizzie. "Why should you do that?"

"To set 'em snee-ee-eezing, and make their eyes water; and then I'd mock 'em through the key-hole, just as they mock a person through a person's key-hole. No; no children for me. Give *me* grown-ups."

From all this the little dressmaker's new lodger could very well understand that the children of the street, who were strong and well, and could romp and play merrily all day, had not been as thoughtful and kind as they might have been to little Jenny Wren, whose life was so unlike and so much braver than theirs.

In a few days the two girls had become warm friends. Lizzie, who was eighteen years old, earned her living by working in a seamen's outfitter; that is, a shop where sailors' clothes are made. During the daytime Lizzie was away at her work, and Jenny sat at her little work-bench at home, except when she had to peg away on her little crutch to the milliners', or the doll shops, or to the house of some customer for whom she had dressed a doll. At night-fall, when her work was done, the dolls' dressmaker would lean back in her little low arm-chair, with her arms crossed, and sing in a sweet, thoughtful voice, and wait for Lizzie, who at about the same time would come out of her shop in Millbank, and hurry along in the sunset by the river-side until she came to Church Street, and the small house, and the small housekeeper who loved her so much.

"Well, Lizzie-Mizzie-Wizzie," Jenny would say, breaking off in her song, "what's the news out-of-doors?"



"SOMETIMES A VISITOR WOULD DROP IN."

"And what's the news in-doors?" Lizzie would answer, laying her gentle hand on the bright hair, which grew very long and thick and wavy on the head of the little dolls' dressmaker. Then they would have tea together, Lizzie spreading the cloth on the low work-bench, because Jenny could sit at that more easily than at the table, and while they ate they would talk over the day and its work. After supper, Lizzie would move Jenny, chair and all, so that she could look out over the square and into the evening sky, and then sit down beside her. Sometimes a visitor would drop in, perhaps one of Jenny's patrons who took an interest in her, or who had an order to give the little dressmaker.

"This is what I call the best time of the whole day," said Jenny one night, when they were sitting in the pleasant twilight; and then she continued, in a soft, low tone, "I wonder, Lizzie, how it happens that sometimes when I am working here, all alone, in the summer-time, I smell flowers. It isn't a flowery place, you know—it's anything but that. And yet as I sit at work I smell miles of flowers. I smell roses until I think I see them in great heaps—bushels of them around me on the floor—and I put down my hand and expect to make them rustle. I smell the white and the pink May in the hedges, and all sorts of flowers that I never was among, for I've seen very few flowers indeed in my life, my Lizzie-Mizzie-Wizzie."

"You must find it very pleasant, my dear Jenny."

"So I think when it comes. And the birds I hear! Oh!" cried the little creature, holding out her

hand and looking up, "how they sing!"

As Jenny talked in this way, with her hand raised, and her eyes wide and bright, she looked quite beautiful, Lizzie thought. They sat silent for some moments, until they heard a shaky, shuffling step on the sidewalk.

Then Jenny spoke in such a different voice. "That's my child coming home, and my child's a bad, troublesome child."

Jenny was speaking of her drunken father. She always called him her child. It seemed as if the little creature felt that the name "father" would in some way be wronged and spoiled in her own thoughts if she gave it to the poor wretch who stumbled over the door-sill where they sat. The name "child" seemed to give her a sort of patience to bear her trouble.

"I would rather you didn't see my child," Jenny said; and Lizzie rose and went up stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



[Pg 189]

In tempo di marcia mp

Up the hill, down the dale, Thro' the daisy-spotted meadow, Off we go, bright and gay, For our summer holiday.
All day long with our song And our games let us be merry, Till the sun in the west Says, "Good-night, now go to rest."

mf mp crescendo poco rit. p



Little correspondents the wide world round have sent the missives which greet our young readers this week. Some of the letters have been a long while in reaching their destination, and others are from friends not far away. We are sure that every letter will be eagerly read, not excepting the doleful one from a new contributor, which bright eyes will discover tucked snugly in among epistles from more fortunate writers.

ROCKLANDS, ROCKHAMPTON, QUEENSLAND.

I live in Central Queensland, and have never seen a letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from this colony. Our home is in the bush; the trees about here are gum, box, and ironbark. They give hardly any shade, as the leaves hang straight down. There is a lagoon in front of our house. My brother and I want to make a canoe, but we can not procure back numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE here? If any young reader would send us a copy of No. 26, Vol. I., we would in return send some native seeds or colonial stamps.

