

The Project Gutenberg eBook of For His Country, and Grandmother and the Crow, by Marshall Saunders

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: For His Country, and Grandmother and the Crow

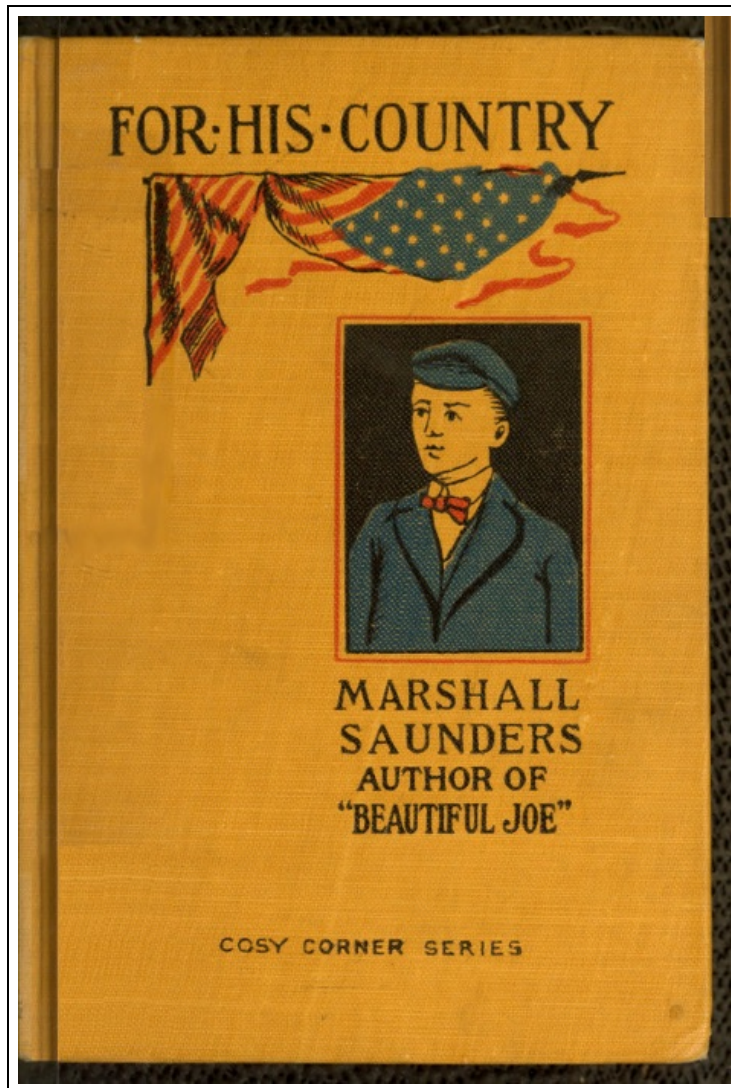
Author: Marshall Saunders

Release date: July 20, 2016 [EBook #52608]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Larry B. Harrison, Ernest Schaal, and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>
(This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FOR HIS COUNTRY, AND GRANDMOTHER
AND THE CROW ***



FOR HIS COUNTRY AND GRANDMOTHER AND THE CROW

Works of
Marshall Saunders



Beautiful Joe's Paradise	\$1.50
The Story of the Gravelys	1.50
'Tilda Jane	1.50
Rose à Charlitte	1.50
Deficient Saints	1.50
Her Sailor	1.25
For His Country	.50
Nita: The Story of an Irish Setter	.50



L. C. PAGE AND COMPANY
New England Building, Boston, Mass.



(Courtesy of The Youth's Companion)
"MADEMOISELLE, YOU ARE AN AMERICAN?"

FOR HIS COUNTRY
AND
GRANDMOTHER AND THE CROW

BY
MARSHALL SAUNDERS
AUTHOR OF
"BEAUTIFUL JOE, ETC."

Illustrated by
LOUIS MEYNELL
and others



BOSTON
L. C. PAGE & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1900
BY PERRY MASON & COMPANY

Copyright, 1900
BY L. C. PAGE & COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

All rights reserved

Fourth Impression

Colonial Press
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.



	PAGE
FOR HIS COUNTRY	13
GRANDMOTHER AND THE CROW	41



"SHE WENT ON GATHERING HER STICKS"	18
"I AM FROM CALIFORNIA"	21
"YOU, TOO, LOVE YOUR COUNTRY!"	27
"THERE IS NO HOPE!"	32
"HE TRIED TO SING WITH THEM"	36
"I SAW SECOND COUSIN GEORGE FOLLOWING HIM" (<i>Courtesy of the Youth's Companion</i>)	45
"HE WENT UP SOFTLY BEHIND HIM" (<i>Courtesy of the Youth's Companion</i>)	50
"ROVER KNEW THIS CRY" (<i>Courtesy of the Youth's Companion</i>)	51
"I AIN'T FIT TO DIE,' CRIED OLD GEORGE"	55

FOR HIS COUNTRY

FOR HIS COUNTRY.

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!"

HERE the singer's voice broke down, and I peered curiously around my corner of the wall. He was pacing to and fro on the river-bank—a weary-faced lad with pale cheeks and drooping shoulders. Beyond him a fat French footman lay asleep on the grass, one hand loosely clutching a novel. An elderly goat, grazing nearer and nearer the man, kept a wary eye on the book, and finally seizing it, devoured it leaf by leaf. At this the weary-faced boy did not smile, and then I knew there was something the matter with him.

