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**THE LITTLE SLEEPERS.**

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## **THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.**

**BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.**

I don't know, what the almanac man said about it, but Dan said it was the longest; and Dan was certainly the one who understood the matter best.

It began pretty much like other days, only that there was a heavy fog, and Dan knew that it was bad weather for haying, and tip-top for fishing. He made up his mind to go fishing. Perhaps if his mind had not been already made up, he would not have minded it so much when his father said at the breakfast table:

"We must get the scythes in good order, so's to take a fair start at the lower meadow to-morrow. Don't let me have to waste time hunting after you, Daniel, when I'm ready to go at it." [Pg 210]

Daniel's appetite was gone at once. How he hated to turn that heavy creaking old grindstone! and how sure his father was to find a dozen things to do first, and keep him waiting all the morning! He went around by the sink drain, and dug his bait; he examined his fishing-pole; he put up his lunch; he even tried a worm on the hook; and then he wandered disconsolately around, wishing grindstones had never been invented.

He went to the end of the garden, and leaned sulkily over the low stone wall, eating the half-ripe harvest apples, and throwing the cores spitefully away. Down the road a few rods lay the mill-pond, and in the middle of the road nearby stood Deacon Skinner's horse and chaise.

Old Whitey had his nose down, and one leg crooked in a meditative fashion. The Deacon was over in the field, making a bargain with Solomon Murray for some young cattle. What fun it would be to start the old horse up, and set him trotting home! Dan could almost hit him with an apple core. He tried two or three, just to see, and then he picked a smooth round stone from the wall, and sent it singing through the air.

Old Whitey brought up his nose with a jerk, straightened his fore-leg, and started off at a brisk trot, the chaise top tilting and pitching back and forth.

Dan laughed—at least the laugh began to grow, when he caught one glimpse of a frightened little face at the chaise window, and knew that Nanny Dane, the Deacon's little lame grandchild, was in the chaise.

It was only a glimpse, and then the bank of gray fog swallowed Whitey and the chaise, and it seemed to Dan that they had gone straight into the mill-pond.

"Daniel! Daniel! Come on now, and be spry about it!" called his father, as he moved toward the

grindstone; and Dan obeyed, though he felt as if his feet had all at once turned to lead.

Round and round and round; his tough little hands were blistered on the handle, but he did not know it; his mouth and throat were as dry as the stone, but he did not think of it. "*Crrr-crrr-crrr*," rang the rough, wearisome noise, until his ears were so deafened he did not even hear it. For he was perfectly sure he had killed little Nanny Dane. What would people say? What would they do to him? Hang him, of course; and Dan felt in his heart that he deserved it, and that it would be almost a satisfaction.

"There," said his father at last, "I reckon that'll do, Daniel. You've been faithful and stiddy at your work, and now you may go fishing."

Dan never knew how he got to Long Pond, or how he passed the slow hours of that dismal day. The misery seemed intolerable, and before evening he had made up his mind that he could bear it no longer. He would go home and tell his father, he would tell everybody. They might hang him, they might do anything they pleased.

Tramping desperately home with his empty basket in his hand, he heard the sound of wheels behind him, dragging slowly through the deep sand. Perhaps that was the Sheriff coming to arrest him. Dan's heart beat harder, but he did not look around. The wheels came nearer; they stopped, and some one said:

"Hullo, Daniel! been fishin'? Fisherman's luck, hey? Well, jump in here, and I'll give ye a lift."

Before Dan knew it he was over the wheel and sitting beside Deacon Skinner in the old chaise, with Whitey switching his tail right and left as he plodded along.

"Git up, Whitey," urged the Deacon; "it's getting along toward chore-time. Whitey ain't so spry as he used to be, but he's amazin' smart. This mornin' I left little Nanny in the shay while I was making a dicker with Solomon Murray, and a keerless thing it was to do, but I'd as soon expected the meetin'-house to run away as Whitey. I reckon something must have scart him; but he just trotted off home as stiddy as if I'd been driving, and waited at the door for mother to come and get Nanny before he went to the barn."

"Oh, Deacon Skinner," burst out Dan, "it was me; I scart Whitey."

"Did ye now, sonny? Well, there wuzn't any harm done, and I know ye didn't mean to."

"I did, I did," said Dan, sobbing violently from the long strain of excitement. "I didn't know Nanny was in the chaise, and I threw a stone at him."

"Well, well," said the Deacon, rubbing his stubbly chin, and looking curiously at Dan. "Beats all what freaks boys will take, but I know ye won't do it agin."

"I never will," said Dan, solemnly. "This has been the awfulest longest day that ever was in the world."

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## ABOUT CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

I well remember the first morning I ever spent in a foreign Conservatory of Music. I arrived just as the Harmony Class had assembled. Beside me sat a slim little girl, with a very pretty pale face and a tired, anxious look. When we had all opened our books, she whispered to me, "May I look over you?"

The expression in her eyes was so piteous that it went to my heart to answer, "You may if you like, dear; only it won't help you. I don't know much of anything myself."

I never shall forget her look as she burst into a silent fit of crying, which for ten minutes stopped the lesson.

Often since I have thought of my little worried companion, who struggled on through the winter, always declaring she *could* not learn because she could not *like* it, and I have wondered if there were not a great many young students who feel in the same way.

It is so stupid to hear of semibreves and crotchets and quavers and minims and scales and clefs and scores, and all sorts of terms like "allegro" and "andante" and "con moto" and "adagio," and, indeed, whole Italian sentences, that used to look to me when I was a child like impertinent intrusions into English music.

But have you ever thought whether this system of music which we have to-day may not have had a story—a far-off story almost as entrancing as a fairy tale?

I think had some one told my little friend the story of the system she was toiling to understand, it would all have looked very different, and the study would have been tinged with a real delight.

Now what I propose to tell you is the history of the *notes* we use. This is really an introduction to the study of *thorough-bass*, or *harmony*; and if you make yourself complete master of the first simple rules or ideas, you will find later that many seemingly difficult things come almost instinctively.

You know, of course, how music is written to-day—the five lines; the division of bars; the

arrangement of time; the value of notes. Of course you can easily understand that such a perfect system did not come without years of trial of various methods, and centuries of experiment, and a very crude sort of music.

Away back in early Oriental times there was music at festivities, triumphs, or times of mourning, and from the Greeks came the first ideas of harmony. You see, directly music came to be written down, it was evident that some sort of a *system* had to be established.

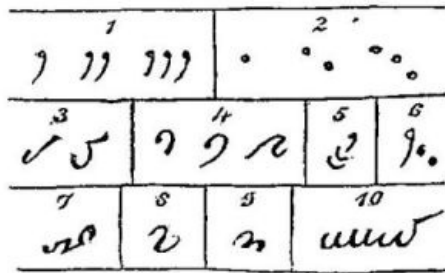


FIG. 1.—THE NEUMÆ.

In very early ages musical sounds were represented by the letters of the alphabet. These were the days when good St. Gregory had singing-schools in ancient Rome. The singers chanted psalms and other church music, which must have been very solemn and beautiful.

This system came to an end, however, and was replaced by the use of a series of characters. These were called neumæ, and each character had a different name. The first was known as the *virga*, and it was a long single note; the *bivirga* represented two notes; the *trivirga*, three; the *punctus* was a short note, etc.

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Now I have culled out of an old volume some illustrations showing how music was written in ancient times, and I want you to study them, and see how curious the methods were which preceded our present perfect system.

Fig. 1 shows the neumæ. There are ten here, but authorities differ as to the number that were really in use. These neumæ were placed over the words, as shown in Fig. 2. We are not quite certain what melody they here represent, but the solution given underneath is the probable one:

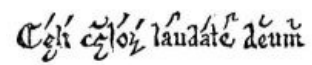
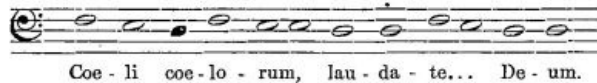


FIG. 2.



The first idea of making *lines* occurred in the year 900. But for a long time only one *red* line was used, and on this the F note was written; the grave sounds were placed below this line, the acute ones above it. How this music looked when written you will see in Fig. 3.

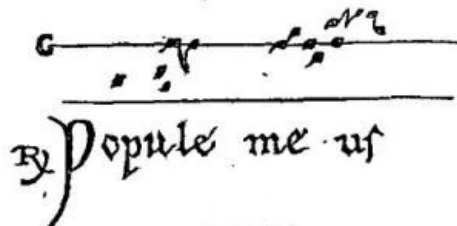
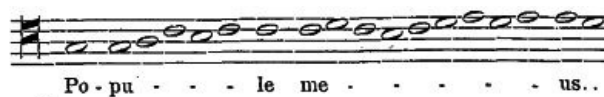


FIG. 3.



PROBABLE SOLUTION.

Early in the tenth century a monk in Flanders named Hucbaldus introduced a *stave*, as we call it, consisting of a great number of lines. At first these lines were not occupied by notes, but by the syllables to be sung, as shown in Fig. 4. In order to show whether the voice was to proceed by a tone or a semi-tone, the letters T and S were introduced. One advantage attending this system was that it could be applied to a scale of any extent, and even used for a number of voices singing at the same time.

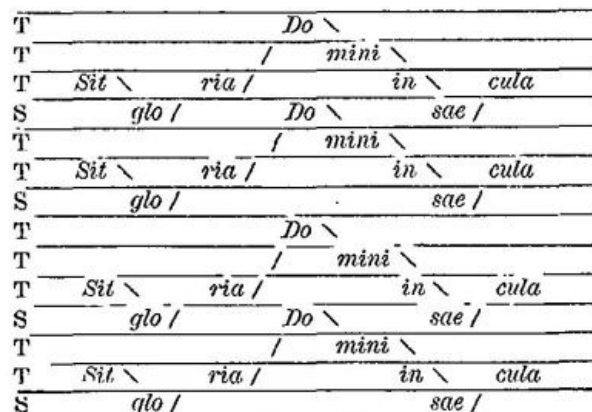


FIG. 4.