It is very hot here, and we hardly ever see frost. Our orange-trees are now loaded with blossoms. We have several hundred pine-apples. I have a little garden of my own, and raise pumpkins, cabbages, rock-melons, beans, and lettuces. My brother is ten, and I am eight and a half years old. We recite lessons to mamma.

We often go riding, and we call our ponies Pip and King Pippin. We have been building a suspension-bridge over a little dam, of saplings and fencing wire. It gave us hard work for several weeks, and papa says it developed our muscles finely.

BERTIE WILKINSON.

ALEXANDRIA COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

I wish to tell all the little folks, like myself, who read YOUNG PEOPLE, of our home near the capital of the United States. From the heights near our house we have a beautiful view of the cities of Georgetown and Washington; and when the day is fair we can see Sugarloaf Mountain, away up the Potomac River, and down the river to Alexandria and Mount Vernon, the former home of our great General Washington.

We have a beautiful oak grove just back of our house, and a dear little owl lived there for several years. When we children played in the grove, laughing and shouting, he would come out of the hole in the side of the old oak-tree, and listen as if he were wondering what all the noise was about. When we moved back here last spring, the little owl was gone. A family of pretty little red squirrels had taken his place, and I guess they drove him out to seek a home somewhere else. The little usurpers seem very happy in their new home. We often see them playing and skipping about, and as we never molest them, they have grown quite tame, but we all wish the little owl would come back too. He used to do some funny things.

One night mamma went into the parlor, and was very much surprised to find all her beautiful ferns pulled out of the vase. As none of the children had done it, she didn't know what to think. She re-arranged them all nicely in the vase, but on going into the parlor in the morning, found them all scattered over the floor again. She was more surprised than ever, when, on looking up, there sat the little owl on one of the picture-frames, looking as wise as possible out of his great big eyes. He had come down the chimney, mamma thinks. She took him down, and after giving him a good talking to for his badness, carried him out to the grove, and letting him go, away he flew up to his nice warm nest in the old oak-tree again.

I am eleven years old, and have four sisters and two brothers, so you see "we are seven." We have a nice school near by, and last month my teacher gave me the highest number (100) on the roll of honor for deportment and perfect lessons.

I will be so much obliged if you publish my true story of the little owl, for I think it will

please those who live in the large cities, and never have a chance of seeing the beautiful country, and the great oak-trees.

ELIZABETH T. S.

HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.

I have been in Europe for a year and a half. I have been in England and Holland much of the time. I can speak German, and often I play with German children. When I was in Paris I often played with Mr. De Lesseps's children, and I think the picture of them which appeared in *YOUNG PEOPLE* is very good. Heidelberg is a very pretty little town surrounded by mountains. I went up the Rhine in a steamboat. It is a beautiful river, and has mountains on both sides, and on these mountains I counted more than sixty castles. I do not like Paris so well as I do New York city, which is my home. The best treat I have every week is the coming of my *YOUNG PEOPLE*. For my birthday, I got from mamma a lovely paint-box with eighteen paints and black and white chalk. I am very busy making my Christmas presents. I hope this will be printed, for I wrote once before, and the letter was not published. Now I must say good-by, wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

MARY M.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl six years old. My name is Susie. Papa read to me Etta M.'s letter, and I think a nice name for her doll would be Pansy. I have three dollies; one is named Nellie and one Julia and one Alice. I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, and my sister Mary, who is eight years old, reads it to Bessie and me. Bessie is four years old. I like "Toby Tyler" best. I got papa to write this for me.

SUSIE L.

You all remember the letter from Lydia Hargreaves and Lulu Ruckstuhl, which appeared in Our Post-office Box No. 111. Here is an acknowledgment of your answer to that appeal:

DEAR "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—We know you are all anxiously waiting to hear about the Christmas tree at the Home for the Innocents, so we will try and write a nice long letter, and thank you for the many gifts that we have received—for we did receive a great many gifts; we had no idea when we wrote that there were so many kind little boys and girls who read the paper. Monday morning we went out early to the Home, and found some kind ladies, and together with them we dressed the tree with the ornaments you had sent; then around under it we placed the dolls and toys and books. The tree was beautiful, and although the room was small, it showed off very well. In the afternoon the children came marching in, singing "Onward, Christian soldiers." They have two or three little boys that sing so sweetly. But they could hardly finish their song, so eager were they in watching the tree. After a short prayer, the children were each asked, "Now, what will you have?"