Partly because I wished to console him, partly because I was lonely, I continued the song in notes rather more cheerful than his own:

[pg 14

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!"

The boy stood stock-still, only moving his head slightly after the manner of a bird listening to a pleasant strain. When I finished he came toward me, cap in hand.

"Mademoiselle, you are an American?"

"No, my boy. I am a Canadian."

"That's next best," he said, politely.

"It's better," I rejoined, smiling.

"Nothing is better than being an American."

"You are patriotic," I observed.

"If your ancestors fought with Indians, and English and rebels, and if you expect to die for your country, you ought to be patriotic."

I surveyed him curiously. He was too grave and joyless for a boy in a normal condition. "In youth one does not usually speak of dying," I said.

His face flushed. "Ah, mademoiselle, I am homesick! I have not seen America for a year."

"Indeed? Such a patriotic boy should stay at home."

[pg 15]

"My mother wished me to finish my education abroad."

"A woman should educate her children in the country in which they are to live," I said, irritably.

"I guess you're most old enough to be my mother, aren't you?" he replied, gently, and with such tenderness of rebuke that I smiled irrepressibly. He had delicately intimated that if I were his mother I would not care to have him discuss me with a stranger.

"I've got to learn foreign languages," he said, doggedly. "We've been here one year; we must stay one more and then go to Italy, then to Germany. I'm thankful the English haven't a different language. If they had, I'd have to go learn it."

"And after you leave Germany?"

"After Germany—home!"

He was not a particularly handsome lad, but he had beautiful eyes, and at the word home they took on such a strange brilliance that I gathered up my parasol and books in wondering silence.

"I suppose," he said, soberly, "that you will not be at the Protestant church on Sunday?"

[pg 16]

"Probably I shall."

"I don't see many people from America," he went on, turning his head so far away that I could hardly hear what he said. "There isn't anybody here who cares to talk about it. My mother, of course, is too busy," he added, with dignity.

"*Au revoir*, then," I said, with a smile.

He stood looking quietly after me, and when I got far up the river-bank I turned around. He was adjusting a slight difference between the footman and the goat; then, followed by the man, he disappeared up one of the quaint old streets leading into the heart of the city.

Close beside me a little old peasant woman, gathering sticks, uncurled her stooping figure. "*Bon jour, mademoiselle!* You have been talking to the American boy."

"*Oui, madame.*"

"It is very sad," she continued, in the excellent French spoken by the peasants of the Loiret department. "He comes by the river and declaims. He speaks of Linkum and Wash'ton. I watch from my cottage, for my daughter Mathilde is housemaid at Madame Greyshield's, and I hear her talk. *Monsieur le colonel* Greyshield is a grand officer in America; but his wife, she is proud. She brings her children to France to study. She leaves the poor man lonely. This boy is most heartbroke. Mathilde says he talks of his dear country in his sleep, then he rises early to study the foreign languages, so he can more quickly go to his home. But he is sick, his hand trembles. Mathilde thinks he is going to die. I say, 'Mathilde, talk to madame,' but she is afraid, for madame has a will as strong as this stout stick. It will never break. It must be burnt. Perhaps mademoiselle will talk."

[pg 17]

"I will, if I get a chance."

The old woman turned her brown, leathery face toward the blue waters of the Loire. "Mademoiselle, do many French go to America for the accent?"

"No; they have too much sense!"

"It is droll," she went on, "how the families come here. The gentlemen wander to and fro, the ladies occupy themselves with their *toilettes*. Then they travel to other countries. They are like the

[pg 18]

leaves on that current. They wander they know not whither. I am only a peasant, yet I can think, and is not one language good enough to ask for bread and soup?" And muttering and shaking her head, she went on gathering her sticks.



On Sunday I looked for my American boy. There he was, sitting beside a handsomely dressed woman, who looked as if she might indeed have a will like a stout stick. After the service he endeavoured to draw her toward me, but she did not respond until she saw me speaking to a lady of Huguenot descent, to whom I had had a letter of introduction. Then she approached, and we all went down the street together.

[pg 19

When we reached the boulevard leading to my hotel, the boy asked his mother's permission to escort me home. She hesitated, and then said, "Yes; but do not bore her to death with your patriotic rigmaroles."

The boy, whose name was Gerald, gave her a peculiar glance, and did not open his lips until we had walked a block. Then he asked, deliberately, "Have you ever thought much of that idea of Abraham Lincoln's that no man is good enough to govern another man without the other man's consent?"

"Yes, a good deal; yet one must obey."

"Yes, one must obey," he said, quietly. "But sometimes it is puzzling, especially when a fellow is growing up."

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"Not older?"

"No; I am from California," and he drew himself up. "The boys and girls there are large, you know. I have lost twenty pounds since we came here. You have never been in California, I suppose?"

[pg 20



"I AM FROM CALIFORNIA."

"Yes. I like California."

"You do?" He flashed one swift glance at me, then dropped his eyes.

I politely averted my own, but not before I saw two tear-drops splash on the hot, gray pavement.

"If I could see," he said, presently, "if I could see one of those brown hills, just one,—this flat country makes me tired."

"Can you imagine," I said, "that I have been as homesick in California as you are in France?"

"No! no!" he replied, breathlessly. "No, I could not imagine that."

"That I sailed into San Francisco Bay with a heartache because those brown hills you speak of so lovingly were not my native hills?"

"But you are grown up; you do not need to leave your country."

