

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Round Table, January 24, 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 Round Table, January 24, 1882

Author: Various

Release date: August 7, 2016 [EBook #52745]

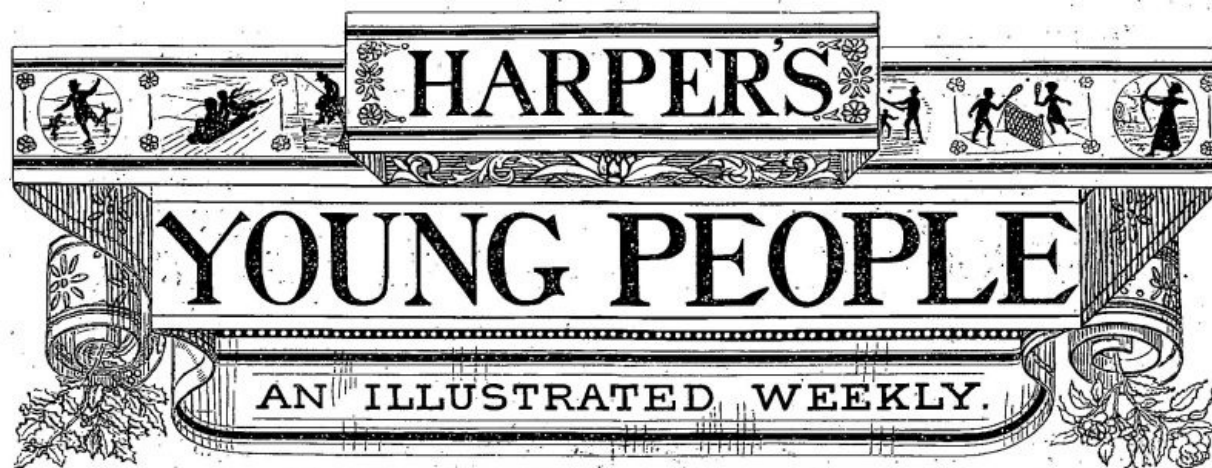
Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie R. McGuire

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JANUARY 24,
1882 ***

[A COUNTRY BOY IN WINTER.](#)
[TODD AND KETCHUM'S "GRATE SHOW."](#)
[THE WAVES AT WORK.](#)
[ON CIGARETTE SMOKING.](#)
[THE TALKING LEAVES.](#)
[MR. THOMPSON AND THE BULL-FROG.](#)
[A SCHOOL RESTAURANT.](#)
[BOY'S HEAD BY GREUZE.](#)
[THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.](#)
[THE LITTLE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.](#)
[DOT'S LETTER.](#)
[THE REHEARSAL.](#)
["A MAN OF STRAW."](#)
[THE BATH-ROOM.](#)
[OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.](#)
[THE SPECTRE SPECS.](#)

[Pg 193]



VOL. III.—No. 117.

Tuesday, January 24,
1882.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW
YORK.

Copyright, 1882, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

\$1.50 per Year, in
Advance.



BOY'S HEAD.—By GREUZE.—[SEE PAGE 202.]

[Pg 194]

A COUNTRY BOY IN WINTER.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

The wind may blow the snow about,
For all I care, says Jack,
And I don't mind how cold it grows,
For then the ice won't crack.
Old folks may shiver all day long,
But I shall never freeze;
What cares a jolly boy like me
For winter days like these?

Far down the long snow-covered hills
It is such fun to coast,
So clear the road! the fastest sled
There is in school I boast.
The paint is pretty well worn off.
But then I take the lead;
A dandy sled's a loiterer,
And I go in for speed.

When I go home at supper-time,
Ki! but my cheeks are red!
They burn and sting like anything;
I'm cross until I'm fed.
You ought to see the biscuit go,
I am so hungry then;
And old Aunt Polly says that boys
Eat twice as much as men.

There's always something I can do

To pass the time away;
The dark comes quick in winter-time—
A short and stormy day.
And when I give my mind to it,
It's just as father says,
I almost do a man's work now,
And help him many ways.

I shall be glad when I grow up
And get all through with school,
I'll show them by-and-by that I
Was not meant for a fool.
I'll take the crops off this old farm,
I'll do the best I can.
A jolly boy like me won't be
A dolt when he's a man.

I like to hear the old horse neigh
Just as I come in sight,
The oxen poke me with their horns
To get their hay at night.
Somehow the creatures seem like friends,
And like to see me come.
Some fellows talk about New York,
But I shall stay at home.

TODD AND KETCHUM'S "GRATE SHOW."

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Any one who is well acquainted with boys knows what a common thing it is for them to get up a circus. So there is nothing extraordinary in that to write about. But some of the things that happened at Todd and Ketchum's "Grate Show" were a little out of the common way.

One of these things was that the Giant fought and fell apart. How he managed to do it will be explained further on.

Rufus Todd was twelve, and Harry Ketchum eleven; but they felt very much grown up, because each was the eldest of several brothers and sisters, and the younger ones were always spoken of as "the children." Rufus's brother San (his name was Alexander, and it seemed too much of a name for so small a boy) always wanted to do the things he did; but Rufe was very apt to frown, and tell him he was too little.

When Todd and Ketchum were getting up their "Grate Show," Mr. Ketchum, Harry's father, said, "You don't spell it right."

"Oh yes, we do, sir," replied Rufe, who thought that Mr. Ketchum didn't know much about shows; "that is the way Artemus Ward spelled his."

Mr. Ketchum laughed, and said, "Oh, well, if you want to spell it just as Artemus does, that is all right."

He kindly helped them with the large handbill which they got ready to nail in front of the tent, and said that he thought it would attract crowds. It was to be hoped not, for the tent was a queer affair, made of sheets and quilts and unsteady poles, and it wouldn't take very much to topple it over. But they had no misgivings.

San Todd was sent around the village, which was a very small one, to ask people to buy tickets for the "Grate Show," as the proprietors thought it would be scarcely dignified to go themselves; and San, who was a very exact, straight-forward little fellow, thought it his duty to describe to the people just what they were going to see.

"We've got a Giant," he would say, "and a Dwarf, and a Bearded Lady, and a Elephant, and Rufe *thinks* he can make a wild Indian, mebbe."

The last part always made them laugh, and quite a number of tickets were disposed of.

One of San's first visits was made to Mrs. Williams, a lady who, with her daughter, was boarding for the summer at Dr. Gurner's. Miss Fanny was quite a grown-up young lady, and San said she was the nicest-looking girl he had ever seen; he particularly wanted her to come to the show.

But she had gone out for a walk; so the little boy saw Mrs. Williams, and asked her if she would let Miss Fanny come.

"Will you take good care of her if I do?" said the lady, smiling at him very pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply; "she shall have a reserved seat, if she pays for it."

It did not occur to San that this was rather a queer way of inviting a young lady to go to an

entertainment.

"And what is the price of a reserved seat?" continued Mrs. Williams.

"Eight cents," replied the young ticket seller. "You can see every thing there; and six cents for the next, where you don't see much; and four cents for the places where you can't see anything."

"I don't believe I can go," said Miss Fanny's mother, "but here is the money for a reserved seat for Fanny. Suppose, though, that she should be rather late—she is going to town to-morrow—wouldn't some one else get her seat?"

"No, *ma'am!*" very emphatically; "Miss Fanny'll have her seat, even if she don't come at all."

Mrs. Williams couldn't see just how this was to be managed; but she thought that to hear San in his capacity of ticket vender was quite worth the money.

The next afternoon was the day of the show, and the weather was bright and pleasant. A great many people came—so many, that they couldn't all get into the tent at once, and those who did get in were politely requested to move about carefully for fear of its coming down.

When the show began it was discovered that the Bearded Lady had a very youthful face, and in spite of the fringe of hair tied under her chin, and her sitting cross-legged upon a high box with a cushion on it, everybody soon recognized Susie Ketchum.

It was mean of people to say that the Dwarf was not small for his age, just because they saw it was Willie Todd dressed up, when he had a little pillow on his back for a hump, and all. And if the Elephant (Mr. Ketchum's hired man on his hands and knees, with a gray blanket thrown over him) *did* drop his trunk, it was only because it wasn't properly fastened on.

The Giant, though, was superb; he towered up to the very ceiling, and looked so fierce and terrible, with his swarthy skin and huge mustache, that, though the spectators *thought* they saw Rufe Todd's blue eyes twinkling in the upper story, they didn't dare to believe it. Besides, how could he have lengthened himself out so?

So they all just stared in amazement. But presently there were some queer movements about the middle of the human structure, and a smothered voice seemed to proceed from its stomach. Then there was an unmistakable "Get out!" a response of "You did that on purpose," and the Giant suddenly broke in two, while the halves took to hitting each other. The tent was dragged down with him; the children screamed, and everybody scrambled. But when they got out from the sheets and quilts, they all began to laugh, even the two pieces of the Giant, Rufe and Harry, who had found it more uncomfortable to be one than they expected.

[Pg 195]

Just at this time Miss Fanny arrived, and as soon as she saw San, she said, "And where is my reserved seat, young man?"

"That is all right," was the smiling reply; "nobody hasn't sat in it."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Rufus, coming forward with a very handsome bow, "the circus is over."

"That is very evident," replied Miss Fanny, laughing with the others; and San considered it quite a compliment that she said it was the funniest circus she ever saw.

Nobody could have been so unfeeling as to remark she hadn't seen it at all.

THE WAVES AT WORK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

Were you ever down by the beach when the wind was blowing in from the open sea? Did you see the white-caps? Did you see the surf as one great green wave after the other came marching in, and fell over with a magnificent roar on the beach, while the salt spray filled all the air with briny fragrance? If you have seen these splendid sights, you remember how the waves seemed to march along in a great procession before the strong wind. Strange sights are these, yet the way in which the wind starts the waves and keeps them moving is stranger still.

