

Harper's Young People, November 30, 1880

Various

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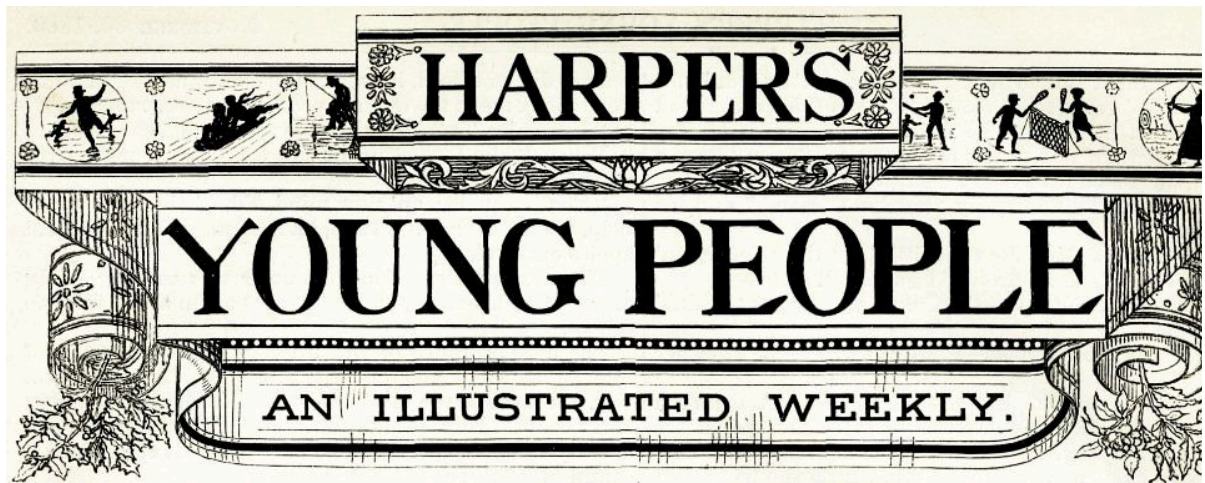
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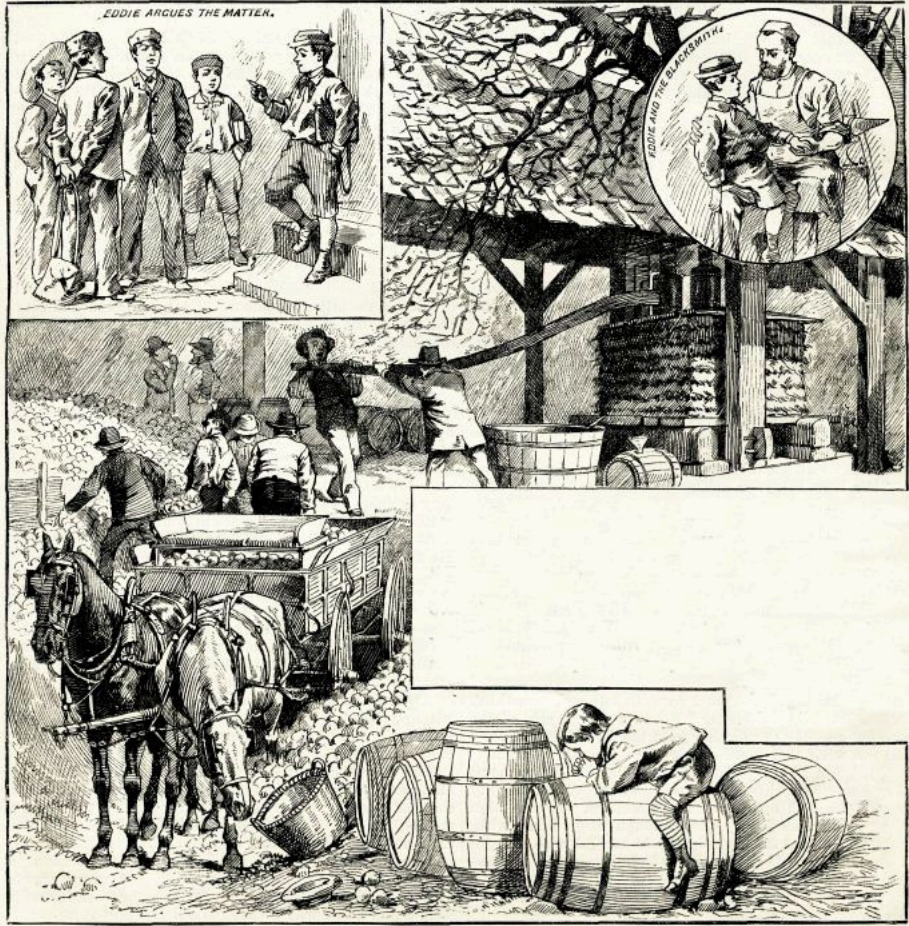
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A GOOD DAY'S WORK; OR, HOW THE WIDOW'S APPLES WERE GATHERED.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

"I say, mother, Bill Joyce has run away!" cried Eddie Stevens, rushing into the kitchen swinging his school-bag over his arm.

"Has he, indeed? Well, I'm not very much surprised, for he has behaved very badly ever since his father died. I'm sorry, though, for poor Mrs. Joyce. She'll be all alone now, and I don't know how she'll get through the winter."

"She wanted Bill to pick the apples, an' he wouldn't, an' so he jes' got his best clothes, an' went down the road to Moorfield Station, an' he told Sammy Brown he was a-goin to sea; an' he had lots of money, for Sammy Brown seen it, an' I seen Mrs. Joyce a-sittin' by the—"

"Stop! stop! Eddie, say 'saw,' not 'seen,'" said his mother.

"Well, I saw Mrs. Joyce a-sittin' by the winder, an' a-cryin' like a house a-fire, an' I guess Bill stoled—"

"Stop again," interposed Mrs. Stevens. "Say 'I think' and 'stole.'"

"Well, anyhow I guess—I mean, I think—he's got her money."

"Poor woman, she has trouble indeed. A drunken husband, who dies and leaves the place mortgaged for more than it's worth; a fire that burns her barn; and now a bad son, who runs away with what little she has saved to get through the winter with. I'll go and see her tomorrow."

The next afternoon when Eddie came home his mother looked very thoughtful. She said, "Don't you think you could persuade the boys to pick Widow Joyce's apples on Saturday?"

Eddie said nothing, but looked very dubious, for the widow was not liked by the boys.

"Do you think you will ever become so bad that you will want to run away, Eddie?" and his mother looked into his eyes anxiously.

"No, indeed, mother. But you ain't like Bill's mother. She used to lick him awful," replied Eddie.

"Say 'whip,' and 'very hard,' my son."

"Yes, mother."

"Well, will you ask the boys?"

"I'll try 'em, ma."

When Eddie started for school the next day his mind was full of the mission his mother had given him to the boys.

"What ye lookin' so serus about, Ed? 'Pears like ye'd lost all yer best friends," exclaimed the blacksmith, as Eddie passed his open door.

Tom the smith and the little boy were excellent friends, despite the former's remark, and Eddie told him all about Bill, and the widow, and his mother's wish.

"Well, now, ef that ain't a right good idee! You tell the boys ef they'll git the apples onto the ground in piles, I'll hitch up to one of these wagons an' fetch 'em to the mill."

"Can we all go an' see 'em grinded into cider?"

"See here, Ed, your mother'll scold you for usin' sech langwige. What makes ye say 'grinded'? I have to despise folks as don't treat their grammar proper."

"No, mother won't scold me, neither, Tom. She says she rules with love; an' when she talks to me after I've done anythin' bad, it's worse 'n bein' licked. Did your mother lick you when you was little, Tom?"

Somehow the sturdy smith was the sober one now, and he only answered, "Jest you get along to school, and mind you let me know ef the boys are agreed."

Before Eddie had gone far, however, the smith whistled and beckoned him back.

"Sit here a minnit, Ed, I want to tell you somethin'. When I was a little feller I lived on t'other side of the sea, an' one day my mother kept me in, an' that night I did jest what Bill Joyce's done—I *run away*. I went to sea, too, jest like most little fools as believe all the stuff they read about 'life on the ocean wave.' I had mighty hard times, and often wished I could die. It was nigh eight years afore I got money enough to git home with, an' then I found strangers in the house, Ed, who thought I was a tramp. My mother was in her grave, an' the rest was scattered. I never seen none of 'em since."

"Say 'saw,' not 'seen,' Tom," said Eddie, mindful of his own teaching at home.

Tom did not heed, however, but continued. "I want you to look me in the eye, an' promise to *never run away*."

"I promise, Tom," said the boy, promptly.

When Eddie looked up he saw a big crock mark over one of Tom's eyes.

"That's square; an' now mind, Ed, ef the boys won't help, why, I'll shet the shop, an' you an' I'll tackle them apples ourselves."

The next moment Tom's hammer was making lively music upon his anvil, and Eddie was again on his way to school.

The disappearance of Bill Joyce was the one topic of interest at the school-house. Jim Pennell, the biggest boy, did most of the talking. "You bet, I wish I was in Bill's boots. He served the old woman right. He'll have a bully time, and in a couple of years he'll come back a captain of a ship; you see if he don't."

Eddie had just joined the group in front of the school steps. "My mother says—she says—" Poor Ed! here his tongue stuck fast.

"Well, she says she'll put you to bed before supper, and switch you well if *you* run away, don't she?" sneered Jim.

"No, she don't!" exclaimed Eddie, hotly. "I tell you what it is, fellers, I say it's mean an' unfair to make fun of Bill's mother; an' he'll be sure to wish himself back pretty quick. What's more, Tom the smith an' I are goin' to pick Mrs. Joyce's apples on Saturday, and take 'em to the cider mill. You can help if you want to. We'll have lots of fun, an' be doin' a good—"

Just at this moment the school bell rang, and the boys hastened to their desks.

When the roll had been called, Miss Winslow, the teacher, told Jim Pennell to go to the blackboard. "Now," said she, "write 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' That will do. Now, Eddie, you put under it 'Do right, and fear not.'"