"Our duty sometimes takes us to foreign lands. You will be a better soldier some day for having had a time of trial and endurance."

[pg 23

"I know it," he said, under his breath. "But sometimes I think I must break loose, especially at night, when the bugles blow."

I knew what he meant. At eight o'clock every evening, from the various barracks in Orléans, the sweet, piercing notes of bugle answering bugle could be heard; and the strain was the one played by the American bugles in the school that I guessed he had attended.

"You think of the boys drawn up in line on the drill-ground, and the echo behind the hill."

"Do you know Almada?" he exclaimed, with a face as white as a sheet.

"I do."

This was too much for him. We had paused at the hotel entrance, and he intended, I knew, to take a polite leave of me; but I had done a dangerous thing in conjuring up the old familiar scenes, and mumbling something in his throat, and giving one tug to his hat, he ran as nimbly down the street as if he were a lean coyote from the hills of his native State.

Four weeks later I asked myself why I was lingering in Orléans. I had seen all the souvenirs of Joan of Arc; I had talked with the peasants and shopkeepers till I was tired; I agreed thoroughly with my guide-book that Orléans is a city sadly lacking in animation; and yet I stayed on; I stayed on because I was engaged in a bit of character study, I told my note-book; stayed on because my presence afforded some consolation to a struggling, unhappy boy, I told my conscience.

[pg 24

The boy was dying of homesickness. He did not enter into the life of the sleepy French city. "This is a good enough country," he said, wearily, "but it isn't mine. I want America, and it seems to me all these priests and soldiers and citizens are acting. I can't think they were born speaking French."

However, it was only at rare intervals that he complained. Away in America he had a father who had set the high standard of duty before him,—a father who would not encourage him to flag.

On the Fourth of July, Mrs. Greyshield was giving a reception—not on account of the day, for she had not a spark of patriotism, but because she was shortly to leave Orléans for the seashore. Gerald was also giving a reception, his a smaller one, prepared for in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, for he received no encouragement from his mother in his patriotic schemes.

[pg 25

His only pleasure in life was in endeavouring to make his little brother and sister as patriotic as himself, and with ill-concealed dismay he confided to me the fear that they were forgetting their native land.

About the middle of the afternoon I joined him and the children in a small, gaily decorated arbour at the foot of the garden. Shortly after I arrived, Mrs. Greyshield, accompanied by a number of her guests, swept down upon us. The French officers and their wives and a number of English residents surrounded the arbour.

"Ah, the delicious cakes! But they are not *babas* and *savarins* and *tartelettes*! They must be American! What do you call this kind? Doughnuts! How peculiar! How effective the arrangement of the bunting, and how many flags—but all of his own country!"

Mrs. Greyshield listened carelessly to the comments. "Oh, yes, he is hopelessly provincial. I shall never teach him to be cosmopolitan. What do you think of such narrowness, princess?" and in veiled admiration she addressed her most distinguished guest, who was also her friend and countrywoman.

[pg 26

As Mrs. Greyshield spoke, the American princess, who was the possessor of an exceedingly bitter smile, touched one of the flags with caressing fingers. "It is a long time since I have seen one. Your boy has several. I should like to have one for a cushion, if he will permit."

The boy's nostrils dilated. "For a cushion!" he exclaimed.

His tone was almost disrespectful, and his mother gave him a warning glance, and said, hastily, "Certainly, princess. Gerald, choose your prettiest flag."

"Not for a cushion!" he said, firmly. "The flag should be up, never down!"

The gay group gazed with concealed interest at mother and son.

Mrs. Greyshield seized a flag and offered it to her guest.

"Thank you—not from you," said the princess, putting up her lorgnette. "Only from the boy."

He would not give her one. His mother was in a repressed rage, and the boy kept his eyes bent on the ground in suffering silence.

[pg 29

The titled lady put an end to the painful scene. "I have changed my mind," she said, coolly. "I have too many cushions now."

The boy turned swiftly to her, and, lifting the white hand hanging by her side, gently touched it with his lips.

"*Madame la Princesse*, you, too, love your country!"



"YOU, TOO, LOVE YOUR COUNTRY!"

His exclamation was so enthusiastic, so heartfelt, there was in it such a world of commiseration for the titled lady before him, that there immediately flashed before each one present the unhappy life of the poor princess in exile. The boy had started a wave of sympathy flowing from one to another of the group, and in some confusion they all moved away.

Gerald wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and went on with the programme of patriotic selections that the impatient children were obliged to go through before they could have the cakes and fireworks.

After the fizzing and bursting noises were over, I said, regretfully, "Gerald, I must go to Paris to-morrow."

[pg 30

"I have been expecting this," he said, with dogged resignation. "When you are gone, Miss Canada, I shall have no one to talk to me about America."

I had grown to love the boy for his high qualities of mind and soul, and my voice faltered as I murmured, "Do not give up,—fight the good fight."

"Of faith," he added, gravely, "looking forward to what is to come."

It seemed to me that an old man stood pressing my hand—an old man with life's experience behind him. My heart ached for the lad, and I hurried into the house.

"Good-bye," I said, coldly, to my hostess.

"Good-bye, a pleasant journey," she responded, with equal coldness.

"If you do not take that boy of yours home, you will lose him," I murmured.

I thought my voice was low, but it was not low enough to escape the ears of the princess, who was standing beside her.

Mrs. Greyshield turned away, and the princess's lips moved almost imperceptibly in the words, "What is the use?"