SOLUTION.

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England, is a very precious old book, once used in the cathedral at Winchester. It is MS., of course, and is believed to have been written during the reign of King Ethelred II., who died in 1016. In it we find music written in two different fashions, as shown in Fig. 5. This, then, was the period of change. We have the simple neumæ above the words, and we have actually a four-line staff with notes instead of words.

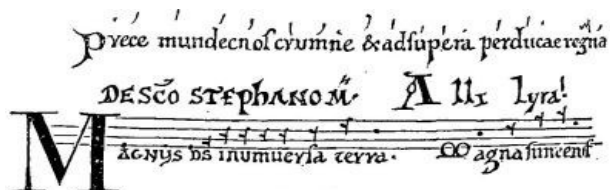


FIG. 5.

But up to this time all the notes were the same; no difference in length was indicated, and no one who had not heard the melody could sing it from them. Presently the breve, semibreve, and dot, as shown in Fig. 6, began to appear, and thus, little by little, our own system of notation was approached. In 1600 an Italian named Franco de Colonia established a system of time, and in or about 1600 the first idea of a *score* originated.

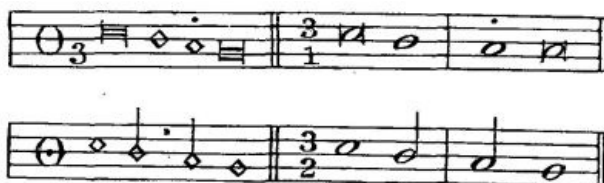


FIG. 6.

Do you know what a score is? I was at a concert rehearsal in Paris one day, when a very knowing-looking young person of about fourteen, with a great deal of fur and velvet on, and a large roll of music, came in with her governess, and sat down near me. The orchestra were going to give part of *Faust*, with some singing, and this pert young lady turned to her governess, saying,

"Don't you want the *score*, Miss ——" and forthwith she handed her the *programme*.

Now I think it would have been much wiser for this small person to have first been sure what a score was before she talked of it. The origin of the *score* was in 1600. A composer named Peri published his *Euridice*, and he put the instrumental accompaniment below the vocal part. Then he *scored* bars through the *stave*, connecting the words and music. Hence we call the music and words together the *score* of the work.

As music began to progress—as oratorios, masses, and operas were written—it became necessary to establish a definite system of time. It was done gradually; but at last, in Bach's day, it was a carefully arranged science; so many beats to the bar, so much value to each note.

Here we have finally a whole well-disciplined little army of crotchets and quavers and minims and semibreves, and all the big and little notes.

A grand science has come from those first queer little attempts at written music, which we find it so hard to understand to-day, and yet how grateful we ought to be to the patient people of the seventh and tenth centuries who tried to record some of their musical feelings!

When you sit down to your first harmony lesson, try to remember what a wonderful story those little black notes could tell. It is not dull or colorless work. Listen to the word "allegro," which comes in your first piece, I am sure. What does it make you think of? Some long-ago Christmas-tide, when all music was written to glorify God, when out upon the night in the dim cathedral aisles were poured forth the praises of the Infant Lord.



**FLOWN.**

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## **A DEER HUNT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.**

**BY J. M. MURPHY.**

The hero of the following adventure was a middle-aged hunter who trapped in the Bighorn Mountains. He knew as much about the habits of Indians and wild animals as any man I ever met. I had accepted an invitation to visit his camp, and thus found myself many a mile from civilization on the third day after leaving the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. He received me with all the cordiality of a Western hunter, and after he had hobbled my mustang and turned him loose to graze, he told me that he would start for the foot-hills in two hours, if I were not too tired to travel further that day. I replied that I was not, and in five hours from that time we were safely lodged in a brush hut on one of the long spurs of the Snowy Range. Having taken the precaution to look for Indian signs, we retired to bed at an early hour. But our sleep was disturbed so much by the weird howling of packs of hungry coyotes that we might as well have sat up all night.

We breakfasted, long before dawn, by the light of the camp fire. The morning being exceedingly chilly, we started out as soon as it was light enough to enable us to see the ground distinctly; but though we walked rapidly, I found my teeth chattering despite all my efforts to stop them, while my breath curled slowly upward in the air as if it were a miniature Russian bath.

Our route led us through a dark chasm, so terrible in its cavernous gloom that I believe my teeth chattered a little more, while the silence was so oppressive that I felt as if I had the nightmare.

We finally reached the summit of the chasm, and entered a pine forest, where the antlered monarchs of the mountains were supposed to reign; but after walking for half an hour, we failed to find any of them. Meanwhile the clouds poured down a shower that wet us to the skin, and as it froze as it fell, we were almost benumbed with cold. We trudged onward, however, and trod as lightly on the crackling bushes as if they were eggs, and deer were concealed in every leaf.

Walking as carefully as we could, we peered into every bush for the large black eyes of our intended victims. When we reached a coppice of trees that skirted a thread-like brook, my companion stopped suddenly, and pointed ahead. Looking in the direction indicated, I saw a group of deer partially hidden in dense shrubbery. The leader of the party, a magnificent stag, held his head proudly erect, and listened attentively for the footsteps of a foe, while the dear little ladies of his family daintily nibbled at some tender leaves, feeling safe under his powerful protection.

The hunter fired at the stag so quickly that the whole band had disappeared amid a shower of leaves before I thought of lifting my rifle.

"Hit," was all my companion said as he dashed after the fugitives. I followed him, but I was soon left so far in the rear that I could neither see nor hear him.

Not liking the idea of being left alone, I kept running aimlessly on. I wanted to shout for him, but dared not; so I wandered hither and thither. I crossed one cañon, and was about to recross it, when I heard a shot on the opposite side. Looking in that direction, I saw the hunter, rifle in hand, standing over the prostrate form of the stag. I was about to join him, when I was astounded by seeing the apparently dead animal spring to its feet, charge the hunter in the most desperate manner, knock him down, and stamp on him. The assailed man responded to this challenge by drawing his knife, and plunging it into the neck of his assailant. I was so stupefied at the attack that I looked on for some time before I realized the danger of the situation; but when I recovered my wits I hastened to my friend's assistance. It took me some time to reach him, and when I did, I

found him and the deer lying on the ground close together. The latter was dead, and the hunter seemed to be, for his clothes were badly torn, he was covered with blood, and the ground for a radius of several yards was trampled as if a band of gladiators had been using it for a battleground.

On examining my friend I found that he was wounded in the chest, arms, and legs, and completely exhausted by the struggle. I gave him a drink of water, which so revived him that he was soon able to sit up and tell me of his terrible struggle for life. It was, it seems, up to the last moment a question which would prove the victor, for whatever advantage his knife gave the hunter was more than counterbalanced by the powerful antlers of his assailant, which were used in the most effective manner. The hunter was about giving up the struggle, from exhaustion, when, by a lucky blow, he cut the jugular vein of his adversary, and both fell almost together.

When he finished his description of the contest, I led him to the stream, where his wounds were washed. Finding after a while that he was strong enough to walk, we returned to camp, leaving the slain animal as food for carnivorous birds and beasts. We staid in camp that night, and returned to his home the next day, where he received such primitive treatment as his half-breed wife could give him. From the nearest railway station I sent him bandages and medicines by a messenger. I have since learned that he was confined to the house for several months, and that it was only his splendid constitution which enabled him to recover. But he is only a wreck of what he was, and is totally unfit to follow his former arduous profession. Such are some of the pleasures of the chase.

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## THE TALKING LEAVES. [1]

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An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XVII.



ad To-la-go-to-de and his Lipans moved forward a little earlier that morning, they might have been in time to witness the departure of Captain Skinner and his men on their ill-advised expedition. As it was, they were astonished enough by what they saw.

"Pale-faces!"

"Big wagons."

"Much horse. Much mule."

"No Tongue leave that behind him for Lipans to take, and go on after Apaches."

They believed they had solved one of their puzzles, but a good deal harder one was the question, "Who are those pale-faces, and where do they come from?"

No such party had ever been known or heard of in that vicinity, and To-la-go-to-de instantly came to the decision that this one should never be heard of again.

"Not many," he said. "Ride straight down valley, and eat 'em up. Plenty plunder. Carry back big present for squaw to look at."

His eager warriors answered him with whoops and yells of approval, and he led them swiftly down the pass and out into the valley.

It looked as if Murray had been right when he sent word to Captain Skinner by Bill that there was "danger behind him."

Bill himself was thinking of it at that very moment, and saying to one of his mates, "I'd about as lief see the sheriff and his posse all the way from Denver."

"Well, yes, I'd a good deal rather be arrested than scalped any day."

"Thar's a big swarm of 'em. No use for us to fight. I can't even lift my rifle."

"Try a little friendship. Maybe old Skinner'll tell ye you've been showin' good sense agin."

"May save our scalps, boys, but I don't reckon it'll save us much of anything else."

"They're comin' right down onto us. If Skinner and all the boys were here, we could stop 'em, though."

If To-la-go-to-de's keen eyes had told him there were two dozen sharp-shooting white men in that camp, instead of three, he and his Lipans would never have dreamed of charging in as they now did.

"Our time's come, Bill."

"It is if we anger them. Keep a steady eye, boys. Say 'How.'"

Those three miners were men of great courage, and their nerves must have been in the best of order, for they steadily walked out to the border of the camp, and met the Lipans as if they had

invited them to breakfast, and were expecting them to come.

There was just this difference, however, between their greeting of the Lipans and Murray's encounter with the Apaches: Bill and his two friends had sent no act of kindness and good-will ahead of them, while Murray and Steve were already firmly established and well known as "friends of the Apaches, ready to fight for friends."

It was a very wide difference, but the three miners had acted wisely.

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The Lipan warriors in front of them lowered their lances, and the chief himself responded grimly to their "How."

