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THE NEW PLANET



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THE NEW PLANET.

A Monthly Amateur Journal.

Vol. II.—No. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1872.

Price 5 Cents.

THOUGHT.

Boundless, illimitable! who can trace
Thy varied journeyings through the realms of air?
Thou mock'st each barrier of time or space,
And fliest on swiftest pinion every where!
By thee we track the past, long ages gone
Lost in the dark abyss of buried time,
Or strive to pierce the future, dim unknown,
Or soaring upwards, seek the eternal clime:
We revel 'mid the stars, in the high dome
Of God's own glorious temple, richly spread,
Make 'mid their shining hosts the spirit's home
Among their living lights, where seraphs tread!

But thou hast earthly rovings, boundless Thought!
O'er the wide world thine eager wing is flying:
To vine-clad realms, where fragrant winds are sighing,
To fairy-haunted grove, or storied grot,
Thither thou lead'st us, hoary mountains, piled
High in the clouds, broad lakes, and rivers fair
And green savannahs stretching vast and wild,
We know them all, by thee borne swiftly there!
The lava-buried cities', ancient Rome,
Judea's queen, so honored, so debased,
Where He, the man of grief, vouchsafed to come,
And through her street his path of sorrows traced,
To these we speed us: what can stay thy flight,
Ethereal essence?—swift as flash of light!

And yet a power more dear is thine, O Thought!
By thee, long-parted friends together meet;
Though seas divide them, by thy magic brought
In close companionship again; how sweet
To speak kind words of sympathy; once more
To linger, spell-bound, on some long-loved face.
Again each faded lineament retraces,
Till faithful memory all their charms restore!
The lonely mother at her cottage hearth,
Shudders to hear the storm go rushing past,
And as in fitful and demoniac mirth
Shrieks forth in trumpet-tones the maddened blast,
While roars the tempest, roll the blackened clouds,
She seeks her sea-boy's form rocked in the spray-wreathed
shrouds. —Selected.

HARRY THORNTON,

—OR—

ADVENTURES OF A RUNAWAY.

BY TOMMY TOPPLETON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, the boys arose early, took a swim in the lagoon, ate a hearty breakfast, and prepared to leave the coral island.

Although it had been only four days since they had landed upon this little island, yet, as they prepared to leave it, they felt very sad.

As they had placed everything in the boat on the previous afternoon, it did not take much time to get started. They pushed the boat down the sandy beach into the clear waters, then jumping in, they hoisted the sail and were ready to start.

The opening in the reef which connected the lagoon with the ocean was on the opposite side from where the vessel had struck. So they were obliged to sail partly round the island on the way to it. During this part of the voyage, they had an opportunity to test the sail which they had rigged, and found that it worked even better than they had expected.

They reached the opening in the reef in about half an hour after leaving the island. Here they experienced the first difficult navigation. The break in the reef was narrow, and the force of the breakers caused their little boat to make slow progress. At last, however, they got out of the surf, having shipped considerable water, which Harry bailed out, while Ben managed the boat. By aid of the compass and chart, they had no difficulty in determining their direction. They sailed pleasantly along, before a good breeze, and as they sped onward over the waste of waters, the boys bade farewell forever to Coral Island.

They had fine sailing for a week. Our young friends took turns at managing the boat, and so they got along very comfortably. On the morning of the eighth day they saw, about eight or nine miles away, the island for which they had set out. This sight filled them with joy. Through the telescope, they could see all the top of the island, although the beach was hid from view. The island was covered with trees, and looked very inviting. They were sailing pleasantly along, when they noticed in the direction of the island a little cloud. While they were gazing, the tempest struck the island. Looking through the telescope, they saw whole trees uprooted and borne along through the air by the storm.

The gale soon struck the ocean and lashed it into foam. The tempest was traveling in such a direction that they were providentially out of its path, and did not feel its entire force. They had furled their sail; yet, when the wind struck their little craft, it was as much as they could do to keep out of the trough of the sea. At length, after an hour or two, the storm had passed. They had hard work to manage their boat on the heaving sea, and had no rest for a day and night.

The next morning, the sea was much smoother, and our young navigators rigged their sail; but, as there was but little wind, they managed to make slow progress with oars.