After the children were supplied—and there was an abundance, as you were all so liberal; even the little ones in their nurses' arms had their arms full of dolls—Sister Emily, who is the matron, and has another small school where she teaches poor children—took some of the toys, and fixed a tree for them. These poor little children were dumb when they saw the tree. One little girl, when they handed her a doll, said, "Oh, dolly! dolly!" and she did not look at anything else the whole evening but her doll. I wonder if you were all as happy on Christmas as that little girl. I hope so.

Little Bertha R. always calls the paper *HARPER'S YOUNG FAMILY*. We think you are the nicest family we ever heard of. If some little boy or girl does not find his or her name below, please don't feel slighted, for we have tried to put all the names down, and you may be sure your package was received and appreciated by some poor child.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, we are yours lovingly,

LULU G. and LYDIA B.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Packages were received from Harper & Brothers; Susie Benedict; Fred and Arthur D.; Alice Paige; Maud Duling; Grace Stephens; Fanny Young; Maggie Buch; Annie Lewis; Morril Dunn; Eva Cunningham; Rose Ella Carhart; W. and A. Burke; John and Daisy Cunningham; Lottie, Warren, and Alice Lockwood; Rona R. and "Little Gertrude";

Justin, Tommy, and Isaac Andersen; Jennie and Annie Petman; Willie H. Hazard; Helen McCoy; "Aunt Edna"; Kenneth Murdock; Dolly; May and Tom Barron; Mollie, Effie, and Myrtle Bakewell; Josie Ulmer; L. V. H.; Maud and Lillie Hench; L. H. S. and T. B. S.; Carrie; Nora and Bell; Nellie Portis; Jessie Whitehurst; Daisy; Mortimer Hambem; Louisa L. Tatten; Willie Needham; Mrs. Annie J. Post and Charlie J. Post; Louis Bryant, a check for \$1; an unknown friend, \$1; Winnifred and Mac Allen; Mrs. T. A. C.; Murray Boyer; Charlie and Willie Patrick; and a package from Canada.

NUKHONUYO.

The readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to hear of my pets. I am five years old, and have two birds (linnets), Tommy and Mrs. Tommy, a white rabbit called Snowball, which is very cunning, and my gray kitty is named Baby Rose. My dollies are a great delight to me. Their names are Daisy, Rosa Posa, and Bessy Bright-Eyes, who is married to Boy Blue, and has a family of five children.

ETHEL MCP.

FORT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

I have a little antelope, which my cousin sent to me from Wyoming when it was two weeks old. We had to feed him from a bottle for a long time. He would drink only when the milk was in the bottle. But one day I did not give him anything to drink till night; then I brought out a pan of milk for him, and he tried to drink, but he did not know how, though he soon found out, and it was funny to see him. He would put his nose in and try to eat it, but it couldn't be eaten. He is now a large antelope, and when you touch him he will turn and run after you, and if you don't get on the fence or behind a tree, he will butt you. Sometimes the dogs come in and get after him, and then he will run up to the window and make a noise, so that we will come out and drive the dogs away. When we are at dinner he will come up to the window and lick it and ask to be fed. His tongue is black, and his horns are two inches long, but they hurt when they hit you. His color is a grayish-brown. He sheds his hair every year, and it gets thicker, so that he will be warm for winter.

FRANK C. S.

WINSTED, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school, but it rains so hard that I could not go to-day. I think Miss Augusta would change her mind about hating cats if she could see mine. He is a large gray one, and weighs ten and one-half pounds. He is very gentle, and I can handle him as I would a baby. When I take him up, he puts both fore-paws each side of my face, and feels it very gently, and he never sticks in his claws. I know he loves me dearly. I have a little sister eight years old. Her name is Gertie. My cousin lives with us, and his name is Wheaton. I take *Our Little Ones*, and my sister takes the *Nursery*, and my cousin takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*.

I forgot to tell you all about my cat. When he is hungry, he does not mew, like most cats, but lies down and rolls over, and if we do not notice him, he lies on his back, and waits for us to see him.

