

AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE

Vol. 1.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., MAY, 1898.

No. 1.

THE LITTLE PEACH.

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from that stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue,
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angles flew—
Boo-hoo!

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through,
Adieu.

—Eugene Field.

THE WONDERFUL GIFT.

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

IN the Kingdom of the Plains there once lived a boy named Alvin. He was a highly-favored mortal, for Dame Musica herself had laid in his cradle the Wonderful Gift of Music.

As far back as Alvin could remember, this Wonderful Gift had been his choicest possession. Because of it, a golden voice spoke to him amid his work and his play.

Sometimes he heard the voice in the pearly flowers that shook their little heads at him, and filled the air with exquisite tones. Sometimes it spoke to him from the rustling trees and the frolicsome stream, leaping down from the mountain that towered above the Kingdom of the Plains. It resounded from the lofty heights, that filled Alvin's soul with wonder and with awe. It floated down from the skies. Alvin heard it whispering softly in his inner ear, and discoursing eloquently within his throbbing breast.

No one but himself seemed to hear it, and it grieved him that he could not share with his comrades what afforded him so much delight.

He fashioned him a rude flute from a willow with one day, and soon an eager throng had gathered about him to listen to the charming strains he produced.

To Alvin they were poor and mean compared with the bewitching measures he heard daily and hourly, and to which others were deaf. He was powerless to reproduce those, and it grieved him sorely.

One day, the King of the Plains sent for Alvin, and told him it was high time he should use his Wonderful Gift to quicken the souls and senses of the people of the land. "Such a gift was a great treat," the King said, "and much was expected of its owner."

"Ah, sire!" cried the lad, "I long to share with others what my Wonderful Gift reveals to me. Who can show me the way?"

"He who is the bearer of the Gift must find the way for himself," said the King, sternly. "Begone! Let me not see your face again until you can serve my land."

Alvin moved sorrowfully from the royal presence, and sought the solitude of a dense forest on the mountain slope. There he strove, as he had never striven before, to grasp the tantalizing mesh of mystic melodies he so distinctly heard.

Some unknown force gradually led him upward and onward, until he reached a wide-spreading plateau. All at once he was caught up by whirlwind and swept away to the great unclimbable mountain that holds up the skies. On its summit there glimmered a majestic diamond-studded temple, and at its portal stood a being so glorious, that her radiance, blending with the shimmering splendor about her, almost blinded Alvin.

He knew her at once to be the all-gracious Dame Musica, his noble patroness. The temple, it became clear, was that of the Divine Art, whose high priestess she was.

"Noble lady," cried he, prostrating himself at her feet, "grant me, I beseech you, entrance to your temple. I would fain learn how to use the Wonderful Gift you have so graciously bestowed upon me."

"Rise my son," said Dame Musica, extending her hand and gently raising him. "Whirlwind brought you here at my bidding, that you might have a glimpse of what awaits you. Faithful labor in the subterranean cavern below will alone gain for you the right to enter this temple."

"Show me the way," sighed Alvin.

"Ah, my son," said the noble dame, "you must seek if you would find; thus far you have but trifled with your Gift. If you would have it truly serve you, delay no longer to be up and doing."

Then she put into his hand a flint and a steel, and bade him strike the two together as soon as he reached the silken meadow.

After long and earnest search, Alvin found himself in the midst of the silken meadow. Here he obeyed Dame Musica's command, and as flint and steel were brought into violent contact, fierce flames darted upward, forming a cloud of fire above our hero's head. The ground trembled as from an earthquake, and a fearful rumbling was heard, that finally resolved itself into the neighing of a horse. From the midst of the fiery cloud there emerged a foaming steed, with trappings of gold; and sending forth out of its nostrils streams of flame, it uplifted its voice and this is what it said: "I am the all-powerful steed that can penetrate whithersoever I will. I have been nourished on dragon's milk, have eaten glowing coals, drunk fiery flames, and made my home on the silken meadow."

Alvin drew a long breath.

"Shall I go, my dear master," continued the steed, "like the swiftest thought?"

Here Alvin heard Dame Musica's voice, whispering softly in his ear, and vaulting lightly into the golden saddle, he cried:

"Dart upward, eagle-like, my steed, to Sun's ante-chambers."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips than he found himself in the marvelous chamber he had named. He tied his proud steed to a diamond pillar and plunged into the fire-bath that awaited him. Having withstood this ordeal, he rubbed with the fire towels that hung in readiness, and combed his hair with a glowing comb of gold placed mysteriously in his right hand.

Then he turned his steed to a manger of burning coals, and while the mystic being was eating its fill and quaffing hearty draughts of fiery flames, Dawn, Sun's pearl-laden daughter, appeared. Drawing near Alvin, she hung about his neck, by a golden hair, a box, in which she told him she had placed a luminous ray to light his path in the darkness where he was going.

Before Alvin had recovered from his bewilderment, Dawn had vanished.

Swiftly mounting his steed, he cried:
"Bear me, my steed, to the nearest cavern of Dame Musica's temple."

Then the fiery steed, shaking his lordly mane, darted to the place where thunderbolts are forged. Here he dived with his rider into the seething lake, and finally reached a cavern where darkness reigned supreme.

"Call me when you need me," cried the steed, and was gone.

For a dreary while, Alvin groped through the darkness. Every step gave him shuddering pain, for the pathway was full of stones and brambles.

At length he bethought him of Dawn's box. He tore it open and out shone the burning ray. Lo! it was of the kind that sheds light on all things.

As Alvin gazed vacantly about him, he suddenly spied on a height above him a sight that made his heart beat wildly. Bending low over his work sat a wizard, putting the finishing touches to an instrument. So delicate and so bewitching it was, no wonder a strange tingling quivered through Alvin's veins.

The wizard, too, had a luminous ray, and by its light he was working. Looking up presently he beheld Alvin.

"Ah, you are here!" cried the wizard. "I have waited long. See what I have made you!"

With these words, he placed the instrument in a black, coffin-like case, and by its side he laid a strange weapon, the like of which Alvin had never seen. Locking the case, he then lowered it with its key to Alvin.

Soon the instrument was held in the youth's left hand, its broad end nestled beneath his chin. He knew that he had gained at last the famous magic fiddle. The curious weapon he guided with his right hand over those four sisters, the strings, was the mighty sword-fiddle-bow, once wielded by a hero of old.

Thenceforth Alvin wrestled and fought with all his might to make the magic fiddle subject to his will, and many were the grim giants he slew with his fiddle bow. Full many a time and oft the steed bore him with his treasures to the unclimbable mountain, and one of the temple's faithful servitors taught him Dame Musica's secrets. On each occasion he was vouchsafed one step further into the temple of the Divine Art.