Their provisions were nearly gone, and

the boys felt very weak from their continued exertions and scanty diet.

The calm lasted three days. During this time, they had got a little nearer the reef, but found that they must wait for a breeze. On the fourth day, a little wind sprang up and bore them on toward land. Ben had to manage the boat alone, as Harry was so weak that he had lain down in the bottom of the boat and was senseless. They were but a short distance from the reef which surrounded the island. Through a break in this reef, Ben could see the placid lagoon, and further on, the sandy beach of the island. This island was about ten miles long by five broad in the widest place. In the centre, it reached an elevation of eight or nine hundred feet. The sides of the island were covered with trees nearly to the top, and the various shades of green caused the forest to look very beautiful.

The breeze which was befriending them continued. They passed the breakers in safety, and sped on over the clear waters of the lagoon. As they sailed along, Ben could see the corals and sea-weeds on the bottom as plainly as if they were within his grasp; while here and there, he saw beautiful fish sporting among the coral groves.

At length, the prow of their little vessel ground on the sandy beach. Ben sprang out and drew the boat higher upon the sand. He then lifted Harry out of the boat and laid him in the shade of a tree. Then hastening to a stream which poured over some rocks near by, he returned with a pail filled with the cool water. He forced some between Harry's lips, and sat bathing his temples, when he opened his eyes and feebly asked:

"Oh, Ben, where are we? where did you get the water?"

Ben told him that they had reached the island and that the stream from which the water came was not more than twenty feet from where he was lying.

Upon hearing this, Harry lifted his head, assisted by Ben, and gazed around in wonder and admiration at the luxuriance of the foliage and the strange fruits that hung from the branches of the trees near him.

"Oh, Ben," he exclaimed, "how glad I am that we are on land, and where we can get plenty to eat and drink." He then lay down and Ben went to get him some fruit.

He soon returned, bearing in his arms several coconuts; part were ripe,

while some were very small and green. He broke a ripe one open and gave it to Harry, who ate heartily of it. He then cracked a green one and handed it to him, telling him to eat it.

"How did you know that these green coconuts are good to eat?" asked Harry, when he had tasted it.

"Because," replied Ben, "once we stopped at a large island in these seas when I was on my first voyage. I saw the natives eating green coconuts, tried them, and liked them very much; how do you like them?"

"They are very nice," answered Harry.

After eating the fruit, Harry attempted to rise, but was too weak. Ben told him to lie still and he would be well in a day or two.

Harry suffered now from a fever, which lasted two weeks. Most of this time he was delirious. Ben sat by him and took the best care of his sick companion that he could. Several times he feared that his friend would die; but at last he began to recover.

CHAPTER VII.

At last Harry was able to stand up and walk a short distance; but it was several weeks before he could take a long walk.

During Harry's recovery, Ben had built a hut of the trunks of trees and thatched it with broad, long leaves. During this building, Ben found the saw and axe that they had saved from the wreck very useful. Ben's reasons for building this hut were two-fold; first, although the climate was then very pleasant, he knew very well that such weather would not last always, and that when it should rain, a hut would be a very comfortable place of retreat. His second reason was that he wanted something to do, and the building of the hut afforded him work and provided amusement for Harry, diverting their minds from their lonely situation.

It is needless to say that the building of the hut was slow work. Ben was obliged to fell all the trees and cut the logs to the required length. He also worked slowly, so as to make his job last, there being no necessity for haste.

But, as all things have an end, the hut was at length finished, and Ben was out of work. He was almost sorry to stop building, and therefore built two very comfortable bunks in the hut and put upon them a mattress made of the outside covering of the coconut. He then cut the blanket that they had not yet used into two pieces and put one on each bunk over the coconut mattress.

The boys missed very much some means of supplying light in the evening. There was no twilight to speak of, and the only light they had was afforded by the fire which they occasionally built to roast lobsters that Ben found among the rocks on shore. They wished to save their matches, as they had but few, and so sensibly determined to go to bed when it

was dark and get up earlier in the morning.

They bathed and swam in the lagoon near their camp every morning, and enjoyed it very much.