[pg 31

"The boy is dying by inches!" I said, indignantly.

"Better dead than like those—" she said, with her bitter smile, nodding toward the chattering cosmopolitan crowd beyond us.

I echoed the boy's words: "You, too, are a patriot!"

"I was," she said, gravely, and sauntered away.

I went unhappily to Paris. Would that another stranger could chance along, to whom the boy might unburden his heart,—his noble heart, filled not only with dreams of military glory, but of plans for the protection of the weak and helpless among his countrymen!

A week later a telegram from the princess summoned me to Orléans. To my surprise, she met me on the staircase of Mrs. Greyshield's house.

"You are right!" she whispered. "Mrs. Greyshield is to lose her boy!"

My first feeling was one of anger. "Do not speak of such a thing!" I said, harshly.

"Come and see," and she led the way to a room where the weary-faced lad lay on a huge, canopied bed, a nursing sister on either side of him.

[pg 32

"The doctors are in consultation below," she murmured; "but there is no hope."



"Where is his mother?"

"In her room. She sees no one. It is a foreign fashion, you know. She is suffering deeply—at last."

"Oh, this is horrible!" I said. "Can nothing be done?"

[pg 33]

"Do you observe what a perfect accent he has?" she said, meditatively. "There must be excellent teachers at the *lycée*!"

From the bed came occasionally muttered scraps of French prose or poetry, and I shuddered as I listened.

"Sacrificed for an accent!" she went on to herself. "It is a favourite amusement of American mothers. This boy was torn from a father whom he worshipped. I wonder what he will say when his wife returns to America with two living children and one—" She turned to me. "I could have told her that growing children should not be hurried from one country to another. Yet it is better this way than the other."

"The other?" I repeated, stupidly.

"Yes, the other,—after years of residence abroad, no home, no country, no attachments, a weary traveller till one dies. I thought you might like to see him, as you were so attracted by him. He fainted the day you left, and has been this way ever since. It cannot last much longer."

We had been speaking in a low tone, yet our voices must have been heard by the sleeper, for suddenly he turned his head on the pillow and looked at us.

[pg 34]

The princess approached him, and murmured his name in an exquisitely soft and gentle voice. The boy recognised her.

"Ah, the princess!" he said, collectedly. "May I trouble you with a message?"

"Certainly."

"It is for papa," he said, dreamily. "Will you tell him for me, please—" Here his voice died away, and his dark, beseeching eyes rolled from one to another of the people in the room.

"Shall I send them away?" asked the princess.

"No, thank you. It is only the pain. Will you—will you be good enough to tell papa not to think me a coward? I promised him to hold out, but—"

"I will tell him."

"And tell him I'm sorry we couldn't build that home and live together, but I think if he prepared it mamma and the children might go. Tell him I think they would be happier. America is so lovely! Mamma would get used to it."

[pg 35]

He stopped, panting for breath, and one of the nurses put something on his lips, while the other wiped away the drops of moisture that the effort of speaking had brought to his spectral face. Then he closed his eyes, and his pallid figure seemed to be sinking away from us; but presently he roused himself, and this time his glance fell on me.

"Miss Canada," he said, drowsily, "the salute to the flag—Dottie and Howard."

The princess motioned to one of the nurses, who slipped from the room and presently returned with the children. A wan, evanescent flush overspread his face at sight of the flag, and he tried to raise himself on his elbow. One of the nurses supported him, and he fixed his glazing but still beautiful eyes on the children. "Are you ready?"

The small boy and girl were far from realising their brother's condition, but they knew what he wished, and in a warbling voice little Dottie began:

"This is my country's flag, and I am my country's child,
To love and serve her well will ever be my joy."

A little farther on her tiny brother took up the formula which it had been Gerald's pleasure to teach them.

[pg 36]



The consultation below had broken up, and several of the doctors had crept to the door of the room, but the boy did not seem to notice them. His attention was riveted on the children, to the exclusion of all others.

[pg 37

"Give brother the flag!" he murmured, when they finished.

They handed him the Stars and Stripes, but he could not retain it, and the princess, quietly moving to the bedside, steadied it between his trembling fingers.

"Now sing with brother."

The two children lifted up their little quavering voices, and turning his own face to the ceiling, a face illumined by a joy not of this world, he tried to sing with them:

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!"

Here his voice faltered, his radiant face drooped, and his darkening eyes turned beseechingly in my direction.

In a choking voice I finished the verse, as I had once before finished it for him:

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!"

His head was on the pillow when I finished, but his fingers still grasped the flag.

[pg 38

"Gerald," said the princess, tenderly, "do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," fluttered from his pale lips.

"And are you contented?"

He pressed her hand slightly.

"Would you rather die, or live to grow up and forget your country, as you surely would do if you lived all your young life among strangers?"

"I would rather die!" and here his voice was so firm that all in the room heard it.

"Dottie and Howard!" he murmured, presently, and the princess drew back. After all, she was only a stranger.

He died, with their little faces pressed close to his own. "Give my love to mamma, dear mamma!" were his last words. Shortly after the nurses drew the children away. The boy had had his wish. He had died for his country as truly as if he had fallen in battle.

GRANDMOTHER AND THE CROW

GRANDMOTHER AND THE CROW.

[pg 41

When I was a little girl I lived with my grandmother, and a gay, lively little grandmother she was. Away back in the family was French blood, and I am sure that she resembled French old people, who are usually vivacious and cheerful. On my twelfth birthday I was driving with her through a thick wood, when we heard in front of us the loud shouting and laughing of boys.