Jim and Eddie each wondered if Miss Winslow had overheard the talk at the door. Jim's cheeks turned very red, and so did Eddie's, but it was when he looked up and met his teacher's smile.

After school the subject was renewed.

"I won't go," said one. "Didn't she set the dog onto us one day?"

"Neither will I," insisted another. "Don't I remember how she sassed us for gettin' chestnuts in the wood patch back of her corn lot?"

Three boys, however, were waiting for Eddie a little way down the road, who promised to help him, but were very anxious that Jim Pennell should not know about it.

Eddie reported his experience to Tom and to his mother.

At eight o'clock on Saturday morning, Tom, as good as his word, locked his shop, and hung out an old sign which read, "Gone a-fishin'," and drove away with four boys in the wagon. Five others ran and clambered in as the party went merrily down the village street, and finally Tom protested that he would not have any more along.

What a time they had, to be sure, in the orchard! Some climbed out on the limbs and shook them vigorously, while others held sheets to catch the apples.

At two o'clock they were all collected in heaps—big red Spitzenbergs, plump greenings, brown russets, and luscious Baldwins. "Seventy bushels of 'em if there's one," said Tom.

Two trips were made to the cider mill, the boys going along and helping to unload, though it must be confessed some of them were a great deal better pleased to put long straws into the open bungs of the barrels, and suck the fresh sweet cider until they could not hold another drop.

There is nothing the country boy likes more than to watch the men at work in a cider mill. If you, my reader, live in the city, it is likely that you have never seen such a place, so I will venture to tell you how it looks.

A great ponderous frame stands under a shed, with two heavy screws of oak standing upright in a cross-piece. The apples are heaped on all sides, and are first crushed between wooden cog-wheels and caught in tubs. This is called "cheese."

Then a layer of straw is put upon the base of the screw press, and next a layer of "cheese," and upon this more straw, and then again "cheese" and straw clear up; after which planks are put on top, and the "cheese" is "built." Now the screws are turned alternately with a long sweep. Then the cider begins to trickle out, and runs around the little channel cut in the base, and finally into a large tub, from which it is dipped into the waiting barrels.

The leavings, after the juice has all been expressed, is called "pummy," which I suppose is from *pomum*, a Latin word meaning an "apple." The "pummy" is fed to horses and cattle, and they are very fond of it.

A barrel of cider requires about twelve bushels of apples, and is generally worth about a dollar and a half, and the barrel as much more.

The owner of the cider mill paid Tom for the apples, and the party started back. Upon the way Tom put the money into Eddie's hands, insisting that he should carry it in to the widow, while he put a barrel of cider he had bought with his own cash into the cellar. Eddie agreed, upon the condition that all the boys would go in.

When they left the house, after this had been done, somehow they were all very quiet, until Sammy Brown exclaimed,

"Tell you what 'tis, boys, I wish the orchard was bigger, or else there was more poor widows like Bill's mother round here, don't you?"

And no one answered "No."

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

CHAPTER V.

Although Lafayette and Washington both thought that the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army, and the failure of the British to take the State of Virginia, would prove a death-blow to the King's cause in America, neither of them ceased for a moment his efforts to keep up the war. They knew that if peace were indeed coming, much better terms could be had if the Americans showed that they could and would still fight. So while Washington was trying to arouse the people at home, and to get a still larger army, Lafayette sailed for France to seek fresh aid from the government of that country. He succeeded bravely, and was put at the head of an expedition of sixty war vessels and 24,000 men, who were to sail for the United States early in 1783. But while these splendid efforts were being put forth peace was declared; the independence of the United States was recognized by Great Britain; the long struggle was over, and Lafayette was able by his own hand to send the first tidings of its glorious ending to Congress. The next year, on the invitation of Washington, he visited the United States, and was everywhere received with the most joyous signs of love and respect.

When he returned to France he straightway engaged in new efforts for the cause of liberty. Slavery then existed in the French colonies. Lafayette, who had spent over a quarter of a million dollars for the United States, now devoted another large part of his fortune to the freedom of the negroes. He bought a large plantation in Cayenne, and made the slaves free, and founded schools to teach them. In the same way he labored for liberty at home. The French people were sorely oppressed, far worse than the Americans had ever been. Lafayette joined with large numbers of his countrymen in demanding that this oppression should cease, and he did gain great concessions for them. But one July night in 1789 the people of Paris, restless with their slow progress toward liberty, rose and stormed the Bastille, the great royal prison, where many political prisoners had been shut up, and asked of the Assembly, which was in session, that they should be armed. The prayer was granted, and a popular army was raised, called the National Guard, three millions strong. Lafayette was made their commander-in-chief. He used his enormous power with great patience and courage and skill, and to him France largely owed the wonderful victories which she afterward won.

The revolution went on. The King was dethroned and beheaded. A government republican in form but very despotic in spirit followed. Lafayette, who was on the border of Austria fighting his country's foreign foes, was hated by the men in power because he opposed their cruelty, their thirst for blood, and their gross injustice. They conspired to seize and kill him. In 1793 he saw that his life was no longer safe, and fled in disguise across the Austrian frontier. But here he was seized by the Austrian government, at that time one of the most despotic in the world, and put in prison, first in one place and then in another, and finally in a fortress at Olmütz.

The Austrian rulers saw in him their most dangerous enemy, for he was not only an able soldier, but a skillful statesman, and no man in Europe could so well guide the peoples to a complete overthrow of tyranny. So it was resolved to break down his spirit once for all. He was put in a deep, damp cell alone. No books or papers were allowed him. He was told that his whereabouts should be held secret, that no one of his family or friends should know whether he were living or dead, and that so long as he lived no word of what was doing in the world outside should reach him.

But though he wasted to a skeleton, and his hair whitened and fell from his head, he never lost heart of hope and daring for a moment. The Austrian tyrants had over-rated their power. Love was stronger than hate. A gallant friend, a Bavarian doctor, found out where Lafayette was, and planned his escape, assisted by a young American, the son of the Major Huger who had welcomed Lafayette when he first set foot on American soil. But the attempt failed. Lafayette and his friends were betrayed and captured and thrown into prison. The world, however, had learned where Lafayette was. Washington, now President of the United States, wrote an appealing letter to the Emperor of Austria, beseeching him to release the almost dying prisoner.

In the English House of Commons, members who had fought Lafayette in Virginia and been defeated by him, denounced the cruelty of Austria, and implored the British government to intercede for him. Lafayette's wife, who had narrowly escaped death on the scaffold from the enemies of her husband in France, went to Vienna, and with

prayers and tears got the privilege of sharing her husband's cell. Finally, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had become the ruler of France, and had badly beaten the Austrians at many points, compelled them to free Lafayette before he would grant them peace.

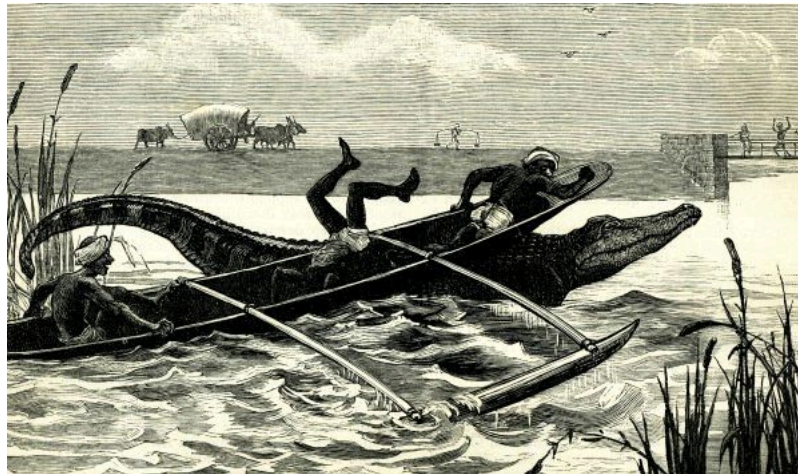
After five years of a prison almost worse than death he returned to find his beloved land oppressed by the iron rule of Napoleon. This great despot sought to win the support of Lafayette, and offered him wealth, honor, and power; but the steadfast friend of freedom refused everything, and retired, almost in want, to a farm near Paris, where he lived in quiet until Napoleon's reign was over. When the Emperor fell, and a new government was set up in France, Lafayette again entered public life, and labored hard to persuade the new government to treat the people justly, but in vain.

In 1830 the people again arose in revolution, and the King fled. The National Guard was again set on foot, and again Lafayette was put at its head. Still another new government came into power, this time with Louis Philippe as King, who was pledged to do whatever the people through their representatives should demand. Lafayette was seventy-three years old when he led this last revolution. His life was near its close, but he was destined to see much of what he had worked for and fought for and suffered for brought about.

The government of King Louis Philippe brought with it almost complete liberty for France. In a short visit made to America in 1824 Lafayette had found the country peaceful and prosperous, and free government firmly set up. He died in 1834, being seventy-seven years of age. Surely no life was ever better spent. From his boyhood to his old age he had always striven to reform abuses, to overthrow injustice, to win liberty for all mankind, and at the same time to teach his fellow-men to use justly and kindly the liberty which they secured.

In our own history his name will always be linked with that of Washington. They were both brave, faithful, just, and generous, and both honored the name of American citizen—a name which Lafayette proudly claimed so long as he lived.

THE END.



"UP WENT THE CANOE."

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

A correspondent writes: "There is a deep pool near Kalmunai, in the Batticaloa district of Ceylon, famed for its alligators, so much so in fact that a friend and I shot eighteen there in the course of a week without apparently diminishing the number.

"There was one enormous brute that had the reputation of having devoured four natives, and cattle without end. The villagers begged us to shoot him, and for some time we watched for him, and often saw him as he came up to breathe; but so cunning was he that the instant he saw either of us raise a rifle, down he would sink, with scarcely a ripple to mark the place of his disappearance.