If you go to Sandy Hook, or to Rockaway, or Coney Island by boat, you will see some of these things. The wind blows upon the water, and as it moves very easily, a part of the water is pushed up into little heaps by the wind. If the wind is light, these tiny heaps are small, and soon fall down again. When the wind ruffles the water in this way, we call it a ripple. When the wind blows stronger, it pushes up more water, and we call these heaps and ridges waves. As the wind keeps on blowing in the same direction, the heaps rise and fall quickly, and the waves appear to move along over the surface of the water in a great procession. It is really only an appearance. The water does not move along, but only up and down, as the motion started by the wind passes over the surface. However, for our purposes, it is enough to describe things just as they look.

Under the waves the water is calm and still. The huge billows that roll over the sea in storms are seldom much more than fifteen feet high, and they pass over the surface without disturbing the water beyond the depth of a few feet. Every wave has a top, a middle part, and a bottom, or lower part. When a wave coming in from the sea approaches the shore, the bottom of the wave strikes the land first. The sand catches and holds it back and makes it go slower. The top of the wave,

not feeling this friction against the ground, rushes forward, leaving the lower part behind. As the wave comes nearer to the beach, the bottom part is held back more and more, and the whole wave tips over. It pitches forward as if tripped up, and the top rushes onward swiftly, while the lower part lags behind. The crest, or upper edge, rises higher, for there is no room for it all to pass, and it lifts up as if trying to stand upright. The air gets caught under the crest of the wave in front, and in a moment the wave, unable to rise any higher, falls flat on its face upon the sand. The air caught under it bursts out with a roaring sound, and escapes through the water in a million white bubbles that make the water look like milky foam.

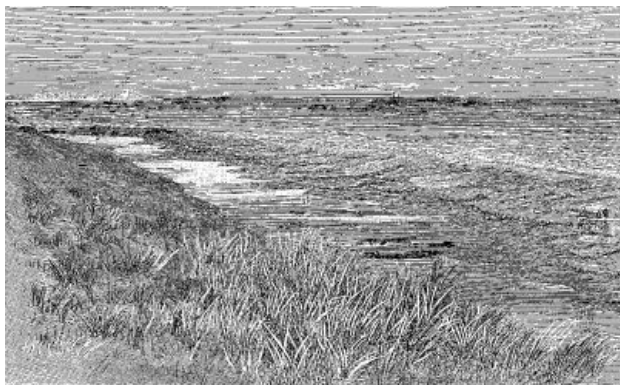
The white-caps you see upon the open water are made in the same way. The wind seems to be impatient that the waves move so slowly, and it knocks their caps off, and the poor waves seem to get very mad about it, and to grow quite white in the face. The top of the wave tries to rush ahead of the lower part, and tumbles over in the foaming water-fall the sailors call a white-cap.

When a wave reaches the shore, something very curious happens. The bottom of the wave strikes the ground first. The wave drags over the sand as it passes on toward the beach, and draws some of the loose sand after it. First, the smaller and lighter grains are rolled along or lifted up and carried a short distance by the wave. As the water grows more shallow, the wave scrapes and drags over the sand, and the larger grains and even small pebbles are rolled along after the lighter sand. But the wave must go slower here, and thus it lets go its hold and drops its load. When it has passed, the sand, that may have been level before, is raised into a low ridge or windrow. The smaller and lighter grains, being carried farthest, are dropped in one place, and the heavier grains and small pebbles are dropped in another place.

The next wave may stir up and drag along more sand, and lay it down, all sorted out, on the ridge. Other waves may follow, and do the same thing, and so the heap begins to grow: the baby sand-bar has been born. It may have been a mere trifle that started it just there—a crab or the bones of a dead fish, some gravel dropped from a piece of melting ice, a stray bit of sea-weed. No matter what it was, or how trifling the obstruction, the loose sand rolled along by the wave caught just there, and was left behind; the next wave left a little more, and each in turn added to the heap.

Waves are very irregular in size, and perhaps some big fellow may lift up more sand than he can carry, and may drop it all in one place. Then for some time the weather may be pleasant, and the tiny ridge, perhaps not a quarter of an inch high, and twenty feet wide, may rest awhile. Then a storm comes, with large waves, and when they meet this slight obstruction they go over it more slowly, and drop part of their loads upon it. So it may grow very fast in a single day. In front, toward the sea, the sand will be scooped out in long trenches, and behind it will be a stretch of deeper and smoother water. After that every wave that comes in stumbles and appears to trip just there, and there are white-caps over that spot even in pleasant weather. When the smooth swelling rollers are coming in from the sea, they appear to be angry every time they strike their feet on the hidden bar, and they tumble over with a roar, and show a white feather of foam in their caps.

The sand-bar, once started, never stops growing or changing. It grows wider and higher, or it changes its shape, twisting about in the strangest manner. Smaller bars spring up upon it, or disappear only to grow up in another place. At last, some spring day, when the tides run low, the bar appears above the water. Strange things have happened to it. The fish have made it their home, lively crabs scamper about on the wet sand, and thousands of clams find a snug resting-place there.



FINGERS OF THE SEA.

One day last summer I found one of these young sand-bars cast up by a storm at the eastern point of Coney Island, near the inlet at the end of the Marine Railway. It was so strange that I took a shot at it with my camera, and here it is. It is a very small affair, and you may not be able to find it next summer, for I dare say the next storm tore it all to pieces, or carried it away and put it somewhere else.

You see the long, low heap of sand thrown up by the waves. Beyond is the sea looking toward Rockaway. Behind the bar is a long pool of still water, and you can see how the waves, in pushing the sand forward, drove it into the pool in long fingers, or capes. See the

sea-weed and rubbish thrown up by the surf. It is all sorted out, the larger pieces at the top, and the smaller bits trailing along toward the pool. All the light sand is arranged by itself next the pool of still water. This bar was thrown up on top of the beach by a storm, yet it serves to show how the sand-bars made under water look. Even on shore you can hear the bars roaring and moaning all day and night, as the great work of the sea goes on, never stopping, never hurrying, for centuries after centuries.

[Pg 196]

BY AN OLD SMOKER

I am an old smoker, that is past all doubt; but I was a young smoker as well. I can remember my first smoke as if it was but yesterday. It was a fine day in June, and I was about twelve years old. Three of us, all at about the same advanced period of life, felt a noble ambition to show ourselves men as soon as possible, and we concluded that, while it might do for girls to spend their money on candies and pies, every boy who had any self-respect would prefer the manly pleasure of a smoke.

We raised about a quarter among us, and bought three clay pipes and some tobacco. We began to show our manliness at recess. We got behind the school-house, into the nook of an old snake fence, and lit our pipes.

The results were terrible. I do not mean the mere flogging we all got for not being back in school after recess, for in those good old days a flogging more or less was a thing of no importance. I mean the agony of head and stomach we endured during this first attempt at manly enjoyments. I remember how we saw each other getting paler and paler, how our caps distressed us, how our neckties seemed to choke us, and how a cold perspiration broke out, how we hung limp and feeble over the fence, and how we finally lay upon the grass thinking that our last moments were approaching.

We did not any of us die, however, and in my case at least much good was accomplished. My ambitious views were checked, and I never could bear the smell of tobacco for full ten years.

There is plenty of evidence to show that the use of tobacco by boys at the time when they ought to be growing absolutely stunts their growth. It undoubtedly hurts their digestion. Dr. Hammond says that tobacco impairs both sight and hearing, and that he has seen several instances of boys having their eyes seriously, if not incurably, injured by smoking.

It should always be borne in mind that many things which a full-grown man can do without hurting himself may be very harmful to the growing boy, who requires all his powers to promote his physical development. I therefore do not say, "Take a vow never to touch tobacco," but I do say, "Never touch it until you are old enough to know whether you can use it without injury to yourself."

Whenever you hear anybody speaking in praise of tobacco, you must remember he is speaking of tobacco and not of cheap cigars. "Young man," said an old smoker, "that cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and proprionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, pyroline, virodine, and cabbagine, and burdockic acid."

The old gentleman was laying it on too heavy, perhaps, for even a bad cigar. He was not exaggerating, however, if he was speaking of the modern cigarette. The cigarettes now sold in every cigar store and in every street consist chiefly of bad paper, bad tobacco, and dirt. Many of them contain worse ingredients, such as opium. The effect they produce when used immoderately is much worse than any results of tobacco smoking.

In the famous Polytechnic School of France, the difference between the pupils who smoked cigarettes and those who did not was so marked that the use of tobacco was prohibited in all government schools. At the Naval School at Annapolis, Commodore Parker was so struck with the evil that he consulted Dr. Hammond in regard to it. The doctor's reply was that he had no doubt that the smoking of cigarettes was injurious to the cadets, for he had constant evidence of the fact in his private practice.

The paper in which the cheap tobacco is rolled for cigarettes is of poor quality, producing empyreumatic oil, which contains creosote in large quantities. The odor they give out is ranker, fouler, and more acrid than that from a clay pipe. From a cigar to a cigarette the descent is from the sublime to the ridiculous.

We are not talking, however, about smoking in general, but about this modern fashion of cigarette smoking by boys. It is far worse than pipes or cigars. One old smoker who dropped into poetry occasionally wrote,

"Smoke not, ingenuous youth, or if you do,
I recommend clay pipes and 'honey-dew.'"

I would prefer to say, "Smoke not at all, my ingenuous boy; but whatever you do, smoke no cigarettes." The nicotine will hurt your nervous system, and by weakening the action of the heart will diminish the force of the circulation of the blood. Your hands will begin to tremble, your memory to be affected. You will not be able to enjoy or take part in a good honest out-of-doors game. You will lose your appetite, as well as weaken your brain.

Apart from the inferior quality of the tobacco from which cigarettes are made, the method of smoking them is the most injurious possible. The smoke, whether inhaled or blown out through the nostrils, produces dryness in the fine membrane which lines the mouth, the speaking apparatus at the head of the windpipe becomes enfeebled, and the voice loses the sweetness and liquidity of its tones. "Every boy," writes Dr. Sayre, "who desires to become an orator should never smoke a cigarette."

