

VARIOUS

HARPER'S YOUNG
PEOPLE, DECEMBER 16,
1879

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ONE TOUCH OF NATURE**

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "The Princess Idleways."

Mrs. Douglas was looking over her shopping list, and Lily Douglas was looking over her mother's shoulder. The Christmas Charity Fair was so soon to be held that Mrs. Douglas had a world of business to attend to, for of course her table must be full of pretty things suitable for the season. She was going out this morning to finish all her purchases, and Lily had been promised a corner of the carriage if she would be as quiet as she knew how to be, and not take cold. This was joyfully acceded to, for with all

the glories of the shops to look at, could she not be still? and with her new velvet cloak and warm furs, how could she take cold?

So she bounced into the brougham after her mother, and curled herself into the smallest possible space, that there might be room for all the packages. Such smiling brown eyes under sweeping lashes looked up at the sky as she wished for snow, and so warm a little heart beat under the velvet and furs as the brougham rolled down the street, that more than one passer-by gave her smiles in return. They had not long been out when the snow came indeed, as if just to oblige the little maiden; first in a sulky, slow way, then taking a start as if it were in earnest, down came the feathery flakes.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "aren't you glad? Just look at the lovely, lovely snow!"

"Yes," said mamma, abstractedly, reading off her list; "one dozen decorated candles; three screens, gilt; six lace tidies; fifteen yards blue ribbon; dolls – oh, Lily, I have forgotten the dolls, and I must have them in time to dress them. Knock on the window, and tell Patrick to turn down town again; but I am afraid the snow will be deep before we can get home."

"So much the better, mamma," exclaimed Lily. "Oh, I *am* so glad it has come!"

Mamma smiled back at her little girl's radiant look, as she said, "What will all the little poor children do?"

"Do?" answered Lily; "why, they will sweep the walks – look! there they are now. What fun! I wish I had a broom, and a tin

cup for pennies."

Mamma could have preached a little, but she refrained. She did not even venture to call to Lily's notice the pinched and blue noses and the chapped hands of the little army of sweepers which had so suddenly appeared.

The brougham stopped at her signal, and Mrs. Douglas went into an immense toy-shop, while Lily watched the movements of a little girl who had attracted her. The child was thin and pale; an old ragged sacque was her only outer garment, and the sleeves were so short that half her arms were exposed; on her head was an old untrimmed straw hat; on her feet shoes large enough for a woman; a faded bit of cotton cloth was twisted about her neck; in her hand was a broom, made of a bundle of sticks, such as street-sweepers use. She would make a hasty dash at the snow, and then, as if struggling between duty and pleasure, would rush from her sweeping to the shop window, and gaze with an eager and fascinated intentness at the toys within. Lily looked at her until she became tired; then, impatient of restraint, she jumped out of the carriage, and went into the shop after her mother; but Mrs. Douglas was down at the end of the counter, surrounded by people, and in front of Lily, near the door, was a basket of dolls gazing up at her with bewitchingly inviting glances. She began to name them – Jessie, Matilda, Clarissa, Marguerite, Cleopatra – no, she concluded, she wouldn't have Cleopatra. What should this other darling be named? – Rosamond.

"Do you think Rosamond a pretty name?" said a timid little

voice near her. It came from the girl she had watched from the carriage window.

"Well, not very," answered Lily; "but you see I have such a large family that I don't know what to call them all. What name do you like best?"

"Oh, I like almost anything – something short and sweet for such beauties. Ain't they lovely? and are they all really yours?"

"I'm playing they are mine, and that I keep an orphan asylum. Don't you want to be a nurse?"

"Oh, if you'd let me! – but I'm too dirty."

"No matter for that. See how the darlings smile at you. I mean to ask mamma to buy them all. See, I can get one in my muff: she goes in beautifully."

"So she does; but I like the one that's asleep best. She's awful cunning. Have they any teeth, and real hair?"

"They are just cutting their teeth, and that's the reason I want a good nurse; they are so troublesome. They haven't much hair, just a little bang under their caps."

"A little what?"

"Their hair is banged like mine – don't you see? – out short right across their foreheads, so it don't come in their eyes: that is Charles the First style – so my aunt Tilly says."

