

"There's Bose. I shouldn't feel as if I had got home if Bose were not the first to greet me," said Harry.

As soon as she set foot on the wharf Polly seized Bose and hugged him and cried over him.

Out of a shadow appeared Cainy, shuffling and shamefaced.

"I'm runnin' to make a bonfire on the Point, as they told me to if you was found," he said, standing first on one foot and then on the other, like an uncomfortable hen. "There's an awful lot of boats out after you, and everybody's 'most crazy. Your grandfather he's aboard the *Witch*."

"Hurry, then, and make the fire," said Harry.

"Yes, and the bells is goin' to be set a-ringin'." Cainy started, but turned back to say, with his voice a trifle husky, "I say, I'm glad you wa'n't drowned, Miss Polly. I kind of thought at first— But I *be* glad, as sure as you're born."

A crowd surrounded Polly. Familiar faces appeared out of the mist as if by magic, and in the dim and twinkling lamp-light they did not draw themselves down, or straighten themselves out, but showed all their smiles and tears; how sorry they had been for her, the towns-people who had known her from babyhood, and how dear they were to her! She might come to think again that old Mrs. Pillsbury was stingy, and that Laura French had said she was "a tomboy," and that Mr. Luke Preble had driven them out of his wood lot, where there were raspberries; but now they were all kind and glad, and Polly had learned, as she might not have done for years but for that awful, lonely voyage on the old wreck, how sweet is the touch of human sympathy. There was even a kindly grin here and there on the faces of the "patch" boys, and little Billy O'Brien, to whom Polly had once done a kindness, drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes.

There was great cheering as they drove off in the somewhat dilapidated old vehicle which waited about the wharf in the hope of a stray passenger.

Cainy, with the zealous assistance which is sure to be offered to such an undertaking, had made a huge bonfire; the fog seemed to be fleeing before it in ghost-like shapes, and the whole Point was light.

The bonfire was the first intimation of Polly's safety which had come to the family in the house, and, wild with eagerness, they came rushing out at the sound of wheels, among them Aunt Katherine, who had arrived by the *Katahdin*, the same steamer which had so nearly crunched the old *High-Flyer* under her wheels.

They all seized upon Polly with such eager joy as to be quite oblivious of her companions. Del came to herself with a great shock when she heard Harry present Lord Brentford to Aunt Katherine. She was quite overcome when she heard Aunt Katherine say, with simple hospitality:

"Show Lord Brentford into the Peacock Chamber, Harry. Supper will be ready directly."

How countrified, how common, it sounded! How bitterly mortifying it was after she had worked so hard to arrange seven-o'clock dinners after he should arrive, and had evolved a hopeful butler from Simeon Grow, with what "labor dire and weary woe" only she herself knew, and had subdued Diantha's independence in some degree, and brought Quintilla to a cap-and-apron frame of mind, to have this scion of the British aristocracy behold them in every-day keeping; in fact at their worst—for no one would be thinking of anything but Polly. Del loved Polly dearly; she had suffered so while Polly was lost that all her plans had been quite forgotten, but now that she was safe, she *did* wish that she could have been saved by some other boat than the *Pirate*.

Aunt Katherine was cultivated and bookish—quite too bookish, Del thought—and she had moved in good society both at home and abroad, and had entertained many dis-

tinguished people; but she could not—the worst of it was she didn't *wish* to—be fashionable.

"I wrote to Harry to telegraph from Rockland. Oh, why didn't he do it?"

Del made this moan in a state of collapse in the great leather arm-chair in the hall. She made it to the empty air, for the young men had gone to their rooms, and the others had carried Polly off to hers.

"Where is she? where is she?" Grandpa came into the parlor where Polly, who had declined to be put to bed, sat before the wood fire. Grandpa's hands trembled as he stretched them out to Polly; he looked like a very old man, as he had never done before. They all knew that to grandpa there was no one quite like Polly.

"How are you, my boy, how are you?" he said, absently, to the young lord.

Grandpa had been a ship-carpenter, and had worked with his hands in his youth. He had made a large fortune, but he had never, as he expressed it, got a good grip on the King's English. Del had spent many moments of late wondering how grandpa would figure in an English novel; he would be spoken of as belonging to the lower classes, she thought; a lord would not be expected to associate with him. She hoped Lord Brentford would know at once that he had been Governor of the State. Roy and Syd came in. Roy had a white line around his mouth, and his lips were set.