"Now this pool swarmed with fish, but the dread of the alligators kept the natives from netting them; at length, however, emboldened by our presence, three men paddled in from the stream and began operations. At first they kept close to the bridge, but growing bolder they moved up to some reeds which bade fair to reward their boldness, when all of a sudden, splash! up went the canoe; and but for the outrigger it would have capsized, men and all.

"They had run upon the alligator, which was lying on a sand-bank just below the surface. The yells of the lookers-on and the smack with which the brute's tail struck the canoe showed how narrow an escape the men had had. However, this was my opportunity, and a moment afterward I had the satisfaction of killing the alligator with a bullet in the brain."

[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF IT.

So Paul Grayson's secret was out at last, and now the boys wished there never had been any secret at all.

"I've had lots of fun trying to puzzle it out," said Ned Johnston to Napoleon Nott on the afternoon of the day of the trial, "but now I wish that I hadn't. Think of poor Paul!"

"I wish he had been a prince in exile," said Napoleon Nott, "for then he wouldn't have had a chance to tell on himself. Princes' sons never have their fathers tried for passing counterfeit money. But I'll tell you what; the way that Paul looked when he said 'Father!' that day was just like a picture in a book I've got, named *Doomed to Death; or, the Pirate's Protégé*. I'll bring it to school some day and show it to you all."

"I'll break every bone in your body if you do," said Will Palmer.

Notty suddenly remembered that his mother had sent him to the market to order something, so he hurried away from society that he had mistakenly supposed might be congenial, while Ned Johnston made the round of the residences of the various boys who had been at school with Paul. The end of it all was that the entire school met in the school-yard that evening after supper for the purpose of formally drafting resolutions of sympathy. Condolence also was suggested by Sam Wardwell, but Canning Forbes said that the meeting should not make a fool of itself if he could prevent it.

If the roll of Mr. Morton's school had been called that evening at that meeting, not a single absentee would have been reported. Even Charlie Gunter, who had begun half an hour before to shake with a chill, was present; and although his remarks were somewhat jerky, and his sentences bitten all to pieces by his chattering teeth, he spoke so feelingly that no one manifested the slightest inclination to laugh.

It had been intended that the meeting should be organized in as grand style as any town-meeting to consider the dog-tax question had ever been, but somehow there was a general unloosening of tongues, and no one thought to move that the assemblage should be called to order.

"It's easy enough now to see why Paul played so splendidly in that tableau of 'Civilization,'" said Will Palmer.

"Yes, indeed, it is," said Canning Forbes, "and easy too to understand why he fought so hard against taking the part when every one asked him to do it."

"No wonder he wasn't afraid to walk beside the prisoner after the Deputy-Sheriff had captured him," said Sam Wardwell. "I don't believe I'd have been afraid myself, if my father had been the counterfeiter. And, say, Mr. Morton came into the store this morning and offered father a five-dollar bill to make up his loss by the bad bill that Paul's father passed on him, and what do you think father said?"

"We give it up," said Canning Forbes, quickly. "Tell us what it was."



THE MEETING IN THE SCHOOL-YARD.

"Why," Sam answered, "he said that he wouldn't touch it for a thousand dollars, and if ever the prisoner needed money or anything during his six months, all he needed to do was to send to him. Father was telling mother about the whole thing last night when I went home, and when I went in he jumped up and hugged me and kissed me. He hasn't done that before since I was a little boy."

"Now I know why Paul used to forget his game and stare at the jail windows so hard," said Benny Mallow.

"Ye—es," chattered Charlie Gunter, "and why he—he was al—always wh—wh—wh—whistling when he passed the jail."

"And why he never could be happy unless a game of ball was going on in the lot by the jail," resumed Benny. "If I'd only known all about it, I would have sweated to death on the hottest day of the summer rather than not have obliged him."

"Some of the girls thought it was very unmannerly for Paul to have been the first to leave Benny's party the night of the escape," said Will Palmer. "I'm going to call specially on each one of those girls and make her take it back."

"And if any of them refuse," said Sam Wardwell, "just you tell me. She sha'n't ever eat another philopena with me while she lives; not if she lives for a thousand years."

"He begged me to tell all of you boys that he hadn't anything to do with the catching of the prisoner," confessed Benny, for the first time. "I wish I'd gone and done it right away! Oh dear; I do think I'm the very wickedest boy that ever lived—except Cain."

"I wonder who told the Judge so much about Paul's father?" asked Ned Johnston.

"Why, Mr. Morton, of course," replied Canning Forbes. "Haven't you seen through that yet? Mr. Morton told in school one day, you know, that Paul was the son of an old friend of his."

At least half of the boys had not put the two ends of this thread together before, but they all admitted that Canning had done it correctly.

"Certainly," said Will Palmer, "and that explains why Mr. Morton was so frequent in his visits to the prison."

"Yes, and why Paul felt so dreadful after *he* had been there the first time," said Benny. "It just used him up completely; you'd hardly have thought him the same boy."

Mention of that incident recalled to the boys the manner in which Paul had come to go to the prison, so one after another looked at Joe Appleby, who had not yet said a word, but Joe did not seem angry; on the contrary, he said,

"Boys, of course I didn't know how what I said was affecting Paul, but I know now, and I'm going to apologize to him the first chance I get. I'm going to ask him to forgive me, or to take it out of me, if he'd rather; and," continued Joe, after a short pause, "I'm not going to wait for the chance, but I'm going to make it."

"Hurrah for Appleby!" shouted Will Palmer, and as three cheers were given Will crossed over to the big boy of whom he had long been jealous, and shook hands with him, and all the other boys understood it, so when Canning Forbes cried "Three cheers for Palmer!" they too were given with a will.

"I want to make a suggestion," said Canning Forbes, when the cheering had ended. "We came here to adopt resolutions for Paul Grayson, but I'm sure he'd be better pleased if we would say nothing about the matter; any reference to it would be certain to give him pain. The best we can do is to treat him with special kindness hereafter, if he stays, and never, by any word or deed, make reference to the past. If there is any one who insists on resolutions, let him adopt them for himself and about himself. In spite of having had a father who was a gambler and a criminal, Paul is the most sensible, honest, honorable, pleasant fellow in this town. Let each one of us make a resolution that if a boy can become what Paul is, in spite of such dreadful trouble, those of us who have honest fathers and happy homes ought to do at least as well."

"I'll do that," said Benny Mallow, "right straight away, and I'll write it down in a book as soon as I get home, so as to be sure never to forget it."

"So will I," said Napoleon Nott. "I'll write on the first page of *The Exiled Prince*, so I'll be sure to see it often."

Such of the boys as did not agree verbally to Canning's suggestion seemed to be making the resolution quietly, and the meeting soon broke up. As Benny started for home it suddenly occurred to him that, now the secret was out, Paul might go away; he certainly would if Mr. Morton did not open school.

This was too dreadful an uncertainty to be endured, so Benny hurried to old Mrs. Battle's and asked to see the teacher. Mr. Morton quickly quieted his mind by saying that the school would continue for at least the half-year that Paul's father remained in the jail. Of course Paul would be one of the class; indeed, Mr. Morton was willing that Benny should tell every one that the only reason he had opened school at Laketon at all was his desire to be near the old friend whom he could not desert in his trouble, and to have near the prisoner, whose real name was Paul Gray, the son for whom, since the death of his wife, Paul Gray had felt an affection that Mr. Morton knew would make a good man of him when again he had a chance to start in the world.

When Paul Gray's term of imprisonment expired he and Paul went away together, and no one was so unmannerly as to ask them where they were going. Some of the people of the town talked of taking up a subscription for the unfortunate man, but Mr. Morton said it would not be necessary, as Gray's old friends had arranged to start him in business. All of the boys were as sorry to part with Paul as if the boy had been going to his grave, particularly because Canning Forbes had reminded them that it would not do to ask him to write to them, because his father would prefer that no one who had known his old history should know where he began his new life.

But every one begged Paul's picture, which pleased Paul greatly, and after a supper given expressly in Paul's honor by Joe Appleby, Canning Forbes arose and presented Paul an album containing the portraits of all the members of the old class. The pictures were not remarkably good, having been done by a carpenter who sometimes took "tin types" merely to oblige people, he said, but the album was handsome, having been ordered from New York, regardless of expense, by Sam Wardwell's father, and on the cover was the inscription, in gold letters, "Don't forget us, for we can't forget you."

THE END.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"*By-and-by*" is a very bad boy:
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "*By-and-by*"
Soon come to the house of "*Never*."

"*I Can't*" is a mean little coward:
A boy that is half of a man
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honors—" *I Can.*"

"*No Use in Trying*"—nonsense, I say:
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "*I Forgot*" by the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"*Don't Care*" and "*No Matter*," boys, they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "*Yes, we do care*," and would be "*Great*

If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

matter,"

BARNEY'S FOOT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Come on, Barney."

"You're on our side. We knew you'd get here, and we counted you."

"And Sid Thayer, he said you belonged with them this time, but we said you wasn't an up-town boy, and we wouldn't stand it."

There was something rueful in the face of Barney Powell as he stood there with his hands in his pockets looking across the village green.

There was a game of foot-ball just about to begin, and Barney was conceded to be the best kicker for his size in all Hackerton.

Then he had always played as a down-town boy, although his father kept the drug store in the middle of the village, and lived next door to it, and the up-town boys said the drug store was on their land. It was two rods north of the middle stone-walk across the green.

"Well, no, boys, I guess I won't play foot-ball to-day."

"Not play!" exclaimed Wash Handy, opening his mouth unusually wide. "Anything the matter? Got new boots on?"

"Guess he's got a sore toe," remarked Sid Thayer. "He did kick like everything Saturday."

"I don't know as I want to kick any more all this vacation. Not unless my foot gets over it."

"Gets over what, Barney?"

"What? why, kicking."

"Which foot is it?"

"I don't seem to know exactly. Mebbe it's one, and then I ain't half sure it isn't the other."

"Queer you can't tell."

"Well, you know how we played last Saturday, nigh all day?"

"Best day for foot-ball there ever was in this town."