As he darted through the air, a tiny elf, mounted on a butterfly, refreshed him with dew drops. Once he paused at an island where an unseen hand swept the golden strings of a harp with a golden feather, sending tones whirling and dancing into the deepest recesses of Alvin's heart. There they remained and asserted their power each time our hero touched his fiddle and his bow.

One day, on the unclimbable mountain, Dame Musica handed Alvin a mirror. It was such a mirror, that the moment its owner looked earnestly into it, the whole world was unfolded to him. In truth, it had the power of revealing life's choicest secrets to him who reverently trusted it.

"You can wield nobly your sword-fiddle-bow, my son," said Dame Musica. "Your fiddle is well under your control. You have viewed the mysteries of the Divine Art. With this mirror your equipment is complete. Go! uplift dwellers of the Plains!"

Alvin now appeared once more in the Kingdom of the Plains. He became the beloved alike of king and subjects, and his Wonderful Gift proved, indeed, blessing-bringing. All that his mirror showed him, all the glories of the Divine Art, whose temple and high priestess he often visited, were used by him for the public weal. Sometimes he had the delight of seeing others soar aloft at his side, on the carpet that flies of itself, until the purple clouds were reached, that sail like boats across the broad firmament.

The king covered him with honors, but Alvin cared less for these than for the work accomplished through the Wonderful Gift.

So our hero lived and died, beloved by all, a worthy bearer of Dame Musica's message to the Dwellers of the Plains.

TWO KINDS.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are only good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is the kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character: One is frequently a torment at home, the other is a blessing. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little and unite their characters in one.

HOW SHELLS GROW.

Every inhabitant of the ocean which has a shell derives the material of which that hard covering is composed from the water. Each time an oyster draws water through its gills, some of its lime, which is held in solution, is taken possession of by appropriate vessels, and goes directly to the living membrane which deposits it, and thus the shell grows.

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THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

This, the first issue of AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE, is intended more as a prospectus than as an index to the size and the character which it shall be our aim to make the publication. We have a definite object in view that of furnishing our subscribers the best young people's paper published anywhere at the price. Every issue will be found to be better than the one which precedes it, and every care will be exercised that nothing but the best quality of reading matter is utilized in our columns. We are completing arrangements with some of the foremost juvenile writers on the continent to act as regular contributors, and our readers may rest assured that neither pains nor expense will be spared to make the journal bright and interesting. The size of the paper will be permanently enlarged with our June issue, which will serve to indicate somewhat of what may be expected in future numbers. Our subscription rate has been placed at a price that places the paper within reach of all. Our premium offers are, without doubt, liberal, and we trust to merit your support.

Among the features of our June issue will be an interesting serial by a foremost juvenile writer; the first of a series of articles of child life in foreign lands, "The Children of Japan," by Chinchiro Chama, an able Japanese writer. Among the new departments we shall introduce will be one in the interests of Amateur Photography, and another which we believe will meet with equal favor is that to be devoted to Natural History. Under the heading of Correspondence, we shall be pleased to answer any question of general interest that our subscribers may send us. In order to avoid missing an excellent number, forward your subscription at once, as we cannot supply back numbers at subscription rates.

We wish at this time to extend our thanks to the subscribers who have so promptly responded with their announcements for our first issue. We shall take every precaution to insure to protection of our readers and advertisers, in refusing to insert advertisements of a disreputable character or of irresponsible parties. It is our desire to have the paper of a character that will meet with the approval of our subscribers and advertisers alike.

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STAMPS AND COINS

A new set of Persian stamps has just been issued, being the old design printed in new colors.

At an auction sale of stamps held in Boston, in January, a St. Louis 5c stamp sold for \$111.00, while a barrel of one million mixed stamps only brought \$20. An occasion where two extremes meet.

English farthings are no longer likely to be mistaken for half-sovereigns, for they are now minted not only of a different size and design, but even of a different color than heretofore, being now a dull bronze.

A collection of Grecian and Asia Minor coins and medals, which belonged to the late W. H. Waddington, has recently been purchased by the French Government for 425,000 francs, though the widow had better offers from Berlin and London.

It is said that grease may be removed from valuable stamps by dipping them, by the aid of a pair of stamp "tongs," in a solution of bi-sulphite of carbon. Great care should be taken not to bring this chemical near the fire or any naked light, for notwithstanding its usefulness it is of a dangerous character.

During the past two years the government of Peru have issued an unusually large number of new stamps, and not content with their past achievements, they have just placed on sale three new varieties of adhesives, of attractive designs, 1c blue, 2c brown, and 5c pink, in addition to which nine new varieties of postal cards have appeared.

The United States will issue a number of interesting stamps during 1898. The color of the 1c has already been changed from blue to green, and that of the 5c value, from brown to blue, while the new postal card may now be obtained at the majority of offices. An interesting set of stamps will shortly be issued for the great Omaha Exposition, which will, according to report, surpass even our Columbian issue in beauty. The values will range from 1c to \$2, and will, I believe, be placed on sale early this summer.

The new set of Canadian stamps, 1/2 to 10c, is now on sale throughout the country. While the design and portrait of the Queen are excellent, the stamp would, in my opinion, have presented an even better appearance if it were a little larger in size, as the design is hardly shown to its best effect in the present small size of the stamp. I would not be at all surprised if the issue were shortly withdrawn from use, as the value of the stamp being expressed in words only, without the usual figures of value, will undoubtedly lead to misunderstanding with the postal officials of foreign countries who lack a knowledge of the English tongue. In view of this, collectors would act wisely and be on the safe side by completing the set as soon as possible.

In the estimation of coin collectors, the most valuable of all the American coins to-day, is the perfect silver dollar of 1804. That particular coin is worth whatever an enthusiastic collector is willing to pay for it. The highest auction price is about \$950, but there is a record of \$1,150 having been paid for one at a private sale. Only 13 of them are known to exist, and each has a record of ownership. There are probably several hundred mistaken claims made every year by persons who think that they have one of these dollars. This mistake arises from confusion of other coins bearing the same date as the U. S. silver dollar. The Spanish-American eight-reals piece, or dollar, is dated 1804, and the bank of England has an 1804 issue, which is stamped "Five shillings or dollar."

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SPECIMEN COPY

AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE

Vol. 1.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1898.

No. 2.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

To make magic photographs; take, in the first place, an ordinary print—a card-picture, for instance, on albumen paper, beneath the negative in the usual manner, and, when sufficiently printed, let it be carefully packed in the dark room, so as to remove all the free iodide of silver, etc. Now immerse it in the following solution, also in the dark room: saturated solution of chloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), one ounce; hydrochloric acid, one drachm. The saturated solution is previously prepared by putting into water a quantity of bichloride of mercury than it will dissolve by standing in about twelve hours.