"I tied the boat, you know, sir," he said to his grandfather, in a high-keyed, nervous voice that was almost a scream. "I tied it with a cable; it *never* could have broken: it was cut. Now I am going to find out who did it; and if there is any one who knows and doesn't tell—"

Syd's face was white against the crimson sofa upon which he had sat down. But Polly—it was no wonder, they said, since she had been through so much—Polly dropped her head upon her grandfather's knee and quietly fainted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

BY H. ROBERT.

**A**MONG my numerous elephant and rhinoceros hunts the most exciting was that in which I met with a serious accident, and came very near losing my life. For several days I had been at Long Chank, a little village situated in the midst of forests in the province of Baria (Anam), of which I was the military commander, and I was astonished at not being advised of the presence of tigers, elephants, or rhinoceroses. Knowing my passion for hunting, and being desirous of pleasing me, the village authorities were bestirring themselves in rivalry to give me the first information of the great animals discovered in their neighborhood. The Mayor of Long Chank, who had some prickings of conscience, was not the least active, and it was with great satisfaction that he came one afternoon to inform me that a native of a little village about four leagues from Long Chank knew where an enormous rhinoceros was to be found. This news was specially grateful, as my friend D——, a famous hunter of the rhinoceros and the elephant, would arrive the following day. I decided that the day after his coming we would sleep in the village near which the rhinoceros had taken up his abode.

My friend D—— having arrived, we started with our ox-carts for the village of Long-là. During the journey we had a singular adventure. Our road being abominable, we were soon tired of the dreadful jolting, and decided to leave our wagons and take a foot-path to shorten our route two or three miles. It was exceedingly hot, and not wishing to burden ourselves, we left our weapons in the wagons. That was a thing we had never done before, and you will see how we had cause to repent it. Our only escort was a common Anamite soldier with his gun.

After walking for some time we reached a little stream. A tree lying across it served as a bridge. I had hardly stepped to the centre of it before I saw the water disturbed directly under me, and suddenly a great head rose to sight. It was that of a rhinoceros who was taking his bath. The shallow water allowed him to lie there, and the noise we made caused him to raise his

head from the water. He got up on his legs and coolly looked at us. D—, who was still on the bank, had seized the soldier's gun, and approaching the animal, he aimed at his eye, expecting to easily kill him.

Alas! the cap missed fire, and the soldier had no more. Imagine our exasperation at having such a prize within our grasp and being unable to take it. For a quarter of an hour we attentively watched the huge bather, who was not in the least annoyed by our presence. When he had taken good account of us he determined to go out of the water, and, perhaps very luckily for us, took the side of the river from which we had come. My comrade and the soldier hastened to cross the bridge, and we continued our journey with a good deal of fuming, and with a vow, although a little too late, that we would never again be separated from our weapons.

When we arrived at the village we visited the Mayor and informed him that the next morning we would like to be conducted into the presence of the rhinoceros. He told us that this would be easily done, and that it would not take more than a half-hour's walk to find him, and that they were not surprised to see one of these animals living near a town, as they often do so. I remember that Captain B—, who, at the beginning of the French occupation of Cochin China, was in command of this same post of Long Chunk, related to me the trouble which a rhinoceros caused him. He had planted a kitchen-garden outside the fort, and with great trouble had succeeded in raising some peas. It was an achievement of which he was very proud. One fine morning, going out to witness the growth of his vegetables, he was horrified at seeing that they had all disappeared. Some enormous tracks of a rhinoceros left no doubt of the nature of the culprit, whom the natives knew very well, and who, they said, had taken up his abode alongside of the village.

The next morning at six o'clock we started on our hunt. I had decided to try the explosive bullet. D— was armed with his carbine loaded with steel-pointed bullets, and was to finish the animal if I did not quickly despatch him. I was not very confident of the result, but, supported by D—, I feared nothing, knowing how well I could rely on him.

