

# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

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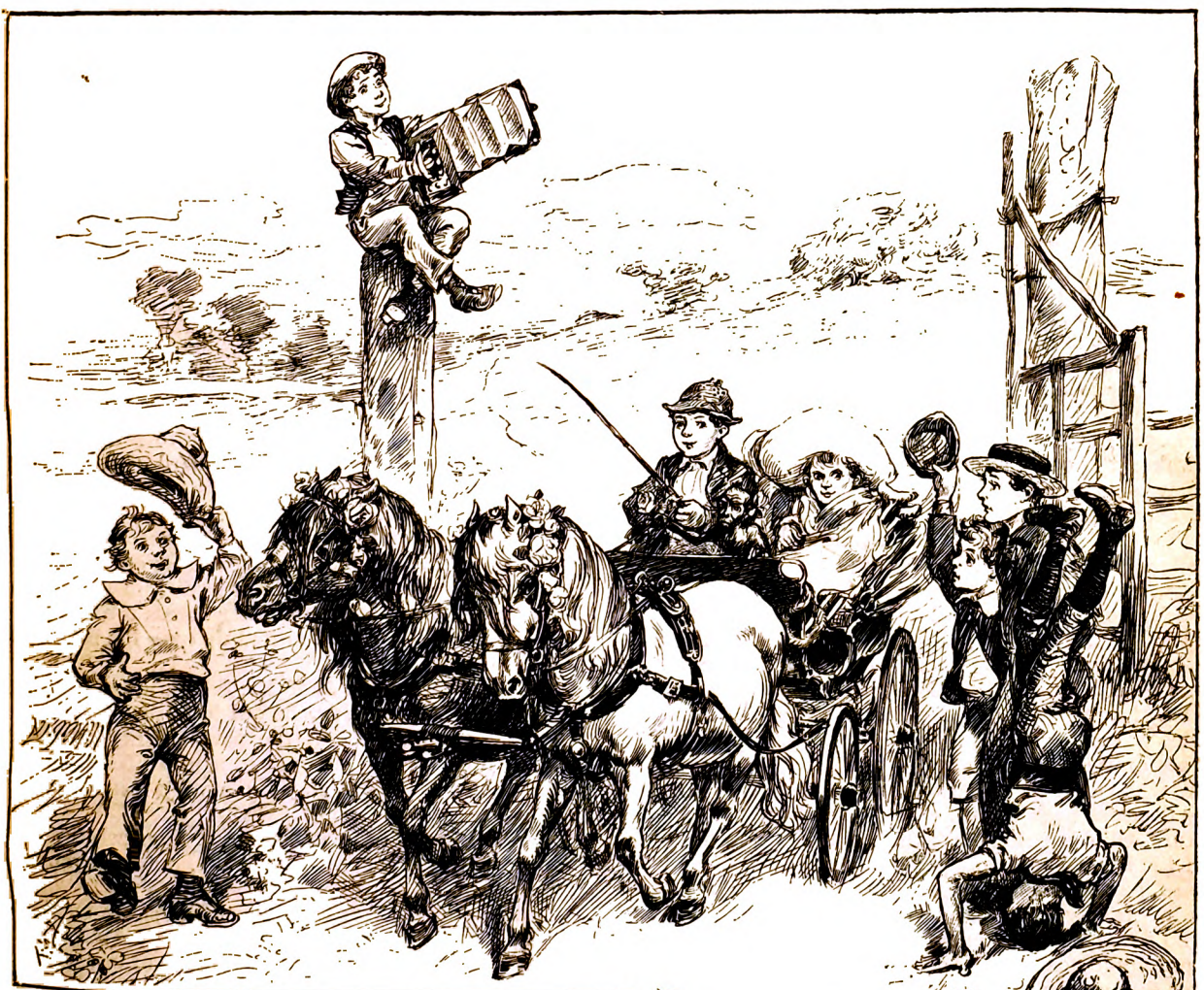
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## MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER.\*

BY JAMES OTIS,  
AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "TIM AND TIP," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.  
A REHEARSAL.

WHEN Toby told Uncle Daniel that night of their intention to go on with the work of the long-delayed circus, and that Abner was to ride up to the pasture, where

\* Begun in No. 127, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

TOBY AND ABNER ATTENDING THE REHEARSAL.



As we happen to know that father and mother as well as the boys and girls take a weekly peep at the contents of Our Post-office Box, we insert for their benefit a paragraph which appeared in the Boston *Journal* of May 23. The *Journal* has a very honorable and influential place among American newspapers, and we are glad to have it express its appreciation of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in terms so cordial:

"When this weekly, intended specially for young readers, was first started, we felt some what curious regarding the special field it would make for itself. It seemed as if the reading public, old and young, was supplied with literature adapted to the diversified wants of all, but we felt assured that the Messrs. Harper were too thoroughly acquainted with their business as publishers to launch a craft without a knowledge of the demand which existed for its support. Time has shown that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE was wanted to fill a vacancy. It is already welcomed every Saturday to thousands of New England homes. Its tone is pure, its articles are always interesting, and its illustrations are superior to anything ever attempted in juvenile literature of its class. While it is intended for the perusal of Rob and Mabel, of Sam and Lucy, we venture to say that it has been the experience of others, as it has been our own, that the older heads of the family find in its pages each week matter not at all beneath their notice on the score of information and general interest."