He did not offer to shake hands with them, and he did not check his braves in their rush through the camp and all over it.

"Don't tell 'em too much, Bill. The Captain and the boys won't be gone long. We can't warn 'em nuther."

That was just before old Two Knives gathered all the English he knew to question his prisoners. He saw at a glance that the men before him were only a part of a large party. The fires and the signs left of the breakfast which had been eaten were quite enough for that, not to speak of the size of the outfit.

"How many?" he asked.

Bill held up both hands, with the fingers spread, twice, and then one hand.

"Ugh! How hurt arm?"

"Fight with Apaches."

"Ugh! Good. Where gone? All pale-face braves?"

"Hunt Apaches. Out there."

"Ugh! Hope find 'em. Kill half. Lipans kill rest. Kill pale-face too. Put down gun. Prisoner, this time. Shut mouth."

Bill had never in his life seen an uglier expression on the face of a man than was worn by that of the Lipan chief at that moment.

There was no use in resistance. Silently the three miners permitted themselves to be deprived of all their weapons, but the "stripping" stopped there. A brave who reached out his hand for the battered hat on the head of Bill was checked by To-la-go-to-de.

"Ugh! No want him. Let pale-face wear him. Take off scalp by-and-by."

There was nothing very cheering in that, but Bill's head did feel a little safer with the hat on.

"Tell ye what, boys," he afterward said to his mates, "when that red-skin's hand tetches the brim of that hat, it felt as if the hull top o' my head was comin' loose."

It did not take those sixty Lipans long to find out all there was to be found in that camp. Their first and keenest interest was in the horses and mules, and the quality and number of these drew from them shouts of approval. The mules alone were worth any number of mustang ponies in a trade either with other Indians or with the border pale-faces.

Their first attempt at ransacking the wagons was sternly checked by old Two Knives.

"Maybe pale-faces got fire-water. To-la-go-to-de not want braves drunk now. Big fight, maybe."

Every brave among them knew the good sense of that, but they felt better satisfied a little later. The chief himself superintended a careful inspection of the wagons by two of his oldest sub-chiefs.

"He won't find a drop of any kind of liquor," growled Bill. "But I wish thar was some, and I could pisen it for him. They're a bad lot."

"Thar's too many on 'em for the boys to handle, I'm afraid."

"Captain Skinner's jest the man to try it and find out. Thar'll be a hot time, thar will."

Two Knives probably had some such idea in his head, for his next orders, when carried out, left Bill and his two mates firmly bound to separate trees, so that no braves need be compelled to waste their precious time as "guards" over them.

The fate of the three prisoners was a matter to be thought over. To-la-go-to-de was by no means sure he had no further use for them. He could wait until his braves should return from the examination he had ordered of the plain below the valley. It was less than an hour before they came back, and in a remarkable hurry, with the news of the approach of the main body of the pale-faces.

Old Two Knives merely nodded his head. His captives had told him the truth. But that number of white men would not be likely to attack at once so strong a band as his own. A full company of regular cavalry would hardly have been enough to scare him, for the Lipans are second to no other tribe in their fighting qualities, and these were picked and chosen warriors.

"Pale-face come. Laugh at him."

Captain Skinner and his men saw nothing to laugh at when they rode near enough to understand the condition of affairs in their camp. The blow had fallen upon them so suddenly that for some moments after they halted on the plain, half a mile away, not a man could say a word.



"It's our fault. Cap. We ort to have follered your advice."

"Ort not to have left the camp."

"You was right."

"It's too late for that kind of talk, boys. The question for us is, what had we best do. Anybody got anything to say?"

There was another moment of glum, sulky silence, and then a perfect storm of angry outcries.

"Charge in on 'em."

"Kill every soul of 'em."

"Fight right away."

"We won't lose all that's in them wagons."

"That'll do, boys. I know you've got all the grit for a fight," said Captain Skinner; "but suppose they're too much for us, and wipe us all out, what then?"

"Then that's what it'll have to be, Cap. We're ready."

"All right, boys. But no matter what comes, not a man of you must run. Not for a yard."

"We'll stand by ye, Cap."

"Most likely thar ain't no use talking of Bill and the boys."

"Not much, I reckon. They had no kind of show."

There was no time to do any mourning for their comrades, but the way in which that line of white horsemen now rode forward made the Lipans open their eyes in astonishment.

"Keep about a rod apart," said the Captain. "Walk your horses. Don't fire a shot unless you've got a good aim at something. We'll draw them nigh enough to teach 'em a thing or two."

For once even old Two Knives, with all his cunning, was led into making a mistake. He was unwise enough to try and scare those miners, when there was not a man among them who knew how to be afraid, and they had all agreed to be killed rather than not whip those Lipans and get back what was in the wagons.

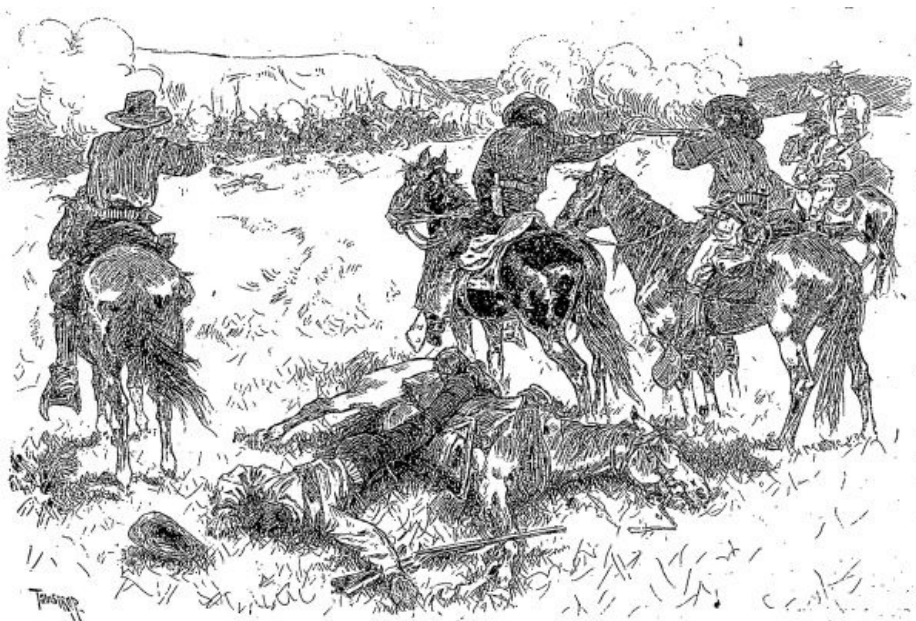
It was a bad mistake for those Indians to make even a threat of a charge, when it brought them, in a pretty compact mass, just as they were about to wheel, instead of "charging," less than two hundred yards from the steady line of pale-faces.

"Now, boys, save every shot."

It was not a volley. The rifles cracked rapidly, one after another, but all were fired in a very few seconds, and the Lipans recoiled in dismay, firing wildly as they went, and carrying off their dead and wounded.

"Keep it up, boys. Steady. Take a pony if you can't hit a red-skin."

The "rally" of the Lipans was quickly made, and their own firing grew hotter, but it had little of the cool accuracy that Captain Skinner insisted on from his own men. All the while, too, he was moving steadily forward, and To-la-go-to-de began to understand what kind of men he had to deal with.



**"HALT! THEY'VE BROUGHT OUT THE BOYS."**

A sharp, deep-throated order to three of his braves was rapidly obeyed, and in a few minutes more the miners heard their Captain's voice, excitedly, [Pg 215]

"Halt! They've brought out the boys. They've stopped firing."

It was precisely so. There were Bill and his two mates, on foot, with their arms tied behind them,

and before each stood a Lipan with his lance levelled, ready to strike at a moment's warning.

"That's plain, boys. They've got their lesson. Don't want any more. Want a talk. They'll kill those three if we don't hold up."

"We've only lost two, Cap, and we've laid out more'n a dozen of them."

"Save the boys."

"No fault of their'n."

"Have a talk, Cap."

"We'll have to give up something if we do," said the Captain, in a dubious tone. "They'll never give us back the outfit, you know."

"You know what we want. We're close to the border now."

"All right. I'll ride out. I reckon their chief'll come to meet me."

The meaning of the Lipans had been plain enough. The sudden firing of the miners upon their superior force had had all the effect of a surprise.

They were furiously angry over their losses, but their wise leader saw that he must give them a breathing spell. No troops in the world could stand a fire so withering as that which came from the repeating rifles of the desperadoes. Quite as many ponies as men had gone down, and their morning's plunder had already cost them more than it was worth. Therefore it must not be permitted to cost them any more, if they could help it by threats and talking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## A COMPLICATED PREDICAMENT.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

Josephus Jones was his name in full, but he was called Seph by familiar acquaintances, and usually designated as "Potter's colored boy." In his stockings he stood about four feet five, was black as ebony, and had an inclination to grin more or less. When in full costume he wore his employer's discarded cowhide boots, a blue flannel shirt, a frock-coat ornamented with brass buttons, and a faded felt hat that had a ragged vent-hole in the crown. Trouble usually slipped from his mind and memory like water from a duck's back; but at the time about to be mentioned he was considerably disturbed because he was not white "like other folks."

The white boys and girls in the Potter neighborhood had been planning several weeks to have a masquerade party in the old red school-house, and Seph desired above all things to have a share in the fun and eatables of the occasion. His color and scanty wardrobe, however, were likely to debar him the privilege.

"It do'n' make no difrence nohow," he said to himself, after mature deliberation. "I's gwine to hab a show in dat party one way or nudder."