ALICE E. D.

JERICHO, LONG ISLAND.

I am a little girl, and I live in the country. I wish to inform Henry F., who is so sorry for the country boys and girls, that his pity is thrown away, for when we go to the city—and I know of none in these parts who have never been there—and return to see the green grass, and fields bedecked with flowers, we think this is far superior to the noisy elevated railroads of the city. We have a great deal of fun here in winter. There is quite a high hill, to which we take our sleds, and ride clear down to the bottom, and then across a pond. Sometimes three or four get on a sled at a time. I go to school, and study reading, spelling, mental and practical arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history. I like history best. I think *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* is the nicest paper I have ever read. I like the Post-office very much.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am eleven years old. My mother and little brother have gone down to Florida, so papa and myself are alone at home. A few days ago papa and I went up on top of the Washington Monument. We did not walk up, but rode up on the elevator. It took about five minutes for it to reach the top. On the elevator was a large granite rock weighing over three tons. It went up with us. We saw memorial stones inside of the Monument sent from all parts of the world. When we got to the top we had a very fine view. It was better than the view from the top of the Capitol. They have a net around the top, so if persons should fall, it would not hurt them, as the netting would catch them. Sometimes during the noon hour the men get out on the netting, and smoke just as if they were in a hammock. What a terrible fall they would have if the netting should break! It was about 240 feet high when we were up there. It was so windy that day that you could not stand up on one side of the Monument without holding on to something. At one time the wind shifted, and there were some boards lying out on the net, and a man was walking along on the side where they were. When the wind shifted, it sent the boards flying, and every one of them came down on the man's head, but it did not hurt him, for as soon as they began to tumble on his head, he lay flat down on the wall, so as to keep from being blown away. It made quite an excitement. At first the man would halloo and laugh, and shout, "Joe, Joe, come up here; quick! quick!"

Some men came running up from the inside of the Monument, thinking something dreadful was the matter. We staid up there about an hour. Papa and I walked all around the walls, which were seven feet thick at the top and fifteen at the bottom. Then at the foot of the Monument, in a little house, we saw many more memorial stones. One of the best of them was one that came from Nevada, with the word "Nevada" let into the stone in solid silver, and a motto let into the stone in solid gold. Both the gold and silver came from the mines of Nevada. We enjoyed the trip very much, and I thought some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE might like to have a description of it.

K. B. A. M.

THE NURSERY, ROSEVILLE, ARCADIA.

I am a poor little thing. I used to be a beauty and a pet and a darling. But now I am a martyr, and am fading away by degrees. I haven't had a kiss or a kind word from my mamma since Christmas. It's more'n a week since I had my dress off or had on my night-gown at night; and you know it's very unrefreshful to have to wear the same clothes night and day. Still, 's long as I had a bed to sleep in, I didn't complain. But now for three nights I've slept under the sofa, with a lion and a tiger out of Bobby's Noah's ark by my side, and my poor little arms lying out on the floor. Mr. Philip, mamma's big brother, stepped on my thumb last night, and it gives me scruciating pain. Puss carried me all round in her mouth yesterday, and Peg, the terrier, shook me as if I had been a rat and 'most shook away my senses. And I heard Nurse and Norah the waitress talking, and Nurse said, "Oh, Norah, do throw the horrid-looking creature in the ash barrel; it isn't wanted in the nursery now."

[Pg 191]

Please can not somebody go to my mamma, and ask her to save me from my cruel fate. If she'll never love me any more, won't she give me to somebody who hasn't so many other new favorites? For I think my heart will break.

FLORRIE'S OLD DOLL.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time. I have a doll. I have a nice brother; his name is Joe. I have a good dog. I have a kitty, and I like her. I have a work-box. I have a basket. I have a money purse. I was happy Christmas morning. I can read in a book. I am a pretty big girl. I hope you will print this letter.

NAN P.

It is a very nice letter, Nan, and we wish we could give you a kiss for it. We hope the little work-box is in good order, that the money purse will never have a hole in it, and that you will be ever so much bigger and just as happy when Christmas shall come again.