The print will gradually be bleached in this liquid, in the ordinary meaning of the word—that is, it will disappear; but the fact is, the print is still there—its color alone is changed, a double salt having been formed of mercury and silver, which is white, as many of our readers, who have been in the habit of intensifying with a mercurial salt, are aware. As soon as the print has quite disappeared, the paper is thoroughly washed and dried in the dark room; it is also preserved between folds of orange-colored paper, in order to keep it from the action of light, for the substance is still in some measure sensitive to light.

The bleaching of the print—that is, its conversion into a white salt—is effected more quickly by keeping it in motion in the mercural solution.

As we said before, the print has not been bleached in reality—the substance which originally formed it is still there, together with a new substance, a salt of mercury. But the two salts of silver and mercury may be easily brought out and made visible by several solutions, such as sulphide of ammonium, solution of hyposulphuric acid; in fact, any of the soluble sulphides, ammonia and hyposulphite of soda. The latter salt is used in preference to the others. Small pieces of blotting-paper, therefore, of the same size as the prints, are cut out and steeped in a saturated solution of hyposulphite of soda, and then dried.

The magic photographs are packed, as before mentioned, between folds of orange-colored paper; the papers dipped in hyposulphite of soda are the developers, and may be packed between two sheets of common writing-paper. The development of the image is effected in the following manner: place the albumen paper which contains the whitened print on a pane of glass, print side upward; on this lay the dry piece of blotting paper that has been previously steeped into hyposulphite of soda. Moisten the latter thoroughly, then place over it a pane of glass, and press this a weight, to bring the two pieces of paper in intimate contact. In a very short time the picture will appear in all its original detail, and of a sepia

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

If we could all form the habit of seeing only the good in anything, our lives would be much happier. A writer in *The Buffalo Express* relates a Japanese story which shows the benefits of looking at the right side of things:

An old man of Sai had a horse that ran away one day, and so his neighbors condoled with him. "No, it isn't so bad," replied the old man, and a few days later the horse came back, bringing another with it. The neighbors congratulated the old man on the possession of the second horse. "Not so good either," replied he; and a few days later his son fell from the new horse and was crippled for life. The neighbors again came with their condolences, but the father only answered: "Not so bad as you think." And shortly after, when the Emperor levied all the able-bodied men of the district for the army, the old man's son was exempted on account of his accident.

THE POWER OF A NAME.

It is surprising to see the value that is sometimes attached to the signature of a man who has occupied a position of prominence in the affairs of a nation, and the following story, which is told by a friend of the famous admiral Ito, illustrates at once the courtesy of his nation, and the kindly nature of the man himself:

On one occasion, the conversation turned upon the facilities afforded to foreigners for traveling about in Japan, and the narrator of the incident had expressed a wish to go to a certain place. Admiral Ito thereupon hastily took from his pocket a bank note for five yen, and wrote his signature on it. He then handed the note over to his friend, saying quietly, but decidedly: "You can go through Japan on that five-yen note; I'm certain of it." There was no aggressive assertion of his personal power in the action, but only satisfaction in the knowledge of his ability to be of service. His signature is a sure passport anywhere in the Mikado's dominions.

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AN ARTIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

Stories of the strange subjects and people artists are sometimes called on to paint, are constantly appearing in the magazines, but few are so interesting and amusing as the following which comes from the far East:

A young Englishman visiting Corea was induced to paint the portrait of the commander-in-chief of the Corean land forces, Prince Min Yomy Huan. Eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour fixed upon for the sitting; at six-thirty, the prince, having been unable to sleep for excitement, arrived at the place of appointment, and the artist was forced to hop out of bed and begin work. "As I posed him," says the artist, "he did not utter a word nor wink an eye. And during the whole of a sitting, of nearly three hours, he sat motionless and speechless like a statue. 'It is finished,' I finally said, and he sprang up in a childish fashion and came over to look at the work. His delight was unbounded, and he seized my hand and shook it at intervals for nearly half an hour. After this he suddenly became grave, stared at the canvas, and then looked at the back of it. He seemed horrified. 'What is it?' I inquired. 'You have not put in my jade ornament,' he said, almost in despair. I had painted his portrait full-face, and, as the Coreans have the strange notion of wearing their decorations in the shape of a small button of gold, silver, jade or amber, behind the left ear, this did not appear thereon. I then tried to remonstrate, saying that it is impossible to show both back and front at once; but as he seemed distressed at what was, to him, a great defect, I compromised the matter by making another large but rapid sketch of him from a side point of view, so as to include the decoration, and the rest rather magnified in size. 'You will find no fault with this one,' I remarked with confidence. Alas! My Corean sitter advanced to the portrait, scrutinized it carefully, and turned to me aggrievedly. 'Yes,' he admitted, 'you have painted my decoration well, but—where is my other eye?'"

ALPINE ECHOES.

The most wonderful echoes in the world are to be heard in certain portions of the Alps. A tourist was once traveling in Switzerland, and noticing that the keeper of the chalet, where he was stopping, had a small mortar, he requested him to fire it off. The inn-keeper complied with his request, and the traveler described the result in the following words:

Ten distinct echoes came back. From deep and awful silence these innumerable peaks seemed aroused into sudden and almost angry life. Report after report, like the rapid discharge of a whole park of artillery, thundered through the clear air. At length the echoes, one by one, sank slowly away, and I thought all was over. Fainter and fainter they grew, till nothing but a low rumbling sound was heard in the distance, when suddenly, without warning or preparation, there was a report like the blast of the last trumpet. I instinctively clapped my hands to my ears in affright. It came from the distant Wetterhorn, and rolled and rattled and stormed through the mountains, till it seemed as if every peak was loosened from its base, and all were falling and crushing together. It was absolutely terrific. Its fearful echo had scarcely died away, before the avalanches, which the sudden jar had loosened, began to fall. Eight fell in almost as many minutes. The thunder of one blended in with the thunder of another, till one continuous roar passed along the mountains. The tumult ceased as suddenly as it commenced, and the deep and awful silence that followed was painful; and my imagination painted those falling masses of snow and ice as half-conscious monsters, crushed to death in the deep ravines.

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The Maryland Major is a 16 page illustrated comic and stamp paper. Full of original humor—20c a copy—10c 6 months. Trial 3 months subscription for 1c. Sample copies for 2c stamp. Send stamps or money well wrapped.

The

MARYLAND MAJOR PUB. CO.

600 N. EUTAW ST., - Baltimore, Md.

American Young People.

A High-Class Illustrated Monthly for
Young People . . .

L. MERNER STAEBLER, - - - EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Fifty cents per year to any part of the world, payable strictly in advance. **PAID BY P. O. or Express Money Order or Bank Draft on N. Y. City.** When none of these can be conveniently obtained we will accept unused 1 or 2c U. S. or Canadian stamps.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Always notify us promptly when changing your address; in writing always give the old as well as the new address, otherwise we cannot find your name on our books.