"Oh, how I wish I had just one doll!"

"Haven't you one?"

"No; she's worn out. She was only rags to begin with, and now she's nothing, since Pete Smith tossed her in the mud-puddle."

"That was just as hateful as it could be."

"Yes. I cried all night – more than I did when father died, because, you see, he never did nothing but tell me to get out of the way, and go and earn money for him to spend in drink. But my dolly used to love me, and I loved her, and I always had her with me at night, and I told her stories, and played she was a queen."

"A queen! how funny!"

"I don't think so. Every ribbon I could get I dressed her in it, and once I found some beads which looked just like the things you see at the jewellers', and I put them on her, and she was grand; but Pete Smith took them off when he chucked her into the mud, and now she's good for nothing."

"Little girl, what are you doing here?" suddenly said a stern voice, and Lily's acquaintance shot like an arrow from a bow, and began plying vigorously her broom. Mrs. Douglas, too, came up at that moment, and pricing the dolls, ordered them to be sent to her.

"Mamma," said Lily, softly, "may I have just this one?" – showing her muff, into which she had stuffed the coveted article.

"Lily dear, you don't want any more dolls, surely."

"Yes, mamma, just this one."

"Well, take it, child, though I really think it is foolish, when you have so many."

Mrs. Douglas got into her carriage again, and Lily jumped in too. The little sweeper looked wistfully after them; but the snow was becoming more and more in the way of pedestrians, and she

had to work hard to clear the crossing.

A few days after this the Fair was opened, and Mrs. Douglas, at Lily's request, placed the basket of dolls, which now were glittering in pink and blue gauze, in the very centre of her table. Every day Lily went with her mother to the Fair, but never without the one doll, her mother's latest gift, in her arms. Out of all her stock of clothing she had dressed it in the very prettiest little frock she could find, and wrapped it in a merino cloak. It was noticed that whenever she was in the street she seemed to be looking for some one, and every time the carriage went down town Lily insisted upon going too.

One morning, to her aunt Tilly's surprise, as they rolled through the still snow-covered streets, Lily shrieked out, "Oh, there she is! there she is! Please, Aunt Tilly, let me get out."

Her aunt being good-natured, and supposing that the child saw one of her companions, stopped the brougham, and away Lily ran. To the aunt's horror, she saw Lily rush up to a dirty poor little creature sweeping the crossing. Taking the doll she so faithfully carried every day out of her arms, she put it in the little street-sweeper's ready embrace with a most affectionate manner.

"There," she said, "I have been watching for you every day, and I have dressed this dear thing all for you; and don't you let Pete Smith throw *her* in the mud-puddle."

The little sweeper gazed at her as if she were an angel of light, hardly daring to touch the infant beauty committed to her care.

"And now," said Lily, dragging the girl up to the carriage door,

for the child was abashed and reluctant, "you shall come to the Fair, and see our other beauties: come. *Please* let her, Aunt Tilly; she never has seen anything so lovely before."

How could Aunt Tilly refuse? Side by side with the velvet and furs were the poor tattered garments of the little sweeper. Side by side were the two child faces, one so rosy and radiant, the other so pale and care-worn; and the brougham rolled them both to the Fair.

Exultingly Lily took the child up to her mother's table, proudly pointing out all its wonderful wealth; but when they both bent over the basket of dolls that they had played with at the shop door that wintry morning, and both little pairs of eyes sparkled to behold the increased beauty of their charms, they forgot everything else, and touchingly discussed the merits of each dear doll as if they had been two little mothers in a nursery.

A passer-by said to Mrs. Douglas, as he noticed the contrast in the children's appearance, "'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'"

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Douglas, in reply; and she resolved that Lily's little acquaintance should have not only a doll, but plenty of good warm clothing, and herself for a friend.

THE POCKET BLOW-PIPE

BY WILLIAM BLAIKIE,

Author of "How to Get Strong, and How to Stay so."

Stand erect, with the chin turned a little up. Draw through the nose all the air you can, till your chest is brimful. Now place in the mouth a piece of clay pipe stem, say an inch long, and blow through it as long and hard as you can, as if you were trying to blow out a flame.