When the expected day at last arrived, he watched the preparations anxiously all the morning and afternoon. The inside of the school-house was first abundantly trimmed with evergreen, then a stage was erected in one corner for a fiddler, and next a long table was arranged at the back of the room for the refreshments, which were brought in baskets by several of the boys and girls from time to time. Finally the table-cloths were spread, and the girls drew from the mysterious baskets frosted cakes wrapped in tissue-paper, great bloated pies, nuts and raisins, oranges and big bunches of grapes, paper bags filled with candy, and, in fact, a quantity of good things that made Seph's mouth water while he looked in through one of the windows.

At home, late in the afternoon, Job Potter secretly led him up to an unfinished room over the wood-shed, and showed him his mask and outfit, which were hidden away in a barrel. He made Seph try on the mask, the old beaver hat, and the coat, just to see how they were going to look.

"Father is mighty sot on not lettin' me go," said Job, "but I'm a-goin', now, you better believe. Don't say anything, though. Mum's the word."

Seph said that he would take care. But an hour afterward, when he saw the Deacon, as Job's father was familiarly called, come down from the shed chamber, and carry Job's mask and costume to a hiding-place in the barn, he had to lie down behind the wood-pile, and hold both hands over his mouth to keep his laughter from being heard.

At the supper table Deacon Potter announced to the whole family that he did not approve of masquerade parties anyway, and certainly not for young people. Job must just make up his mind to stay at home.

Seph was bringing in the kindling-wood for the morning, and heard the Deacon's command. A few minutes later a great thought took complete possession of him. If Job couldn't go, why shouldn't he go in his place?

"Dar's no reason in de world why I habn't jes' as good a right to go as he hab, an' I's gwine to, sure's my name's Josephus."

He hurried through all the chores, swallowed his supper hastily, and took advantage of the first opportunity to slip away to the barn. After hunting all over the hay-mow, and in every hole and corner he could think of, for the concealed articles, he found them under a basket in the corn crib.

Luckily the moon was just coming up, and the cracks in the barn admitted glimmer enough for him to see where he was, and what he was doing. He very soon exchanged his own garments piece by piece for Job's Sunday suit, which, with the exception of the pantaloons, fitted him very well.

While his teeth chattered, and his whole body trembled with nervous excitement, he put on the mask and the beaver hat. These, together with the coat collar turned up, completely concealed his face, head, and neck; and tucked away in a pocket of the coat there happened to be an old pair of brown cotton gloves Job sometimes wore to meeting, that supplied the last necessity to the disguise. Should it be found out that he wasn't Job, Seph knew very well what his fate would be, and he took care to have every part of his black skin and woolly head thoroughly covered before he ventured forth.

In a very short time he arrived in sight of the school-house lights, and heard the fiddle already under way. Heads were bobbing past the windows in rapid succession, as though all were dancing, and the sounds of mirth and revelling that floated out toward him gave his blood a stimulating tingle.

Not a minute was to be wasted; it was "time already to be in dar 'mong de victuals, an' circ'latin' wid de crowd," he thought, walking up boldly to the door, where a dozen or more boys were watching the arrival of each new-comer.

"Now, then, here we have him!" said one, and for an instant Seph hesitated.

"It's Billy Tarbox," cried another.

"No, 'tain't," said somebody else; "it's Job Potter. Hey, Job, you've got on your go-to-meetin' clothes; you can't fool us."

Seph felt a laugh tickle him clear down to the soles of Job's boots; but he was a trifle nervous also, and consequently suppressed it quickly. Without saying anything, he pushed by them, and entered.

"Here's Job!" "Here's Job!" shouted every one at once; and before Seph could make up his mind what to do, fifteen or twenty boys and girls in masks began to caper around him. As soon as he did collect his scattered wits, however, he decided to play that he was dumb, and refused to speak. That made them laugh, and shortly they left him to greet another arrival.

Nobody, indeed, seemed to have the least suspicion who he really was. They'd "neber cotch him to let dem know, needer," Seph ruminated. He guessed he'd "cut his eye-teeth, an' knew what he was 'bout. When dar was mince-pies 'round, an' stuffed chicken, an' heaps ob good things, jes' lebe him alone."

"But," as the old saying has it, "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Before supper-time could draw near, there was a little catastrophe awaiting Seph that he had not counted on.

It arose from the fact that there was a meeting at the church that evening which the Deacon and Mrs. Potter attended, their way lying directly past the school-house. Who ever could have supposed that curiosity would have prompted the two good old people to look in and see what the young folks were about, even though they did not approve of such goings on?

But in the mean time Seph enjoyed himself amazingly. He watched the table longingly; he listened to the fiddle, and danced until he was out of breath; he played chase the squirrel, and had capital fun for an hour or more; then the end was at hand.

While standing in the middle of the floor, hesitating what to take part in next, he happened to notice a face outside one of the windows, and it did not take him more than the thousandth part of a second to recognize the Deacon looking straight at him. It was a tremendous moment, and Seph could almost feel the wool on the top of his head uncurl and rise right up under his hat.

His first impulse was to make a rush for the door. When he crossed the entry door-sill, however, he stubbed one foot, and fell, and the Deacon's hand was on him before he could recover himself.

He led Seph down the road, Mrs. Potter following close behind and pleading for mercy, as mothers do.



**"HERE'S JOB! HERE'S JOB!' SHOUTED EVERY ONE AT ONCE."**

But in a moment the mask fell off, and the Deacon, amazed, let go his hold.

"What—!"

Seph did not wait to hear anything more, but ran into the bushes, then leaped over a fence, and ran at his best speed across an acre or two of ploughed ground.

"By golly!" he gasped, dropping down at last exhausted. "I reckon I's glad I'm black dis yere time, anyhow!"

Sorely disappointed, however, he skulked back to the barn, and there another misfortune overtook him—his own clothes had disappeared.

For a moment or two this startling discovery was too much for his intellect to grasp. He searched here and there desperately, overturned the hay, upset a barrel of oats, frightened the hens from their roosts, and got the horse to neighing. Then, scared and bewildered, he rushed outside, undecided what to do.

Surprise, however, awaited him here again. In a moment he saw himself—or at least somebody, with a black face and his clothes on—steal out from the wood-shed near by, and hurry down to the road.

If he wasn't himself, who in de world was he? dat's what he'd like to know.

But in about three minutes, when he saw the mysterious personage and the Deacon meet unexpectedly near a great tree that stood in the yard, he was never so glad in his life to be in some other fellow's clothes.

Seph ran over to the wood-shed, climbed up the ladder to the chamber above, and began to disrobe himself of Job's clothes in a hurry. He had got them all off, when the personage came scrambling up the ladder also, and the two confronted each other in the straggling moonbeams that found their way through a cobwebbed window.

"What yer gwine to do wid my clothes on, Job Potter?" Seph asked, wrathfully.

"Nothin'. Pa's spoil it all! He fust thought that you was me, and then that I was you. There's no goin' to the party, anyway."

Seph dropped down on the floor, and let out the laugh that had been tickling him several times during the evening.

"It am all on account ob de Deacon bein' so onreasonable," he said. "We's had a perdicament for sartin."



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## THE SHEPHERD'S FRIENDS.

It is not difficult to recognize, even under their funny disguises, the dogs that are performing this little comedy. Even if their faces were completely hidden, the Highland bonnet and the shepherd's plaid on the back of the bench would betray them. They are Scotch shepherd dogs, or collies. Both are young, and are in the early stages of their education. They are learning to know their master's voice and to understand his wishes.

To sit up on its hind-legs, with a cap on its head and a pipe in its mouth, must certainly be very trying even to a good-tempered dog. The cap is very heavy and uncomfortable, and the pipe has not the least bit of bone flavor about it. But the dog that holds the pipe and the dog that wears the good wife's sun-bonnet know, or at least are learning to know, that what their master bids them do must be done, if possible.

There is a very serious side to the life of a shepherd's dog in the Scottish Highlands, to which this merry masquerading forms a pleasant contrast. Day after day he must accompany the shepherd and his flock, and keep watch over the straying sheep upon the mountain-side.

When the faithful colly has thoroughly learned his business, he may have a chance to win other prizes besides his daily food and his master's friendship; for in Scotland prizes are often given to the dog that proves himself the best in a "field trial."

A flock of sheep is turned out upon a mountain-side, and in a distant part of it a "pen" is made with hurdles just large enough to hold the flock. An opening just wide enough for one sheep to pass in, at a time, is left. The shepherds in turn send their dogs out, and the dog that can drive all the sheep into the pen in the shortest time wins the prize. Each shepherd "works" his own dog, that is, he directs it with his voice, but is not allowed to help his dog in turning the sheep.

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A shepherd who was watching his flock on a dark night saw them suddenly break away in all directions. Calling up his dog, he gave chase; but the sheep were wild, and he could not turn them. Soon they were all out of sight. He wandered over the mountain all night, but no trace of them could he find, until just at daybreak he came upon them, collected together—there were seven hundred of them—and there, keeping watch and ward over them, was his faithful dog. It had spent the night in gathering them together, and as they were too tired to walk home, the faithful animal sat down and waited until his master should find them at daybreak.

The dogs in the picture are the old shepherd's playmates now. They will soon be his most faithful friends and servants. Perhaps they may be the means of saving his life, for many and many a life has been saved by the intelligence and devotion of these humble creatures.

At last the brave and hardy shepherd will grow old, and the day will come when his sheep will miss him upon the mountain-side. His body is borne to its last resting-place in the peaceful old church-yard, and the neighbors all along the valley come to drop a tear upon his grave. But when all have gone their way sorrowfully, there remains one mourner who will not quit the mound of earth that covers his dear friend and master. It is no one; it is nothing; it is but a poor, ignorant, unreasoning, faithful—dog.

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## HOME GYMNASTICS FOR STORMY DAYS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

Hoary old winter provides some glorious sports for young limbs, but there come days of fierce snow and rain, or cold, howling winds, when he that ventures out for pleasure is more brave than wise. Books and in-door games then claim attention; but after a whole day, or perhaps two, spent in-doors, they lose their attraction.