"Drive on, George," said my grandmother; "let us see what this is all about."

As soon as he stopped, she sprang nimbly from the phaeton among half-a-dozen flushed and excited boys who had stones in their hands. Up in the tall trees above them were dozens of crows, which were cawing in a loud and distressed manner, and flying restlessly from branch to branch. A stone thrown by some boy with too true an aim had brought a fine young crow to the ground.

[pg 42

"Ha—I've got him. Thought I'd bring him down!" yelled a lad, triumphantly. "Now give it to him, boys."

The stones flew thick and fast at the poor crow. My grandmother screamed and waved her hands, but the boys would not listen to her until she rushed to the phaeton, seized the whip, and began smartly slashing those bad boys about the legs.

"Hi—stop that—you hurt! Here, some of you fellows take the whip from her!" cried the boys, dancing like wild Indians around my grandmother.

"Cowards!" she said; "if you must fight, why don't you attack something your own size?"

The boys slunk away, and she picked up the crow. One of its wings was broken, and its body was badly bruised. She wrapped the poor bleeding thing in our lap-robe, and told George to drive home.

"Another pet, grandmother?" I asked.

"Yes, Elizabeth," she returned, "if it lives." She had already eight canaries, some tame snakes, a pair of doves, an old dog, white mice and rats, and a tortoise.

[pg 43

When we got home, she examined the crow's injuries, then sponged his body with water, and decided that his wing was so badly broken that it would have to be amputated. I held his head and feet while she performed the surgical operation, and he squawked most dismally. When it was over, she offered him bread and milk, which he did not seem able to eat until she pushed the food down his throat with her slim little fingers. Then he opened and closed his beak repeatedly, like a person smacking his lips.

"He may recover," she said, with delight; "now, where is he to sleep? Come into the garden, Elizabeth."

Our garden was walled in. There was a large kennel on a grass-plot under my grandmother's bedroom window, and she stopped in front of it.

"This can be fitted up for the crow, Elizabeth."

"But what about Rover?" I said. "Where will he sleep?"

"Down in the cellar, by the furnace," she said. "He is getting to be rheumatic, and I owe him a better shelter than this in his old age. I shall have a window put in at the back, so that the sun can shine in."

[pg 44

For several days the crow sat in the kennel, his wings raised,—the stump of the broken one was left,—making him look like a person shrugging his shoulders, and the blood thickening and healing over his wounds. Three times a day my grandmother dragged him out and pushed some bread and milk down his throat; and three times a day he kicked and struggled and clawed at her hands. But it soon became plain that he was recovering.

One day my grandmother found him trying to feed himself, and she was as much pleased as a child would have been. The next day he stepped out on the grass-plot. There he found a fine porcelain bath, that my grandmother had bought for him. It was full of warm water, and he stepped into it, flapped his wing with pleasure, and threw the water over his body.

"He is coming on!" cried my grandmother; "he will be the joy of my life yet."

"What about Second Cousin George?" I asked.

[pg 47

Second Cousin George—we had to call him that to distinguish him from old George, the coachman—was a relative that lived with us. He was old, cranky, poor, and a little weak-minded, and if it had not been for my grandmother he would have been obliged to go to an almshouse. He hated everything in the world except himself,—pets especially,—and if he had not been closely watched, I think he would have put an end to some of the creatures that my grandmother loved.



"I SAW SECOND COUSIN GEORGE FOLLOWING HIM."

One day after the crow was able to walk about the garden, I saw Second Cousin George following him. I could not help laughing, for they were so much alike. They both were fat and short, and dressed in black. Both put their feet down in an awkward manner, carried their heads on one side, and held themselves back as they walked. They had about an equal amount of sense.

In some respects, though, the crow was a little ahead of Second Cousin George, and in some respects he was not, for on this occasion Second Cousin George was making a kind of death-noose for him, and the crow walked quietly behind the currant-bushes, never suspecting it. I ran for grandmother, and she slipped quickly out into the garden.

[pg 48

"Second Cousin George, what are you doing?" she said, quietly.

He always looked up at the sky when he didn't know what to say, and as she spoke, he eyed very earnestly some white clouds that were floating overhead, and said never a word.

"Were you playing with this cord?" said grandmother, taking it from him. "What a fine loop you have in it!" She threw it dexterously over his head. "Oh, I have caught you!" she said, with a little laugh, and began pulling on the string.

Second Cousin George still stood with his face turned up to the sky, his cheeks growing redder and redder.

"Why, I am choking you!" said grandmother, before she had really hurt him; "do let me unfasten it." Then she took the string off his neck and put it in her pocket. "Crows can feel pain just as men do, Second Cousin George," she said, and walked away.

Second Cousin George never molested the crow again.

[pg 49

After a few weeks the crow became very tame, and took possession of the garden. He dug worms from our choicest flower-beds, nipped off the tops of growing plants, and did them far more damage than Rover the dog. But my grandmother would not have him checked in anything.

"Poor creature!" she said, sympathetically, "he can never fly again; let him get what pleasure he can out of life."