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy eight years old. My papa has two hunting dogs named Steek and Rob, and I have a pet cat. The dogs are very gentle and kind, and let us tumble all over them; but when they have a bone given them, they fight terribly. Whenever Rob gets a chance he steals the cat's meat, and then she gives him a good scratch. My brother Harry is four years old. He has a little girl friend named Floy, whom he calls his little sweetheart. When I had the scarlet fever, and the doctor said my skin would peel off, Harry said, "Then, George, when your skin peels off, I can see your soul, can't I?" I am sick, and mamma is writing this for me. I hope you will print it, so we can surprise papa, for we have not told him about it. He gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE last Christmas, and I enjoy it more and more every week. Good-by. GEORGE B. M.

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN, GERMANY.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the beginning, and we enjoy it very much.

It is just nine years since we left America. Six of these have been spent in Paris, one in Freiburg, in Baden, and two here. We like this city exceedingly. It is very beautiful and interesting. In the "Judengasse," the principal street of the old Jewish quarter of the town, in an ancient rickety house still standing, were born the ancestors of the wealthy Von Rothschilds. Near by, in a similar house, Boerne was born. Goethe's birth-house, in another street, is more respectable, and full of souvenirs of Germany's great poet.

The opera-house here is as beautiful as the one in Paris. Other attractions are the Palmengarten, the Zoological Garden, the forest, the river, the cathedral, picture-galleries, museums, historical buildings, monuments, and the renowned and graceful sculpture of Ariadne on the lion's back, by Dannecker. The town is encircled by the "Promenade," a zigzaggy avenue of green woods, lovely lawns with flower beds, lakes, fountains, statues, etc., at the place of the old fortifications.

There are numbers of Hebrews here. They have many noble traits of character, and some we know are more Christian-like than many Christians. Besides that, they are very intelligent and quick. We have plenty of friends among them, and we like them very much.

I have two sisters and two brothers. We all go to school, except my elder sister, who studies at the Conservatory of Music, of which the great composer Joachim Raff is director, and which counts among its teachers Frau Clara Schumann and the violinist Hermann.

My baby brother, who was born in Paris, understands perfectly French and English, but will speak nothing but German. He attends the Kindergarten. I take lessons on the violin, and in drawing, elocution, Italian, and the grand dialect the prophets speak, Hebrew.

I love Longfellow, and I feel so grieved at his death! I have a precious autograph of his, written expressly for me; it is the first verse of his beautiful poem, "Excelsior," and his name.

I think upon the whole, that America is the best country in the world. However much we are attached to Europe, we will be glad to get

home. Papa is now in New York; he has crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty times.

Would the editor or any of the readers please give me a list of all the different inventions and discoveries made by Americans, and oblige their loving compatriot,  
A. M. W.

A complete list of all the inventions and discoveries, small and great, which have been made by Americans, would fill a very large space in Our Post-office Box, even if printed in the closest and thinnest of type. Not to speak of that fairy of the household, the sewing-machine, and of that wizard, the electric telegraph, there are dozens of useful and beautiful things to make life easier and homes more charming which the world owes to our countrymen. We shall leave the question of A. M. W. to our bright little correspondents, and we hope to print some replies to it before long.

#### BED-TIME.

BY LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

Tell you a story? Dear me!

And which one shall I tell?

How Tommy Green, in cruel sport,

Dropped Pussy in the well?

Shall I tell you of Dame Hubbard's dog,

And the wonderful things he did;

Or of poor Bo-Beeep, who could not tell

Where her wandering sheep were hid?

Or shall I tell of the dreadful wolf

Who met Rod Riding-hood;

Or will you hear the sad, sad tale

Of the Children in the Wood?

Of Cinderella, who sat by the fire,

And wanted to go to the ball,

And the nice old godmother who came

With the slippers of glass, and all?

Or shall I sing of the active cow

Who jumped right over the moon?

Perhaps she frightened the man up there,

And made him come "down too soon."

Or will you hear of the famous birds

All baked in the royal pie?

I think we could make a better dish

With "a pocket full of rye."

What! baby mine, you are going to sleep,

And none of the stories are told?

The blue eyes are shut, and the pillow waits

For the touch of the curls of gold.

NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have two pet rabbits; they are white, with pink eyes. We have a little toy terrier, all blue, with long silky hair; she is one of the smallest dogs in America or Europe. I have been taking music lessons ever since I was seven years old; I have been studying Mozart's sonatas. My grandpa has four kittens, and I play with them every day. We have three cages of birds, two in one cage, two in another, and fourteen in the third. I have two brothers. We go to school, and all study German.  
HARRIET E. S.