One of our little boy readers wants to know why he must always take off his hat when he speaks to a lady. It is a very old custom, and a mark of respect that gentlemen like to show their lady friends. The following little story shows what King George III. of England thought about the matter:

Nearly seven hundred years ago, Philip II. of France summoned King John of England either to trial or to combat for the murder of Prince Arthur. As the latter cared for neither, a gallant soldier named De Courcy, then languishing in prison, was set free that he might undertake the combat not for his King's, but for his country's sake. The fight, however, never took place, for Philip's champion, afraid of the gigantic De Courcy, preferred to sacrifice his honor to risking his life. Being urged by John and Philip, who had come to witness the expected encounter, to give them an exhibition of his strength, De Courcy placed his helmet upon a post, and cleaving it with terrific force, drove his sword so firmly into the wood that none but the striker could withdraw it. "Never," said King John—"never unveil thy bonnet, man, again, before King or subject." Thus the privilege of wearing the hat in presence of the sovereign came to be enjoyed solely by the De Courcys, Earls of Kinsale. They asserted their privilege by wearing their hat for a moment and then uncovering, but the De Courcy of George III.'s reign, not thinking this assertion sufficient, on one occasion wore his court hat all the time he was in the presence of the King. But the third George crushed the display of pride by remarking, "The gentleman has a right to be covered before me; but even King John could give him no right to be covered before ladies."

WILLIAM T. W.—There seems to be a prevailing opinion that the "shadow" is the best canoe for sailing and paddling. The best-known builders of "shadows" are Everson, of Brooklyn (489 First Street), and the "Racine Canoe-Building Company," of Racine, Wisconsin. The American travelling canoe is an admirable paddling canoe and a fast sailer. One of the best rigs is the "Lord Ross," a modified lateen rig. Two sails are always to be preferred to one large sail.

May G. Hamblin recites perfectly the list of the sovereigns of England, as her mother testifies. George F. and Hattie L. Leet have repeated the same list in its order, with the date of each coronation, and also the five lines and five houses, with the names of the sovereigns included in each.

We wish there were room in the Post-office box to print the nine bright letters kindly sent to us by the principal of a school in Geneva, New York. They were selected by her from a number of letters to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE submitted by her pupils as the regular weekly exercise in composition. Their merit is so nearly equal that we do not think it would be fair to choose one for publication and omit the others. So, with cordial thanks to Mrs. L. and to the little correspondents who like the paper so well, we simply print their names, and hope to hear from them again: Neva K., May E. B., Maggie M., Mabel S., Lizzie B., Philip B. R., Georgia H., May R., Carrie E. S.

C. Y. P. R. U.

THOUGHTS FOR THE COMMONPLACE-BOOK.—No, Jessie and Mary, I have not forgotten my promise to give you pretty poems and quaint passages now and then for you to copy in your commonplace-book. I have had so many questions to answer that my column has not been long enough for choice extracts, but here to-day are three, which you may take pains to write out in a fair hand, as the old writing-masters used to say. The first quotation I make for you to-day is from Friedrich Ruckert, a great German lyric poet, who was born at Schweinfurt, Bavaria, in 1788, and died at Coburg in 1866. The little poem contains a thought for every member of the C. Y. P. R. U.—a thought worth taking for a life motto:

SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.

In open field King Solomon
Beneath the sky sets up his throne;
He sees a sower walking, sowing,
On every side the seed-corn throwing.

"What dost thou there?" exclaimed the King.
"The ground can here no harvest bring;
Break off from such unwise beginning,

Thou'lt get no crop that's worth the winning."

The sower hears; his arm he sinks.
And, doubtful he stands still and thinks;
Then goes he forward, strong and steady,
For the wise King this answer ready:

"I've nothing else but this one field;
I've watched it, labored it, and tilled;
What further use of pausing, guessing?—
The corn from me, from God the blessing."

Translated by N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

The next thought is from the *Green Book* of Mrs. Maria Hare:

"The praises of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be."

And now for the last hint for which I can spare space. It is from John Ruskin, and is intended as a reproof for an affectation of modesty. Modesty is always beautiful, but affectation, like other forms of insincerity, is the sign of a defect in character:

"If young ladies really do not want to be seen, they should take care not to let their eyes flash when they dislike what people say; and more than that, it is all nonsense, from beginning to end, about not wanting to be seen. I don't know any more tiresome flower in the borders than your especially 'modest' snow-drop, which one always has to stoop down and take all sorts of tiresome trouble with, and nearly break its poor little head off, before you can see it; and then, half of it is not worth seeing. Girls should be like daisies, nice and white, with an edge of red if you look close; making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it. Not want to be seen, indeed!"