And now last but not least, cigarette smoking makes you look ridiculous, as it shows at once that you are a novice, and do not know good tobacco from bad.

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XVI.



efore long, Murray came back with the results of his hunting expedition.

"A fine fat doe," said Steve, when his friend threw down his game in front of the fire.

"Now for a cooking time," replied Murray, "and then we must have a good nap."

"I'll do a little eating, too, while I'm cooking."

Neither of them neglected that duty, but Murray took the two plump hind-quarters of the doe and roasted them whole.

How?—with no stove, no oven, no kitchen tools of any sort or description?

Two forked sticks were set firmly in the ground on either side, in front of the fire, and a strong stick laid across from fork to fork at about four feet from the ground. Then a leg of venison, hung to this cross-piece by a thong of raw deer-skin, was turned round and round until the thong would twist no tighter. When it was let go, the weight of the meat kept it from untwisting too fast.

This was precisely what our great-grandmothers used to call a "roasting-jack," and all it required was that somebody should wind it up when it ran down, so that the meat would be evenly done all over.

Meantime the broiling and eating of smaller pieces went right on. Their long ride and hard work had given Steve and Murray both good appetites.

"Now, Steve, lie down. Sleep all you can."

"Sha'n't you take a rest?"

"Don't need much. Young eyes call for more sleep than old ones. Never mind me. I'll call you when the time comes."

Steve was used to obeying Murray, and was glad enough to do so now. He was quickly asleep under a spreading tree, while Murray sat down before the fire, as if to "mind the roast."

There was something more important than venison for him to think of, however. He had taken off his hat, and his white head was bare. With the strong light of the camp fire shining upon his weather-beaten face, he would have made a good subject for a painter.

He was thinking deeply, so deeply that at last he thought aloud:

"I am a white man. I've been an Indian long enough. Yes, I think I'll try it. That would be better than killing all the Apaches between this and the California line."

He did not explain what it was he meant to try, but the stern expression on his face grew milder and milder, until it almost seemed as if he were smiling. Even Steve Harrison had never seen him do that.

The venison roasts were wound up, twisted tight again and again, and at last they were taken off.

"They'll do. I'll give 'em an hour to cool, and then we must be off."

The hour went by, and then Steve felt himself rudely shaken by the shoulder.

"You can't have it," grumbled Steve. "That gold's ours. I killed it myself, and we're roasting it now."

"Dreaming, are you? Wake up, Steve. It's time we were moving. We've a long night ride before us."

"How late is it?"

"No watch; can't say exactly. But I reckon we can reach the valley by sunrise, and not overwork our horses. They're both in good condition."

The two wiry, swift-footed mustangs, in spite of all they had been through, were ready now for another long pull, but they were likely to stand it better in the cool night hours than under the hot sun. In a few minutes more the two friends were in the saddle.

They had not ridden far before Murray suddenly exclaimed,

"I'm going to do a queer thing, Steve Harrison."

"You won't go back to the Lipans?"

"Queerer than that. I'm going to ride straight in among that band of Apaches."

"What for?"

"I can't exactly say as yet. Will you go with me?"

"Anywhere."

It turned out that Murray was nearly right in his calculation of the time they would reach the valley. It was just as the light of the rising sun grew strong and bright that he and Steve stood on the slope at the lower edge of the forest, and looking through the spy-glass saw the white tilts of the two wagons of the miners.

"They've roused up early," said Murray.

"Looks as if they were setting out on a hunt or a scout."

"So it does. There they go. Steve, we must ride after those fellows."

"What for?"

"To stop 'em. They'll only run their heads against the Apaches, and leave their camp to be plundered by the Lipans."

"They're in a trap, Murray."

"Come on, Steve!"

But the distance was not less than a couple of miles, and the miners had prepared beforehand for that "early start." It was all against the will of Captain Skinner, and the bad temper he was in only made him start more promptly and ride faster.

"Tell ye what, boys," he said to the rest, as they galloped on behind him, "I'll give ye all the scouting you want this morning."

At that moment Murray was saying, "We must catch those fellows and send them back. What are they going so fast for? Why, it'll be a regular race."

It was very much like one after a little. Steve and Murray rode rapidly, but it takes a great deal of swift running to catch up with men who have more than two miles the start.

"We'll catch 'em, Murray."

"If we don't, it'll be a bad race for them. I kind o' feel as if the lives of those men were the prize we're riding for."

Mile after mile went by, and the excitement of it grew to be something terrible.

"The Apaches can't be far ahead of 'em now, Murray."

"Hark! Hear that?"

"A rifle-shot! A whoop!"

"They are pulling up."

"They'd better. I'm afraid we're too late, Murray."

"On—on, Steve! Maybe there's time yet."

Captain Skinner had already seen and heard enough to make him halt, and he was gathering his men rapidly into close order, when a long, ringing shout behind him drew his anxious eyes from the dangerous-looking "signs" now gathering in his front.

Signs?

Yes, danger signs. Wild, dark, painted horsemen, riding hither and thither and nearer and nearer, growing more and more numerous every moment.

These were the signs that Many Bears and his warriors meant to stand between any approaching enemy and the camp of their squaws and children.

The shout was from Murray.

"Don't shoot!"

In a few seconds more the old man was reining in his panting mustang among the startled and gloomy-faced miners.

"Where did you drop from?" was the cool, steady question of Skinner.

"Never you mind. Is Bill here?"

"He and his two mates are on guard at the camp. I know ye now. You're them two mining fellers. You met Bill and—"

"Yes, I met Bill, but there's no time for talk now. You take your men straight back to camp. It's the only show you've got left."

"Reckon we can beat off a few beggarly Apaches."

"Don't talk. Ride for your camp. If you get there before the Lipans do, take your wagons into the pass, and stay there till they get by. Don't strike a blow at them. They'd be too much for ye."

"Lipans? Going for our camp? Boys, 'bout face! Ride for your lives!"

For so small a man he had a great deal of voice, and his command was instantly obeyed, but he paused long enough to ask of Steve and Murray,

"What about you two?"

"Us? We'll stay and keep the Apaches from chasing you."

"Won't they scalp you?"

"Not a bit. But there's one thing you may do. If by any chance you have a talk with the Lipans, you tell them where you saw us last. Tell the chief from me that No Tongue and Yellow Head are all right, only their horses are tired following your trail and the Apaches."

"Hope I won't meet him. You're the queerest pair I ever saw; but I wish the boys had let me follow out the word you sent in by Bill."

"Too late now. Ride out of this the best gait your horse knows."

This was good advice, and Captain Skinner took it.

Meanwhile the old man sat quietly in his saddle, with Steve Harrison at his side, as if they two were quite enough to stem the torrent of fierce whooping Apaches, sweeping down upon them across the plain.

"Our lives are worth about as much as our title to that mine," said Steve; and it was no shame to him that he felt his young heart beat pretty rapidly.

"Sling your rifle behind you on the saddle. Fold your arms. Sit still. I'll do the talking."

The storm of dark horsemen was headed by Many Bears in person, and it was barely two minutes more before he was reining in his pony in front of the two "pale-face Lipans."

"How!" said Murray, quite heartily, holding out his right hand, with the open palm up, while he put his left upon his breast.

"How!" replied the chief, with a little hesitation, but a dozen voices around him were shouting,

"Send Warning!"

"Knotted Cord!"

"Pale-face friends of Apaches!"

It was plain that the description given of them by Red Wolf and the girls had been quite accurate enough for their instant recognition.

"Other pale-faces run away. Why you stay?"

"Don't know them. Strangers. Run away from Apache chief. Chief must not follow."

"Why not follow?"

"Run against Lipans. Have big fight. Lose many warriors. All for nothing. Better go back."

"Send Warning is a good friend. Do what he say. You come?"

"Yes. We come. Trust friend."

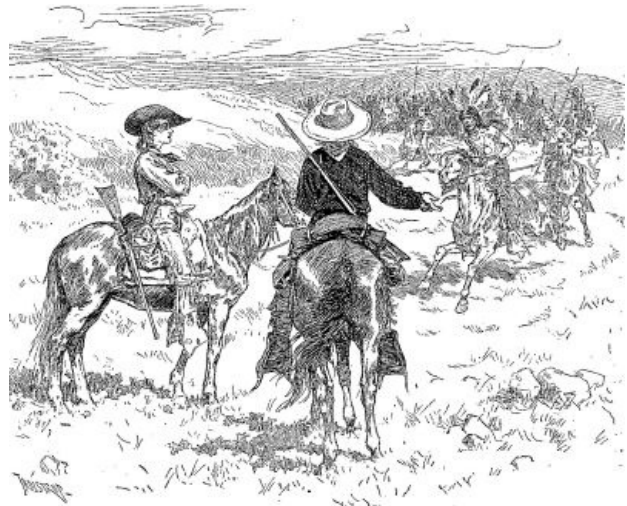
Steve listened in silent wonder. He had never heard Murray speak a word about the Apaches that was not full of distrust of their good faith as well as hate of their ferocity. Yet here he was treating them with absolute confidence. Steve felt quite sure he would have hesitated, for his own part, to meet a band of Lipans in that way.

He did not understand Indian character as well as Murray, in spite of his three years among them. A man who came to them conferring benefits, and betraying no doubt of their good faith, was as safe among them as if he had been one of their own people.

It also occurred to Steve that this was hardly what Murray had been sent out for by To-la-go-to-de, but his devotion to the interests of that chief was not strong enough to make him care much.

Whatever might be Murray's intentions, Steve had firmly decided that as far as he himself was concerned there would be no going back to give any report of the "scouting."

The Apaches wheeled toward the west, and Send Warning and Knotted Cord rode on at the side of Many Bears.



"THE STORM OF DARK HORSEMEN WAS HEADED BY MANY BEARS IN PERSON."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. THOMPSON AND THE BULL-FROG.

[Pg 199]

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

Mr. Thompson was lying in the shade on the bank of a small pond. He had come out to read, he said, but no sooner had he thrown himself on the soft turf than an irresistible desire to sleep came upon him; so, pillowing his head on his book, he closed his eyes.