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Johnstown Stamp & Publishing Co.,
3 and 4 Thomas Building, Johnstown, Pa., U. S. A.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

We have been compelled to defer our contemplated enlargement in size and the addition of several new departments and illustrated features till our next issue owing to the absence of our editor on a trip through the eastern and northern states. Within a couple of months AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE will be by all odds the best illustrated monthly of its class at the price. Subscriptions are coming in a very satisfactory manner, and as will be seen, our advertising patronage is steadily growing. We will guarantee and prove an average circulation exceeding 1,000 copies per issue, and when the class of our circulation is considered, we believe that at the price there is no more profitable medium before the advertising public.

Our premium offers announced last month have brought us large numbers of subscriptions, and we have decided to continue the same for a short time longer. To anyone sending 50c for a year's subscription we will send free of charge any one of the following desirable premiums:

PREMIUM No. 1.—1,000 finely mixed used and unused stamps from Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and Australia. We guarantee every 1,000 to contain at least 125 varieties. This packet of stamps is alone worth the subscription price.

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PREMIUM No. 6.—6 different old bank bills in use during 1835-65. \$1, \$5, and \$10 denominations. Rare and interesting and sure to please.

All subscribers are entitled to enter, without the payment of any fee, in our various prize competitions. Next month we shall announce two of these competitions, and we have no doubt but that the liberal prizes we shall offer will cause much interest to be manifested among our readers in this departure.

When answering advertisements please mention American Young People.

MUSICAL MICE.

This is an age of musical prodigies. From time to time, we hear of animals of various kinds being trained to play musical instruments, but a writer in Nature Notes is authority for the following incident, from which, it appears, that even mice have an innate taste for music.

One evening I was somewhat startled at hearing my piano suddenly giving forth sweet sounds, apparently of its own accord. A mouse, so it proved, had got inside the instrument and was making music on the wires. Whether this was intentional on mouse's part or not I cannot say. Perhaps he was trying to make a nest for himself there. Some years ago, however, while a piano was being played in the dining-room of my old home, several mice came out upon the hearthrug and began to jump about, apparently with delight at the sound of the music, and one was either so absorbed or overcome by it that he allowed himself to be carried away in a pair of tongs by the housemaid.

"PENNSYLVANIA AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS."

For some time past the undersigned has thought the "Amateur Photographers" of the Keystone State should be bound together by the formation of a strictly state association. The formation of such an association would be a great advantage to our cause. We would learn much from one another; it would also enable us to obtain our goods much cheaper. One large firm has already agreed to furnish such a society goods at a greatly reduced price. They have even offered to furnish Eastman pocket kodaks at \$1.75 each, a reduction of \$.25 from the manufacturer's price, and Eastman's are known as the world's standard. I could enumerate many more benefits, but space forbids. I have only this to say: should the above meet with your approval, write me a letter; also, give your views on whatever you think would tend to the advancement of our cause. A large number of amateurs have signified their willingness to join, and I wish to hear from one and all.

Address,

CAMERON W. LAWTON,
Patterson's Mills, Pa.

STAMPS . ON . APPROVAL

At 50 per cent. Commission.

To all sending good reference and 2c stamp for postage for a selection of my fine approval books. I will send, free of charge, a fine set of unused stamps catalogued at 10c. PRICE LIST FREE.

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Including Departments, Old Envelopes cut square, Revenues and Dues. Approval Sheets against reference. Lists Free.

FRED. H. LUEBBERT,
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PRIZE NEGATIVES

Demand careful treatment; so do all negatives made on the films. The Perfect Album for Film Negatives holds 100 films, any size up to 4x5; holds them flat and where they are easy to get at. Price 15c each by mail. GEORGE C. BAKER, Dept. Y., Albany, N. Y.

TO LITTLE DOROTHY.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;
The house is bright with blossoms high and low;
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best.
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women lovehest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And tiddle with it to another belle.
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this,
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, miss).
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So, come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.
—W. E. Gladstone to his grandchild.

STAMPS AND COINS

The Christian Endeavor World is offering a series of packets of stamps up as premiums to new subscribers.

Hayti has just issued a new set of regular postage stamps and postage due stamps bearing the portrait of President Sam.

Collectors may now withdraw their Periodical stamps from obscurity, the suit for their possession having been decided against the government.

The Crown Agents for the Colonies are endeavoring to dispose of 240 sheets of 240 stamps of the recently obsolete \$1 stamp of Hong Kong. I fear they will have some difficulty in doing so unless they accept less than face for them.

Canada issued another new set of stamps a few days since, the design being the same as the previous issue except that the maple leaves in the lower corners have been replaced with figures of value. The previous set, having only been in use a short time, will no doubt prove a good investment.

A prominent stamp dealer recently expressed the opinion that American stamp collectors were far from patriotic, at least one might take this inference from the great demand for the stamps of Spain and the Spanish colonies that has set in since the beginning of the war. On the whole, prices of these stamps have advanced nearly fifty per cent.

At the Whitehead sale of medals in London the "Petition" crown piece of Charles I., by Simon, brought \$840; the "Reddite" crown, by the same, \$525; Cromwell, Lord Protector's gold crown, 1658, \$375; the Blake medal of the Commonwealth, \$2,150; Charles I., gold, 1630, \$290; General Monk, gold, \$265.

SOMETHING for those who are
SHORT of much money,
SHARP at seeing a bargain,
SNAPPY at taking advantage of one.

* Unused.	Postage 3c extra on orders of 50c and under.
10 var. unused foreign	20
50 " used foreign	100
100 " " "	200
250 mixed foreign	500
1000 " " "	1000
10 var. U. S. Revenues	20
25 " " Postage	10
10 " " Departments	25
25 " Canada Revenues	25
25 " British Colonies, cat. \$2	50
50 " " " " \$2	100
25 " So. and Cen. Am. cat. \$2	50
50 " West Indian, cat. \$2	25
50 " African, cat. 20c	10
25 " Phil. Isl., 1898, new	4
10 " Br. Colonies, used	10
15 " " " "	15
20 " " " "	20
5 " Cuba, new	5
10 " Great Brit., used	10

IDEAL STAMP HINGES.—Sample free on application.

CANADIAN STAMP EXCHANGE.—Send for circular.

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Highest cash prices paid for rare U. S. Coins and Stamps. Send 15c for list of prices we pay for Coins and Stamps. PRESHO & CO., Cumberland, Md.

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WE BUY STAMPS

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What can you offer us?

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TO ALL

Sending for our 50 per cent. sheets, we give 50 new Cuban stamps, catalogue from 15 to 20c later than 1881.

1000 Perfect Hinges.
*10 Var. Thurin Taxis

*14 " Roman States R.

*8 " Samoa R.

Send a postal for our Bargain Lists.

EXCELSIOR STAMP CO., Keyport, N. J.

AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE.

DL. I.

SACO, MAINE, NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 7.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all;
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve,
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take his slightest gift; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

—Celia Thaxter.