Young minds and bodies grow restless and weary. There is no inclination for reading, or study, or play. The blood that only the other day was rushing through the youngster's veins with such force that he jumped and yelled with delight at he knew not what, is now almost as stagnant as a pool of water in a long drought.

It was exercise that made him glad and happy out-of-doors; exercise will make him contented and able to enjoy his book and his games in-doors.

For good in-door exercise there is nothing like a gymnasium. This is fortunate, for every house has a gymnasium in it, if its owners only knew it. It may sound like a strange statement, but it is true. *Every bedroom is a gymnasium.*

It is convenient to call this piece of furniture a chair; but if you call the room a gymnasium, you may call this chair a pair of parallel bars and a trapeze. If it is a light chair, and the ceiling is high, you may call it an Indian club and a pair of dumb-bells also if you like. That bed is a horizontal bar; so is the ledge over the door. The wall is an upright bar, and the pillow a sand-bag. When you are sleepy at night, you go to your bedroom; when you awake in the morning and spring out of bed, you find yourself in your gymnasium.

When you are only a little way dressed, try this exercise on your parallel bars: Turn your chair over so that it may rest upon its front legs and the front edge of the seat. Grasp the hind-legs, one in each hand, and with your legs stretched out, and your weight resting on the toes, lower your body until your chest is on a level with the legs of the chair; then push yourself up again by straightening your arms. Do this, without letting go the legs of the chair, two or three times. This

will be as many as you will want to try at first, and you must never tire yourself. After several days' practice you will find you can do it a dozen times without any special fatigue, and you will also find that your arms are getting larger and harder.

When you can do this first exercise easily, get another chair, and place the two back to back, and about eighteen inches apart. Stand between them, and grasp the chairs, one with each hand; hold your arms straight, and lift your feet off the floor. Now lower yourself by bending your arms; dip down between the chairs as far as you can, and raise yourself up again without putting your feet to the floor. This exercise is rather harder than the other, and at first you will not be able to make more than perhaps two or three dips, but you will be astonished to find with how few days' practice you will be able to make twelve dips, and soon twenty or more. This is a capital exercise for the chest and arms; and because you are not going to be a lumberman or a wrestler you need not think you are wasting time by developing your muscles.

One of the greatest poets this country has produced, and one of the most able editors of any country, the late William Cullen Bryant, practiced this exercise every morning, and kept it up *until his eighty-fourth year*. What a wonderful old man! But we shall hear more of him soon.

Now for a bed exercise. Grasp the foot-board with the hands close together, and the fingers on the side nearest the body. Bring your elbows together, and leaning forward upon them so that they support your body, balance yourself upon your hands, and go forward until your face almost touches the bedclothes, and your legs are parallel with the floor. This is not easy; but after you have practiced the chair exercises well, you will soon be able to do this several times, and even bring your feet almost down to the floor and return to your balancing position without touching the floor.

One of the fittings of a gymnasium is a "horizontal bar." This you will find in your gymnasium in the ledge over the door. Open the door, and take hold of the ledge, and see how many times you can draw your chin up to the ledge. Not many times at first, you will find. But it is a capital exercise to bring up the biceps, as the muscle in the front of the arm above the elbow is called. Mr. Bryant used to do this exercise on the ledge over the door, and pulled himself up so many times without resting that he could not keep count of them. And he was not a light boy or girl, but an old gentleman of eighty years.

Now try a trapeze exercise, or something very like what is done on a trapeze. Sit on the chair, and place your right hand on the back of it, and with the left hand grasp the seat between your legs. Raise yourself a little by your arms, and pass your right leg through your arms to where the left is, and the left leg through to where the right was. You will then find yourself with your face to the back of the chair. Rest in that position for a few seconds, but without releasing your grasp of the chair, and then pass your legs back to their original position. This is an excellent exercise for the back and legs and arms, and though gymnastics are out of place in the sitting-room, it is a good trick to do when, as sometimes happens, some one is talking about and showing feats of strength.

In many gymnasiums there are striking-bags, filled with sawdust or sand, and hung from above by a cord. The cord is not necessary. One of the pillows of your bed will do just as well as a hanging bag. Throw it up to the ceiling, and as it comes down strike it up again, first with one hand and then with the other, and see how long you can keep it in the air. This pillow fighting is a good and not at all dangerous exercise. Pillow never hits back.

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Although nothing has been said about girls doing these exercises, they are all suitable for girls, especially if done before they have finished dressing. Girls must have tumbled hair some time, and what better time than before they have combed it in the morning? Girls do not care much about foot-ball and base-ball, but they do like to have nice figures, and to be strong and healthy, and they will find no better way of becoming so than by practicing these and similar exercises.

Neither girls nor boys should try to do very much at first. Regular practice is very much better than hard work one day, and none at all the next three days. As soon as you feel tired, leave off. That is a sign that you have done enough. Fifteen minutes' exercise every morning will soon tell its tale in strong and lissom limbs and a feeling of health.

Some day you will go to a gymnasium fitted with bars and ladders and poles, and you will find yourself quite at home there. And that will be because your home gymnasium is not so very different from the public one, after all.

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## **THE LITTLE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.**

**ADAPTED FROM CHARLES DICKENS.**

**BY MRS. ZADEL B. GUSTAFSON.—(Continued.)**

A week after their happy holiday, Jenny was once more living alone with only her "bad child," for Lizzie had been engaged to go and nurse a sick man away in the east part of the city of London, and had given up her place in the seaman's outfitter to do it.

The sick man was very ill indeed, and it would be days, and might be weeks, before Lizzie could come back.

Early one foggy evening, when Lizzie had been two or three weeks away, old Mr. Riah came to Church Street and the home of the little dolls' dressmaker. Jenny expected him. He could see her through the window by the light of the candle, sitting in her low chair with her bonnet tied on, waiting for him.

"Good-evening, godmother," said the little creature, opening the door in answer to his knock.

"Are you ready, Cinderella, my dear?"

Jenny laughed, locked the door on the outside, and put the key in her pocket. It was a big key for such a little person, and Mr. Riah offered to carry it.

"No, no, no," said Jenny; "I'll carry it myself. I'm awfully lopsided, you know, and it helps to keep me even. I'll tell you a secret, godmother; I wear my pocket on my high side on purpose."

He took her hand within his arm, and she worked her little crutch along briskly with the other. She had already given him her basket, with a doll in it in evening toilet, to carry, and so they set out through the fog toward London.

When they reached the great city they turned into one of the principal streets, and with the pressure of her little hand on his arm she turned him to the brilliantly lighted toy-shop window. There were dolls of all sizes, with black hair, with white hair, brown hair, and yellow hair, straight hair and curly hair and crimped hair; dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, for presentation at court, for going to balls, for going out driving, for going out on horseback, for going out walking, for going to get married, for going to help other dolls to get married, for all the gay events of life.

"Pretty! pretty! pretty!" said Mr. Riah, clapping his hands lightly. "You have done it very daintily, Cinderella."

"Glad you like them," said Jenny, pleased and proud, her hair sparkling like spun crystal through the gas-lighted fog. "But the fun is when I make the great ladies try my dresses on. It's the hardest work I have to do, too."

"How do you mean?"

"Bless you, godmother, I have to scud about town at all hours to do it. When I sit at my bench cutting out and sewing, that's easy; but the trying on!—*that's* work."

"How trying on?" asked Mr. Riah, still puzzled.

"Why, godmother, look here. There's a Drawing-room, or a grand day in the Park, or a show, or a fête, or what you like. Very well. I squeeze among the crowd, and I look about. When I see a great lady dressed in the height of the fashion, I say, 'You'll do, my dear,' and I take particular notice of her, and run home and cut her out and baste her. Then another day I come scudding back to try on, and then I take very particular notice of her indeed. Sometimes she looks at me as she thought, 'How that child stares!' and sometimes she seems to like it and sometimes she don't, but more times she does than she don't; and all the time I'm saying to myself, 'I must hollow out a bit here, I must slope away there'; and you see I'm making a perfect slave of her. Evening parties are the hardest for me, because there's only a doorway for a full view, and what with hobbling among the wheels of the carriages and the legs of the horses, I fully expect to be run over some night. But there I have 'em just the same. There was Lady Belinda Whitrose. One night when she came out of her carriage to go in to a party I said, 'You'll do,' and I ran straight home, and cut her out and basted her, and then I hurried back and waited behind the men that called the carriages. Very bad night it was, too. At last they called, 'Lady Belinda Whitrose's carriage!' and didn't I make her try on, and take pains about it too, before she got seated. That's Lady Belinda hanging up by the waist—and much too near the gas-light for a wax one—with her toes turned in."

The little doll in evening toilet in Jenny's basket had been ordered for a rich banker's little daughter; and when they went into the shop, Jenny took it out herself, and wouldn't let the rather pert young man behind the counter touch it.

"Give me a box, young man," said she, with the little hitch of her eyes and chin, and the sharp old look on her tiny face; and when he obeyed, with a sly wink at old Mr. Riah, she cut him short with: "Mind your tricks and your manners, young man. Now tie this up, so, and find out if there's any change to be made in the ladies' wardrobe, and I'll take the order when I come again, and I'll take my pay now."



**"SHE TURNED HIM TO THE  
BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED TOY-SHOP  
WINDOW."**

Jenny had an errand into the city the very next day, and when it was done she went to St. Mary

Axe to call on Mr. Riah. She found him standing on the door-step of the yellow house, with a clumsy black bag in his hand. Something in the way he looked up and down the street before he saw her put a quick suspicion in Jenny's keen little mind. In the front window, drawing down the blind, stood the foxy-faced young man, with his mouth stretched as if he laughed, but his eyes squinted as if he did not feel merry at all.

"Boh! you're a beast," exclaimed Jenny, shaking her small fist at him. "I knew it. Well, godmother"—stopping in front of him, with her head on one side, and looking like an owl and wren in one—"so the wolf's been too much for you, and you're thrown on the world?"