The outcome proved that I was right. We readily found one of the many paths leading to the lair of the rhinoceros; and some fresh tracks indicated that he could not be far off. Indeed we had hardly been walking twenty minutes when we came upon him. Seeing us, he was not disturbed at all, but continued to browse on the shrub branches. I loaded my carbine and advanced to about eight steps from him. I fired. There was a frightful recoil. I fell back, feeling a terrible pain in my shoulder and head. I saw the rhinoceros rush upon me. I thought all was over with me, when there was the flash and report of a rifle, and the dead animal fell at my feet.

This is what had happened: D—, regardless of his own safety, and seeing my great danger, had thrown himself in front of the huge beast, and by a ball behind the shoulder in the nick of time had brought him down. So he saved my life. As soon as D— saw the result he ran toward me and helped me up. I was suffering horribly. My shoulder was broken, my fingers injured, and my face covered with blood. My first thought was that my carbine had burst, but upon examination it was found to be in good condition. The ball had exploded in the barrel, which fortunately withstood it. Later, when I tried to learn how this could have happened, the idea was suggested that a small piece of the lead ring encircling the bullet must have broken off in loading and left an opening in the rifle groove, through which the powder behind the bullet had fired the cap and naturally caused the premature explosion. That is the only satisfactory explanation that I could give. If the barrel had burst I should have lost my hand, and probably have received other severe wounds. If I had been alone it is clear that I should have been a victim of the rhinoceros, who would have trampled me under-foot until my body was reduced to a jelly. Upon the whole, thoroughly battered as I was, I had to consider myself very fortunate.

I returned to the village, leaving D— to look after the men, who began to cut up our booty. We took for ourselves the feet, which, like those of the elephant, make a very delicate dish, and the head, which we preserved as a trophy. It was indispensable that D— should remain there, for the horn of the rhinoceros would certainly have vanished otherwise. When reduced to powder and mixed with rice whiskey it is regarded by the Anamites and the Chinese as an infallible panacea. Therefore it has an extremely high value. A rhinoceros horn three inches long is commonly sold for \$180 or \$200.

## A SONG FOR WINTER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

NOW winter fills the world with snow,  
Wild winds across the country blow,  
And all the trees, with branches bare,  
Like beggars shiver in the air.  
Oh, now hurrah for sleds and skates!  
A polar expedition waits  
When school is done each day for me—  
Off for the ice-bound arctic sea.

The ice is strong upon the creek,  
The wind has roses for the cheek,  
The snow is knee-deep all around,  
And earth with clear blue sky is crowned.  
Then come, and we may find the hut  
Wherein the Esquimau is shut,  
Or see the polar bear, whose fur  
Makes fun of the thermometer.

Let us who want our muscles tough  
Forsake the tippet and the muff.  
The keen fresh wind will do no harm,  
The leaping blood shall keep us warm,  
A spin upon our arctic main  
Shall drive the clouds from out the brain,  
And for our studies we at night  
Shall have a better appetite.

## LITTLE EXPERIMENTS.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

### I.—MATTER.

FROM the day that the first human being began to notice the world about him, we feel sure he must have wondered at the strange things he saw. A little baby tries to find out about the things it sees; it looks and examines; it feels and tastes; you see its little eyes follow the light; it turns its head at a sound. Something in this way it must have happened, ages ago, that men noticed and thought about things in the world around them.