"Cut-a-ka-chunk, cut-a-ka-chunk," croaked a big green frog down in the pond.

"I wish you'd keep still," growled Mr. Thompson.

"He's-goin'-to-sleep, he's-goin'-to-sleep," answered the frog, in a deep bass voice.

"Just-hear-him-snore, just-hear-him-snore," piped a little green fellow, sitting on a lily pad.

Mr. Thompson was getting angry. "I'm not asleep," he shouted.

"Don't-you-get-mad, don't-you-get-mad," urged the old frog.

This was too much. Mr. Thompson sat up and looked around. Directly in front of him, in the edge of the pond, sat a great bull-frog, dressed in a green coat, a canary-colored vest, and dark brown knee-breeches. He winked at Mr. Thompson sociably, and remarked, "How-do-you-do? how-do-you-do? how-do-you-do?"

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Thompson; "but I'm very sleepy."

"Come-take-a-swim," advised the frog, laconically.

"I would," said Mr. Thompson, hesitating, "only I'm afraid I'd get wet, and spoil my clothes."

"Never-hurts-mine, never-hurts-mine," answered the frog, jumping into the pond and taking a few strokes.

"But you see my clothes are not like yours," explained Mr. Thompson.

"Look-just-the-same, look-just-the-same," answered the frog.

Mr. Thompson looked down at his vest; the white had changed to lemon-color; his sober black pantaloons were metamorphosed into natty snuff-colored knee-breeches; and worst of all, his alpaca duster had become a tight green cut-away coat.

"If Angelina should see me in this rig, what would she say?" murmured Mr. Thompson, in despairing tones.

"Better-come-in, better-come-in," croaked the frog, with something like a smile on his broad mouth.

"I guess I will," thought Mr. Thompson, and plunging head first he dived into the pond. He soon came up with his mouth full of mud. That, of course, annoyed him, but he was more interested in how the mud got into his mouth, for, diving as he did, he should have struck the top of his head. He put his hand up to feel. Horror! instead of touching the top of his head, he thrust his hand into his mouth. He felt again; *his mouth was on the top of his head*. He climbed up on a lily pad, and looked at his reflection in the water. He could hardly believe his eyes; there was no Mr. Thompson; only a great green and yellow frog. The other frog was sitting not far off, watching him with an air of amusement.

"There are some boys on the bridge, and they are going to throw stones at us," whispered the old frog. Mr. Thompson forgot his sudden change of appearance, and assuming his most pompous manner, he shouted, "You-mustn't-do-that, you-mustn't-do-that."

"You old fool," bellowed the old frog, as he plunged into the water.

Mr. Thompson thought discretion to be the better part of valor, and followed.

"He's gone under," remarked one of the boys, regretfully. "Wouldn't he have made a splendid fry?"

Mr. Thompson rose with his nose under a lily pad and shuddered. His friend came up beside him. "What did you want to speak for when those boys were there? You only let them know where we were," he said, rather crossly. "That is the reason we wear green coats, so that we can sit among the lily pads and not be seen."

Mr. Thompson replied that he had forgot himself, and spoke without thinking. "So that's the reason for wearing green coats?" he added.

"Yes," replied the old frog. "Now you see my son here wears brown long clothes," he added, pointing to a pollywog that wiggled up to him. "That is because he stays on the bottom, and if he sees a boy, he keeps still, and his enemies think that he is a lump of mud or a stone."

"Ah," said Mr. Thompson, "and green coats have been in fashion for a long time?"

"Ever since the days of Homer. Don't you remember in Homer's poem, 'The Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' he says, 'Green was the suit his arming heroes chose?'"

"Oh yes," answered Mr. Thompson.

"My great-grandfather was in that battle, and my uncle was the original frog who would a-wooning go," continued the old frog; "but you know he got eaten up. He was a French frog, I think; at least I never saw an American frog with an opera hat."

How much more the old frog would have said Mr. Thompson never knew, for there on the bank he saw his beloved Angelina, sitting beside his deserted book, weeping as if her heart would break.

"I am here, dear one," he shouted. At the same moment he felt a sensation of dampness, and found himself lying half in the pond. He rose and accompanied Miss Angelina home; then, after putting on dry clothes, he related his adventures to a company of his friends. All were interested except one skeptical young man.

"But if my story is not true, how did I come in the pond?" argued Mr. Thompson.

"You got asleep, and rolled in; then when you felt wet, you dreamed that you were a frog," said the skeptical young man.

"That's not at all likely," sniffed Mr. Thompson, indignantly.

"Likely or not, it's undoubtedly true."

"Listen," said Mr. Thompson. Then far down in the marsh was heard the faint sound of the frog's chorus:

"Thompson-got-wet, Thompson-got-wet—
Ha, ha, ha, ha;
Guess-he-is-yet, guess-he-is-yet—
Ha, ha.
Had-to-go-home, had-to-go-home—
Ha, ha, ha, ha;
He'd-better-not-come, he'd-better-not-come—
Ha, ha."

"What do you say to that?" cried Mr. Thompson, shaking his head triumphantly, as he walked off to bed.

A SCHOOL RESTAURANT.

For most young people, going to school is the great business of life. Whatever ups and downs may occur in the family, they keep steadily on, learning lessons, reciting them, getting merits and demerits, and growing through it all as fast as they can toward the time when they shall be men and women.

The ancients—who are so called because when they lived this old world was young—had a wise saying about a sound mind in a sound body, which fathers and mothers in these days seem to have quite forgotten, if they ever heard it. Else how does it happen that Alice and Fanny, who never have the least appetite in the morning, are permitted to go to school, after a very slender breakfast, with a few cents in their pockets to buy lunch; and that Walter and Howard, with their heads full of other declensions, decline to take even so much as a sandwich, on the plea that they have no time to eat at noon?



DISPOSING OF THE CANDY.

Growing boys and girls need to eat if they are to be rosy, plump, and strong. Yet we can not blame children for disliking the usual school luncheon, which is seldom dainty-looking or inviting to the taste; sandwiches roughly and thickly cut, the bread clumsily buttered, and the meat in chunks instead of slices, cake crumbling and soggy, pickles, and pie that has been wedged into a dinner box for hours, are none of them the proper food for exhausted brains.

Of course, where it is possible, a run home between the morning and afternoon sessions of school, and a nice luncheon at the prettily set home table, with mamma smiling at the head, are the very best things to keep children well. Many reasons combine to make this arrangement very inconvenient, however, for most schools. The necessary prompt re-assembling after the noon recess would be out of the question where pupils live, as they frequently do, several miles distant from the school building.

[Pg 200]

How would you like the idea of a school restaurant of your own, little folks? On the bill of fare we would have every day nice hot soup, good home-made bread, both white and brown, baked potatoes, apple sauce, rice pudding, crisp celery, cold ham, and ripe fruit, served at the order of the pupil-diner, at a daily cost of a few cents. We think there are clever women who could manage such an enterprise so that it would pay them very fair profits, and we are sure that if mammas and papas were consulted, they would consider it an economy to have their children well fed every day. It would save an immense amount in doctors' bills to some households.

That wonderful machine, the human body, is not unlike a stove, in which the fire will not keep on burning cheerily unless it is replenished from time to time with fuel. Now the very worst fuel in the world for the human stove is composed of pickles on the one hand, and creams and confections on the other. If the brain is to perform its high offices as it ought, the stomach must receive due attention.

After a comfortable luncheon at the school restaurant, we should advise the boys and girls to petition for a half-hour of merry play out-of-

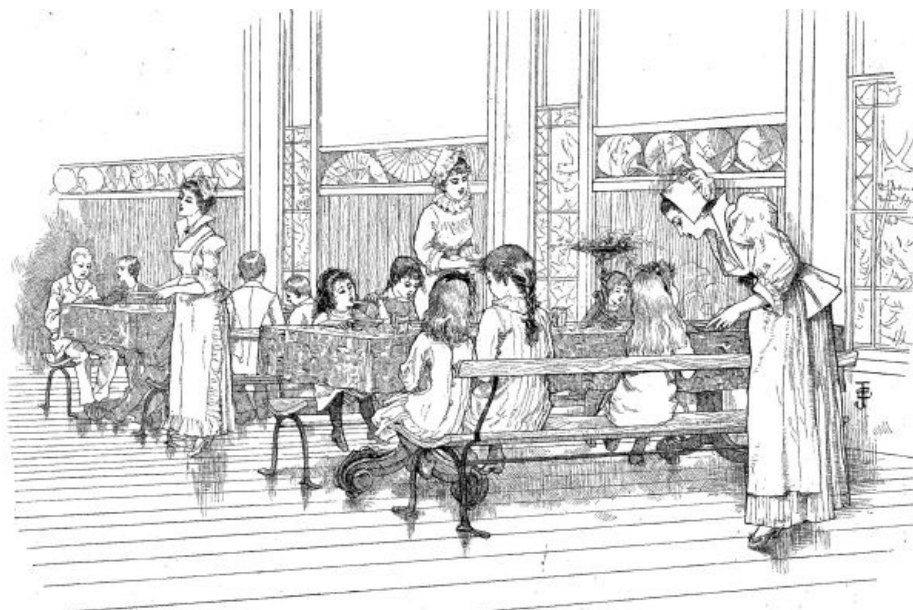
doors in pleasant weather. Snow-balling, coasting, and skating would not be amiss, for after the rapid exercise the mind would return to study not jaded and tired, but fresh and vigorous. In stormy weather a dance or a half-hour of calisthenics would set the blood to merry motion in the veins, and we would not see children coming home from school at four irritable and cross, or so often hear the family doctor say, "You must take that child from school."

We would just remind fathers and mothers that at present the only children who are sure of a good dinner at noon are the little waifs who go to the industrial schools, and for whom charity provides at least one hearty meal a day.



[Pg 201]

LUNCH-HOUR IN AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.



MID-DAY DINNER IN THE SCHOOL RESTAURANT.—DRAWN BY MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD.