BROTHER SAM'S DAUGHTER.

TWELVE o'clock and the washing ain't out yet!" said Nancy Norton, with a frightened glance at the clock. "But I've had such a sight o' setbacks! I'll have to wait a spell now till the hired men have had their dinner."

She blew the horn at the back door, then made all haste to set the plentiful, if plain, meal on the table, which feat she had barely accomplished before Uncle Peter and three stalwart helpers appeared on the scene.

"Nancy does make A Number One pies!" said Hiram Jenifer, reaching to her for a second slice.

"I don't mind if I drink another cup o' coffee," observed Noah Johnson, "with plenty of sugar, Nancy, please."

While Hezekiah Hopper made a plunge at the butter with his own knife remarking *sotto voce*, "that to his taste there wa'nt no butter like June butter, an' it didn't come but once a year!"

"No hot bread," said Uncle Peter with a comprehensive glance around the board, "nor no biscuits—eh, Nancy?"

"I couldn't manage it today," said Nancy, with a conscience-stricken look.

"With the washin' an'—"

"Nancy's yesterday's bread's good enough

for me!" observed Hiram philosophically.

"For my part," said Uncle Peter, "I don't see how these women folks contrive to put in the time, pottering around all day, a-doin' next to nothin'."

"Oh, now, that ain't fair?" spoke of Noah Johnson, good naturedly. "Tain't no joke to cook an' wash an' iron for four men."

The color had risen in two round spots to Nancy's cheeks; a quick retort hovered on her lips, when Uncle Peter interrupted the outspoken words.

"Oh, by the way," said he, "I'd most forgotten to say anything about it, but brother Sam's girl's to be here today."

"Brother Sam's girl?"

"Why, yes—your cousin Nannie, from Bridgeport—your Uncle Sam'wel's gal that's to teach the deestrick school here. Sam, he was inquirin' round for a place, an' I calculated we could board her here, so I told him to send her on. He's willin' to pay five dollars a week, an' that counts up!"

Nancy looked at her uncle with startled eyes.

"But there ain't no room for her to sleep in," said she.

"She can have your room, and you can take the little corner chamber in the garret. One person more or less in the family don't make no difference, and five dollars is five dollars. Have some more of the dried peach sass, Johnson?"

Nancy said not a word.

Of what avail was it to remind Uncle Peter that the little garret chamber was cold in winter and hot in summer, that the roof leaked and the rats played high carnival there..

She only helped Hiram Jenifer to a cucumber pickle, and replenished the coffee pot for the third time.

"There's a gal, now—Brother Sam's darter," reflectively observed Mr. Norton, as he sprinkled pepper and vinegar over his summer beets—"as is worth her salt. Arnin' twenty dollars a month at teachin'. If Nancy could make money like that! But Nancy hadn't never no faculty!"

"I never had a chance!" cried Nancy, with rising color and tear brimmed eyes. "I've been kept hard at work since I was a child, and—and"—

"There, there, don't get excited!" said Uncle Peter, waving his hand in a patronizing manner. "Gals is queer creeturs. You can't so much as speak to 'em, but they fly off at a tangent. Get things ready for Sam's gal,

that's all I'll ask of you—and mind you have some fried chicken for supper. Hi Jenifer hasn't had a bite of fried chicken since he's been here. And look arter the young goslings that's comin' outen the shell down to the barn—I suspicion there's a weasel abroad somewhere—and mind the calves don't get into the corn. I reely must mend that gate pin some o' these days. Come, boys, if you're sure you can't worry down no more victuals"—

It was not until the four men had shuffled off to the barnyard to look after Uncle Peter's latest investment in a new Durham cow, ere they returned to the hayfield, that Nancy sank wearily down into a patch-cushioned rocker and burst into tears.

"I'm worked harder'n any slave," said she, "and don't never have no chance to go nowhere nor see nothin', and yet Uncle Peter thinks I ain't worth my keep."

"Why, what's the matter, Nancy? You're Nancy Norton, aren't you?"

A sweet cheery voice sounded on her ear—a light hand touched her shoulder.

Nancy jumped to her feet.

"Are you Uncle Sam's daughter?" she cried.

"Why, of course I am! Nancy Norton, just like yourself. Named after our dear old grandmother—only they call me Nannie."

A smouldering feeling of resentment had possessed Nancy's heart toward this unknown relation; but it was all dispersed now in the light of those clear hazel eyes—the sunshine of that winning smile.

In a second she knew that she should like her new cousin.

"Nothing is the matter," said she, "except that the washin' is behind today, and I'm clean discouraged and tired out."

"Where's the girl?"

"I'm the girl?" Nancy answered.

"Then I'll be girl, too," Nannie laughed out, taking off her gloves and unfastening her piquant little cape. "You go and hang out the clothes and I'll see about clearing off this table. Because I'm to board here, father says, you and I are to be great friends."

Nancy looked wistfully at her.

"Kiss me, won't you," said she.

"Oh, yes, I'd so like to be friends with you! I haven't never had no girl friends." And Nannie kissed her with a kiss that carried a whole heart of love with it.

The three hired men were overcome with embarrassment, when, on arriving in time for the fried chicken and hot waffles that evening, they found themselves confronted with such a daintily dressed, smiling young lady.

Even Uncle Peter himself was momentarily abashed at the style and beauty of brother Sam's daughter.

"The new deestric school ma'am," whispered Hiram Jenifer to Noah Johnson.

"Earns twenty dollars a month," uttered Hezekiah Hopper. "Twenty dollars!"

"Dressed up like a fashion plate?" indignantly reflected Johnson. "Proper looking, though."

Nannie would not hear of banishing Nancy to the garret chamber.

"Why can't we share the same room together!" she coaxed. "I should like a companion, and there's plenty of room."

Uncle Peter evinced ostentatious approval of his new niece, and it required all Nancy's hearty affection for the new comer to preserve her from the stings of jealousy.

"I don't see," said Uncle Peter, "why Nancy can't earn money like you do."

"How much do you pay her?" asked Nannie, lifting her eyes to his face.

"Me? Pay Nancy? Why, her board and clothes, to be sure. "It's all she's worth!"

"And what does she do?"

"Just odd turns around the house. She did pester me for an allowance once, but I soon laid it down to her that I wan't going to hev no such nonsense."

"Oh!" said Nannie.

Never in her life had Nancy Norton had a genuine sympathetic woman friend before, and it was an indescribable relief to pour out her troubles in Nannie's ear.

"It's a shame!" cried warm-hearted Nannie. "Why, you do the work of three women in this house! You rise early and lie down late; you have no recreations, no holidays, and Sundays you work harder than ever, because Uncle Peter likes to invite people here for their nooning's to see how nice he has things. Oh, you needn't think that I'm blind! You are pale and thin because you are overworked. You don't like to go anywhere, because Uncle Peter won't give you any new clothes until you have worn out Aunt Hepsy's wardrobe. It's an imposition, that's what it is, and I wouldn't submit to it if I were you."