"It seems so, Jenny," the old man answered.

"Sudden, ain't it, godmother?"

"Rather." He stepped down into the street, and they moved on together slowly.

"Where are you going to seek your fortune?"

The old man smiled at this question, but Jenny saw that he looked about him as if he had lost his way in life.

"Come," said she, "the best thing you can do now, at any rate, godmother, is to come right home with me. There's nobody there but my bad child, and Lizzie's room's empty." [Pg 220]

Mr. Riah had been asked by his employer to help do a mean and wicked thing, and because he would not do it he had been turned instantly from his place. But he had a little money, and could accept the little dressmaker's offer, for a time at least, without making her any poorer; so he went with her willingly, and was as pleased as she.

Now when Jenny had started on her errand into the city she had left her drunken father in the house, where he had promised to stay. But he didn't often keep such promises, or indeed any promises at all, and this time he took some coin he had managed to hide away, and crawled out through the window, and went into the city, and to places where drink could be had.

As Jenny and Mr. Riah were coming up the street toward Westminster Bridge, they met four men carrying a strange bundle between them. Mr. Riah would have passed, but Jenny stopped.

"Oh, let me see what it is! Let us make haste and look, godmother." She broke away, and with one quick look, "Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, he belongs to me!" she cried, and threw up her little trembling hands.

"Belongs to you!" exclaimed one of them.

"Oh yes. Tell them, godmother, he's my child. Oh, my poor bad boy! And he doesn't know me! Oh, what shall I do?" wildly beating her hands together.

She leaned again over the wretched, ragged figure, and Mr. Riah whispered to the men who held it: "It's her drunken father. She calls him her child, and she has taken care of him ever since she can remember."

"He is dead," they answered, looking at her with eyes full of pity! One of them spread a covering over him, and as they walked on, the little dolls' dressmaker followed, hiding her face in Mr. Riah's coat. The men carried their burden home, and it was put down in the parlor.

Many dolls had to be gayly dressed before Jenny could get money enough to buy the last garments he would ever wear for her father. As old Mr. Riah sat by helping in such ways as he could, he wondered whether she understood that the dead man had been really her father.

"It's so hard to bring up a child well, godmother," she said, as her needle flew along the little seams, "when you have to work, work, work all day! When my child was out of work, I couldn't keep him always near me. He got fretful and nervous, and I had to let him go into the streets. But he never did well out of sight. How often that happens with children! But how can I say what I might have turned out to be myself if my back hadn't been so bad and my legs so queer?" The little dressmaker went on: "I had nothing to do but work. I couldn't play, and it turned out the worse for him."

"Not for him alone, Jenny."

"Well, I don't know, godmother. Perhaps if I could have played with him— He suffered a great deal, poor child, and I called him names." She shook her head over her work, and tears fell on it, but her needle never stopped for a moment.

And so, talking and weeping and working, the brave little creature had at last dressed dolls enough to pay for all that was needed for the dead father who had so long been her "troublesome child."

"I must have a cry before I can cheer up for good," said little Jenny, coming in from the funeral, a day or two later, "for a child is a child, after all, you know."

She went away by herself, and sunset had faded into evening before she came down and made the tea. Her eyes were red, but she pattered her little crutch across the floor as briskly as ever, and when tea was over, she spread out a quantity of bright silks and lace and beads upon her work bench, and began to work just as usual.

"Cinderella, dear child, will you never rest?"

"Cutting out a pattern isn't much work, godmother," said Jenny, her little scissors snipping into tissue-paper.





## THE FAIRY PLAQUE.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

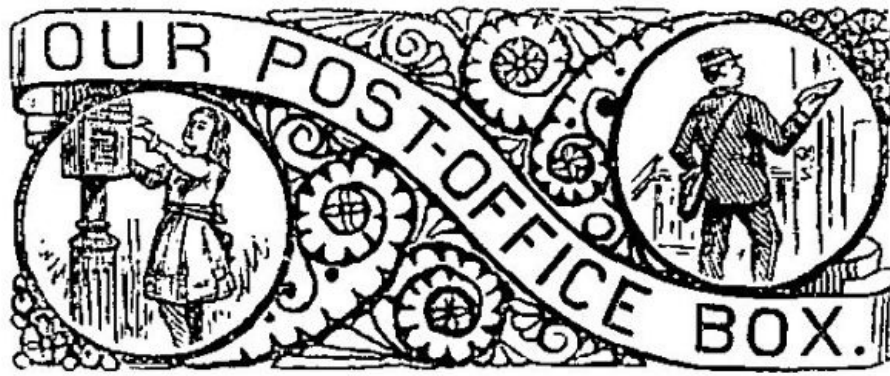
This game is played as follows: Take as many small pieces of card-board as there are players, and number them 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on. Then place them all on the table and shuffle them together. Let each player draw a card. The one who draws the highest number is the manager of the game.

The manager lays the plaque before him on the table, and directs all the players to stand with their faces to the wall. He then takes the pieces of card bearing the numbers, and places one upon each picture—one on the Black Knight in the centre, one on the White Cat, one on the Skylark, and so on. Each player must now choose a number. When all have chosen, the manager announces who has hit on the number representing the White Cat.

Now the White Cat is supposed to be a Princess in disguise, and it is the duty of the Black Prince to rescue her. But if a boy selects the number representing the Princess, he can select any little girl who is playing, and exchange tickets, saying to her, "You shall be my Princess." In the same way, if a little girl selects the number which represents the Black Knight, she changes tickets with any little boy, saying, "You shall be my Black Knight."

When this is arranged, the Princess takes her position on one side of the room, and the Knight on the other, and all the players march three times round the room, each imitating the sound of the animal his number represents. Then they draw themselves up in line in front of the Princess, and facing the Black Knight. The latter takes a handkerchief rolled up in the form of a ball, and throws it toward the Princess.

If he can throw it over the heads of the other players so that the Princess can catch it, then she is released, and all the others have to pay a forfeit, but it is the object of the other players to try to catch the ball without moving from their places. If one catches it, he is released, and so it goes on until either the Princess catches the ball or all of the other players catch it. Then if she and the Knight are left all alone, they both have to pay forfeits, which are cried in the usual manner.



Can it be possible that we have already reached the last day of January? One month of this bright new year has flitted away. You have had time to get used to writing 1882 on your school exercises, and time, we fear, to forget some of the good resolutions it seems so natural to make in the beginning of a year. Well, here is a chance for another start. If any boy is a loiterer, or careless, or passionate, if any girl is untidy or disobliging, begin to fight the bad habits now. February will bring us into the final month of winter.

Will some of our little window-gardeners write to the Postmistress and tell her about the callas that are opening their beautiful cup-like flowers, and the hyacinths that are filling their rooms with fragrance? There will be a snug little corner for plant-lovers in Our Post-office Box during the whole of the next month.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I saw in No. 114 an article on sponges, in which you said that sponges were cultivated in Europe. One day as I was passing through Fulton Street I saw in a show case something labelled "cultivated sponge." With your piece fresh in my memory, and having also a great curiosity to see how it looked, I entered the store—a large drug house near William Street—and inquired about it, and they kindly told me that the sponge was raised at Cedar Key, Florida, and that it was of seven months' growth; also that it had been cut and planted without being taken out of the water. The sponge measured seven inches in depth and eight inches across. Thinking that some of your young readers would like to see such a curiosity, I write this letter.

ALFRED M.

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WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eight years old, and my uncle has been sending me *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a long time. I have read letters that little boys have written for your paper, and thought I would like to write and tell them about my pet squirrel. Its name is Shell-bark. I named it that because it eats so many nuts. My papa and I were in the woods one day, and saw a little squirrel pop its head out of a hole, so we threw a handkerchief over the hole, and caught it. It is very tame now, but it has had a sore nose from trying to get out of its cage, and the only way I could get to grease it was by giving him a shell-bark, and when he poked his nose out to get it, I greased it with cold cream. I believe that is all I have to say.

ROBERT F. W.

Do you not think you would feel happier if you were to set that cage door open, and give the captive, although he is so tame, the choice between liberty and confinement? It is squirrel nature to love the wide woods, and I am afraid, notwithstanding your generous providing, he would prefer the old trees and scanty fare to the prettiest cage and plenty. If you do keep him for a pet, then ask papa to let you have a cage for him so large that you could turn a somersault in it.

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NEW YORK CITY.

I wonder if you would mind having at least one girl who has sympathy for Augusta C. about cats? I do not say I *hate* cats, yet I do not like them much. I think there are many nobler pets. We board, consequently I have no pets; but I have had them. Last year we went on a pleasure-trip to California, and staid eight months, going by sea *via* Panama, and coming home by land. I would like to know if Wiggles when drawn with a lead pencil are acceptable, and on what kind of paper. I am fourteen years old, and go to the public school.

MARIE B.

Wiggles may be drawn with a lead-pencil, and on any kind of paper which is convenient. They should be sent as promptly as possible.

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CHESTNUT RIDGE, NEW YORK.

I have read your nice paper for a year, and I like it very much. Last winter we were snowed in for a week, and could not drive out at all. The men had to take shovels and shovel the roads, and were two or three days doing it. The people would drive over the worst of the drifts, and then turn back when they got where the roads were good, for fear of finding worse drifts. I had a pet bird named Dickie. I often used to let him come out of the cage, and fly around the room. I did so one day, and forgot him when I went out-doors. I came back to look for him, but I could not find a feather. I don't know whether the cat caught him or what happened to him, but we never found him again.

Mr. Lossing, the gentleman who sometimes writes for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, lives only a little way from us. He is a very intelligent person. His stories are very interesting, especially his history. I have also been very much interested in Mr. Otis's stories. I think that "Toby Tyler" is better than "Tim and Tip."

MOLLIE B. P.

Poor little birdie! You could not even have the sad comfort of a funeral for him. I fear the cat could have told what became of him; but she acted, if it was she who was the culprit, according to her nature. If you ever have so docile a pet again, you will surely not forget him when he is outside the shelter of his cage.