At last they wanted to engage in some new enterprise, and determined to explore the island. Why had they not thought of it before? Should they go by land or by water? After some discussion, the latter course was decided upon, and our friends began their preparations for the voyage. Everything that they would not need was placed in the hut, while they put in the boat the saw, axe, telescope, compass, their firearms and part of the ammunition. They anticipated a pleasant voyage, as they would be all the time inside the reef, on the smooth waters of the lagoon.

One bright morning they set sail and moved merrily along over the crystal waters. There was a gentle breeze blowing, and they went on very easily. Their course was to sail from their camp, which was situated on the southern side of the island, around the eastern end, thence along the northern shore and around the west end, and so back to the camp. They watched the shore carefully all the way, not knowing but that they might see traces of inhabitants; for Ben was not certain whether their island home was not the residence of somebody else and that the somebody else might be a savage.

They landed here and there to get fruit; and, when night overtook them, they fastened their boat and slept on the beach. They had traveled slowly, part of the time sailing, and rowing when there was no wind. They had been nearly around the island, and had discovered no traces of inhabitants. Here and there they had seen little promontories, but none of them were found to be very high, until they reached the west end of the island. There they came upon a bay, whose entrance was between two rocky bluffs about two hundred feet high. They entered the bay and found it filled with rocks. They had to steer carefully, so as not to run against any of these, and when they landed, they experienced some difficulty, on account of the reefs. They at last succeeded in landing and moored the boat to a large cliff. They then removed their things from the boat and began to prepare for the night. They ate a hearty meal of fruit and retired to rest.

During the night a hurricane broke upon the island. The trees swayed; their branches were broken from them, or they were uprooted entirely and blown over the ground. The wind shrieked through the forest, carrying destruction everywhere. The boys awoke in terror. All had been peaceful, when they lay down; now destruction reigned.

Our friends were so startled, that they did not know what to do. Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed the little bay before them; it was tossed into billows;

and, as the lightning flashed again, they saw their boat lodged upon the rocks. They could do nothing in the dark, and were obliged to wait until morning before they could get to the boat, as the water was all around her.

They could not sleep during the tempest, and so walked hand in hand, up and down the beach.

Brave boys as they were, the suddenness of the shock had so unnerved them, that they stood trembling, as the tempest hurried past.

At last a calm followed; the wind ceased and nothing was heard but the breaking of the waters of the little bay upon the rocks; and farther in the distance, the heavy booming of the surf upon the reef. The sun rose. What sights did those first rays of light reveal to Ben and Harry. The ground was strewn with the branches and trunks of trees, and on the other side lay the rock-bound bay, tossing and foaming after its encounter with the winds; and there was their boat, their little darling, that had safely brought them eighty miles over the ocean, thrown high upon the rocks, with her sides stove in; she was gone; beyond recovery.

If they had started to survey the western end of the island first, they would have passed this dangerous place, and their camp would have been on a sandy beach. Their boat would not have been broken to pieces, and they would not have been left as much dependent on chance for being rescued.

The boys thought of this with regret, but saw that their mistake could not have been evaded by any forethought.

They determined to wait until they could get to the boat, in order to get out the ropes and sail that were still in her. While doing so, they picked up the oars that had drifted ashore. Near night, the waters had so far subsided that they could go out to the boat. They found her a total wreck, and removed all the ropes and everything that they thought might be of use to them. These they put in a safe place, and left the boat where she lay. The force of the waves had placed her there, and she was so firmly wedged among the rocks that the boys could not move her.

They would now have to go back to the hut on foot; it was not a great distance certainly, but was no easy traveling, when there was no path, and they would have to make their way through the dense forest over broken limbs and trees, at the same time carrying their things that they had saved from the boat. They were tired and sad, when they lay down that night, but soon fell asleep, and there we leave them to see what will happen next.

(To be continued.)

"There's always a blessing in store for them that wait."

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

ETHAN ALLEN IN ENGLAND.

COL. Ethan Allen was a man destined to strike the world as something uncommon, and in a high degree interesting. He was partially educated and obscurely brought up; yet no man was ever more at ease in the polished ranks than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules and etiquette, but he had observed the dictates of natural good humor. His bearing was total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known that in early life, in his own country, he acquired an influence over his fellow-men, and led them on to some of the most daring achievements. He seemed to possess all the elements of a hero—a devoted patriotism, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partisan officer is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty in our revolutionary struggle. He was taken prisoner and carried to England, where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit, introduced him in the court region. A friend of our early life, who was acquainted with this part of the history of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of the Colonel, while a prisoner in London. We have before mentioned the firmness with which he resisted the attempts to bribe him from the cause of his country, and the caustic satire with which he replied to a nobleman, who was commissioned by the ministry to make him formal offers to join the British cause in America.