"Well, I kicked and I kicked, and I was awful tired when I got home; but I didn't know anything was the matter with my feet till after I got to bed."

"Did they hurt you then?"

"Hurt? no, not a mite. But little Phin, he sleeps with me, and I don't know just how long it was before I was waked up by a great squall. It was dark as pitch, but I knew it was Phin's voice, and I felt around the bed for him."

"Did you find him?"

"No, sir! He wasn't there; he was drawing his breath for another squall away out on the floor. And mother, she came running in, and so did grandmother, and Aunt Jane, and old Mrs. Wiggles. She's a-visiting at our house, and she does eat! You never saw anything like it, and she's as long as a bean-pole, and just about as fat. And father, he waked up, and he wanted to know what the matter was, but he didn't come in."

"Well," said Wash Handy, "what was the matter?"

"Matter? I guess you'd ha' said so. I'd just took Phin for a foot-ball, and I'd kicked him half way across the room. He's round and fat, and he lit on a soft place, I guess, for he didn't squall any more, except when old Mrs. Wiggles hugged him. He was more scared than hurt, for I'd taken my boots off before I went to bed."

"Oh, pshaw! Barney, what of all that? Let's go in. We'll have the tallest kind of a game."

"Well, no, Wash, I guess not. I haven't got through yet. Mother let Aunt Jane take little Phin into her bed, and father he said something about hobbling me if I couldn't mind my hoofs any better'n that; but I guess I didn't do anything worse'n kick the clothes off till morning. But you see, boys, I was pretty sure they'd all be laughing at me at breakfast, and I guess I wasn't in any too good a humor, and there was the big rug at the dining-room door all rolled up in a wad. You couldn't ha' guessed that Aunt Jane's brindle-yellow tomcat was inside of it. That is, you wouldn't have guessed it before you heard the yowl he gave when he dropped into the big rose-bush in front of the dining-room door."

"Did you kick him as far as that?" asked Sid Thayer, doubtfully. "Come, now, Barney, play on our side to-day."

"No, sir! But you ought to have seen Aunt Jane run out to pick up her cat, and he making a brindle-yellow streak for the back fence."

"Didn't kill him, then?"

"Kill him? No, sir! You don't kick anything more'n a howl out of a cat with a big rug wrapped 'round him. But you see, boys, after that I hadn't a word to say, and the rest of them could say just what they wanted to. I kept an eye on my feet, and I couldn't say which was which, only there's more leather worn off the right toe than the left."

"By-and-by it was time to go to meeting, and I went, and our pew was jam-full, and I had to sit as straight as a ramrod, and I had both my feet right before me on the foot-bar. Nothing happened all the morning, but when we went again in the afternoon Mrs. Wiggles, she came along, and there wasn't room for me in our pew. So I slipped into Deacon Clark's, just ahead of ours, and none of his folks came, and I had it all to myself."

"But you didn't dare to lie down?" said Wash.

"I guess not; but it was dreadfully warm, and I'd heard Mr. Simmons preach that sermon three times, only with different texts, and it kind o' made me feel sleepy to hear it again; but I can't guess what sort of wood they made that pew out of."

"Why, of course not; it's all painted black walnut," said Sid Thayer.

"'Tisn't the paint, Sid; and there isn't any wood I know of that has that amount of racket in it."

"Now, Barney Powell, what on earth do you mean?"

"Mean? You'd have said it was mean if you'd been waked up in the middle of a sermon the way I was. I must have been dreaming of foot-ball seems to me, for I'd tried to put one of my toes right through the back of the next pew, and the noise it made was—well, boys, I can't say how much there was of it, but they must have started that pew for a drum. I sat straight up and looked at Mr. Simmons, but he'd stopped preaching, and he was looking at me, and I heard father coughing fit to kill himself; and ma, she had her head down, and Mrs. Wiggles whispered, 'Sakes alive!' to Aunt Jane, and she said, 'Any boy that'll abuse a cat like mine'; and if I didn't wish that pew was curtained in you may eat me."

"Did they turn you out?"

"Well, no; but on the way home I heard Mrs. Wiggles tell ma she was afraid how I would turn out if I grew up the way I'd begun. I walked slow all the rest of the day, for fear one of my feet would get away from me again."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Sid Thayer. "Foot-ball didn't do it. I tell you what's the matter. There's too much kick in you naturally. You can't help it. And if you don't play foot-ball or something of that sort you'll never work it out, and it'll be always making some sort of trouble for you."

"Do you s'pose that's it?"

"Of course it is. I've heard people say such things ever so many times. Just you come right along now, on our side, and there won't be half so much kicking in you when you get through."

"No, sir!" shouted Wash Handy. "Barney's on our side. We've got the ball mended, Barney. It kicks beautiful!"

"If I thought Phin'd be any safer to-night," hesitated Barney. "But then there's that pew! You never heard such a bang. I don't think the cat'll let me come near enough again unless he's rolled up in something. Did you sew up the rip in the ball, Sid?"

"I? Sew that seam? Look at it! Old Quin did it, the harness-maker. Isn't it lovely? Every stitch as hard as wire! Come on, Barney."

"Well, Sid, the way my feet feel just now I must kick at something, and the down-town boys chose me on their side. We can choose sides over again after the first game. I don't know but it might be good for me."

"Of course it would," shouted Wash Handy. "Hurrah, boys, Barney'll play, and he's on our side. Let's go in and give 'em a whitewashing!"

A HAPPY PAIR.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

There was a bull-dog and a cat
Who, strange as it may seem.
Together by the shining stove
Would fall asleep and dream.

Whene'er in fun he'd rush at her,
Her eyes would never glare;
Nor would she scratch his honest face,
Or elevate her hair.

And when the sky was bright with stars,
His comforts to begin,
Upon her back, so warm and soft,
He'd lay his shaggy chin.

And in this way he'd fall asleep,
And all his cares would cease;
While Tabby, most good-naturedly,
Would purr and dream in peace.

They were the very best of friends,
They never had a fray;
And probably they are the same
Unto this very day.

HOW THE BEAVER BUILDS.

If our little readers would learn something of the ways of this four-footed builder, let them in imagination accompany a beaver family, on some fine evening in May, when they start in search of a new home. The papa beaver, with his sons and sons-in-law, wife, daughters, and daughters-in-law, and, it may be, grandchildren, sallies forth "prospecting" the country for a good location; that is, a stream of easy navigation, and having an abundant supply of their favorite food, the silver-birch and poplar, growing as near the river as possible. Having selected these limits, the next step is to place their dwelling so as to command the greatest amount of food. For this purpose they go as far below the supplies as the character of the stream will permit. A pond of deep, still water being an indispensable adjunct to their dwelling, this is obtained by the construction of a dam, and few engineers could select a site to produce the required result so efficiently and economically. The dam and dwelling are forthwith commenced, the materials employed in both being roots, mud, and stones, the former two being dragged by the teeth, the latter carried between the fore-paws and the chin. If the dam is extensive, whole trees are gnawed down, the largest of which are of the diameter of an ordinary stove-pipe, the stump being cut standing about eighteen inches above the ground, and pointed like a crayon. Those trees which stand upon the bank of the stream they contrive to drop into the water as cleverly as the most experienced woodman; those which are more distant are cut up by their teeth into pieces which can be dragged to the water. These trees and branches are floated down to the site of the dam, where they are dragged ashore, and placed so that the tops shall be borne down by the current, and thus arrest the descending drift, and form a strong and tight dam. Critical parts are built "by hand," the sticks and mud when placed receiving a smart blow from the beaver's tail, just as a bricklayer settles his work with the handle of his trowel. The habitation or hut of the beaver is almost bomb-proof, rising like a dome from the ground on the margin of the pond, and sometimes six or eight feet in thickness in the crown. The only entrance is from a level of three or four feet under the water of the pond. These precautions are necessary, because, like all enterprising animals, the beaver is not without enemies. The wolverine, which is as fond of beaver tail as an old Nor'wester, would walk into his hut if he could only get there; but having the same distaste for water as the cat, he must forego the luxury.

It is not, however, for safety that the beaver adopts the submarine communication with his dwelling, though it is for this that he restricts himself to it. The same necessity which compels him to build a dam, and thus create a pond of water, obliges him to obtain communication with that pond when the ice is three feet thick upon its surface. Living upon the bark of trees, he is obliged to provide a comparatively great bulk for his winter's consumption; and he must secure it at the season when the bark is formed, and before it commences to dry; he must also store it up where it will not become frozen or dried up. He could not reasonably be expected to build a frost-proof house large enough to contain his family supply; but if he did, it would wither, and lose its nutriment: therefore he preserves it in water. But the most remarkable evidence of his instinct, sagacity, or reason is one which is not commonly mentioned by naturalists. His pond, we have seen, must be deep, so that it will not freeze to the bottom, and so that he can communicate with his food and his dam, in case of any accident to the latter requiring repairs; but how does he keep his food—which has been floated down to his pond—from floating, and thus becoming frozen in with the ice?

Now in gnawing down a tree, the top of the stump was left pointed like a crayon; the fallen tree has the same form, for the beaver cuts like a woodman—wide at the surface, and meeting in an angle in the centre—with this distinction: the four-legged animal does his work more uniformly, cutting equally all around the log, while the two-legged one cuts only from two opposite sides. Thus every stick of provender cut by the animal is pointed at both ends; and when brought opposite his dwelling, he thrusts the pointed ends into the mud bottom of his pond sufficiently firm to prevent their being floated out, at the same time placing them in a position in which the water has the least lift upon them; while he carefully apportions his different lengths of timber to the different depths of water in his pond, so that the upper point of none of them shall approach near enough to the surface to be caught by the winter ice.

From what has been said, it will be readily seen that the maintenance of the dam is a matter of vital importance to the beaver. Some say that the pilot beaver sleeps with his tail in the water, in order to be warned of the first mishap to the dam; but as there is no foundation for such an assertion, it may be set down as a very improbable tale. The Indians avail themselves of this well-known solicitude to catch them; having broken the dam, the risk is

immediately perceived by the lowering of the water in the hut, and the beaver, sallying forth to repair the break, is slaughtered in the breaches.