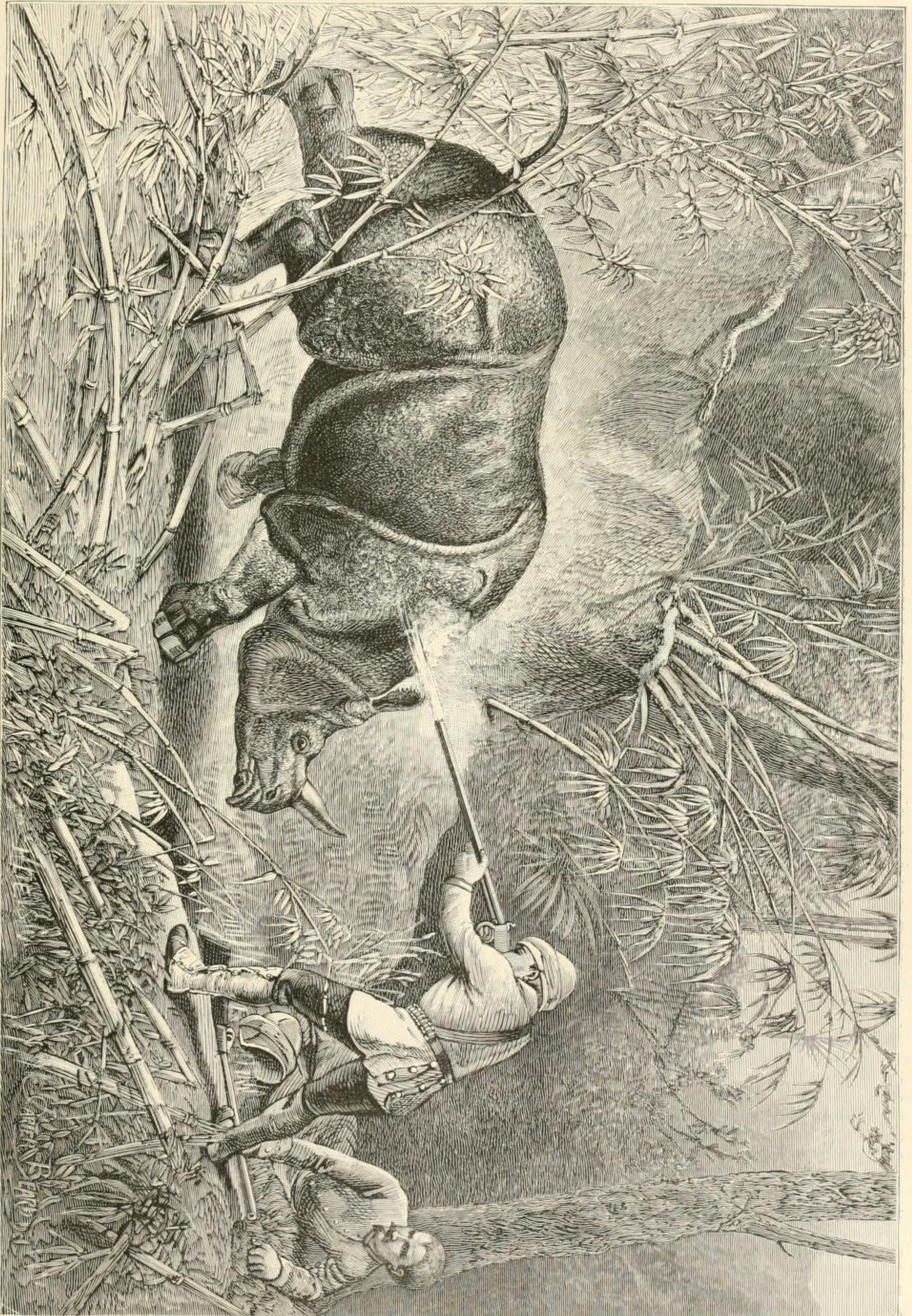
The baby finds that the floor is hard, that sharp things prick or cut its little hands, that water is soft to the touch and delightful to splash in, that fire is hot and must not be meddled with; and so it goes on, getting better and better acquainted, day after day, with the world it has come to live in. The baby is really beginning to learn natural philosophy; it is studying, in its little baby way, the nature of matter.

Matter is the general name given by men of science to the things that make up the world around us—such things, for instance, as those we can see and taste and handle. From the beginning, when men came on the earth, they studied in much the baby's way the nature of matter, only they carried on their study much more slowly, for they had no one to help them learn.

At first thought, it seems quite right to call hard things, like earth and stones and glass, matter, while liquids like water seem a little doubtful, and air does not seem as if it ought to have such a solid name at all. But air is quite as truly matter as is water or glass, only these three things are all in what is called different states or *conditions* of matter.

Glass is a solid, water a liquid, and air a gas. Suppose you take a lump of ice: it is evidently matter in the same *state* as glass; it is hard and brittle and solid. If you had two clean blocks, one of glass and one of ice, standing side by side, and you were not allowed to touch them or to bring them into a warm place, you would find it hard to tell which was glass and which ice.

Now put two pieces, one of glass and one of ice, on the top of the stove; the glass does not change, but the ice at once begins to melt; it soon is entirely changed into its



AN ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.—SEE PAGE 210.

ARTHUR B. ENDY

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"BRUCE WOULD STAND PATIENTLY LIKE A WELL-TRAINED HORSE"—See Page 202.