BOY'S HEAD BY GREUZE.

[Pg 202]

[See front-page illustration.]

This charming head is from a beautiful oil-painting by the great French painter Greuze, who a century ago was famous for depicting little folks with his brush and pencil.

Jean Baptiste Greuze was born in 1725 at Tournus, a little manufacturing town in the Department of Saône-et-Loire, in the south of France. From his early boyhood he developed the inclination and taste for art which later made him one of the first of French painters. His first studies were made in Lyons, a great manufacturing centre, not very far from his native town. From Lyons he went to Paris, and was so successful that he was enabled to fulfill his ambition of visiting Rome, where he pursued his studies for a considerable period.

Greuze had the deepest love and affection for children, and was never so happy as when painting them. For this reason we find that his pictures are not stiff little photographs of sedate and unnaturally wise young people, but that they have the frank unconsciousness and joyous serenity of youth. They are real children, and truth is as essential to greatness in the world of art as it is to greatness in the human character.

In his mode of life Greuze was eccentric and unhappy. He had the great fault of thriftlessness, and carelessness of his personal affairs, and when he died in 1805, in his eightieth year, he was reduced to a condition of miserable poverty. It is sad to contemplate so wretched an end to the life of one whose artistic creations will be admired and respected as long as art endures.

THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

In the little Italian village of Possagno there lived a jolly stone-cutter named Pisano. He was poor, of course, or he would not have been a stone-cutter, but he was full of good-humor, and everybody liked him.

There was one little boy especially who loved old Pisano, and whom old Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him, because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man, who treated the little Antonio roughly.

Antonio was a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have him near him during his working hours.

While Pisano worked at stone-cutting, little Canova played at it, and at other things, such as modelling in clay, drawing, etc. The old grandfather, plain, uneducated man as he was, soon discovered that the pale-faced little fellow at his side had something more than an ordinary child's dexterity at such things.

The boy knew nothing of art or of its laws, but he fashioned his lumps of clay into forms of real beauty. His wise grandfather, seeing what this indicated, hired a teacher to give him some simple lessons in drawing, so that he might improve himself if he really had the artistic ability which the old man suspected. Pisano was much too poor, as he knew, ever to give the boy an art-education and make an artist of him, but he thought that Antonio might at least learn to be a better stone-cutter than common.

As the boy grew older, he began to help in the shop during the day, while in the evening his grandmother told him stories or sang or recited poetry to him. All these things were educating him, though without his knowing it, for they were awakening his taste and stimulating his imagination, which found expression in the clay models that he loved to make in his leisure hours.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, the head of a noble Venetian family, and a man of rare understanding in art, had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain seasons the nobleman entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks, and the boy Canova, when he was twelve years old, sometimes did scullion's work there also for a day when some great feast was given.

On one of these occasions, when the Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner, young Canova was at work over the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head servant made his appearance, just before the dinner hour, in great distress.

The man who had been engaged to furnish the great central ornament for the table had, at the last moment, sent word that he had spoiled the piece. It was now too late to secure another, and there was nothing to take its place. The great vacant space in the centre of the table spoiled the effect of all that had been done to make the feast artistic in appearance, and it was certain that Signor Faliero would be sorely displeased.

But what was to be done? The poor fellow whose business it was to arrange the table was at his wits' end.

While every one stood dismayed and wondering, the begrimed scullion boy timidly approached the distressed head servant, and said,

"If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do."

"You!" exclaimed the servant; "and who are you?"

"I am Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson," answered the pale-faced little fellow.

"And what can you do, pray?" asked the man, in astonishment at the conceit of the lad.

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you'll let me try."

The servant had little faith in the boy's ability, but not knowing what else to do, he at last consented that Canova should try.

Calling for a large quantity of butter, little Antonio quickly modelled a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen pronounced beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head servant placed carefully upon the table.

The company that day consisted of the most cultivated men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen, artists, and lovers of art—and among them were many who, like Faliero himself, were skilled critics of art-work.

When these people were ushered in to dinner their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot for what purpose they had entered the dining-room. They saw there something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be, namely, a work of genius.

They scanned the butter lion critically, and then broke forth in a torrent of praises, insisting that Faliero should tell them at once what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a

work in butter that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero was as ignorant as they, and he had, in his turn, to make inquiry of the chief servant.

When the company learned that the lion was the work of a scullion, Faliero summoned the boy, and the banquet became a sort of celebration in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise a lad so gifted. These were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to a village, and it was their pleasure to bring it to perfection by educating the boy in art. Signor Faliero himself claimed the right to provide for young Antonio, and at once declared his purpose to defray the lad's expenses, and to place him under the tuition of the best masters.

The boy whose highest ambition had been to become a village stone-cutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having everything that money could buy at his command, and daily receiving instruction from the best sculptors of Venice.

[Pg 203]

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his fortunes. He remained simple, earnest, and unaffected. He worked as hard to acquire knowledge and skill in art as he had worked to become a dexterous stone-cutter.

Antonio Canova's career from the day on which he moulded the butter into a lion was steadily upward; and when he died, in 1822, he was not only one of the most celebrated sculptors of his time, but one of the greatest, indeed, of all time.

THE LITTLE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER—(*Continued.*)

ADAPTED FROM CHARLES DICKENS.

BY MRS. ZADEL B. GUSTAFSON.

"How's my Jenny?" the man stammered, looking down at the tiny creature in her chair. Jenny never looked so little as when she was alone with her father. "How's my Jenny Wren, best of children?"

"Go away," said the little voice, sharp and harsh with pain and shame. "Go away to your corner." She held her hands up between them.

This father, who did nothing for his child, except to make her feel ashamed and grieved, shook from head to foot as he stood before her. His cheeks were blotched with patches of dull yellow and patches of dark red. His clothes were so torn and worn they hardly held together on him, and when he tried to put up his hand to his scanty gray hair, he made all sorts of motions with it before he could get it to his head.

How do you think it would seem to you, my happy children of good and loving parents, to look on such a man as this, miserable and shameful from head to foot, and brought to such ruin by himself, and then have to say to yourself, "It is my father"?

The children on the street laughed and hooted at him as he came staggering home to his little lame daughter. But, oh! it wasn't funny to little Jenny Wren.

She pointed to the chair that stood against the wall, farthest away from her own, and he went past it two or three times before he could reach it and sit down.

"Oh, you bad child!" cried Jenny, in a broken voice. "Come, come, you know what I'm waiting for. If there's any money left, let me take care of it. Put it here," striking the arm of her chair; "all you have left; every cent."

If Jenny had not spoken sharply, even crossly, she could not have made her "child" mind at all.

He fumbled with his pockets, which looked so much like the other holes in his clothes, and at last he stumbled toward her and laid down a few coins.

"Is this all?" Jenny asked. It was very little.

"All; got no more; gentleman's word for it."

Lizzie heard most of this sad scene in her little room overhead, and when she heard the father go groping up the stairs, and fall heavily on his bed in the room next to hers, she hurried down to Jenny with her heart full of pity and love.

"What are you thinking of, Jenny darling?" she said, laying her hand on the bright hair which was now shaken down over the small misshapen shoulders, and covered the whole tiny figure with its soft yellow waves.

"I was thinking," said Jenny, with her small chin in her hands, "what I would do to *him* if he should turn out to be a drunkard."

"Him" always meant the husband little Jenny firmly believed was some time going to come for her and take her out of all her trouble.

"Oh, but he won't," said Lizzie, cheerfully. "You'll take care of that beforehand."

"Yes, I shall try to take care of it beforehand; but, Lizzie, you know, he might deceive me. Oh, my dear, I *couldn't* bear it in *him*. I would do some dreadful thing to him—I know I should."

"No, you wouldn't, dear."

"Well," said the little creature, after a pause, and speaking in her softer voice again, "you generally know best, Lizzie; but, oh! you haven't got a bad child to make you sick and tired!" And then the poor little dolls' dressmaker cried with her head on Lizzie's shoulder.

One day Lizzie had a holiday, and she and Jenny set out to walk into the city by the pleasant river-side. Lizzie carried Jenny's little scrap-basket on her arm, and they were in luck, for a man driving a market wagon saw the small figure and the crutch, with the beautiful hair flowing around them, and stopped his horses, nodded respectfully to Lizzie, and asked if they wouldn't like a lift. So they rode into London.

"You'll like my fairy godmother," said Jenny, after the teamster put them down, as they went along the narrow street of St. Mary Axe. "He has a very nice old face and a long white beard."

"He!" said Lizzie, wondering.

"Oh yes, he!" Jenny answered, promptly. "A man can be a godmother if he's the right kind, can't he?"

They stopped in front of a yellow house with the blinds drawn down. Jenny struck the door smartly with her crutch, and it was opened by a man in an old-fashioned coat with long skirts and wide pockets. He was old; the top of his head was bald and shining, and long gray hair beginning just above his ears flowed down and mixed with his beard.

"It's a holiday, godmother," said Jenny, smiling at him, "and I've brought my Lizzie-Mizzie-Wizzie I've told you of, you know. Godmother's name's Riah," she added, turning to Lizzie.

The old man bowed very low to Lizzie, and helped Jenny over the sill.

"I've come for more waste," said Jenny, meaning the remnants of lace, ribbon, beads, and other finery, which with other odd things were on sale in the shop where this quiet old man was the clerk.

He led them into this shop at the back of the house, and when Jenny had picked out and paid for what she needed, she said,

"Now take us up to your garden, godmother. We've got all day, and there's some lunch, and Lizzie's going to read to me. Come."

The old man looked pleased, and went before them to the second floor, and then up a narrow flight of steps to a door in the roof. Pushing this door aside, he came down and carried Jenny up, and Lizzie followed.

As they came out upon the roof, a light cool wind caught up Jenny's bright hair, and Lizzie exclaimed, "How kind you are, Mr. Riah, to let us come up here!"

And it was a pleasant place.