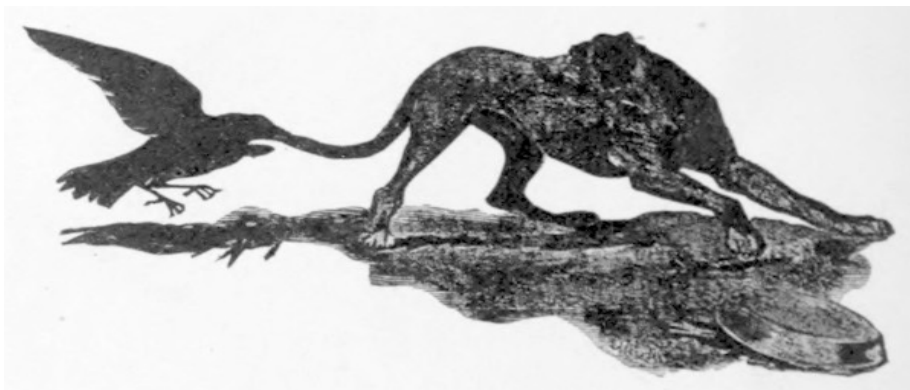
I was often sorry for him when the pigeons passed overhead. He would flap his one long, beautiful wing, and his other poor stump of a thing, and try to raise himself from the ground, crying, longingly, "Caw! Caw!"

Not being able to fly, he would go quite over the garden in a series of long hops,—that is, after he learned to guide himself. At first when he spread his wings to help his jumps, the big wing would swing him around so that his tail would be where he had expected to find his head.

Many a time have I stood laughing at his awkward attempts to get across the garden to grandmother, when she went out with some bits of raw meat for him. She was his favourite, the only one that he would allow to come near him or to stroke his head.

[pg 50

He cawed with pleasure whenever he saw her at any of the windows, and she was the only one that he would answer at all times. I often vainly called to him, "Hallo, Jim Crow,—hallo!" but the instant grandmother said, "Good Jim Crow—good Jim!" he screamed in recognition.



He had many skirmishes with the dog over bones. Rover was old and partly blind, and whenever Jim saw him with a bone he went up softly behind him and nipped his tail. As Rover always turned and snapped at him, Jim would seize the bone and run away with it, and Rover would go nosing blindly about the garden trying to find him. They were very good friends, however, apart from the bones, and Rover often did good service in guarding the crow.

[pg 51



The cats in the neighbourhood of course learned that there was an injured bird in our garden, and I have seen as many as six at a time sitting on the top of the wall looking down at him. The instant Jim saw one he would give a peculiar cry of alarm that he kept for the cats alone. Rover knew this cry, and springing up would rush toward the wall, barking angrily, and frightening the cats away, though he never could have seen them well enough to catch them.

Jim detested not cats alone, but every strange face, every strange noise, and every strange creature,—boys most of all. If one of them came into the garden he would run to his kennel in a great fright. Now this dislike of Jim's for strange noises saved some of my grandmother's property, and also two people who might otherwise have gone completely to the bad.

[pg 52

About midnight, one dark November night, my grandmother and I were sleeping quietly,—she in her big bed, and I in my little one beside her. The room was a very large one, and our beds were opposite a French window, which stood partly open, for my grandmother liked to have plenty of fresh air at night. Under this window was Jim's kennel.

I was having a very pleasant dream, when in the midst of it I heard a loud, "Caw! Caw!" I woke, and found that my grandmother was turning over sleepily in bed.

"That's the crow's cat call," she murmured; "but cats could never get into that kennel."

"Let me get up and see," I said.

"No, child," she replied. Then she reached out her hand, scratched a match, and lighted the big lamp that stood on the table by her bed.

I winked my eyes,—the room was almost as bright as day, and there, half-way through the window, was George, our old coachman. His head was in the room; his feet must have been resting on the kennel, his expression was confused, and he did not seem to know whether to retreat or advance.

[pg 53

"Come in, George," said my grandmother, gravely.

He finished crawling through the window, and stood looking dejectedly down at his stocking

feet.

"What does this mean, George?" said my grandmother, ironically. "Are you having nightmare, and did you think we might wish to go for a drive?"

Old George never liked to be laughed at. He drew himself up. "I'm a burglar, missus," he said, with dignity.

My grandmother's bright, black eyes twinkled under the lace frills of her nightcap. "Oho, are you indeed? Then you belong to a dangerous class,—one to which actions speak louder than words," she said, calmly; and putting one hand under her pillow, she drew out something that I had never known she kept there.

I thought at the time it was a tiny, shining revolver, but it really was a bit of polished water-pipe with a faucet attached; for my grandmother did not approve of the use of firearms.

[pg 54



"I AIN'T FIT TO DIE,' CRIED OLD GEORGE."

"Oh, missus, don't shoot—don't shoot! I ain't fit to die," cried old George, dropping on his knees.

"I quite agree with you," she said, coolly, laying down her pretended revolver, "and I am glad you have some rag of a conscience left. Now tell me who put you up to this. Some woman, I'll warrant you!"

"Yes, missus, it was," he said, shamefacedly, "'twas Polly Jones,—she that you discharged for impudence. She said that she'd get even with you, and if I'd take your watch and chain and diamond ring, and some of your silver, that we'd go to Boston, and she'd—she'd—"

"Well," said grandmother, tranquilly, "she would do what?"

"She said she'd marry me," sheepishly whispered the old man, hanging his head.

"Marry you indeed, old simpleton!" said my grandmother, dryly. "She'd get you to Boston,

fleece you well, and that's the last you'd see of her. Where is Miss Polly?"

"In—in the stable," whimpered the old man.