The incident is a striking one, and it will bear a repetition.

The commissioners, among the tempting largesses, proposed that if he would espouse the king's cause he might have a fee simple in half the State of Vermont.

"I am a plain man," said Colonel Allen in reply, "and I have read but few books, but I have seen in print somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your lordship; it is of a certain other character going to an exceeding high mountain, and showing him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and told him that if he would fall down and worship him, this would all be his; and the rascal," added he, "didn't own a foot of them."

His interview with the king at Windsor is mentioned as highly interesting. His Majesty asked the stout-hearted mountaineer if they had any newspapers in America.

"But very few, and those are but little read," was the answer.

"How then," asked the king, "do the common people know of these grievances of which they complain, and of which we have been speaking?"

"As to that," said he, "I can tell your Majesty that among people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the news of oppression is carried by the birds of the air, and the breezes of heaven."

"That is too figurative an answer from a matter-of-fact man, to a plain question," rejoined the king.

"Well, to be plain," answered the rebellious subject, among our people the tale of wrong is carried from man to man, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, with the speed of electricity; my countrymen feel nothing else; 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I will add, with great respect to your Majesty, that such a people cannot be put down with the sword."

OLD NEWSPAPER.

YOUNG MANHOOD.

With all due deference to Age, it must be acknowledged that Young Manhood is to-day moving the world. "Old men for counsel and young men for war" was never less true, and never more true, than now. Young men are leading in the wars and in the counsels too. Youthful spirit manifests itself everywhere. Even Middle Age stands in the background, generally, and looks on half in amazement at what a younger manhood is doing.

Prussian victories have been won by generals yet in their earliest vigor. French defeats are chargeable chiefly, we believe, to the lack of young blood in the war's management. In the long run, youthful enthusiasm will overcome the experience of Age, and gain its end. Age takes on conservatism with its whitening hair, and makes continued protest against change. Its old habits are fixed and play the master. Youth, without fixed habits, aggressive, eager, bold and undaunted, laughs at conservative ideas, breaks through all the canons of the schools and strikes to win.

Young Manhood fights our battles, builds our railroads, makes our newspapers, rules our commonwealths, pushes things generally. With less knowledge of the world than Age possesses, it has more faith; and faith gains victories. Doubt is defeat, nine times out of ten. Faith nerves the heart, the heart impels the hand, and the blow tells.

Age cannot justly complain because its day is past. "Every dog has its day," is only a blunt way of putting a fact which the logic of life plainly teaches. Growing old, you come to the evening, when the day's labor is ended. So sure as you take on Age, you have had your day. To avoid the perhaps painful consequence, there is but one recourse—keep young. Youth disguises itself under gray hairs often, and still abides in the morning. Whitened locks do not make a man old. The heart of young manhood may throb just as vigorously as ever, below. There

is no way-mark on the march which of right may say to youth—"Thus far shalt thou come and no farther."

The true test of years is in the heart, not on the head; and the world will be the gainer when a gray-haired Young Manhood holds sway—a Young Manhood with all that vim and fire which characterize Young Manhood now, happily united to the prudence and discretion after life brings. Such a Young Manhood will work out a truer progress than any mankind has yet witnessed. Let it come speedily!—*The American Rural Home.*

Gleanings.

"Ancient edifices were built with wood, trees forming the columns; and when architects began to build with stone, they made the columns to imitate the trunks of trees, tapering from their bases. Being thus originally of wood, and therefore liable to split when much loaded, they bound them with rings at the top and bottom. Thus the bases and capitols in the different orders seem originally derived from these bandages, though they are now become essential ornaments."

"*Bed Chambers.* In Tudor times, the furniture of these apartments, in great houses, was of the same gorgeous character as that in the chief room; and the paraphernalia of an ancient dressing-table yielded only in the splendor and costliness of plate, to the cupboard of the great chamber, or the altar of the chapel. Like the hall, the State bed chamber had a high place, on which was placed the 'standing-bed,' and the 'truckle-bed;' on the former lay the lord, and on the latter, his attendant."