As the supply of food in the vicinity of the dam becomes diminished, the beaver is obliged to go higher up the stream and more distant from its banks to procure his winter stores, and this necessity gives rise to fresh displays of his lumbering and engineering resources. In consequence of the distance and the limited duration of the high-water period favorable to transport, the wood is collected into a sort of raft, which, as lumber-men assert, is manned by the beaver, and steered by its tail, in the same manner as Norway rats are known to cross streams of water. When the raft grounds, a temporary dam is immediately thrown across the stream below the jam, by which the waters are raised and the raft floated off and brought down to the dam, which is then suddenly torn away, and on the crest of the accumulated body of water the raft is carried safely down to where it is to be used.



SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

SEA-BREEZES.

LETTER No. 6 FROM BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL.

ON BOARD STEAMER "MAIN,"

October, 1880.

I like to think of you, my dear little Clytie, as safe at home in your own corner of the baby-house, instead of rolling about on the briny deep with me, though of course I felt awfully when I found that I couldn't take you abroad. 'Way out here on the ocean we do not call it the sad sea waves, but the briny deep. Isn't it a kind of an awful name? It made me shiver when I first heard it. It was Mr. Stevens said it when we were all going to our state-rooms that first night.

"Well," he said, "there's no doubt but we're launched, for good or bad, out on the briny deep."

You know how I hated to leave you at home, and how it seemed at the last minute as if I *must* take you! If you could have seen me the next morning you would have been as glad as I was that you had been left behind. I felt very queer even before I went to bed that first night, but when I woke up in the morning I felt queerer still. It was worse than mumps, and full as bad as measles. Poor mamma could not get up at all, and for a whole week had one of her awful sick-headaches. You know we sailed Saturday. Well, all day Sunday I had to lie still in my berth, and couldn't so much as peek over the edge at mamma without feeling as if my head was full of bees! Everything seemed perfectly terrible, and I almost wished I hadn't come.

Just after breakfast some one tapped at our state-room door, and I heard Randolph's voice saying: "Why don't you get up, Bess? Come out here in the saloon. You never saw such a boss place to play 'I spy'; and there's four children besides us, so hurry up."

I could hardly answer him, but managed to say: "Oh, Ranny, I can't come. I sha'n't ever play 'I spy' any more. I'm going to die, Ranny, and you'll play with that black-haired Nettie that sat next us at dinner last night, and you'll forget all about me. Oh, Ranny! Ranny!"

I couldn't keep the tears back any longer, but cried as hard as I could cry.

"Pooh!" he answered, "you ain't so bad as that. You're only seasick. Lots of 'em are, but they don't cry about it. I hope you ain't a-going to be a girl-baby, that cries at everything, 'cause if you are I shall *have* to play with Nettie, for I *hate* girl-babies! Nettie laughs all the time, and is awfully jolly. Good-by, Bess; get well as quick as you can, and for mercy's sake *don't* be a baby!"

Wasn't it cruel of him to speak so to me, Clytie? I was too missable to answer him, and he wouldn't have heard me if I had, for he ran away as fast as he could to play with Nettie. Mamma reached up her hand to me, and talked till I felt better. *Dear* mamma! she always makes me better.

In the evening I was lying there wide-awake, wondering what they were doing out in the saloon. I could hear some one playing on the piano, and I thought maybe they were dancing. I was getting real missable again, when I saw a card slipping in under our state-room door.

Mamma was asleep, so I slid down out of my berth as easy as I could, and picked it up. My head was so dizzy I had to lie still two or three minutes before I could make out a single word that was written on it, but at last this is what I read:

"Didn't mean to be cross. *Hate* girl-babies, that's all. Course *you* ain't one. Didn't mean you was. Get well quick. I've got a cocoa-nut cake in my pocket for you, and a fillupene. Hurry up!"

I didn't feel missable any more, Clytie; and the next morning papa wrapped me up in mamma's blue and white afghan, and carried me up stairs, and put me in his big sea chair on deck.

Then, my Clytie, I wished you were with me, for it was so lovely with the water all round us, and the sunshine, and the blue sky seeming to touch the ocean all round. Randolph and Nettie and two other boys came and sat on the floor by me, and talked so fast I couldn't understand a word they said. Ranny fillupened with me, and Nettie gave me a big bunch of grapes; and before I knew it almost I was as well as anybody.

This all happened a week ago, and now nobody is seasick, and we have perfectly elegant times every single minute. There is a band on board, and they play splendid things every day when we are at dinner, and every evening on deck; and sometimes we dance, and it is just like a garden party or a picnic all the time. To-morrow is the Captain's birthday, and we're going to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, and a concert in the evening, and a ball at the end of it, and we children are going to dance as well as the grown-up people. If I can, I will write you about it afterward, but must say good-by for to-day, my sweet child. It is such a comfort to me to be able to trust all the other dolls to you. I *know* you will take good care of them. Be sure to have an eye to Mopsy with her broken arm, and Jack with his cracked nose. Above all, *don't* let Leonora snub Chloe—poor little black Chloe, who is just as dear to me as Leonora with her lily-white hands and rosy cheeks. *See* that she lets her alone, won't you, Clytie? Give my love to them all.

affectionate and anxious mamma,

MAYNARD.

Your

BESSIE

PARLOR MAGIC.

During the long winter evenings our readers may find some of these simple tricks amusing to themselves and their friends:

TO MAKE A CIRCLE OUT OF WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO JUMP.

Take a piece of chalk, and ask, if you make a circle, whether any boy standing in it thinks he can jump out of it. As soon as one proposes to do so, bring him into the centre of the room, draw a circle with the chalk around his jacket, and say, "Now jump out of it!"

AN IMPOSSIBLE WALK.

Ask one young lady in the company whether she thinks, if she clasped her hands, she could walk out of the room. On her saying she could, request her to pass her arm round the leg of the table or piano, join her hands, and walk away.

THE HAT TRICK.

Fill a small glass with water, cover it with a hat, and profess your readiness to drink it without touching the hat. Put your head under the table, make a noise as if drinking, rise, and wipe your lips. The company thinking you have drunk the water, one of them will certainly take up the hat to see. As soon as the hat is removed, take up the glass and drink its contents. "There!" say you, "you see I have not touched the hat."

THE INCOMBUSTIBLE THREAD.

Wind some linen thread tightly round a smooth pebble, and secure the end; then, if you expose it to the flame of a lamp or candle, the thread will not burn; for the caloric (or heat) traverses the thread, without remaining in it, and attacks the stone. The same sort of trick may be performed with a poker, round which is evenly pasted a sheet of paper. You can poke the fire with it without burning the paper.

AN IMPOSSIBLE JUMP.

Take a ruler, or any other piece of wood, and ask whether, if you laid it down on the ground, any of the company could jump over it. Of course one or two will express their readiness to jump over so small an obstruction. Then lay the ruler on the ground, close against the wall, and tell them to try.

HOW TO MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO CARRY A MATCH OF WOOD OUT THE ROOM.

Take a piece of wood, such as a lucifer-match, and say to one of the company, "How long do you think it would take you to carry this piece of wood into the next room?" "Half a minute," perhaps one will reply. "Well, try, then," say you; "carry it." You then cut off little pieces, and give them to him one by one. He will soon be tired of the experiment.

TO TURN A GLASS OF WATER UPSIDE DOWN WITHOUT SPILLING ANY OF ITS CONTENTS.

Fill a glass carefully, place a piece of paper on the top, place your hand on the paper, and tilt the glass round sharply, when it will be found that the pressure of the air upward on the paper will retain the water. The glass may then be held by the foot.

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No II.

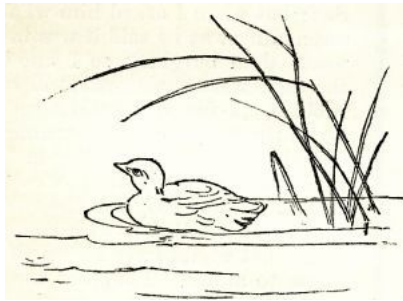


FIG. 7.

Whenever you find any pretty outline pictures, whether figures, flowers, or little slate pictures, see if they can be used for stem-stitch embroidery. They are just what you want for doyleys, or for squares, like tiles, to insert into brackets, and it will be much

pleasanter for you to find your own designs. Doyleys can be cut from eight to twelve inches square, and they should be worked and pressed before fringing. Anything worked in cotton or wools should be pressed; but if worked in silks, it should be pressed as little as possible. Doyleys for common use are made of coarse linen or duck, white or gray, and are worked in crewels, outline crewels, or embroidery cottons. Either red or brown cotton will wash well. Dainty doyleys, only intended to keep very choice china from being scratched by the finger-bowls, are made of exquisitely fine linen, first washed to remove the dressing, and wrought in silks that have been scalded. Fine sewing silk, a single strand of letter D button-hole twist (this silk is twisted of three strands), or a single thread of "filoselle," or filling silk, are good for this work.



FIG. 8. FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

For your first half-dozen doyleys in coarse linen or duck get your little sister's set of slate pictures: a coffee-pot, a clock—any picture will do, no matter what it is, so long as the lines are few and simple, and tell their own story. You want every one to see instantly that your pear with two leaves is a *pear*, and not a pumpkin. Of course you can not see to trace the design through your thick linen, so trace it off neatly on a piece of thin paper, and prick the lines of your tracing carefully with a fine needle. Place this pricked pattern, rough side uppermost, in the middle or in one corner of your linen, just where it will look best, not forgetting to allow for fringe. Then rub a little charcoal powder over the pricked pattern with a wad of soft cotton-wool. Lift off the tracing carefully, and follow the dotted charcoal lines with a soft sharp pencil or with a pen dipped in liquid bluing. Don't smudge your work by resting your hand on the charcoal powder. When you have drawn over all the lines, blow off the powder, and rap the linen smartly on the back two or three times to get thoroughly rid of the charcoal. If you know how to draw, so much the better: trust your eye, and do away with tracings altogether.