An old canvas awning stretched between three of the chimneys made a nice shade, without shutting out the view on any side. A square of bright-colored carpet was spread on the roof under the awning; around the big blackened chimney a green creeper had been trained, and together with some boxes of evergreens and flowers made the place look and smell like a garden.

The girls sat down, and invited Mr. Riah to sit by them, and have some of the fruit and sandwiches they had brought. But just as he was about to do this, a thin, fretful voice called out from below,

"Where are you, old chap?"

"It's my master," said Mr. Riah, hurrying away.

"His master!" repeated Lizzie, in surprise.

Jenny nodded her head, and looked vexed.

"Godmother's poor," said she, "but a good fairy for all that. This ain't his place, and these ain't his things I buy. He works for somebody else, just as we do, and somebody else gets the most of him, just as they get the most of us, Lizzie-Mizzie-Wizzie. Never saw the man, but I suspect he's a beast."

"Sh! they're coming," said Lizzie.

The old man, followed by a young slim man with a thin foxy face, came out upon the roof. Lizzie rose, with her book in her hand.

"I can't get up, whoever you are," said Jenny, promptly, "because my back's bad and my legs are queer."

"This is my master, Mr. Fledgeby," said Mr. Riah, as he came forward.

"Don't look like anybody's master," exclaimed Jenny.

"This, sir," the old man went on, "is a little dressmaker for little people.—Explain to the master,

Jenny."

"Dressmaker for dolls," said Jenny, hitching her chin and her eyes with that look which made her seem so old and sharp and wise. "They're very difficult to fit, too, Mr. Master Fledgeby, because their figures are so uncertain; you never know where to expect their waists."

"This is the little one's friend," said Mr. Riah, pointing to Lizzie. "Worthy girls both, sir. They are busy early and late, and at times, when they have a holiday, they take to book-learning."

"Not much good to be got out of that," said Mr. Fledgeby.

"Depends upon the person," exclaimed Jenny, with a snap of her teeth, that made it seem as if her eyes snapped too.

"The way I came to know them," said the old man, "was by Miss Jenny's coming to buy of our remnants and waste for her work."

"She's been buying that basketful to-day, I suppose, then?" Mr. Fledgeby asked.

"I suppose she has," cried Jenny, with another little snap, "and paying for it too, most likely."

"Let's have a look at it," said the foxy-faced young man. "How much for this, now?"

"Two precious silver shillings. Put it down, please; it's paid," Jenny said.

He set the basket down, but not until he had poked his finger about in it.

"Do *you* buy anything here, miss?"

"No, sir," said Lizzie.

"Do you *sell* anything?"

"No, sir."

Jenny put up her hand, and pulled Lizzie down beside her.

"We come here to rest, sir. It roars down there," waving her hand toward the city, "and it sometimes smokes up here," lightly touching the big chimney where she sat. "But it's so high, and you see the clouds rushing on above the narrow streets, and you feel as if you were dead."

"How do you feel when you are dead?" asked Mr. Fledgeby, staring at her in surprise.

"Oh, full of peace and thankfulness," said the little creature, smiling. "You don't work, you just rest, and you hear the people who are alive crying and working and calling to one another down in the close, dark, noisy streets, and you pity them, for the burden has fallen off from you, and you feel so strange, so easy, and light."

They all looked at her in silence.

"Why, it is only just now," she said, turning to old Mr. Riah, "that I thought I saw you come up out of your grave. You came up through the dark narrow door in the roof, and you were all bent over, and hot and tired; but then you took a breath, and stood up straight, and looked round at the sky, and the wind blew your white beard on your breast, and your life down in the dark was over—until *you* called him back to life."

Her voice changed as she said these last words with a sudden little snap at Mr. Fledgeby. "*Why* did you call him back? *You* are not dead, you know. Go down to life." She pointed one little forefinger, and turned her small head, and shook her bright hair, and looked wonderfully like a small cunning bird of much golden plumage.

As they started to go down, she caught at Mr. Riah's long gown. "Don't be gone long," said she. "Come back and be dead." And they heard the sweet voice following after, more and more faintly, half calling, half singing, "Come up and be dead, come up and be dead."

"My dear," said Jenny that night, when they were at home again and going to bed, "the master *is* a beast, and he wants to eat up my godmother," which was the little creature's odd way of saying that she felt sure old Mr. Riah worked very hard for very little money under the foxy-faced young man he called his master.



"I THOUGHT I SAW YOU COME UP OUT OF YOUR GRAVE."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



DOT'S LETTER.

Here's a picture of Dot
As she sat at her ease
With a letter she'd got.
"Dear Dot," it began,
"We so want you to come!
'Twas to-day we began
Our new plan of 'At Home.'

"There is Mollie and me
And our new dolls, you know,
Whom you're certain to see.
We give plum-cake at tea,
Besides sweets when you go.
Your friend I remain,
With much love, as you know."

THE REHEARSAL.



A duet, if you please, between Norman and Grace;
Sister Olive is player; she's there in her place;
Tiny Grace is Soprano, and Norman is Bass.

Little Grace is so eager she can not keep time,
But runs on ahead without reason or rhyme.

"Sing slower!" cries Norman; "it is not a race;
Still slower, Soprano, and *do* keep your place."

"It is Olive," says Gracie; "what *is* she about?
She waited too long there, and quite put me out."

"No, indeed," answers Olive, that mark means a 'rest';
You don't understand, Grace—indeed I know best."

"Try again. Ah! that's better, by far than before;
Now if people were here, they would cry out 'Encore,'
Which means, you know, Gracie, 'Please sing it once more.'"

"A MAN OF STRAW."



Finch and Goldie,
Redpole fine,
In the corn field
Came to dine.

"Oh! what is that?"
They startled cry,
All in a flutter
Rushing by.

"Look, silly birds,
And you will know
It can not hurt,"
Cawed Father Crow.

"Tis but a thing
'Gainst nature's law,
Only a sham—
'A man of straw.'"

THE BATH-ROOM.

Cries Tom, in the bath, "I'm a seal at the Zoo."
Says Ted, on the rug, "Then I'm glad I'm not you."
"Ah, but, Ted," answers Tommy, "you know you're my brother;
And if *I* am a seal, why, you *must* be another!"



[Pg 206]



We want to tell you a little story, by way of introducing the letters this week. The other day three boys we know went off for an afternoon's skating. The ice was as smooth as glass, and they flew over it like the wind, sometimes describing great circles, sometimes spinning around like tops, then cutting all sorts of pretty fancy figures, and again racing along as fast as their skates could go.

After a while Fred paused for breath. On the bank of the pond he saw a schoolmate, who was watching the sport with wistful eyes.

"I declare, boys," said Fred to Harry and Phil, "I don't believe that fellow has had a chance to skate this winter. He hasn't any skates, I'm sure."

"Skates?—not he. A good many days, I'm afraid, he don't get any dinner," answered Harry, as he finished a splendid pigeon-wing.

"Well"—Fred smothered a little sigh as he spoke, but he spoke bravely—"I think it's mean for us to have so much fun while he has none, and here goes! I say, Dan," he shouted to the boy on the bank, "come, take a turn on the ice. I'll lend you my skates awhile."

Dan needed a little urging, but the other boys, who liked their comrade none the less because he happened to be poorer than themselves, insisted, and the rest of the time he was among the skaters instead of Fred.

They all went home happier than usual, for those who do kind things are always repaid by the double delight they feel, and those who accept kindness gracefully are the happier for it too. How many of you boys and girls are enjoying the luxury of helping others along the way? We like to think that every day some of you are making the world gladder by simply doing the best you can wherever you happen to be. Do not wait for the chance to distinguish yourselves by great deeds, but seize the little opportunities as they come. It may be only amusing a fretful child, or helping a dull one to learn a hard lesson, or sewing a rip in an unlucky brother's gloves, or, as these three little fellows did, loaning a pair of skates, but believe me no unselfish action is ever done in vain.

PALMYRA, NEW YORK.

I have a nice auntie in Washington, who sends me *YOUNG PEOPLE* every week, and I have all but the first six numbers. I was out at Shortsville this summer visiting my cousins; and while I was there we had the play given in *YOUNG PEOPLE* No. 92, "Mother Michel

and Her Cat," and it was a great success. I was Mother Michel.

I have a toy Mr. Stubbs, sent me by a kind gentleman in Washington who had read the story of "Toby Tyler." We have three birds— But there! I must not write any more, for if I do I fear my letter will be too long to publish, and I want it to be printed, as I would like to surprise my auntie. I am glad Mr. Otis is having so good a time with his little yacht.

MINA L. C.

The little people who, like Mina, wish Mr. Otis a pleasant voyage, will be glad to read another letter from his pen:

ON THE PASQUOTANK.

Since it is neither a large nor important water-course, some of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* may not know where the Pasquotank River is; but as it can readily be found on the map, those who care to read more about the cruise of the *Toby Tyler* should learn about it from their books, in order to better understand the direction taken by the little yacht after it came out of the Dismal Swamp. It will be remembered that the yacht arrived at the terminus of the canal quite late at night, so that it was impossible for any of the party to judge of the river they were to enter; but they had been told it was very crooked, and, without any other reason, all believed the journey of twenty-three miles to Elizabeth City would be a tedious one.

Never were travellers more pleasantly surprised than were those on the *Toby* during that Saturday morning sail.

The start was made about eight o'clock, just after the birds had cleared the breakfast things away, and were beginning their forenoon concert. The large audience, composed of the crickets, flowers, and leaves, were all in the best of moods, because the singing was really good, as well as in perfect harmony, and everything around was as bright and gay as possible, save, perhaps, the steward, who had fallen against the boiler and burned one of his ears.

The first two miles sailed after the last canal lock had been passed was not different from the trip through the swamp, for the little stream which ran into the river from the canal had been widened and straightened until it had almost ceased to be a natural water-course. But when the yacht glided around a sharp curve of the stream into the river, each one rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was awake, and not dreaming of some land enchanted by the perfume and beauty of the flowers that were everywhere in the greatest profusion. They had crept to the very tops of the tallest trees, and then reaching down to the water, had left behind long, beautifully colored wreaths; they hung from every branch, and peeped from behind each tree trunk, disputing possession with the long gray moss, that seemed suddenly to have grown pale because of the almost overpowering perfume. Each side of the river seemed to be a bank of flowers, from out of which the branches of the trees rose like stems, while one could almost fancy the country one immense dish of water, in which flowers had been placed profusely, and that the wind had blown them apart, leaving a narrow channel for the yacht.