POPULAR PSEUDONYMS.

The following list embraces many American writers who use fictitious signatures:

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Josh Billings, | Henry W. Shaw. |
| Paul Creyton, | J. T. Trowbridge. |
| Shirely Dare, | Miss S. C. Dunning. |
| Grace Greenwood, | Mrs S J C Lippincott |
| Gail Hamilton, | Miss M. A. Dodge. |
| Marion Harland, | Mrs. M. V. Terhume. |
| Jennie June, | Mrs. J. C. Croly. |
| Orpheus C. Kerr, | R. H. Newell. |
| Edmund Kirke, | J. R. Gilmore. |
| Mintwood, | M. A. E. Wager. |
| Petroleum V. Nasby, | D. R. Locke. |
| Oliver Optic, | Wm. T. Adams. |
| Miles O'Reilly, | Col. C. C. Halpine. |
| Mrs. Partington, | B. P. Shillaber. |
| Florence Percy, | Mrs. Akers—Allen. |
| Porte Crayon, | Gen. D. R. Strother. |
| Trusta (anagram), | E. Stuart Phelps. |
| Timothy Titcomb, | J. G. Holland. |
| Mark Twain, | Sam'l L. Clemens. |

The island of St. Helena was discovered in 1502, and taken possession of by England in 1651.

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WALTER HORSTMANN, 2106 Walnut St., Philadelphia, is our only authorized agent in that section.

OCTOBER, 1872.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The 9th of September was the anniversary of the admission of California into the Union.

Twenty-two years ago our State stood knocking at the doors of Congress. The knock was heard and the portals of the Union were thrown open to admit the wonderful Queen of the West.

Before that time, what is now California was an almost trackless wilderness, inhabited almost exclusively by the red-man. Here and there in the southern and central parts of the State rose the adobe walls of a few Catholic churches, whence at morn and evening bells rang forth over the solitude to call the Indians to prayers. Occasionally in the central part of the State might be seen the hut of some white man, who had, for reasons known only to himself, abandoned the haunts of civilization, and taken up his abode in the wilderness.

At San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco, were little settlements of a dozen or so houses, while on the present site of Sacramento stood Sutter's Fort, or New Helvetia.

Gold was accidentally discovered at Coloma while a mill was being erected by General John A. Sutter. The news of the discovery spread. Thousands flocked to the new "Land of Gold" from all parts of the East, and from the over-peopled countries of Europe.

What was a wilderness was soon transformed into a populous State. Gold was discovered in January, 1848, and California was admitted as a State September 9, 1850. Since that time her progress has been rapid and now surprises the world.

There has scarcely been a single branch of industry introduced into California, that has not returned wonderful results.

Our gold supply has been immense. The mountains, rivers and plains have yielded up over seven hundred million dollars, and the supply is still unexhausted.

Agriculture has not been neglected. California wheat is well known in the commercial market, and the flour made from it has been shipped to all parts of the globe.

Our fruits and vegetables, for size, quantity and quality, astonish every one that sees them. As our products are now introduced into Eastern markets, and the juices of our grapes changed into abundant brandy and wine, agriculture bids fair to bestow upon California an equal wealth with that which gold has given her.

Our timber supply is very great, and the mountains of the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada, together with our northern hills, will furnish building material for many years to come.

A new income has been opened to California by the construction of the Pacific Railroad. Many goods from all parts of America pass through the Golden Gate to Asia and the islands of the Pacific, while Asia sends her tea and silks in exchange.

This is our record. This is what we have to show for twenty-two years of independent life as a State. "Judging from the past, what have we not a right to expect in the future?"

OUR CHANGE.

Last month we promised to enlarge our paper and introduce certain new features. This we have done and now propose doing still more.

At the first we were at considerable expense in starting this paper, but the NEW PLANET is now firmly established, and as we wish to give our subscribers good reading matter at the lowest price, we have determined to reduce our price of subscription from fifty to twenty-five cents per year.

All who have subscribed for a year, will receive the NEW PLANET for twice that length of time, or if they prefer, we will send this paper for a year from the time their subscription began, together with any amateur for six months, that does not cost more than fifty cents per annum. Or we will send two copies of this paper for a year, one to the old address, and the other to any desired address, thus giving our yearly subscribers an opportunity to make a present to a friend.