The coarse pictures of which I have been speaking look best when worked in but one or two colors at the most. If you like Japanese pictures, as I hope you do, you can make a set of birds (see Fig. 7), worked all in one color, or of little figures (see Fig. 8) in bright-colored silks. You can find such designs in Japanese drawing-books for sale at the Japanese shops, on advertisement cards, or on fans. Japanese figures may be brightly colored, if you like; but in working outline

pictures like Bo-peep (Fig. 9), or like Miss Greenaway's (YOUNG PEOPLE No. 51, p. 753), one or two of which might be worked, use several shades of dull blues, brick reds, or gold browns, remembering that the outlines of clothes and hair must be darker than those of the flesh.

BURGLARS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Some people are afraid of burglars. Girls are awfully afraid of them. When they think there's a burglar in the house, they pull the clothes over their heads and scream "Murder father Jimmy there's a man in the house call the police fire!" just as if that would do any good. What you ought to do if there is a burglar is to get up and shoot him with a double-barrelled gun and then tie him and send the servant out to tell the police that if they will call after breakfast you will have something ready for them that will please them. I shouldn't be a bit frightened if I woke up and found a strange man in my room. I should just pretend that I was asleep and keep watching him and when he went to climb out of the window and got half way out I'd jump up and shut the window down on him and tie his legs. But you can't expect girls to have any courage, or to know what to do when anything happens.

We had been talking about burglars one day last week just before I went to bed, and I thought I would put my bow-narrow where it would be handy if a robber did come. It is a nice strong bow, and I had about thirty arrows with sharp points in the end about half an inch long, that I made out of some big black pins that Susan had in her pincushion. My room is in the third story, just over Sue's room, and the window comes right down on the floor, so that you can lie on the floor and put your head out. I couldn't go to sleep that night very well, though I ate about a quart of chestnuts after I went to bed and I've heard mother say that if you eat a little something delicate late at night it will make you go to sleep.

A long while after everybody had gone to bed I heard two men talking in a low tone under the window, and I jumped up to see what was the matter. Two dreadful ruffians were standing under Sue's window, and talking so low that it was a wonder I could hear anything.

One of them had something that looked like a tremendous big squash, with a long neck, and the other had something that looked like a short crowbar. It didn't take me long to understand what they were going to do. The man with the crowbar was intending to dig a hole in the foundation of the house and then the other man would put the big squash which was full of dynamight in the hole and light a slow-match and run away and blow the house to pieces. So I thought the best thing would be to shoot them before they could do their dreadful work.

I got my bow-narrow and laid down on the floor and took a good aim at one of the burglars. I hit him in the leg, and he said "Ow! ow! I've run a thorn mornamile into my leg."

Then I gave the other fellow an arrow, and he said "My goodness this place is full of thorns, there's one in my leg too."

Then they moved back a little and I began to shoot as fast as ever I could. I hit them every time, and they were frightened to death. The fellow with the thing like a squash dropped it on the ground and the other fellow jumped on it just as I hit him in the cheek and smashed it all to pieces. You can just believe that they did not stay in our yard very long. They started for the front gate on a run, yelling "Ow! ow!" and I am sorry to say using the worst kind of swear words. The noise woke up father and he lit the gas and I saw the two wretches in the street picking the arrows out of each other but they ran off as soon as they saw the light.

Father says that they were not burglars at all, but were only two idiots that had come to serenade Sue; but when I asked him what serenading was he said it was far worse than burglary, so I know the men were the worst kind of robbers. I found a broken guitar in the yard the next morning, and there wasn't anything in it that would explode, but it would have been very easy for the robbers to have filled it with something that would have blown the house to atoms. I suppose they preferred to put it in a guitar so that if they met anybody nobody would suspect anything.

Neither mother nor Sue showed any gratitude to me for saving their lives, though father did say that for once that boy had showed a little sense.

When Mr. Travers came that evening and I told him about it he said, "Jimmy! there's such a thing as being just a little too smart."

I don't know what he meant, but I suppose he was a little cross, for he had hurt himself some way—he wouldn't tell me how—and had court-plaster on his cheek and on his hands and walked as if his legs were stiff. Still, if a man doesn't feel well he needn't be rude.



A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE WOODS.

Kissing through the Chair.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



Peep-ho! peep-ho!
Kissing through the chair;
Mamma has kissed Baby
Twice, I declare!
Like a little poker,
Stiff, Baby stands;
Stamps with his tiny feet,
Pushes with his hands.

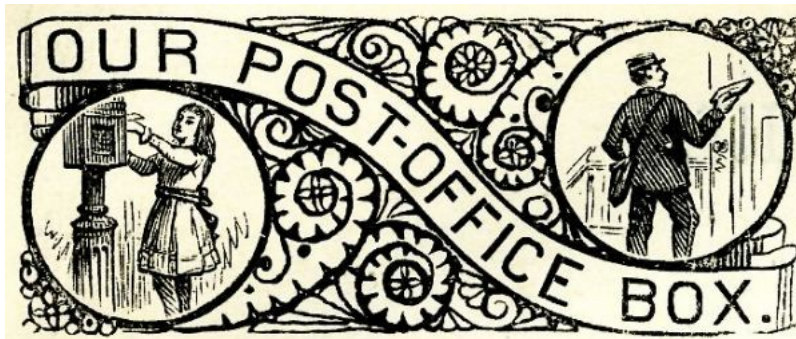
Peep-ho! peep-ho!
What a funny chair!
Baby is as tall as
Mamma, standing there!
Quite upon a level—
And so very grand;
Baby might be Prince of Wales,
Or king of any land!

Peep-ho! peep-ho!
Just another kiss!
Then he may run away
After some new bliss;
So wide his world is!
So long his year!
Baby has no end of joys;
Mamma's joy is—here!

With spirit. Music by CHAS. F. ROPER.

Peep ho, peep ho, Kiss-ing through the chair; Mam-ma has kissed Ba-by Twice, I de-clare!

Like a lit-tle pok-er, Stiff, Ba-by stands, Stamps with his ti-ny feet, Push-es with his hands.



The next Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will contain the opening chapters of two new serials—"MILDRED'S BARGAIN," by Mrs. John Lillie, a delightful story for girls, full of incident, and inculcating a principle which all little maidens should learn as early in life as possible; and "TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS," a story overflowing with experiences of exciting interest to boys, and showing how "all is not gold that glitters."

Those correspondents whose letters offering exchange have been once printed are desired not to repeat their requests, except in cases where an entirely different article is offered. In justice to the new exchanges, we can not make room for repetitions. If any boy finds that his offer to exchange postage stamps, for example, having been published several months since, is now overlooked, he can continue adding to his collection by answering the new offers which appear weekly in the Post-office Box.

We can not undertake to rectify mistakes and settle disputes between those who are exchanging. Considering the very large number of requests for exchange which have been printed in the Post-office Box, we have received very few complaints of unfairness, and in those few cases, as we can not hold court and allow both sides a hearing, it is impossible for us to judge of the justice of the accusation. Very satisfactory reports are given by nearly all of the boys and girls of the successful and pleasant manner in which they have added to their different collections, and we are gratified to find that, with two or three exceptions only, packages of stamps and curiosities of all kinds have been safely and pleasantly exchanged by our young friends. Remember, boys, that these small exchanges you are now making with each other represent in miniature the large business transactions to which you will be parties when you are men. Act always honestly and honorably, and instead of trying to gain an undue advantage for yourselves, make it your constant study to give a fair equivalent for what you receive. In that way you will form characters which will help you to become upright men, and entitle you to the respect of all with whom you may have dealings.

In spite of our oft-repeated advice to correspondents in regard to the care necessary in addressing the letters they send, as well as to give their own address in full, we receive communications constantly from boys and girls who are the recipients of letters they can not answer, as the sender has given only his name, and neither the town nor State in which he lives, and in many cases no signature whatever. The young exchangers who receive these unsigned epistles are so honorable as to feel much distressed because they can make no acknowledgment of the favor, and request help from the Post-office Box in obtaining the address of their negligent correspondent. We can not give up space to the rectification of these acts of carelessness, and the writer of the unsigned letter will realize, when he receives no answer, that inattention will surely bring its own penalty.

REDMYRE, SYDNEY, NEW

SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I am going to write this letter all by myself. I go to school with three other little girls. Last Thursday night we all went to see the *Juvenile Pinafore*. All who acted were children, and we enjoyed it very much. We are having Michaelmas holidays just now (September 28).

I tried Nellie H.'s and Sadie McB.'s recipes for candy, and I liked them very much. I send a recipe for sugar-biscuits: Mix together a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, half a pound of sugar, three eggs, and a pinch of salt. Mix well the flour, sugar, powder, and salt, rub in the butter, then add the eggs, well beaten. Add enough milk to make a dough. Roll it out thin, cut it into small round biscuits, and bake in a hot oven.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We never get it here until a month after it is printed.

GERTIE R.

DRESDEN, SAXONY.

My young friends, if you would like to make glass slides for your magic lanterns, I will tell you how to put any drawing you wish on the glass. Take a glass of the required size, put a thin layer of wax on it, and after having heated it for a while over a candle flame draw the figures or landscapes in the wax with a knife point or a pointed stick until your instrument touches the glass. Then take a lead vessel with an opening almost as large as your piece of glass. Put into this vessel a small quantity of fluoride of calcium, and mix it with sulphuric acid. When this is all prepared cover the lead vessel with the glass plate, the waxed side downward, and heat the vessel a little. While heating it you will perceive bitter-smelling vapors of hydrofluoric acid, which come in contact with the glass where the wax has been scraped off. After about fifteen or twenty minutes take away the plate, heat it, and wipe off the wax. You can also wash it off with spirits of wine. When the glass is cleaned you will find your drawing engraved on it, and you may afterward color the design to suit your taste.

One thing must not be overlooked. When you try this chemical experiment, do not inhale the vapors of the hydrofluoric acid, for they are very injurious, and burn the skin very badly. Always experiment in a room to which plenty of fresh air has free access.