In the midst of such beauty the *Toby* seemed suddenly to have grown dingy-looking and dirty, and although she was at once decked out in her brightest flags and most brilliant adornments, the flowers put to blush any such feeble attempts at beautifying.

There was no question as to the truth of the statement that the river was crooked; it was much as if some one had marked out a number of W's, into which the water had flowed. It was necessary to sail almost directly first toward one bank, and then back, in the opposite direction, to the other, in order to keep in the channel; but no one regretted the devious course that made the journey longer, since the way was through the flower-trimmed trees on water so smooth and mirror-like that the foliage appeared as if painted on it.

Sometimes, when sailing around a bend in the river, the voyagers would come suddenly upon the gnarled and bleached trunk of some gigantic tree that uprose from amid the blooming forest like a withered stalk in a bouquet, causing everything around it to look more bright and cheerful because of the contrast.

There had been times during the journey when the yacht did not move through the water fast enough to satisfy some of the party, but during this sail there was not one who did not regret he was leaving so quickly a river so beautiful as this.

Although the Pasquotank is a charming stream throughout its entire course, its banks are not thus literally lined with flowers more than ten miles, but after that the scenery is sufficiently beautiful to make it interesting without approaching so near to enchantment.

When the *Toby* was about ten miles from Elizabeth City a draw-bridge was seen just ahead. It was not different from most other bridges, and yet it was approached with

wonder and curiosity, for on it were nearly as many negroes as could be crowded there without too much risk that some of them would fall overboard. There were old men and women, young men and girls, and children of all ages, from a good-sized boy down to the tiniest and blackest of darky babies. Perhaps they were surprised at seeing the little yacht coming so swiftly toward them; certain it is that those on the *Toby* were surprised at seeing such a company, and awaited the meeting with no small degree of curiosity.

"Is yer gwine ter 'Liz'beth?" asked an old gray-headed darky, as he opened the draw of the bridge cautiously, as if he feared the yacht might escape him if he made ready for her coming too quickly.

On being told that the yacht was on her way to Elizabeth, he, assisted by nearly all present, told the reason of the assembling. They were all anxious to reach the city in order to attend a Conference which was to be held on the following day; the steamer, due some hours earlier, had not arrived, and they were waiting for her with many fears as to whether she would come during the day. As soon as the story had been told, the entire party began to plead that they be taken on board the *Toby*, with a force and earnestness that resulted in a terrible din.

There was not room enough on the little boat for one-tenth of the would-be passengers; but it was almost impossible to convince the anxious ones of that most palpable fact, and after every one on the yacht had screamed himself nearly hoarse in the effort, they were made to understand that but five of the party could be taken. It was comical, the sight they presented as they tried to decide as to whom the fortunate ones should be; each one urged that he or she was most needed at the Conference, and as each was overruled by the rest, they would loudly urge their claims to the party on the yacht, one old man proposing that he be taken on board, "an' leave der odder fool niggers ter fight it out."

It was fully half an hour before the question was decided, and then the *Toby* went on her way, with an addition to her passenger list in the shape of five as happy and inquisitive darkies as ever sailed down the Pasquotank Paver. They peered in at the cabin, careful not to touch anything, but anxious to see all the little room contained; they examined the machinery in the engine-room critically, while the oldest tried to explain how the boat could be propelled by the confusing-looking assortment of steel rods and bars. Then they went forward, where they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour, as enthusiastic in their praise of the little steamer as one could wish they should be. After their delight had subsided in a measure, they began to be troubled about the amount they might be called upon to pay for their passage, but all their joy returned when they were told no money would be received. From that moment they were as happy as children, and insisted on singing a great number of camp-meeting songs as a means of showing their gratitude.

It was ten o'clock when the *Toby* was made fast to the dock at Elizabeth City, where the passengers were landed, evidently sorry to leave the little boat, even though it was to a Conference they were going.

JAMES OTIS.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I sent you a letter a little while ago, but when I read in the last number about somebody seeing a dandelion on December 9, I thought I would write and tell you that to-day my cousin came in, and holding up a dandelion, said, "Look at that!" We have a pet cat. I went skating last Monday, and saw a man break through the ice.

W. S. N.

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—There are so many things I want to talk to you about that I am almost afraid to begin this letter, for fear I may take up too much room in the precious columns of the Post-office Box.

Our great feast and Christmas pleasure is over. The tree, thanks to your dear, generous, kind little hearts, was a perfect success. We had some nice garments of clothing for them all, toys and books for the children, and candy for every one. They were so happy! I would have given almost anything to have had you all here to see the tree you had done so much to make, and to see the happy school. Some little ones who were so eager to taste it, and could not get into their candy quickly enough, sucked the sweet through the lace bags that it was in. In fact, we were all very happy; as my children said, it was the "best part" of Christmas to us all.

More new scholars keep coming all the time. We want to start a school also for the

many poor little white children, who need one as badly as the colored ones did; so you see I will have use for the books, papers, and all the other things you may send.

I must thank the lady who sent the presents to my own family; also thanks for the *Scribner* and *Nation* sent me; and, once more, thanks to the little boy who sent me the pretty Christmas card. The work on the school building will begin immediately. I will write you when we have it done. I have kept all your names; they are all to go in there in paint on tablets. I have not quite decided *how*. I will write you again when it is done, for I am going to do that part myself. Packages, Sunday-school papers, and cards have come from kind hearts and hands in many places, and in every instance have been appreciated and used where they were needed. The one cent sent by many little children was accepted with much pleasure, as were the nice large boxes of clothing, candy, and toys sent by many kind ladies. Uncle Pete was radiant when he came to wish a Happy New Year in his nice suit that had grown on the tree for him, with all the others in their nice wristlets, mitts, and the other welcome gifts that they received. They have been smiling ever since Christmas. Adieu, dear friends.

Truly yours,
MRS. RICHARDSON.

Mrs. Richardson inclosed as usual a list of the names of the kind friends who make her their almoner, but we have not room for it among the good things which crowd the Post-office Box this week. They will each please accept her general acknowledgment as intended to include every individual.

FAYETTE, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy six years old. I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I like it very much. I have a pet cat which I call Nero. I have also nine bantams; one I call Gyp, and I often bring him in the house and set him on the back of a chair, and then I say to him, "Crow, Gyp," and then he crows very loud. My pa has a farm about two miles from the village where we live. We often drive over there, and I enjoy it very much. I have no brothers nor sisters, but I have a nice little playmate named Edward, who lives across the street. I am just beginning to write a little, but not well enough to write myself, so I told mamma what to write.

ROY H.

OAKDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would write you a letter and tell you of two nice games, one for in and the other for out doors. The one for the house is called "Going to Jerusalem." One person plays the piano, or makes some kind of a noise. Place the chairs in a row across the room, every other chair in an opposite direction, one less than there are players to go round the chairs, and when the music stops, each player must sit down, and of course one will be left out. Then one chair is taken away, and the person who could not get seated can not play any more, and so on until there are but two players going round one chair, and the one who gets seated goes to Jerusalem, and wins the game.

[Pg 207]

The other is called, "I Spy the Wolf." One is wolf, and the others hide their eyes and count, and the wolf hides, and when done counting they go and hunt the wolf, who when spied runs and tries to tag somebody before they tag base, and if so, both are wolf. When the wolf is spied, the person must say, "I spy the wolf," and run and tag base. The game is finished when all are wolf.

I am ten years old. I found two dandelions to-day, January 9.

MARY E. O.

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

I live on the St. John's River, opposite Palatka. We have a fine orange grove. We are having bananas this winter, although most of our neighbors lost theirs by the cold last winter. We will have plenty of guavas next summer if we don't have a "freeze," and I hope we may not. I wish some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE were here; we would have lots of fun. I have a puppy three months old. His name is Toby Tyler. I hope Mr. Otis will come to Palatka with his boat. I am nine years old.

T. ROBERT P.

We hope the bright eyes that have been watching for the flowers that this mild winter has made, like Ben Buttles, "dretful venturesome," will before many weeks of ice and snow be reporting from the South first, and afterward from colder localities, the earliest out-peeping of the spring darlings. There is a stanza of Mrs. Whitney's which we like very much:

"God does not send us strange flowers every year;
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same sweet faces,
The violet is here."

We must have storm and snow first, dears; but courage! the violets will be here by-and-by.

CALUMET, MICHIGAN.

Will you make room for another stranger?—one who from her cold Northern home, wishes to come into a corner of the Post-office Box to be warmed and comforted. Will not some of the writers to the Post-office Box tell of their Christmas vacations, and how Santa Claus treated them on his journey round the world Christmas-eve?

We have a debating society here, in which all the boys and girls, and grown folks too, are very much interested. We meet once a week, and have, besides the debate, one or two essays, a reading, declamations, and music, and altogether have a very enjoyable time.

Then we go skating on the lake, and coast on the terrific-looking hill behind the town. We go with our sleds to the top of the hill, and slide all the way down, and away out on the lake, without stopping.

We have a very pleasant school, too. Where the boats come in, in the summer, we can look right down over the town, and see everything that is going on.

RAY R.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy three years old. Have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number. Mamma reads the stories and letters, and tells me about them, and I am every day measuring myself to be big and do my own reading. On the 26th of December we saw dandelions peeping out of the grass, and looking out to Lake Erie, wondering what had become of all the boats of last summer. Mamma had a bunch of cherry blossoms on New-Year's Day. One of our neighbors cut a bunch from a cherry-tree in November. The buds were very large then, after the warm rains. The water was changed every day; now it is covered with blossoms, and the leaves are coming out.