Unless otherwise requested, we shall put all old yearly subscribers down for two years.

AMATEUR NEWS.

W. A. P. A.

A meeting of the Western Amateur Press Association was held at Detroit on August 20th. The following officers were elected:

President, Charles S. Diehl, Chicago; Vice-President, Albert W. Bragg, Detroit; Secretary, Chas. C. Hoyt, *Our Boys*, Chicago; Treasurer, C. W. Dearborn, To-

ledo. Official Organ, *The Venture*, Detroit, Mich.

The next convention will be held at Cleveland on the first Wednesday in May, 1873.

S. A. P. A.

The Southern Amateurs held a meeting in Baltimore, August 6th, for the purpose of organizing a Southern Amateur Press Association. The organization was effected, and the following officers elected: President, E. K. Canby; First Vice-President, John F. Nichols; Second Vice-President, Charles A. Gray; Secretary, Edward Hewes; Treasurer, H. L. Bryan. Official Organ, *The Young Idea*.

We have received an invitation to attend a meeting of the Southern Amateur Press Association, at Washington, D. C., Sept. 7th; but, as we did not get the invitation until Sept. 14th, we must beg to be excused.

Volume I, containing the initial chapters of "Harry Thornton," together with many sketches, stories, editorials, etc., for sale at this office. Sent post-paid to any address upon receipt of 15 cents.

We have received the following articles, which we very respectfully decline: "Letter from Boston," "The Institute Regatta," "Nip and Tuck," "April 2d, 1870," "A Conductor's Story."

EXCHANGE LIST.

NEW PAPERS.

Amateur, Jersey City, N. J.
Amateur World, Louisville, Ky.
Amateur Advertiser, Lebanon, N. H.
Boys' Companion, Houston, Texas.
Buckeye Boy, Stryker, O.
Graphic, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Monitor, Louisville, Ky.
News, Orange C. H., Va.
Pacific Monthly, San Francisco, Cal.

ENLARGEMENT.

Pacific Guest, San Francisco, Cal.—from four to eight pages.

SUSPENSION.

Amateur Gazette, Haverhill, Mass.

CONSOLIDATIONS.

Our American Youth with *Little Sunbeam*.
Vade Mecum with *Graphic*.
Young Chicago, 240 E. Madison street, Chicago, Ill.: A very lively and interesting paper.

Young Americans' Monthly, Flemington, N. J.: A splendid amateur journal.

Cub, San Francisco, Cal.: One of the largest and best.

Sunbeam, 57 S. Oxford street, Brooklyn. Very good.

The *Thunderbolt* has made its appearance in our sanctum. We think that it has missed its mark, and is a disgrace to amateur journalism.

Will the editors of the following papers please exchange two copies with us: *Our Boys*, *Young Sportsman*, *Cub*, *Venture*, *Nonpariel*, of Pittsburgh, *Eastern Amateur*, *Little Things*, *Berryville Advertiser*, and *North Star*?

Puzzle Department.

CONDUCTED BY BURT C. HASRILL.

All contributions should be addressed to "Burt C. Hasrill, care NEW PLANET, P. O. Box 1,283, San Francisco." Credit will be given to all accepted articles.

1. REBUS.

HYY

FEU FOLLET.

2. DIAMOND CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

1. A Roman numeral.
2. New.
3. A goddess.
4. We often see.
5. A consonant.

FILL-UP.

3. ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters:

My 2, 18, 22, 13, 7, 3, 4, 12, 24 was a philosopher.

My 23, 9, 21, 4, 17, 5 was a mathematician.

My 1, 10, 11, 19 will come to all, soon or late.

My 16, 6, 8 we often see.

My 14, 15, 19, 20 are useful to man.

My whole is a very good maxim.

BURT C. HASRILL.

4. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A state.
2. A color.
3. A name.
4. A fondness for relatives.
5. Conditions.

The initials and finals spell the names of two illustrious men. FEU FOLLET.

5. DECAPITATION.

Entire, I am a ditch.

Behead, and I am a grain.

TOMMY TOPPLETON.