Well, what does this do? Try a few whiffs, and see. If not used to it, at first it may make you feel dull, perhaps dizzy. But this soon wears off, and you find that a few minutes of this lung-filling now and then through the day is working wonders. The chest seems to be actually growing larger; and it really is, for you are stretching out every corner of it. But the heart and stomach – indeed, about all the vital organs – feel the new pressure, and better digestion, brisker circulation, and a warmer and very comfortable feeling over the whole body are among the results. M – , an oil-broker in New York, says that at thirty-six he had a weak voice, stood slouched over and inerect, was troubled with

catarrh, and knew too well what it was to have the stomach and bowels work imperfectly. Most people can not inflate the chest so as to increase its girth over two inches. By steady practice at his little pipe, he in about a year got so that he could inflate five whole inches. But now his chest is noticeably round and full, and he is as straight a man as any in a dozen. His weak voice has gone; indeed, he says he has the strongest voice of any in a choir in which he now sings. The catarrh has left, while his stomach is simply doing nobly. The fuller veins in his hands and the swifter reaction when he bathes tell that his circulation is also stronger and quicker than formerly, while he has a general health and buoyancy to which he had long been a stranger. These are surely wonderful changes in a man of his age, and in that brief time, and each change is plainly for the better. Not only do his friends remark it, but he delights in telling all who will listen. A lady friend, following his example, found her angular shoulders and indifferent chest fast improving in a way most gratifying. A friend, at our suggestion – one of the fastest half-mile runners in America, by-the-way – tried the pipe. In five weeks of faithful practice he so enlarged his chest that when his lungs were full he could scarcely button his vest. He says that in severe running he finds his throat and bronchial tubes do not tire as easily as before, but are tough and equal to their work, and so help him to more sustained effort.

Though all the results of this deep breathing are not known, it can hardly fail to bring great good to many of us in-door people,

who most of the day never half fill our lungs, and at all events it is very easy to try. Any ivory-worker will for a dime turn you a pipe of bone or ivory an inch long, three-eighths thick, and with a hole through it a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, with the sides fluted so that your teeth may hold it, and prevent you from swallowing it. This, too, can be readily carried in the pocket. Try it.

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THE BRAVE SWISS BOY

VI. – ON THE TRACK

The night passed slowly away. Just as Sol was pouring his earliest morning rays into the little room where Walter had lain unconsciously for so many hours, the sleeper awoke, rubbed his eyes, and called aloud for his companion, but, to his surprise, received no answer. He was astonished to find that he had gone to bed without taking off his clothes, but he suspected nothing until he saw that Seppi was not in the room, and at the same moment missed the belt from his waist and the papers from his pockets. When the whole extent of the calamity flashed upon him, he felt completely overwhelmed. A cold perspiration started to his face; he trembled in every limb, and but for the support of the bed, would have fallen on the floor. "Merciful powers!" he exclaimed, when he recovered his speech, "can it be possible that Seppi has robbed me and gone?"

He rushed to the door, which he found was locked. After kicking at it with great violence for some time, he aroused the attention of André, who came up, and, after opening the door, demanded the reason of such behavior.

"Where is Seppi?" exclaimed Walter, paying no heed to his

inquiries. "Tell me instantly what has become of him."

"How should I know?" was the rough reply. "He left the inn before daybreak."

Walter's fears were fully confirmed. He sank into a chair, and gave way to an outburst of indignation.

"Don't trouble yourself about being left alone," said André; "your friend told me last night that he would be sure to return to-morrow, and has given me orders to let you have everything you ask for."

"You've seen the last of him," returned the youth. "He has robbed me, and has got safe away by this time. But I won't rest till I have hunted him down; and woe to him then!"

He rushed to the door to carry out his purpose; but André stopped him. "Oho, my fine fellow, that's what you're up to," said he. "I see now that your friend was right when he told me that you were not quite right in the upper story. You will please stay quietly here till to-morrow morning, and then you can make it all right with him yourself. You sha'n't stir out of this room till he comes back, so make up your mind for it."

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