GIRARD, KANSAS.

My brother and I have concluded to write a letter together. I am twelve, and he is a year and a half younger. Our aunt Minnie, living in Pennsylvania, made us a present of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year. We think she is a good, kind aunt, although we have never seen her. We are going to get up a club next year, as we want all our school-mates to read it. Eddie and I signed the pledge during the Murphy movement never to use tobacco or profane language, and we intend to keep it, and hope our little friends will do the same. We live five miles from Girard, the county seat. My mamma came thirteen years ago, and saw the first house erected, and now the place has two railroads, and a population of 1731. We live near Lightning Creek, and have lots of fun fishing, although the fish are not so fine as some we read of, being mostly sunfish and catfish, although sometimes we get a nice bass. We have a nice garden, and had new potatoes and pease the 28th of May. Our two little brothers, named Collino and Lew, love to look at the pictures in YOUNG PEOPLE. We do not go to school this summer, as there is none in our district; we had a six months' school last winter. But we are not idle; we weed and hoe in the garden, help to milk, chop wood, and do many other things. We have sixty-nine little chickens, and had fifteen little turkeys, but they have all died except four. Could any one tell us what was the cause of it? They seemed weak and drooping for several days. Mamma was advised to feed them with cooked food, and so she did, but it did no good.  
WILLIE D., EDDIE D., and MOTHER.

You were not more unsuccessful than many others with your flock of turkeys. Young turkeys are very hard to raise, and sometimes their mother takes them out into the wet grass, and they get tired, and take cold. Should you have another brood at any time, be very careful to

keep them dry and warm. A friend who had experience with turkeys tells the *Post* that the little ones require almost as full tending as babies do.

The Postmistress wonders whether you heard of a young woman's expecting to be for being so good as to learn to sew? Most of us think we ought to pay those who are good enough to teach us anything, as teachers have to take more trouble than pupils do. 2 years ago a lady undertook to show some work in the South Sea Islands how to make their dresses. They were quite anxious to look at the missionary ladies, who were the only ones they had ever seen. A young woman, tended very regularly for some weeks, and came quite skillful. One Saturday night she sent herself with the native servants, and begged to be paid her wages for learning to sew. Mrs. Ellis said: "Why should I pay you? our country those who learn pay their teachers."

The woman answered, very earnestly: "You asked me to come and learn. I have been here so long I have learned. It must be in some way an advantage to you, or else you would not be so anxious about it. As I have done it to please you, you ought to pay me for my goodness."

She was pacified by being engaged to sew at the missionaries.

GREENFIELD, ILLINOIS.

I am a boy twelve years old. We live near woods, and mamma is helping me to make leaf-albums. I have a good many sheets of paper covered with pressed leaves, such as elm, cotton-wood, plum, willow, etc. It is a very interesting occupation, and the leaves look very pretty when pressed out. It teaches us so much about the woods too. I have a nice cabinet of curiosities also. We live near a school-house, and the other day I found a wren's nest in a rose-bush in the school yard. We watch it very closely to keep the boys away until the little ones can fly. We think it is a very pretty idea to build a nest among the roses. Don't you? YOUNG PEOPLE is the best of papers.  
JAMES L. B.

Yes, indeed. Wrens are so sociable that they like to build close by people, and probably the wee mother liked the rose-bush because it was near the school-house. I wonder if she knows while you boys recite your lessons? A leaf-album is both interesting and instructive. It is a good plan to write the name of each leaf under it, and the date of the day it was gathered, as well as whatever you know about the place where it was found.

#### THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

Now all ye fearful children, come and listen while I tell  
About the little fairy folk, and what to them befell;  
And how three little fairies sat them down, one summer day,  
And cried among the grasses till the others flew away.

They flew away bewildered, for it gave them such a fright  
To see the fairies crying, with the jolly sun in sight;  
And so they left them all alone, and there they sat and cried  
Six little streams of fairy tears, that trickled side by side.

And looking down, the laughing sun among the drops did pass,  
And he hid a little rainbow beside them on the grass.  
Then quickly rose the fairies, and clapped their gleeful hands—  
"We've found the brightest skipping-rope in all the fairy lands."

And there they jumped their tears away, and jumped their dimples in,  
And jumped until their laughter came—a tinkling, fairy din.  
What! yet say you don't believe it, you may little elf;  
Then run and get your skipping-rope, and try it for yourself.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl twelve years of age. I live in the country. I thought I would write and tell you about my pets. I have a little Alderney calf; its name is Baby Mine, and it follows me all around. I have a little colt two years old; its name is Celeste. My uncle is a stock raiser, and when my brother was eight years of age and was six he took us to his pasture and told us each to pick out a colt. Those colts are now six years old. Mine is named Blase. My brother has two colts, one named Rosalie T. and the other Roxie. I have a Spitz dog named Beauty; he got