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In No. 119 we will insert the January report of Miss E. A. Fanshawe, treasurer of the Endowment Fund for Young People's Cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital, New York. The cot for which our readers are contributing is to be placed in Holy Innocents' Ward, and one of the kind ladies who takes care of the little children there, in compliance with a number of requests, has sent us a letter telling how Santa Claus visited the hospital on Christmas. Although Christmas is over, you will all be glad to read her account of the pleasure which came to these sufferers:

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.

Some of you have asked how our little ones spent Christmas-day, and I am very glad to tell you of their happiness. When Christmas-eve came, they were in great excitement, wondering whether Santa Claus found the letters that they had put in the chimney, and whether each one would get what he or she had asked for. As bed-time drew near, we noticed on the part of those who had been up a remarkable desire to get to bed, and, when there, some very unsuccessful attempts at getting to sleep. Seven o'clock found them all quiet, and stockings fastened at the foot of each crib.

By five o'clock the next morning the girls were sitting up in their beds, with the contents of their stockings before them. Now you want to know what they found in those stockings. First, Santa Claus had put in a big orange, then a cornucopia of candy, and then—he had really brought them what they asked for in their letter; if it were too large to go in their stocking, he had put it on the foot of their bed, and on the top of all was a horn. At six they sang their carols. After breakfast all hastened to obtain their horns, and for a while there was a great deal of noise; several had never had a horn before, but they needed no instruction as to how to use it. Between their toys and "playing party" with their candy and oranges, the morning passed quickly away. In the afternoon they had a happy hour with their fathers and friends, telling them of all that Santa Claus had brought, and when bed-time came they were very tired little heads that rested once more on their pillows, and with the oft-repeated wish that "Santa Claus would come again to-night," they were soon fast asleep.

But there was still another treat in store for them. The Christmas tree was on the following Thursday; and a very happy group assembled on that day, not in the ward which you heard about in the last letter, but in the reception-rooms, which are as large as the ward, and could accommodate all the patients. It would take too long to enumerate all that wonderful tree had upon it, so I must leave you to picture it for yourselves, for without doubt you have all seen just such a one, and had some of the pretty things from its branches. It will be enough to tell you that the boys were made happy by soldier caps, guns, and swords, so that with the drum Santa Claus brought they can have a grand parade. And the girls have plenty of dolls to nurse and care for, for although apparently quite rosy and healthy when they came off the tree, yet the very next morning I heard that they were suffering from various diseases, so that the bed, which also was on the tree, was constantly being remade for a new patient as soon as one was pronounced "well enough to sit up." And frequent doses of medicine and pills were administered; these last were the tiniest little round candies, and after many attempts at persuading her child to swallow, the mother would often take one herself to

show how easily it was done. While some nurse, the older ones, who have work-boxes, make garments for their tiny patients. Thus the happiness brought by their Christmas gifts will linger with these little ones for many a day, cheering and shortening their weary hours of suffering.

S.

Will the contributors to the Cot Fund kindly observe that money for this purpose is to be sent to Miss E. Augusta Fanshawe, No. 43 New Street, New York City, and not to Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

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MEDWAY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have thought for a long time that I would like to write and tell about my two black dolls, Ned and Dinah. They were sent to me for a Christmas present when I was four years old. They came in the cars all alone from Portland, Maine, tied in a little chair. The night they arrived I had gone to bed, and mamma set them up on the piano so that I might see them the first thing when I got up in the morning. At first I was afraid of them; but I soon got over that, and have always loved them the best of all my dolls. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and like it better and better. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny.

MARY S. M.

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EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

I live on the banks of the Ohio River, and in a town where they make a great deal of white-ware. Nearly all the little girls and boys that write have pets. I have none except my dolls, and I have five of them. One of them I have not named; could you tell me a nice name for it? The little girls around here have doll parties just for their dolls.

EDNA S.

The best thing about doll parties is the fun the dolls' mammas always have on such occasions. Perhaps some little girl will help you name your baby; and when you write again, ask your papa to tell you something about the manufacture of the ware you speak of, so that you can describe it for the little readers of Our Post-office Box.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have never written to a paper before, but this one is so nice that I must write one letter to it.

Whenever any little girls write and say they wish we would send them some toys or money for the poor children who have nothing, I want to do it very much; but all the toys we have are wanted, and there are no broken ones to fix up and send.

We have only one pet—a pussy. Her name is Black Beauty, because she is black all over, except a white breastpin. In the country where we were this summer there were seven kittens. My little sister and I fed them, and played with them nearly all day. One of them was very gentle. I have often swung it over my shoulder by its tail, and never but once saw it get angry.

I love dolls very dearly, and play with them often. We have eight dolls in our house, and made them three presents apiece Christmas. It is a great deal of fun to make presents for them, and play that they can see and hear us.

I have only three big dolls myself, and one is a great curiosity. She was fourteen years old last September—two years older than I am. Her name is Clara Georgiana.

I have a sweet, cunning little baby, whose name is Anna Aldora. One of her arms is off, and the other is coming.

My best doll is Louise Elizabeth, a fine young lady.

EMILY N.

We wish you would promise yourself that you will not swing poor kitty by her tail again; it must be disagreeable and even painful to her, and we are sure you do not wish to hurt one of your pets.

Could not you spare one of your eight dolls for some little convalescent in a hospital, or some girl who has no playthings to amuse herself with? Perhaps, dear, if you choose one of the prettiest, and send her away, you will be surprised to find that the giving it away has made you very happy.

You remember Mrs. Lillie's story of "Marjorie's New-Year's Eve," don't you? We know, for we have proved by trying, that the only way to get real enjoyment is to deny ourselves for others.

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ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

Christmas morning, when we all rushed to the pretty tree, with its bright lights and presents, my little brother Clarence's stocking was squirming around, and out popped a wee black head with two bright eyes, and there was a puppy, all black but its brown feet and two brown spots over its cute little eyes. It weighed one and a half pounds, and is so spry and sweet! I know it has made us more pleasure than all the rest Santa Claus brought us, for we all love it so much! Brother named it Penny right away. If the milk-man does not bring us good fresh milk, Penny will not touch it. Mamma says the milk inspectors ought to have such a "taster."

I wonder if any of the little girls know how to make light, spongy-bread without yeast? Just use flour and water; some call it salt-rising, and some milk-rising, but it can be made nice without milk.

We are always glad when YOUNG PEOPLE comes.

NORA M. H.

Will not Nora ask her mamma to send Our Post-office Box the precise receipt for this bread?

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WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Happy New Year! In reading the letters published in YOUNG PEOPLE I have never seen one from here. May not one of the girls write? Our little town nestles at the very feet of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Those who live near the mountains can imagine how lovely a view they present. Last night it snowed, and they look prettier than ever. We have two very good colleges here, male and female. I go to the one, and brother to the other. I love our dear president, Dr. S. Tell Marie Louise Usher I wish I had something to offer in exchange for her deer horns; also, to write again, for I enjoy her letters. Have the girls and boys many pets? I have four. I love dogs, but not cats. As this is my first time, I will write no more.

[Pg 223]

KITTY.

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FULTON, TENNESSEE.

I live on the Mississippi River, and we can see boats from our house. I think your little paper is so nice. I love to hear the boats coming, because I then know that my paper will soon arrive. I have two of the loveliest puppies you ever saw. Their names are Blanche and Ruby. They are pure white. I have also two cats—Paul Myrick and Susie Silver. Susie hardly ever comes home. One day mamma and myself heard a mouse in the wood-box, and we caught her and put her in the box. She caught the mouse in a hurry. I got a nice Bible on Christmas, with my name on it, and a large wax doll too. I have seven dolls now. Good-by.

A. L. M.

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OSWEGO, KANSAS.

This is the first time I have written to this paper, and I would like to tell about Christmas. There was a Christmas tree here; I got a few presents, but not many. I have not any pets to speak of. I am staying at my grandmother's now, and go to school, and read in a Fourth Reader, and I am nine years of age.

CLINTON D.

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**C. Y. P. R. U.**

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.—An allusion was made in this column a few weeks ago to the long sleep of Rip Van Winkle, whose story is told by Washington Irving. Rip was the village good-for-nothing, a kind-hearted fellow, who had the bad habit of drinking to excess, and who spent hours

in lounging about with his dog and gun when he ought to have been earning food for his family. It was little wonder that Dame Van Winkle scolded and stormed.

Rip's home was in a nook of the Catskill Mountains. One day he wandered off in search of game. He met some queer old fellows playing at nine-pins, and they left their keg of liquor where Rip could taste it, while they gravely rolled their balls about. Rip took several tastes, and finally fell asleep.

He supposed that he had slept only one night; but when he awakened, stiff and sore, and made his way down the hills to the settlement, tradition says that he had slept no less than twenty years. His wife was dead. His old comrades were gone. His little girl had a chubby child of her own in her arms. The war of the Revolution had been fought. The face of the world had changed.

Now the Postmistress wants to tell you something very curious about this legend of Rip Van Winkle. Like many other myths, it is found, in different forms, in far-away countries and remote periods. The Greeks had something like it in the exquisite story of the shepherd Endymion; but Endymion did not grow old and gray in his slumbers, as Rip did. In Scandinavian mythology there is a legend of Siegfried lying sound asleep, but awaiting, a call to fight when his country shall need him. In Bohemia three miners are supposed to be dreaming in the heart of the lonely hills. But the most picturesque of all the stories is the one I am about to tell you of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. It is also very ancient.

In the days of the Emperor Diocletian the Christians at Ephesus were persecuted. All who refused to worship idols were condemned to death.

Maximian, Malchus, Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine were seven young men of noble birth. They said they would never deny their Lord and Master Jesus Christ. The Emperor gave them a few days to consider their course, telling them that they would certainly be executed unless they obeyed him. They divided their goods among the poor, and retired together to a cave in Mount Celion, where they fell asleep.