I have a little sister Ruby, and we have great fun together. When papa brings *YOUNG PEOPLE*, he takes her on his lap; then she teases to have me get up, and says, "Come, Bover," and "Up, Bover," and will not look at the pictures until I am up too. Then we enjoy them together. Mamma is writing this for me. I hope soon to write for myself. A Happy New Year to *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*!

ERNEST.

C. Y. P. R. U.

"*OLD MORTALITY*."—Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Old Mortality* is one of the recognized masterpieces of English literature. Its scenes are laid in Scotland during the reign of Charles the Second and James, his successor, a period which was characterized by intense religious excitement, and fiery struggles between the Royalists, on the one hand, and the Covenanters, or Presbyterians, on the other. In this novel Colonel Grahame, of Claverhouse, cool, dauntless, and insensible to pity, is one of the central figures. There is a tender love-story running through the book, but its main interest, after all, is derived from its splendid descriptions of battles and forays, which stir the blood to enthusiasm, and rouse the martial impulse which is latent in the most tranquil natures. The third, fourth, and fifth chapters of *Old Mortality* are full of power, and of that vivid word-painting which is the highest style of writing. They possess the Homeric quality of dramatic movement and majestic strength, and for reading aloud on a chill winter night, when the wind is raging outside and the fire is bright within, they are surpassed by nothing else that the Postmistress remembers.

"*Old Mortality*" himself is scarcely an ideal character, as Sir Walter drew his portrait from a peasant who for thirty years wandered through the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries, spending his time in freshening the inscriptions on the graves of the martyrs. Mounted on a gaunt white pony, his gray locks straggling beneath an immense blue "bonnet," his old coat

of hodden-gray the worse for years of hard service, his feet incased in hobnailed shoes, and his limbs covered with leggings of strong black cloth, this old man, whose real name was Robert Paterson, went from one church-yard to another among the wild moors and lonely hills, removing the moss from the rude tombstones, and deepening the fading letters with his chisel. He lived from house to house, entertained by hospitable farmers, who revered him, and finally, when very aged, was found expiring upon the highway, his faithful white pony standing on guard by his side.

WILLIE F.—Your idea that time spent in the study of the dead languages is lost time, and that you would prefer to devote yourself wholly to your native tongue, is perhaps a natural one, but it is based on an error. Latin and Greek are dead languages in the sense that they are not spoken in any land by living people to-day. But they are not dead in the sense of having lost their vitality. They enter largely into our modern languages, and no one can be a precise and thorough scholar in English without some acquaintance with Latin at least. Study your Latin grammar patiently, as your teacher advises, and though you do not yourself see what good it will do you, believe me that after a while you will find yourself repaid. There are some things which we must acquire by way of discipline, for it is the disciplined mind which does the best work with ease, just as the trained soldier can march farther and fight better than the raw recruit.

The Postmistress is fond of looking up the history of words. Some common words have a very curious history. For instance, demijohn, a glass bottle covered with basket-work, is a sort of puzzler. Why is it demijohn? Why John at all? Or if John, why half-john? The truth is, it has nothing to do with John; but was first manufactured at a town called Damaghan, in Khorassan, a province of Persia, a place once renowned for its glass-workers.—Calico, which is so dainty and pretty, and which the little girls wear to school in summer, derives its name from Calicut in India, from which handsome cotton goods were once imported to England.

There are two articles in this paper that we want the members of the C. Y. P. R. U. to read, because they will add to the stock of solid and valuable information that the society is endeavoring to store away in eager, appreciative minds, viz., "The Waves at Work," by Mr. Charles Barnard, and "The Scullion who became a Sculptor," by Mr. George Cary Eggleston. But there are two others that we want the boys and girls to make the basis of prompt and energetic action. To begin with, we want the article "On Cigarette Smoking" to produce such an impression that the stoves and ranges in all houses inhabited by the coming men of the next generation shall have a grand smoke, consuming in the operation all the compounded horrors in the way of bad paper, bad tobacco, dirt, opium, etc., that we now see defiling lips and destroying the nerve and brain power of the gallant lads to whom the world will soon look for the wit, the wisdom, the sagacity and the command, that shall keep her moving in the right direction. Then we want nobody to omit the sketch of "A School Restaurant," with its pretty illustrations. Papas and mammas do not like to say no when their pets ask them for pocket-money, and the pocket-money is nearly sure to go to the confectioner's till. Suppose you all ask your parents and teachers to consider our idea of a school dinner nicely served every day. Most of you are sensible folk, and know just as well as your physicians, or the Postmistress does how much brighter, better, and rosier you would feel and look if you could have a hearty nourishing meal to sustain you through the labors and pleasures of the latter half of the day.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HIDDEN TREES.

1. Please bring me a pin, Ella dear? 2. We could not sleep last night, for we heard the croaking of ravens. 3. Bring me the map, Lena, and help me find the Amazon. 4. Elma is going to boarding-school, and so are Jessie and Sue. 5. Has Helen her books, and has Arthur his slate? 6. I was stung by a wasp or a bee, Charlie. 7. Don't go near the fire, Emma. 8. Tom, bring me your cap, please. 9. What did you do with the tape, Arthur?

PSCHYE.

No. 2.

CHARADE.

My first is sometimes used
When boys are very bad.
My second's oft abused,
And then 'tis very sad.

A pet name is my third,
To boys it does belong.
My whole's a native bird,
Three notes compose its song.

TOBY TYLER.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 49 letters.
My 5, 24, 39, 24, 31, 33, 29 is a peculiarity of the moth's tongue.
My 12, 42, 25, 38, 40, 10 is something the bee uses.
My 1, 22, 26 is peculiar to the feet of some birds.
My 1, 46, 12, 2, 14, 2 is a kind of deer.
My 19, 43, 19, 24 is a large bird.
My 11, 32, 44, 28 is an animal.
My 23, 16, 3, 46, 7, 42, 28, 12, 4, 42, 45, 36, 45 signifies change.
My 9, 17, 47, 21, 49, 49, 13, 8 enables insects to feel.
My 18, 21, 29, 30, 45, 46, 37, 6, 45 is the first change of a caterpillar.
My 34, 15, 49 is part of a fish.
My 42, 28, 17, 48, 20, 21, 42, 28, 4, 30, 10, 41, 21, 24, 45 is a strange animal.
My whole contains a useful animal.

PAUL.

No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead a sharp, quick noise, and leave part of a chain. Behead a wooden shoe, and leave a bulky piece of timber. Behead learning, and leave metal in the rough. Behead a part of a carriage, and leave a part of the body. Behead a useful implement, and leave an apartment. Behead soft mud, and leave delicious ripeness. Behead part of a whip, and leave a tree.

LITTLE MOLLY.

No. 5.

A RIDDLE.

I am numerous, yet but one. I am found in the rare and curious, and still am in general use all over the English-speaking world. I am found in every school-room, and no collegiate course is complete without me. I am valuable in geography and history, and the poets could not well get along without my aid.

EDNA A. GUERNSEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 114.

No. 1.

Addition.—1. Hoodwink. 2. Feather. 3. Capuchin. 4. Philippine. 5. Cornice.

Subtraction.—1. Reserved. 2. Coward. 3. Basket. 4. Market. 5. Socotra.

Multiplication.—1. Pa-pa. 2. So-so.

Division.—1. Adieux. 2. Tick-tick. 3. Chow-chow. 4. Frou-frou.

No. 2.

Wink-el-ried.

No. 3.

Ygdrasil.

No. 4.

N
R O D
R O M A N
N O M I N A L
D A N D Y
N A Y
L

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ralph Birdsall, Agnes L. Hawley, Edgar Seeman, J. C., "Queen Bess," Louis Burnett, Amy Lee, Grace Arrowsmith, "Peggy," Boland T. C., "Mother Bunch," Earle Demarest, Schuyler Lamb, "Fill Buster," Mamie and Clara Blank, Robert Andrews, Jun., Johnnie Miller.

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



FIG. 1.

THE SPECTRE SPECS.

I have seen a great deal of fun and laughter produced by a very simple little device, which I call the Spectre Specs.

A large party of people at a small country hotel were yawning away the evening, as they often do in such places, when the inspiration seized one of the most able-bodied yawners to do something to break up the monotony. Taking into his confidence little Tom Wittles, an admirable boy, with a large faculty for fun and mischief, he induced that youth to purloin his grandmother's spectacles. With this modest instrument and a paint-box belonging to one of the guests, they retired to a bedroom, where the gentleman painted the surface of the spectacles all over with white paint, and then neatly cleared a round spot in the centre of each glass. He then painted a couple of pointed eyebrows on his own forehead with black, and put on the spectacles. Then he tousled his hair, and twisted a few threads of white and red worsted amongst it. This gave him an appearance awful to behold, of which Fig. 1 gives but a very faint idea.

Thus transformed, he walked into the dimly lighted parlor doorway, and inquired in a deep voice of the other yawners whether a gentleman of the

name of Samercanderoffsky was boarding in that hotel. There was no more yawning after that.

When all the company had completely recovered from their surprise, the gentleman retired again to his chamber, and began to transform Tom Wittles. He first painted a pair of eyebrows in the middle of the boy's forehead, and then slightly altered the eyeballs in the spectacles so as to give them the appearance of a squint. Placing them on Tom's forehead just above the real eyebrows, he told him to close his eyes. He led him into the parlor, and introduced him as the son of Mr. Samercanderoffsky. Fig. 2 is his portrait. Of course there was no surprise now, but the lad looked very funny, and produced no end of laughter with his long face and melancholy expression.

One word as to the material to be employed in painting the spectacles. Chinese white, such as artists use, is all that is needed; but as very few people are apt to own such a thing, perhaps the best plan is to cut two oval pieces of white paper the shape of the spectacle bows, with a round hole in the middle, and stick them on the back of the glasses.



FIG. 2.



"WHY SHOULDN'T WE ENJOY OURSELVES?"

"For it's our delight of a shiny night at this season of the year."

FOOTNOTES:

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

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, JANUARY 24, 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 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.