[pg 57

"H'm," said grandmother, "waiting for the plunder, eh? Well, make haste. My purse is in the upper drawer, my watch you see before you; here is my diamond ring, and my spoons you have in your pocket."

Old George began to cry, and counted every spoon he had in his pocket out on the bureau before him, saying one, two, three, four, and so on, through his tears.

"Stop!" said my grandmother. "Put them back."

The old man looked at her in astonishment. She made him return every spoon to his pocket. Then she ordered him to hang the watch round his neck, put the ring on his finger, and the purse in his pocket.

"Take them out to the stable," she said, sternly; "sit and look at them for the rest of the night. If you want to keep them by eight o'clock in the morning, do so,—if not, bring them to me. And as for Miss Polly, send her home the instant you set foot outside there, and tell her from me that if she doesn't come to see me to-morrow afternoon she may expect to have the town's officers after her as an accomplice in a burglary. Now be off, or that crow will alarm the household. Not by the door, old George, that's the way honest people go out. Oh, George, George, that a carrion crow should be more faithful to me than you!"

[pg 58

My grandmother lay for some time wide-awake, and I could hear the bed shaking with her suppressed laughter. Then she would sigh, and murmur, "Poor, deluded creatures!"

Finally she dropped off to sleep, but I lay awake for the rest of the night, thinking over what had taken place, and wondering whether Polly Jones would obey my grandmother.

I was with her the next day when Polly was announced. Grandmother had been having callers, and was sitting in the drawing-room looking very quaint and pretty in her black velvet dress and tiny lace cap.

Polly, a bouncing country-girl, came in hanging her head. Grandmother sat up very straight on the sofa and asked, "Would you like to go to the penitentiary, Polly Jones?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" gasped Polly.

"Would you like to come and live with me for awhile?" said my grandmother.

Now Polly did not want to do this, but she knew that she must fall in with my grandmother's plans; so she hung her head a little lower and whispered, "Yes, ma'am."

[pg 59

"Very well, then," my grandmother said, "go and get your things."

The next day my grandmother called to her the cook, the housemaid, and the small boy that ran errands.

"You have all worked faithfully," she said, "and I am going to give you a holiday. Here is some money for you, and do not let me see you again for a month. Polly Jones is going to stay with me."

Polly stayed with us, and worked hard for a month.

"You are a wicked girl," said my grandmother to her, "and you want discipline. You have been idle, and idleness is the cause of half the mischief in the world. But I will cure you."

Polly took her lesson very meekly, and when the other maids came home, grandmother took her on a trip to Boston. There she got a policeman to take them about and show them how some of the wicked people of the city lived. Among other places visited was a prison, and when Polly saw young women like herself behind the bars, she broke down and begged grandmother to take her home. And that reformed Polly effectually.

[pg 60

As for old George, after that one miserable night in the stable, and his utter contrition in the morning, he lived only for grandmother, and died looking lovingly in her face.

Jim the crow ruled the house as well as the garden after his exploit in waking grandmother that eventful night.

All this happened some years ago. My dear grandmother is dead now, and I live in her house. Jim missed her terribly when she died, but I tried so earnestly to cultivate his affections, and to make up his loss to him, that I think he is really getting to be fond of me.

THE END.

COSY CORNER SERIES

It is the intention of the publishers that this series shall contain only the very highest and purest literature,—stories that shall not only appeal to the children themselves, but be appreciated by all those who feel with them in their joys and sorrows.

The numerous illustrations in each book are by well-known artists, and each volume has a separate attractive cover design.

Each, 1 vol., 16mo, cloth

\$0.50

By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

The Little Colonel. (Trade Mark.)

The scene of this story is laid in Kentucky. Its heroine is a small girl, who is known as the Little Colonel, on account of her fancied resemblance to an old-school Southern gentleman, whose fine estate and old family are famous in the region. This old Colonel proves to be the grandfather of the child.

The Giant Scissors.

This is the story of Joyce and of her adventures in France,—the wonderful house with the gate of The Giant Scissors, Jules, her little playmate, Sister Denisa, the cruel Brossard, and her dear Aunt Kate. Joyce is a great friend of the Little Colonel, and in later volumes shares with her the delightful experiences of the "House Party" and the "Holidays."

Two Little Knights of Kentucky.

WHO WERE THE LITTLE COLONEL'S NEIGHBORS.

In this volume the Little Colonel returns to us like an old friend, but with added grace and charm. She is not, however, the central figure of the story, that place being taken by the "two little knights."

Cicely and Other Stories for Girls.

The readers of Mrs. Johnston's charming juveniles will be glad to learn of the issue of this volume for young people.

Aunt 'Liza's Hero and Other Stories.

A collection of six bright little stories, which will appeal to all boys and most girls.

Big Brother.

A story of two boys. The devotion and care of Steven, himself a small boy, for his baby brother, is the theme of the simple tale.

Ole Mammy's Torment.

"Ole Mammy's Torment" has been fitly called "a classic of Southern life." It relates the haps and mishaps of a small negro lad, and tells how he was led by love and kindness to a knowledge of the right.

The Story of Dago.

In this story Mrs. Johnston relates the story of Dago, a pet monkey, owned jointly by two brothers. Dago tells his own story, and the account of his haps and mishaps is both interesting and amusing.

The Quilt That Jack Built.

A pleasant little story of a boy's labor of love, and how it changed the course of his life many years after it was accomplished.

Flip's Islands of Providence.