MAY.—Caoutchouc is obtained from plants which afford a milky juice, white as it flows from the plant, but darkening with exposure to the weather. It is commonly called India rubber, and is so useful and convenient an article that civilized people could hardly get along comfortably without it. It forms an important article of commerce. Mexico, Central and South America, and the East Indies are the principal places from which India rubber comes. The East India rubber is the juice of a species of fig-tree. The South American product is taken from the syringe-tree, which is sometimes as high as an eight-story house. To erase pencil marks is one of the uses of India rubber which will occur to you first, and then you will think of water-proof cloaks and shoes, without which we could not go out comfortably in stormy weather. But these only begin to be the list of articles which this obliging gum aids in constructing. Tubes, fire hose, elastic bands, mats, belts for machinery, door springs, etc., are made of it. Combined with sulphur, it forms combs, canes, buttons, picture-frames, brush backs, and surgical instruments, and combined with sulphur and coal tar, and polished like jet, it is used to make beautiful ornamental jewelry.

LOIS T.—Yes, when I was a little girl I liked to go to parties; but our parties, dear, always began about three o'clock in the afternoon, and were over at eight, when we were sent for by our mothers, and went home to sleep well and have happy dreams. Such a thing as an evening party, with full dress, was considered too great a dissipation for little folks when I was young.

The boy members of the C. Y. P. R. U. will find in this issue an inspiring sketch, entitled "The Boyhood of Daniel Webster," by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, showing what an "idle boy" could do in the way of astonishing his teacher by his industry; and a pleasant article by Sherwood Ryse, entitled "On Skates," which gives both information and practical suggestions regarding one of our pleasantest winter pastimes. The girl members can not fail to be interested in "The Life of a Little Girl in 1782," by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, while they will heartily congratulate themselves on the changes in the way of training children that a century has brought about.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

'Tis black and brown, 'tis blue and gray,
'Tis changeful as an April day;
And yet, no matter what they say,
'Tis not without attraction.
It has a language all its own.
Though mortal never heard its tone;
It tells the sufferer's moan,
It tells of satisfaction.

Inclosed within a narrow cell,
It moves on hinge invisible.
Securely kept, and guarded well
From all approaching danger.
It often speaks, yet never talks;
It freely runs, but never walks;
And every passing thing remarks—
In fact, is quite a ranger.

It swims, and yet arms has it none;
And dances out of very fun
Without a leg to stand upon,
Or foot to follow after.
It has a brother—twin, they say—
And when cross-purposes they play,
They look the very oddest way;
To some they're cause for laughter.

As shining crystal it is bright.
'Tis dark or dull as winter night,
Its very nature, too, is light,
For all were dark without it.
It forms the poet's constant theme,
It haunts the lover in his dream,
And really paramount would seem,
So much is said about it.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

No. 2.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A word implying command. 4. A tree. 5. A letter.
2.—1. A letter. 2. To decay. 3. Sunny. 4. A vegetable product. 5. A letter.

FILL BUSTER.

No. 3.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

In acorn, not in nut.
In depot, not in hut.
In building, not in inn.
In copper, not in tin.
In shark, not in eel.
The whole two reptiles dreaded
Wherever they are seen.

WILL A. METTE.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Undisturbed. 2. A lovely wild flower. 3. A bed. 4. A large building. 5. A preparation of opium. 6.

A domestic animal. 7. A lazy person. 8. Plentifully. 9. A small rodent. 10. A river in South America. 11. A measure. 12. A large bird prized for its feathers. 13. A bird that sings at night. 14. An article of dessert. 15. A covering for the head. 16. To terrify. Finals and primals form the names of two choice flowers.

M. E. N. (11 years old).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 113.

No. 1.

Snow-bird. Sparrow.

No. 2.

1. Chicago. 2. Hartford. 3. Rappahannock. 4. Idaho. 5. Savannah. 6. Tallahassee. 7. Maine. 8. Austin. 9. Susquehanna. Christmas.

No. 3.