I wish you much success, and hope you may thus have some pleasant hours during the coming winter days. If any one of you knows some other experiment, I should be ever so glad to see it in the Post-office Box.

LOUIS

G. E.

We hope the members of our Young Chemists' Club, who will no doubt try this pretty experiment, will not overlook for an instant the dangerous qualities of the chemicals, and bear constantly in mind the caution given by the correspondent, as a little carelessness might lead to very serious trouble. If Louis G. E. knows any easy method

of coloring the glass slides for a magic lantern so that the paint will be sufficiently transparent and yet firmly set on the glass, he would confer a favor upon many readers of YOUNG PEOPLE by describing it.

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. The stories and the little letters are all pretty. I intend to have volume first bound before Christmas. If I knew enough readers of the paper who lived near me, I would begin a society right away like the one N. D. wrote about.

I have four pet rabbits which I can lay on their backs like kittens. Their names are Jerry, Billy, Dicky, and Bessie. Jerry is white with pink eyes, Billy is gray with black eyes, and Dicky and Bessie are black with blue eyes.

T. P. G.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have been reading it in bed, for I have been sick for two months. I have had the scarlet fever. I have made a waltzing fairy, and a cucuius out of cork.

I had a pet hare, and once I forgot and left it tied in the hot sun. It had a sunstroke and died. It used to sit on its hind-legs, and take its fore-paws and wash its face real clean. I had a pet deer, too, that was sent me from the White Sulphur Springs, but he would cut me with his fore-hoofs, and he was so wild he broke off his young horns, and we had to kill him.

I have a collection of Indian arrow-heads and minerals. I am eleven years old.

DAVIS C.

KESWIC, IOWA.

I will tell Jessie Lee R. how I make scrap-books. I get some large volume that is worthless—an old agricultural report or book of advertisements will do—and cut out every other leaf. I make paste or starch, and lay it on the scraps with a brush or a knife. After pasting, it is a good plan to lay clean paper between the leaves until the paste is dry. It is better to let the leaves dry slowly under heavy pressure than to iron them.

MAY L.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I went to Cincinnati lately, and I visited the Zoological Garden. I bought some candy, and gave it to the monkeys and the Rocky Mountain grizzly bears. They would stick their mouths through the bars, and open them for me to throw in the candy. There was a white polar bear who was swimming all the time. When I threw a stone in his tank he would dive after it, and bring it up and throw it at me.

N. P. G.

OSWEGO, NEW YORK.

I am fourteen years old. I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I always read all the stories and all the letters. I wish some little girl would tell me how to make some Christmas presents, some that would be pretty and not very expensive. I have made almost everything I can think of.

I am going to try the hanging basket described by Daniel D. L., which I think will make a very pretty ornament. I would like to ask him if it is necessary to empty the cup, and put in all fresh water every morning, or if only to fill in what has evaporated is sufficient.

CARRIE

V. D.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We have had a big snow-storm here. It begun in the night, and lasted until noon to-day (November 6).

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and now I am beginning the second volume. I am going to take it always.

J. T. M.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO.

Correspondents wishing a catalogue of birds' eggs can obtain one by sending ten cents in stamps or silver to W. J. Knowlton, 168 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

MILTON

D. C.

All boys from eleven to sixteen are invited to become members of a debating society on a legal basis. The debates are carried on by mail. For further particulars address, inclosing a three-cent stamp for answer, the recording secretary,

A. G.

NORRIS,

2222 Pine

Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We hope this new society will meet with better success than the one noticed in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No, 52. The idea is very good, and if well developed might prove beneficial to the youthful debaters. We are requested by N. L. Collamer, to whom communications for the first society were to be addressed, to inform those from whom he received answers to his proposition, that in spite of all his efforts, and much to his regret, the club he tried to form was not successful. Correspondents will please accept this statement as an explanation why their letters to him have remained unanswered.

I wish to inform those boys with whom I have been exchanging that as the nesting season is over I have no more eggs.

I have two United States half-cent pieces, one of 1804 and one of 1825, which I will exchange for some United States Department stamps, or old issues of postage stamps.

Ross,
97, Rutland, Vermont.

WALLACE
Lock Box

I have a collection of birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with any subscriber of YOUNG PEOPLE. I will exchange the egg of a king-bird for one of a martin. I would request all correspondents to label distinctly all eggs they may send.

MATTHEWS, P. O. Box 15,
Covington, Franklin County, New York.

CHARLES
Fort

I would like to exchange postage stamps. I have some very rare stamps from Greece and from South America.

A. SAVIN,
Lexington Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street,
City.

PEYTON
1262
New York

I have a collection of nineteen hundred and twenty stamps, and a great many duplicates. I would like to exchange with Charles H. W., of Brooklyn, New York, who has such a large collection. If he will send me his address and a list of his duplicates, I will send him a list of my best ones.

203, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

K. S.,
P. O. Box

I live in a little town of about eighteen houses, on the Champlain Canal, thirty miles from Saratoga. I have a printing-press, a collection of birds' eggs, and some white bantams and some rabbits. I have to go five miles every morning to a military school. I stay there all day, and ride home in a stage at night.

I would like to exchange flower seeds, birds' nests, and specimens of quartz for postmarks, stamps, birds' eggs, or curiosities.

Will you please tell me how to mount postmarks properly?

E. BAKER,
s, Washington County, New York.

GEORGE
Comstock

Postmarks should be mounted in the same manner as stamps. You will find directions for mounting specimens neatly and conveniently in the paper entitled "Stamp Collecting," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 54.

My brother and myself are collecting coins, minerals, birds' eggs, shells, and stamps, and will be glad to exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Some one sent us a box of shells and a star-fish, but unaccompanied by any address. If we can find out who sent it, we will be glad to send something in return.

BREHMER,
Yates County, New York.

L. F.
Penn Yan,

Harry Gustin, of Bay City, Michigan, is also troubled because he has received several unsigned letters which he wishes to answer, and can not for want of an address. Leon M. Fobes, of Portland, Maine, has sent stamps and written several times to a correspondent, but has received no answer. All this trouble is the result of carelessness and negligence on one side or the other. Always remember to *direct your letters properly*, and to give *your full address*.

I like very much to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I, too, am trying to make a collection of stones, one from each State. I would like to exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I will give a stone from either Wisconsin, Illinois, or Colorado for one from any other locality.

BALL,
Eau Claire County, Wisconsin.

MAMIE H.
Augusta,

I would like to exchange a box of good paints for a little engine.

BENSON,
W. H. Francis,
Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey.

E.
Care of
749

We wish very much to get a bow from the Indian country, and if any boy or girl living there would send each of us an Indian bow about five feet long, with a few arrows, we will give in return pressed leaves, or a winter bouquet of Minnesota grasses, or any curiosities we can get in this locality, or in the spring we would send in return a collection of birds' eggs.

POOL and PHEBE EDDY,

MAUD

wn, Rice County, Minnesota.

Morristo

We are compelled to condense the following offers for exchange:

Coins and postage stamps.

KNOX,

Third Avenue, New York City.

WILLIE T.

2318

Postage stamps and eggs.

BURR, Freeport, Maine.

PEREZ S.

Postage stamps for postal cards and stamps.

NEWCOMB,

Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C.

ANITA R.

1336

Ohio postmark for postmarks from any other State, and old issues of United States postage and revenue stamps for foreign stamps.

E. FRAZIER,

Noble County, Ohio.

GEORGE

Caldwell,

Postmarks for different kinds of buttons.

BICE,

Second Street, Utica, New York.

MARY P.

39

P. S. B.—A cheap, substantial squirrel cage may be made in the following manner: Take a piece of board about eighteen inches wide and three feet long for the bottom. Fasten upright boards about three feet high at each end.

These end pieces must be rounded at the top. Now buy from any dealer in hardware a piece of coarse strong wire netting long enough to go over your wooden frame, and nail it securely to the bottom board on one side, and to each of the end pieces, bending it over the rounded top. If you fasten it with stout tacks, it will be strong enough, and there will be no danger of splitting the wood of the ends. On the front of the cage the netting should stop within three inches of the bottom, so as to leave room to put in a drawer, like the drawer of a bird-cage, which you must pull out and clean every morning. Make the drawer of a sheet of tin. Any tinsmith will turn up the sides for you, leaving the front a little higher than the others, so as to overlap the netting. If you can procure the wire netting only of a certain width, grade the length of your cage accordingly.

If you can get a stout branching bough of some hard wood, fasten it securely from end to end of the cage before putting on the wire covering, as your pet will enjoy climbing about on it much better than running in a revolving cylinder, which is neither healthy nor natural exercise for a squirrel. The end boards must also be of some hard wood, or the sharp teeth of your little pet will soon make sad havoc with them.

Now for the sleeping apartment. Cut a round hole in one of the end boards near the bottom, and fasten on the outside a neat little box, the bottom of which must be level with that of the cage, so as to present the appearance of a tiny extension. In this box there must be a hinged door large enough to allow you to change the bedding, which must be clean dry moss or cotton-wool, and through which you can feed your pet. You can also cut a small hole in the wire netting at the top of the cage large enough to admit a nut, and the squirrel will soon learn to climb up and take food from your hand. After cutting the hole, bend back the ends of the wires, so as to leave no sharp edges. Give the squirrel a little milk occasionally. You can put it in a dish like a canary's bathing-cup, which is low enough to slide out and in with the drawer. If you are ingenious, you can make a neat and comfortable cage at a very trifling expense.

VICTOR L.—The first of the historical sketches entitled "Old Times in the Colonies" is in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 35.

E. M. B.—Your "first attempt" is correct and very pretty, but unfortunately the same solution appeared in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 22, therefore we can not use it.

L. B.—Mexico has so much commercial intercourse with the United States that Mexican postage stamps are as easy to obtain as those of any Spanish-American country.