Diocletian hunted for them everywhere, but they could not be found. He blocked up with great stones the mouth of the very cavern in which they were, thinking that if they were hidden in its recesses they would not escape his wrath, but would die of hunger.

More than two centuries passed away. Then, according to tradition, an Ephesian building a stable on the side of Mount Celion took a fancy to the big stones in the cave's mouth. He carried them away, daylight poured in, the sounds of the outside world penetrated the silence, and the Seven Sleepers rubbed their eyes, awoke, and felt hungry. It was to them as though they had slept but one day.

Malchus went into the city to buy some food. Everything was strange to him. Everywhere, on houses and temples, he saw the sign of the cross. He heard men using Christ's name. When he went into a baker's shop to buy a loaf, and offered in payment a coin more than two hundred years old, the people stared, and the baker, who happened to be a coin collector, wanted to know where he had discovered so great a treasure. And Malchus, bewildered and confused, was taken before the Governor and the Bishop, and to them he told simply how he and his friends had gone to hide from danger, and how they had fallen asleep, and had just awakened. Then he led the great men and the crowd who followed them to the place where his six companions were impatiently waiting for him to return.

There they were, young, beautiful and blooming. But they were in a world which they did not know, and which did not know them, so the beautiful story says that God kindly took them to Himself before long in the sweet sleep which has no waking on earth.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I read a letter in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, from St. Clair, Michigan, in which a little girl asks you for a name for a club of five, and some suggestions as to pleasant work, and I thought I would write to you about the club I belong to. There are five of us, and our name is the "T. J. G.'s." It was a profound secret for a long time what T. J. G. meant; but one of the girls forgot, and let it slip out. We fined her five cents; and now I suppose I may tell you—The Jolly Girls. Our badge is a bow of garnet ribbon, with a tiny bell fastened to it. We meet every Friday evening, and spend two or three hours in reading and conversation. Some one reads aloud. Our last book was *Dr. Gilbert's Daughters*. If any one is absent, she must pay a penny into the club fund. We are saving our money to buy books. During the holidays we had a little party, and invited eighteen of our friends. We had dancing and refreshments, and one of the city papers complimented our entertainment very highly. I am nine years old. I have had *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number. I like fairy stories better than any other kind. Washington looked like fairy-land on Christmas. My mother says that it is the most beautiful city in the world except Paris.

M. JOSEPHINE C.

As I have just been reading *Dr. Gilbert's Daughters* myself, I can imagine what a pleasant time you five T. J. G.'s have had over the troubles of May and Fay. There is a great deal of poetry in fairy stories, and I suppose that is why most people are so very fond of them. I think your badge

is very pretty and unique, and I wish other girls and boys who belong to little clubs and circles would write and tell me about them.

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C. Y. P. R. U. means Chautauqua Young People's Reading Union, and the papers prepared for the select reading of its members, and published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from week to week, are recommended and approved by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, president of the parent society which bears the familiar and now celebrated name of Chautauqua. We state this for the benefit of some of our new subscribers, who do not understand the five mystic letters at the head of this column.

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We would call the special attention of the C. Y. P. R. U. to a most interesting article on music, by Mrs. John Lillie, entitled "About Crotchets and Quavers"; and to "Home Gymnastics for Stormy Days," wherein Sherwood Ryse explains to the boys and girls how they may keep their muscles exercised and their cheeks rosy even though confined in-doors by bad weather. They will also be interested in the account of the sheep-dogs of the Scottish Highlands given under the title of "The Shepherd's Friends"; and in Mr. J. M. Murphy's account of "A Deer Hunt in the Rocky Mountains," the incidents of which were drawn from the practical experience of this well-known hunter.

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Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "The Two Orphans," John Fred Hilton, C. A., Mabel B. Canon, Mary E. White, M. F. Tomes, Willie Volckhausen, "Lodestar," Wilfred J. Vrooman, George A. Simpson, Patchie Clark, Nellie J. Flagler, John Phelan, Frank Van Dorn, Ella Banks, Louie Price, Helena Sanders, George Hicks, Jennie May Ridgway, "Queen Bess," Richard W. Coutts.

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## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

### No. 1.

#### A LADDER.

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The bars are respectively a cotton cloth, a weapon, marine substances, a beautifier, and an intruder. From the sides an ingenious person will spell the name of an immortal book, and find out its author.

KITTY CLOVER.

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### No. 2.

#### AN ACROSTIC.

1. A musical instrument. 2. A girl's name. 3. A coin. 4. The past. 5. Urns. 6. A mountain range. 7. A part of the day. 8. Repose. 9. A door. 10. A portion of the house. 11. Trees. 12. A period of duration. The first letters spell the name of a gentlewoman famous in English history.

ALICE CHISHOLM.

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**No. 3.**

**TWO EASY WORD SQUARES.**

- 1.—1. A small insect. 2. A melody. 3. Points. 4. Pipes.  
2.—1. A giant. 2. Increased. 3. Advice. 4. A pitcher.

JOHNNIE M.

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**No. 4.**

**ENIGMA.**

In sleep, not in wake.  
In sunshine, not in cloud.  
In opal, not in flake.  
In wrapper, not in shroud.  
In singing, not in crying.  
In shouting, not in sighing.  
In opening, not in shutting.  
In ripping, not in cutting.  
In mounting, not in standing.  
Silent, swift, grand, expanding.  
Which poet tells my story?  
Who am I, and what's my glory?

MOTHER BUNCH.

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**No. 5.**

**THREE CHARADES.**

**1.**

The little maid with whom you played  
Would be a chatter-box.  
But that my second round my first  
Unfortunately locks;  
So blushing in her pride, she sits  
And mends her father's socks.

**2.**

My first is on the milk-maid seen,  
And on the belted knight,  
And on the champion cricketer,  
And on the lady bright.  
My second's scattered everywhere  
In earth and air and sea.  
And for my third, it's owned to be  
The birthright of the free.  
And in my whole, if trouble come,  
All patriots in a trice  
Would march in armor to the front,  
Though life should be the price.

**3.**

My first is without color.  
My second is without beauty.  
My whole is always useful, and is an adjunct of the beautiful.

McIVOR.

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**No. 6.**

**TWO HALF-SQUARES.**

- 1.—1. A grain. 2. Warmth. 3. To take food. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter.  
2.—1. Rubbish. 2. An eruption. 3. A tree. 4. A lullaby. 5. An aspirate.

CHARLIE.

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**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 115.**

**No. 1.**

A pair of skates.

**No. 2.**

T Y  
ARE BOA  
TREES YOUNG  
EEL AND  
S G

**No. 3.**

M in D  
A mb I  
C atholi C  
B ea K  
E xhal E  
T o N  
H i S

**No. 4.**

Scissors.

**No. 5.**

Honesty is the best policy. Test. No. Hoist. Bite. Lye. Honey. Spice.

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

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**SOME MUMPS.**

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# MIRTHFUL MAGIC.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

## THE BLAZING SNOW-BALL.

One of the most astonishing and amusing tricks has been lately performed by a German Professor, which is so simple that any boy can very easily do it when he knows how.

In the parlor where it was first tried a party of scientific gentlemen and ladies were seated conversing upon subjects of deep interest, and the Professor had been explaining the bias of the mind toward superstition. "For instance," said he, "I can easily convince you that I can perform an impossibility, or something that has at least always been so considered. I can light a snow-ball with a common match." Of course all present ventured to doubt this statement, and several declared that it was impossible to deceive them into such a belief. The Professor at once opened the window, and took from the sill a great handful of snow which had lately fallen. Rolling it up into a ball, he placed it upon a plate, and passed it around to be inspected by each member of the company. All having assured themselves that everything was correct, and that there was no deception in the plate or snow, he placed the plate upon the mantel, rolled the snow into a closer ball, and in the full view of all the company, took a common match from the match-box, and lighted the snow-ball, which immediately broke out into a cheerful blaze. The Professor then passed the plate around to each of the company, and great were the expressions of astonishment as the flame rose higher and higher from the snow. Some economists doubtless planned a wise paper on the advantage to the poor to be derived from this new species of fuel, and no one of the incredulous could guess how the clever trick was done. It was very simple, however. The Professor had slipped a piece of crude camphor, of about the size and shape of a chestnut, into the top of the snow-ball. He then applied the match to the smaller end, which was uppermost, and was pushed so far into the soft snow as to be invisible.

A smart boy can make a great deal of fun by giving a burlesque lecture on heat, and illustrating it by this remarkable experiment. He can have the small piece of camphor, sharpened to a point, in his vest pocket, and can take it out while feeling for a match, and can easily slip it into the snow-ball just before lighting it. The softer and fresher the snow, the easier it will be to conceal the slight difference in color between the two substances, which becomes less perceptible after the camphor has burned for a few moments.

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## ENIGMA.

A very little thing am I,  
Not found in ocean, earth, or sky;  
Who'll find me out? who'll guess? who'll try?

Me do the vivid lightnings bring,  
And without me the fierce Fire King  
Is nothing but a shapeless thing.

Yet in the frigid arctic clime  
You'll find me in the ice and rime,  
And in the iceberg's height sublime.

You hear me in the winds that wail  
When driving wintry ice and hail  
To shiver rigging, ship, and sail.

You'll see me in the sunshine bright  
That glitters in the lily white,  
And in the flick'ring faint moonlight.

You'll spy me in your birthday gift,  
And in the rippling river swift  
That issues from the hill-side rift.

Within the rain that feeds the ground,  
And in the ship that's homeward bound,  
And in deep tin mines am I found.

Seek me in china, not in delf;  
And when you've guessed, quick-witted elf,  
You'll find I'm not unlike yourself.

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FUN ON THE ICE.—"SHINNY ON YOUR OWN SIDE."

### FOOTNOTES:

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

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, JANUARY 31,  
1882 \*\*\*

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