"But," sighed Nancy, "what can I do?"

"Tell him once again how matters stand!" cried Nannie, her lovely eyes flashing. "Insist upon fair wages for fair work."

Thus instigated, Nancy made her plea, but Uncle Peter's brow grew dark.

"I don't want to hear no such nonsense as this," he roared. "Wages! Ain't you got your home, and board and clothes? What else d'ye want! Why, I never heard such talk in my life!"

"Is it yes or no!" persisted Nancy.

"It's a n-o-o!" thundered Uncle Peter.

That same evening Nannie incidentally alluded to the fact that they would all rise betimes the next morning, for she was going

to get them their breakfast, and hadn't much time before school hours began.

"Why, where's Nancy?" asked Hiram.
"Oh, didn't you know? She's gone."
Uncle Peter dropped the gate pin he was whittling; Hiram let the two days' old copy of the Wakefield Eagle slip to the floor; Noah gaped with wide open mouth.

"She wants to make a living for herself," serenely added Nannie—"to earn a little money. Every girl wants that, you know?"

"Hump!" growled Uncle Peter. "I'd like to see her make money! Why, she never had no more gumption than a katydid! She'll be back quick enough, you'll find."

"But in the meantime," said Nannie, coolly, "you must look around for some one to fill her place, for, as you can easily imagine, I have got my hands full."

"I guess that's easy done," said Uncle Peter, beginning to whittle afresh.

But to his infinite amazement, it was not so easy a task as he had fancied, and after many vain efforts and stinging disappointments, he found himself with two wasteful, complaining, inefficient hired girls in possession, for every one had resolutely refused to do the work alone.

"It was too much," they averred, "for one."

"It'll ruin me—it'll clean ruin me!" groaned Uncle Peter, wringing his hands. "Ten dollars a month for one and eight for 'other—and every Thursday afternoon and every Sunday evening out! And look at them half slices o' bread in the pig's pail, and my best towels, not three years old, took for cleanin' cloths, and a broom a week stumped through: an' they won't wash unless I get 'em a new patent wringer, and the fat scraps all browed away, an' nothing half took care of! Don't you know of any one I could get, Nannie, as would look arter things as Nancy used to do? I declare to goodness I can't live so."

Nannie knit her brows and reflected.

"There's a young woman working for 'other," said she—a capital housekeeper and the best economist in the world—at least so he says. And since my married sister is coming back from Nebraska next week, he may be able to dispense with her. But she'll get fifteen dollars a month."

"It's wuth it—it's wuth it?" breathlessly said Uncle Peter. "I'll manage to go to 'otherport and see Brother Sam a' once, and hire her. This hired gal business will be the death of me!"

Brother Sam was sitting on his porch reading the newspaper, as Mr. Norton came up. "Yes," said he, "she's a smart gal. The best gal I ever had. Thorough going New Englander. P'raps you may be able to get

her—though I doubt if she'll come to you for fifteen dollars a month."

"I'll make it eighteen," gasped Uncle Peter, "since you say she's a New Englander."

"Well, you can try," said Brother Sam. "Here she is!"

He flung open the door of the kitchen, and there, making a blackberry shortcake at the whitely scoured table, stood—his niece Nancy Norton.

"Why—it's Nancy!" cried he.

"Yes," nodded Brother Sam. "Nancy it is! The best, smartest creetur that ever stepped, and worth her weight in gold."

Uncle Peter swallowed something like a lump in his throat.

"Nancy," said he, "will you come back"—here he swallowed a second lump—"to me for eighteen dollars a month? For I do believe you will earn it."

Nancy went up to him and kissed him.

"Yes," Uncle Peter, said she, "I'll come back."

For the old man had learned a lesson, and his teachers had leen Nancy Norton and Brother Sam's daughter.—*Selected.*

HE DIDN'T APPROVE.

The lesson was from the Prodigal Son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amid all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus:—

"Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."

FLAG GAME FOR CHILDREN.

A new game for children, giving the flags of all nations on cards, is one that ought to meet with a universal approval. Now is the time to understand emblems and their significance, and if a child can do nothing more than learn the names of those belonging to the different countries it will have done more than most of its elders have been able to accomplish. There is nothing better than a game for teaching names.

A RESPONSIBILITY.

The more God empties your hands from other work, the more you may know that He has special work to give them.—*E. H. Garrett.*

American Young People.

A High-Class Illustrated Monthly for
Young People.

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REMIT by P. O. or Express Money Order or Bank Draft on N. Y. City. When none of these can be conveniently obtained we will accept unused 1 or 2c U. S. or Canadian stamps.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Always notify us promptly when changing your address; in writing always give the old as well as the new address, otherwise we cannot find your name on our books.

ADVERTISING RATES are reasonable and will be made known on application.

Address all letters and make money order or drafts payable to

L. Berner Staebler

Drawer J, - - - SACO, MAINE.

Aids to Success.

Life is lived but once. Our duty to our Creator, to ourselves, and our fellow men demands that we make the most of our talents and our time. A well spent life is the noblest monument we can leave behind us when we pass into the Great Beyond. Success seldom comes through chance, but through the careful development of our characters along right lines.

The president of the London Chamber of Commerce recommends these twelve maxims which he has tested through years of business experience, and although they are especially applicable to business life yet they may with profit be adapted to every walk of life.

1. Have a definite aim.
2. Go straight for it.
3. Master all details.
4. Always know more than you are expected to know.
5. Remember the difficulties are only made to overcome.
6. Treat failures as stepping-stones to further effort.
7. Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back.
8. At times be bold; always prudent.
9. The minority often beats the majority in the end.
10. Make good use of other men's brains.
11. Listen well; answer cautiously; decide promptly.
12. Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

Success is assured to the young men or women who entwine these principles into their hearts and lives.

The Value of Health.

I have just been reading an extract of an address, delivered by Josiah T. Mareau to a graduating class, which was published some time since in the Brooklyn Eagle and was favorably impressed with its bearing on what I have just written. Mr. Mareau tells us that the first condition of success is health. If you squander that, then get away into a corner somewhere and die. Life has nothing for you. Of course, you will not waste health in the excesses of vice; only idiots and lunatics do that. But do not exhaust your energies in any pursuit in the belief that what is to be done must all be done before you are fifty years old. With health, life is still sweet at fifty. While it lacks vigor and that subtle charm with which at twenty the imagination invests the unknown and untried, it yet has a calm and satisfying fulness, which gives it value far above that of the feverish period of youth. If you have preserved your health, you should be ready at fifty to enjoy the rewards of life, and the long yellow autumn should be full of peace.