L. B. S., Hempstead.—It is contrary to the rules of our Post-office Box to print letters offering articles of any kind for sale.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Isabel L. Jacob, John N. Howe, Emma R., Allie Maxwell, Alice Ward, G. Volckhausen, Bell, Annie Volckhausen.

Favors are acknowledged from H. L. J., Arthur H. Gould, Theresa Morro, Harry McG. Wood, Edith Bidwell, Agnes D. C., Charles De Gauge, Bessie Guyton, Clyde E. Marsh, Gilbert P. Coleman, F. L. Van Valkenburgh, S. P. Duffield, Mary Louisa Olmstead, E. W. Rice, Nellie Anderson, R. D. Britton, E. A. De Lima, Percy

Cunningham, Mary F. Wright, Winifred Serl, Arthur Kramer, Libbie M. Hayes, Josie A. Dole, Thurman Allen, Charlie L. Lewis, Louie E., M. Leona N., May F. Brinckerhoff, Freddie Barnes, Harry Clark, Eddie Williams, Grace A. Lindsey, Dora A. Knobel, Bertie Reid, H. W. S., Frank E. Boyd, Josie M. Patten, Arthur D. Thaller.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 54.

No. 1.

H
L A G
L I L A C
H A L C Y O N
G A Y L Y
C O Y
N

No. 2.

S O F A C O R D
O P E N O D O R
F E E T R O S A
A N T S D R A Y

No. 3.

E D I N B U R G H
B E N A R E S
B E R N E
E C K
E
U L M
L Y O N S
B A R N A U L
S I N G A P O R E

No. 4.

Astronomy.

CHARACTER TREES.

1. Pear. 2. Bay. 3. Pine. 4. Date. 5. Crab. 6. Fir. 7. Box. 8. Broom. 9. Sloe. 10. Spruce. 11. Bread-fruit. 12. O-range. 13. O-live. 14. Mace. 15. Locust. 16. Cork. 17. Haze-l. 18. Plantain. 19. Cedar. 20. Plane. 21. Beech. 22. Sandal. 23. Vine. 24. Red ash. 25. Palm. 26. Judas.

Throwing Light.—Hair, hare.

Anagram in letter on page 30—Scythe.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose joined, and get separated. Transpose a cave, and get a coward. Transpose a language, and get an eating-trough. Transpose a person of rank, and get to confuse. Transpose indifferent, and get a soup-dish. Transpose a species of gems, and get curious. Transpose brutal, and get profit. Transpose to confuse, and get displeased. Transpose a chief, and get a current.

BOLUS.

No. 2.

EASY NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a bird composed of 9 letters.
My 4, 6, 3, 9 is part of a wheel.
My 8, 2, 1 is an opening.
My 7, 2, 5, 9 is to venture.

ARISTOTL

E.

2. I am an animal composed of 9 letters.
My 8, 2, 4 is a fish.
My 1, 6, 3 is a pronoun.
My 8, 7, 5, 9, 3, 2 is a bird.

SNOWDR

OP.

No. 3.

EASY SQUARES.

1. First, to resound. Second, a company. Third, a part of the body. Fourth, birds.

G. B. D.

2. First, a shining body. Second, a story. Third, a tree. Fourth, to stagger.

3. First, a bird. Second, something always found in ships. Third, a jewel. Fourth, a spring.
4. First, a river in England. Second, employed. Third, a germ. Fourth, a collection of ancient poetry.

BELL.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In stocking, not in shoe.
In white, not in blue.
In grave, not in merry.
In bright, not in dreary.
In foot, not in arm.
In tropic, not in palm.
In denial, not in yes.
In gown, not in dress.
In bread, not in pie.
In laugh, not in cry.
In second, not in third.
The whole a singing-bird.

MAGGIE

L.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" has drawn to its pages a large number of the best writers for youth in this country and England; and an extensive corps of artists is constantly employed in providing pictures for the entertainment of its readers. Among those who will contribute stories, poems, sketches, etc., during the coming year, we may mention Mr. F. W. Robinson, of London, Miss Louise M. Alcott, Mrs. D. M. Craik (Miss Mulock), Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mr. John Habberton, author of *Helen's Babies*, Mr. William L. Alden, author of *The Moral Pirates*, Miss Virginia W. Johnson, author of *The Catskill Fairies*, "Sherwood Bonner," Mr. David Ker, the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, Mrs. John Lillie, Mr. James Payn, of London, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Margaret Eytinge, Mrs. Helen S. Conant, Mrs. W. J. Hays, "Mary Densel," Mr. Edward Cary, Mr. Benson J. Lossing, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. W. O. Stoddard, Mr. Frank Stockton, Mrs. Mary D. Brine, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mr. C. C. Coffin, Mr. A. A. Hayes, Jun., "Sydney Dare," Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Miss Mary A. Barr, Miss Lillie E. Barr, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, Miss Josephine Pollard, Mr. Frank H. Taylor, Mrs. Lizzie Champney, Mrs. E. H. Miller, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, the Rev. Bradford K. Peirce, D.D., Mr. G. B. Bartlett, and W. Elliot Griffis.

Among the artists who will contribute during the year to the pictorial attractiveness of YOUNG PEOPLE we may name Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, Miss M. R. Oakey, Mr. A. B. Frost, Mr. J. E. Kelly, Mr. Howard Pyle, Mr. F. S. Church, Mr. Thomas Nast, Mr. J. O. Davidson, Mr. Alfred Fredericks, Mr. S. G. McCutcheon, Mr. Sol Eytinge, Jun., Mr. W. H. Beard, Miss C. A. Northam ("C. A. N."), Mr. W. A. Rogers, Mr. Charles Graham, Mr. H. P. Wolcott, Mr. Frank Bellew, Mr. W. M. Cary, Mrs. Charles H. Sheppard (Jessie Curtis), Mr. M. Woolf, Mr. J. W. Champney, Mr. Palmer Cox, and Mr. W. P. Hooper.

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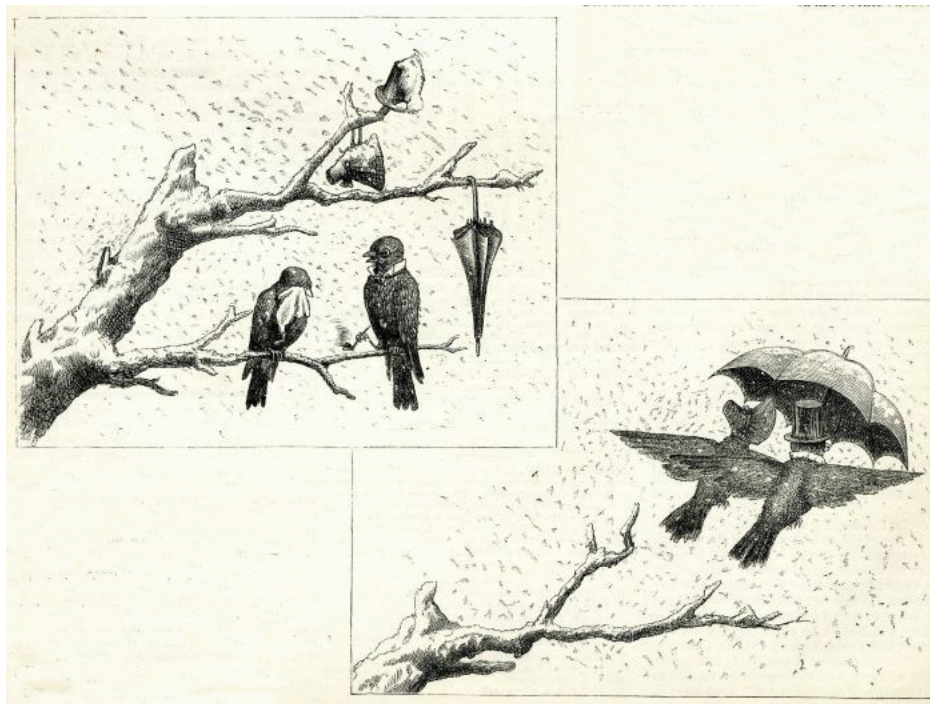
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& BROTHERS,

Square, N. Y.

HARPER

Franklin



THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

Oh, what shall we do? cried a sad little bird—
Oh, what shall we do? cried she;
For the fields lie white in the morning light,
And there's never a leaf on a tree—
Tree, tree, tree—
And there's never a leaf on a tree.

Oh, let us be off to the fair sunny South—
Oh, let us be off, said he;
For they tell me down there they've enough and to spare
For my dear little wifey and me—
Me, me, me—
For my dear little wifey and me.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

THE NUN.

By tracing Fig. 1 very carefully on a piece of white card, cutting it out, and painting with black ink as indicated, drawing in the beads and cross, then folding at the dotted lines, and afterward painting the hood and prayer-book, also the arms and hands, pasting the two sides of the book together, folding the two small pieces at the soles of the feet inward, and mounting the whole on a card, you can produce the representation of a nun as shown in Fig. 2.

A RARE STONE.

The cat's-eye (so called from the changing pearly light it exhibits, which is not unlike that observed to emanate from the eye of a cat) is a variety of the precious or noble opal. It is a transparent quartz, of a yellow hue, slightly tinged with green, and is full of minute fibres of "asbestos"—a term denoting its incombustible quality, for which it was used by the ancients for wrapping round dead bodies on the funeral pile, so as to prevent their ashes from mingling with those of the fire. The finest cat's-eyes in the world are obtained from Ceylon, and a perfect gem is of great value. The Hindoos esteem it next to the diamond. Its average size is that of a hazel-nut, and it is a favorite stone with jewellers. In 1820 one of these precious gems, about two inches broad, was sold for £400. The largest now known is one inch and a half in diameter, and formerly belonged to the King of Kandy, but is now in the possession of Mr. Beresford Hope.

Among the Marlborough gems one of the most curious is a monster cat's-eye, an inch and a half high, admirably cut into the form of a lion's head.

De Boot describes the cat's-eye as good for all diseases of the eye, being placed under the lid, and allowed to work its way into the corner.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE, NOVEMBER 30, 1880 ***

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