H
B E T
H E L I X
T I N
X

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Harry D. Lockman, Bessie Eaton, Roy Dempster, Robert Andrews, Jun., William C. Hyatt, "Fill Buster," John Janemich, Harry Graff, Olin A. McAdams, Florence T. Cox, L. E. C., "Lodestar," H. L. Pruyne, Sadie A. Sedgewick, Clare B. Bird, J. C. Krautz.

The answer to the Enigma on page 160 of No. 114 is Drab—Bard.

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

SCIENTIFIC PUZZLES.

[Pg 192]

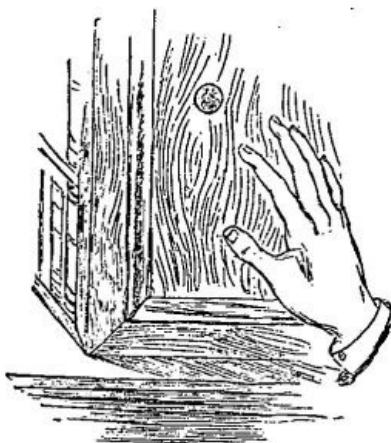


FIG. 1.

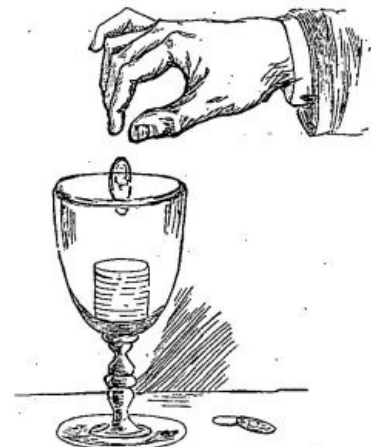


FIG. 2.

Here are two very simple experiments that will not fail to excite a good deal of interest and wonderment among persons who are unfamiliar with them.

The first illustrates the pressure of the atmosphere. Take a coin and rub it against some oaken

book-case or very smooth wooden surface, as shown in Fig. 1. Press it hard for a moment, and then withdraw the fingers. The coin will continue to stick to the wood.

The reason of this is that the rubbing and the pressure have dispersed the air which was between the coin and the wood, and the pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient to keep the coin in its place.

To perform the experiment shown in Fig. 2 fill a glass carefully with water up to the brim, so that the surface of the water is rounded. Then ask the by-standers how many coins can be thrown into the glass without the water over-flowing. Some will emphatically declare that it will not hold one; others will admit that there may possibly be room for one or two.

By dropping the coins very carefully into the water edge-ways, it will be found that even as many as five or six coins the size of a silver dollar can be dropped into the water before it overflows.

THE LITTLE MAN.

BY MAMIE LUKE.

A little man, in brand-new suit
Of clothes from out the store;
Nor speck of dirt nor stain of fruit
His natty garments bore.
His jacket and his trousers were
His first, and spick and span;
And pride soon exercised its spur
Upon this little man.

And felt he prouder than a King
In his complete array;
To see him round the parlor swing
Was better than a play.
Deep in his trousers pockets thrust,
Make sure, were both his hands,
And richer he with cents in trust
Than owner large of lands.

"Papa," he cried, as stopped he short
Beside his father's knee—
"Papa, me loves oo tos oo bought
'Ese nice new tose for me;
And, mammy, me be 'eal dood boy,
An' teep 'ese tose so tean;
Me do an' buy me pooty toy,
To p'ay in house, I mean.

"Me on'y 'tay a 'ittle w'ile,
An' tum 'ight in aden,
An' den till dinner me will p'ay
'Ith Donnie Hay an' Ben.
Me teep my tose so tean, papa,
Me dit on dem no dirt;
Me do away f'om house not far,
An' 'on't fell down dit hurt."

An hour passed on; the little man
Returned with face all blood;
Without a cap in-doors he ran,
His clothes befouled with mud.
Between his sobs, for breath hard pressed,
A tale of strife he told;
"At Donnie Hay 'tepped on my foot,
An' den we bof taut hold,

"An' felled all down an' 'olled all 'ound;
He bite my fingis sore;
Me sc'atch his face, my nose he pound,
An' b'an'-new tows is tore;
Me hit 'im bat, an' pulled he hair
So hard I ever tan.
Me lick him, pa, an' made him kye,
An' I's a 'ittle man!"



FUN ON THE ICE—"SNAPPING THE WHIP."

FOOTNOTES:

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

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 17,
1882 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™
electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this

agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be

interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.