The desire for happiness which quivers in every fibre of man's being was planted in him not to be satisfied, but only to give direction to his energies, and through them to work out the inscrutable purposes which underlie the universe. The nearest approach to happiness as a permanent condition is the sense of strong and untrammelled activity, with an absence of actual pain. So much, but not much more, may you demand of life for yourself.

I fear at times we all are guilty of neglect in not taking the proper care of this body with which we have been endowed. No young man or woman in their right mind would ever wilfully commit suicide, and yet maintain that a large percentage of the young people of the present day are unconscious suicides. They shorten their lives by excess and carelessness, partly the result of the intensity of modern life, partly through thoughtlessness. I wish it were in my power to impress upon the minds of every young man and woman who reads these words the necessity and importance of constant watchfulness of their health which after all is the greatest gift that our Creator can bestow upon us here. Greater by far than wealth and honor, and to be desired even before wisdom, for our health once permanently impaired, all the wisdom of the world cannot restore it.

Intelligent, well directed and persistent effort, will overcome even the greatest difficulties, that may interfere between you and the end you wish to attain.

An Important Change.

As announced briefly last month, I have purchased from the Johnstown Stamp and Publishing Company, the extensive subscription list and good will of *American Young People* and three other periodicals of the firm, which, notwithstanding the very liberal support they have received, have been in a measure, neglected for some time past. Henceforth I shall be in a position to give my undivided attention to the publications, and shall consequently be in a position to carry out the plans made, in connection with the papers when they were first established; but which has necessarily been deferred from month to month.

In connection with *American Young People* the path that I have marked out for the publication is not one, which will always remain on the same level, but which, step by step, will move toward the highest standard of excellence possible for a publication designed to appeal not only to the younger, but to the older members of every intelligent English speaking family. My object is to make every issue superior to the one that precedes it.

I am at present making arrangements with a number of prominent writers, to contribute regularly to *American Young People* and I will introduce from month to month special illustrated features, which will make it without exception the best illustrated home monthly published, at the price. I am desirous of entering into correspondence with authors and illustrators, and am always glad to read manuscripts, and inspect illustrations, providing return postage is enclosed for their return if available. A liberal remuneration will be allowed for accepted contributions; but nothing but strictly original matter will receive consideration.

The Christmas A. Y. P.

The size of *American Young People* for Christmas, will be at least double that of the present time. It will appear in a new and very attractive cover in three colors, and will be filled throughout with interesting stories, light and ably written articles and illustrations of the highest order. Its size and price considered, it will be equal in value and interest, to any Christmas periodical. This issue will be placed in the hands of many who are not subscribers, and to such as subscribe promptly, I will arrange to have subscriptions start with the December issue. See premium list in adjoining column.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Commissions and Clubs.

I desire the assistance of one bright young man and woman in every town, in every English speaking community. If you think you would like to become interested in the work of this magazine, send me your name and address. I will give almost anything to those forming clubs of subscribers; a book, a bicycle, or a grand piano. A certain number of subscriptions will secure anything you may desire. Cash commissions will be paid, in case you do not secure the requisite number of subscriptions necessary to secure what you wish. Applicants must furnish good references.

Special Premiums.

The premium offers announced last month have brought in large numbers of subscriptions, and I have decided to continue the same for a short time longer. To anyone sending 50c for a year's subscription I will send free of charge any one of the following desirable premiums:

PREMIUM No. 1.—1,000 finely mixed used and unused stamps from Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and Australia. Every 1,000 contains at least 125 varieties.

PREMIUM No. 2.—A complete up-to-date catalogue of the postage stamps of the world, illustrated with over 6,000 engravings. A book that every collector should have.

PREMIUM No. 3.—60 selected varieties of stamps neatly mounted in a blank approval book, and priced according to Scott's latest catalogue. Value over \$1.

PREMIUM No. 4.—100 different used and unused stamps, catalogued over \$1.50

PREMIUM No. 5.—"German at a Glance." A new system on the most simple principles, for universal self-tuition, with English pronunciation of every word.

PREMIUM No. 6.—6 different old bank bills in use during 1835-65. \$1, \$5, and \$10 denominations. Rare and interesting and sure to please.

All subscribers are entitled to enter, without the payment of any fee, in all A. Y. P. prize competitions. Next month I shall announce two of these competitions, and I have no doubt but that the liberal prizes I shall offer will cause much interest to be manifested in this departure.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.

—Carlyle.

NO LITTLE ONES.

You're glad you have no girls and boys
To fill your home with romp and noise.
Well, maybe what you say is true,
Yet friends, somehow, I pity you.

No shoes to shine, no strings to find,
No bumps to bathe and gently bind;
No little dress nor shirt to mend,
No piles of darning to attend.

No muddy tracks across the floor,
No tiny handprints on the door;
No one to beg for tarts and pies,
To fondly tease with "whats" and "whys."

No one to hurry off to school,
With tender chide to heed each rule;
No little willing, wayward feet
To gladly run on errands fleet.

No pretty baby girl to get
Out of some pout or fancied fret;
No boy to tell big sister's beau
Something unique he need not know.

No wee, wee ones at night to steal
Close, close to you—no arms to feel
Around your neck—to never hear
These words come lispng in your ear:

"Sweet mother, we, we love you so,
And not a boy or girl we know
In all this town has mother quite
As good as you—good night, good night."

No little ones to grow each year
More fair and tall, more wondrous dear;
Your quiet keep—I want the noise,
I want my merry girls and boys.

Eve beautiful seems most to me
With Cain and Abel at her knee;
And Mary, Virgin pure—best,
With Christ her baby at her breast.

St. Louis (Globe-Democrat)

WHO OWNED THE RABBIT.

Ex-Gov. Proctor Knott and a distinguished professional gentleman of Danville, Ky., were discussing the claims of Sampson and Schley to the credit of smashing Cervera at Santiago. The professional gentleman took the ground that all the honor of that memorable conflict belonged to Admiral Sampson, and was inclined to ignore entirely Commodore Schley's part in the affair, says the Louisville Times. The Governor listened until his companion had finished, and then, with that characteristic twinkle in his eye, said:

"My dear sir, it is exceedingly gratifying to me to hear you take the position you have in this matter. It is like a balm to my conscience, and settles a point that has worried me many a day.

"I was walking through the woods with a boy friend of mine when we saw a rabbit run into a sink hole. We stood around the hole a while, then I told the boy to keep watch while I went to get some fire to smoke the rabbit out. When I returned the boy had the rabbit. I promptly took it away from him, claiming it belonged to me, because I had told him to catch him if he came out.

"That was over 50 years ago, and you are the first man who has ever agreed with me that the rabbit was mine. I feel now that I was right in taking it, and my conscience is now at rest."

The gentleman looked solemn for a few moments, then smiled a feeble smile and changed the subject.

WASN'T EXPECTED.