A story of a boy's life battle, his early defeat, and his final triumph, well worth the reading.

By EDITH ROBINSON

[pg 3]

A Little Puritan's First Christmas.

A story of Colonial times in Boston, telling how Christmas was invented by Betty Sewall, a typical child of the Puritans, aided by her brother Sam.

A Little Daughter of Liberty.

The author's motive for this story is well indicated by a quotation from her introduction, as follows:

"One ride is memorable in the early history of the American Revolution, the well-known ride of Paul Revere. Equally deserving of commendation is another ride,—the ride of Anthony Severn,—which was no less historic in its action or memorable in its consequences."

A Loyal Little Maid.

A delightful and interesting story of Revolutionary days, in which the child heroine, Betsey Schuyler, renders important services to George Washington.

A Little Puritan Rebel.

This is an historical tale of a real girl, during the time when the gallant Sir Harry Vane was governor of Massachusetts.

A Little Puritan Pioneer.

The scene of this story is laid in the Puritan settlement at Charlestown. The little girl heroine adds another to the list of favorites so well known to the young people.

A Little Puritan Bound Girl.

A story of Boston in Puritan days, which is of great interest to youthful readers.

A Little Puritan Cavalier.

The story of a "Little Puritan Cavalier" who tried with all his boyish enthusiasm to emulate the spirit and ideals of the dead Crusaders.

By MISS MULOCK

[pg 4]

The Little Lame Prince.

A delightful story of a little boy who has many adventures by means of the magic gifts of his fairy godmother.

Adventures of a Brownie.

The story of a household elf who torments the cook and gardener, but is a constant joy and delight to the children who love and trust him.

His Little Mother.

Miss Mulock's short stories for children are a constant source of delight to them, and "His Little Mother," in this new and attractive dress, will be welcomed by hosts of youthful readers.

Little Sunshine's Holiday.

An attractive story of a summer outing. "Little Sunshine" is another of those beautiful child-characters for which Miss Mulock is so justly famous.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING

Jackanapes.

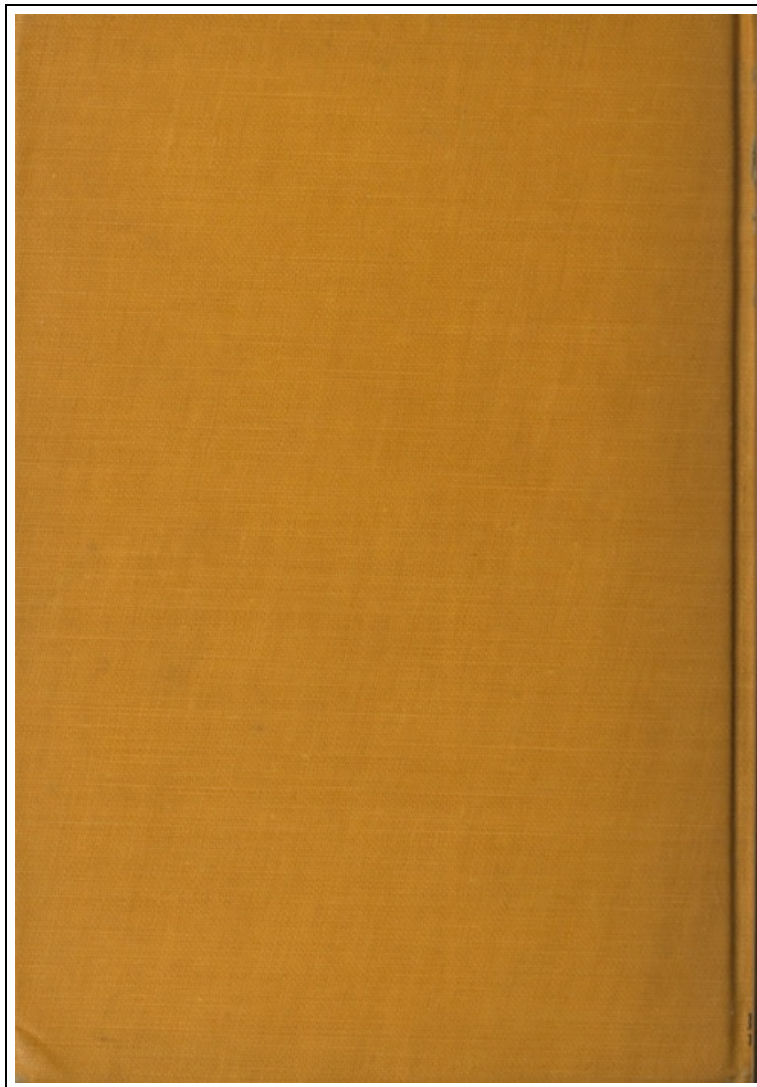
A new edition, with new illustrations, of this exquisite and touching story, dear alike to young and old.

Story of a Short Life.

This beautiful and pathetic story will never grow old. It is a part of the world's literature, and will never die.

A Great Emergency.

How a family of children prepared for a great emergency, and how they acted when the emergency came.



Transcriber Notes:

Throughout the dialogues, there were words used to mimic accents of the speakers. Those words were retained as-is.

The illustrations have been moved so that they do not break up paragraphs and so that they are next to the text they illustrate.

Errors in punctuations and inconsistent hyphenation were not corrected unless otherwise noted.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FOR HIS COUNTRY, AND GRANDMOTHER
AND THE CROW ***

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.