Our unconscious blunders are often a source of embarrassment to our friends. A writer in The Ten Magazine mentions the following incident which happened to a well known doctor of divinity, who was preaching a special series of sermons:

He had scarcely got into the vestry after one of them, when in rushed a well dressed man, who greeted him most effusively.

"Delighted to see you, doctor," he said. "You have given us a grand sermon. It has been a treat—a real inspiration to us all."

The doctor smiled and expressed his gratification and the man left the vestry. No sooner was the door closed, however, than one of the deacons looked in and remarked:

"You must not take any notice of him, doctor—he's got softening of the brain."

The feelings of the doctor must have been akin to those of another minister who was preaching in Rockdale. The morning was fine, and the congregation large. At the foot of the pulpit stairs one of the officials met him.

"We've had a very large congregation this morning, Mr. Brown," remarked the preacher.

"Yes sir," replied the guileless and outspoken brother, "a very fine congregation. You see, sir, we were expecting you this morning."

AN ARCTIC BEAR HUNT.

The lot of the Arctic explorer, amid the dangers of those regions and the uneventful routine of the Arctic night, is an unenviable one. Frederick G. Jackson, writing in Harpers Magazine, thus describes a bear hunt which occasionally gave them some diversion:

Occasionally a bear hunt would give us some diversion. I always allowed two or three dogs, which showed some aptitude for bear hunting, to run loose during the winter, and had one dog, "Nimrod" tied to a rough kennel just outside the hut. The dogs would get on the track of a bear on the floe and set up a barking. Nimrod would take up the chorus and thus let us know what was going on. One of the men and I would then set off in chase with our rifles and, guided by the cry of the dogs, stumble through the mist and darkness over the floes. After proceeding a mile or so, gradually the noise would become more and more distinct, and some small dark objects jumping around a large yellow one, from which proceeded loud hisses and snarls, would appear in sight. A halloo is then called to enable us to recover our wind after a rough and tumble pursuit. The bear, in the meantime, has been engaged in making rushes at the dogs, one of whom, with his tail tucked between his legs, and looking as if he had seen things that he would gladly forget, runs up to where we are standing. We then separate and advance from opposite points until within about ten yards of our game—my rule being to approach the animal until the outlines of his head could be distinctly made out. He appears to be a little undecided as to whether to charge us or beat a retreat, but a dog taking advantage of his indecision, and encouraged by our presence, makes insolent remarks almost in his ear, and the bear dashes round to retaliate. At the same moment two shots ring out, and poor Mr. Bear rolls over dead.

One of us then return to the hut to bring out a sled party to haul him in. We drag him into a canvas harness reserved for bear skinning during the darkness, and remove his skin and cut up the carcass into convenient joints. The dense atmosphere caused by the rising steam in the intensely cold air suggests a laundry in full swing.

Good humor is the best shield against the darts of satirical raillery.—C. Simmons.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A BELL.

A writer in the London Globe relates a characteristic anecdote of Bismark. At the time this interesting incident in the great statesman's career occurred, he was Prussian Ambassador at Frankfurt:

At that moment he lodged in the house of a merchant who detested the Prussians. Bismark asked the landlord to put up a bell in his room. The latter replied that it was not in the lease, and that if Bismark would do so one he would have to put it up himself. A few days after the whole house was suddenly aroused by a pistol shot fired in the room. The landlord rushed into the apartment out of breath, and found the Ambassador quietly smoking a large pipe seated in front of a table covered with documents. On the table was the pistol which he had just fired. "In the name of goodness," cried the landlord, "what has happened?" "Oh nothing," replied Bismark: "don't be alarmed. I have simply called my servant to come and speak to me. It is quite an inoffensive signal, to which you would do well to get accustomed, for I shall no doubt make use of it more than once." The landlord took the hint, and Bismark got his bell.

HOME OF EXPERIENCE.

The Chicago Times Herald is authority for the statement that the citizens of Oak Park have been considerably stirred up by a mysterious legend that appeared on the barn of John Farson, one of the millionaires resident of the place:

The barn is one of the new circular buildings of modern pattern, such as might be expected as a composition piece to a new house of great elegance, and the writing on the wall took the shape of this announcement:

THE HOME OF
EXPERIENCE.

"Who was Experience?" was the question that exercised the curiosity of everybody who read that sign, and a delegation of citizens waited on Mr. Farson, after delicately feeling their way, informed him of the mission and flatly propounded the conundrum.

"Who is Experience?" there was a good laugh all round when Mr. Farson answered in his customary genial way:

"Experience? Why, she's our cow."

THE VALUE OF APOLOGIES

The ordinary every-day apology is of very little value according to a little story told by The Indianapolis Journal of a certain monarch of violent and hasty temper, who became offended at an injudicious remark his court fool, drew his sword, and cut off the unhappy fellows right ear:

The next day, having given the matter thought, the monarch approached the couch where lay the fool in much pain, and apologized sincerely for his conduct, expressing great sorrow.

"Your sorrow is beautiful to see," complained the fool, "but it does not restore my lost ear." "The loss of your ear cuts no ice," replied the monarch. "It is enough that I have expressed my sorrow and placed myself at peace with my own conscience in doing."

Moral: And that is what apologies amount to, as a general thing.

Some one threw a head of cabbage at a public speaker. He paused a moment, then said: "Gentlemen, I am asked for your ears, I don't care for your heads."

Cheap Sets of Stamps.

Sets are my specialty. I carry about nine hundred different sets of stamps in stock, and although I do not publish a regular list of sets, I am always willing to furnish quotations, if you will indicate what you require. Orders of less than 50c, and letters of inquiry should contain stamps for reply. The following sets are prepared especially for the beginner and are unusual value:— *Signifies Unused.

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- Belgium, 10 Selected Varieties .05
- *Bergedorf, R., 5 Varieties Complete .10
- Brazil, 7 fine Varieties .05
- Canada, Postage, 10 fine Varieties .05
- Canada, Revenues, 5 Varieties, including Law .05
- Costa Rica, 7 Varieties, including Official .10
- Cuba, 50 Varieties, a Magnificent set 1.25
- Denmark, 7 Varieties .05
- Egypt, 6 Varieties .05
- France, 15 Varieties .05
- French Revenues, 4 Varieties .05
- Greece, 6 Varieties, .05
- Great Britain, 20 Varieties .10
- *Hamburg Envelopes, R, 7 Varieties, Complete .10
- Holland, (Netherlands), 10 Varieties .05
- India, 7 Varieties .05
- Mexican Revenues, 7 fine Varieties .05
- *New Brunswick, 2 Varieties .05
- Newfoundland, 3 Varieties .05
- Norway, 7 Varieties .05
- *Prince Edward Island, 4 Varieties .50
- Spain, 50 Varieties .50
- Sweden, 10 Varieties .05
- *Switzerland, 1881, 2-40 c, 6 Varieties .05
- U. S. Postage and Revenues, 100 Varieties .60

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