6. SQUARE WORD.

The center of a wheel: Old: Name of a cape: A whirlpool. WILL SHERWOOD.

7. CHARADE.

Entire, I have many worthless friends on account of my future hopes.

Behead me and transpose, and I am the most frequent cause of strife.

Behead again, and I am a prefix never found alone.

Again behead, and you find the letter that is most frequently used of the alphabet.

H. M. P.

8. DIAMOND CROSS WORD.

1. A vowel.
2. A mimic.
3. A fruit.
4. A measure.
5. A vowel.

WHIP-HER-WELL.

9. ANAGRAM.

Tom O tan. FEU FOLLET.

We wish to return thanks to the various contributors of this department, and hope that they will favor us again.

We offer the following prizes for answers to the puzzles in this number, received before October 20th:

For the first complete list of answers, *Our Boys* or *Cub* for a year.

For the next best list, *NEW PLANET* for six months.

Talk About Small Things.

CORK.

"Now boys," said Uncle John, as we met him in the library according to agreement, "I have determined to deliver a lecture on the subject of cork to you this evening."

"Cork?" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes; now be quiet and I will tell you all that I have been able to glean from the dusty books on those shelves. I will act as a kind of medium to transmit to your minds knowledge from those stupid old books, as you call them."

"Now, to begin: Cork is the outside bark of a certain oak, which the naturalists call *Quercus Suber*. The name cork is derived from the Latin *cortex*, which means bark, and hence, the cork is the bark. The name of cork in Spanish is *corcho*, not very unlike the English word, you see.

"This tree, which we may call the cork-tree, is from twenty to forty feet in height, and of branchy habits, covered with oval evergreen leaves. The acorns are very good to eat, and taste much like chestnuts. The bark used is only that on the trunk, the rest being of a poor quality.

"The cork tree is a native of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. It is very abundant in Spain and Portugal, although the finest quality comes from Southern France.

"The bark is not removed until the tree is fifteen years old. Then two incisions are made around the tree, one near the roots and the other near the branches; a perpendicular cut is then made connecting these two. The bark is then left for a few days, and being deprived of sap it loosens from the wood and can then easily be removed.

"The season for cutting the cork is July and August. The process of cutting is repeated every six or eight years. You might think that it would injure the tree to remove the bark, but on the contrary, the removal improves it. The bark that is cut off is only the outer, partly dead layers, while under that is another similar but fresher coating. When the bark is removed, another grows, and in course of time, is ready to be cut off in its turn. The inner bark must not be injured or the tree will die. When the bark is properly removed, a tree will live nearly one hundred and fifty years.

"After the bark is taken from the tree it is soaked and subjected to pressure to take out its strong propensity to curl. It is then dried over a strong fire and becomes partially charred. This process removes all rotten wood and helps to conceal flaws.

"The burning is sometimes imperfectly performed, and then the cork cutter is obliged to repeat it. He places the cork upon a rack over the fire with the

convex side beneath. The heat then draws the edges out to a level with the other part.

"The cork comes in bundles to the cutter. He cuts each piece, when intended for stoppers, into long, narrow strips. These again he cuts into squares, and then taking each piece in his left hand, he places the cork against a piece of wood, and with a broad, thin, sharp-edged knife, cuts out the stopper, describing a circle as he does so. The stoppers are made smaller at one end than at the other. He then cuts the ends off evenly, and the work is finished. All the shavings of the cork are sold to be burned and made into Spanish black, a substance used by painters.

"Although cork is so soft, the fact is curious that it dulls a knife so that it has to be sharpened *every second*, while a tool used in working steel will work constantly for hours before requiring to be sharpened.

"This is the reason that no machine can be invented for cutting corks. Several have made their appearance, but are useless, as the knives require such constant sharpening. The best cork cutters are among the French. After being cut the corks are divided into different classes, according to their excellence, and are sold at various prices.

"The use of the cork tree has been known for centuries. The Greeks and Romans were well acquainted with its properties. It is mentioned by the Greek *Theophrastus*, and also by the Roman naturalist, *Pliny*, who you will remember died at the burial of Herculaneum. Plutarch, in his life of *Camillus*, mentioned an instance where a messenger from that general to the capital, placed a belt of cork under his clothes, and by its aid swam across the Tiber, as all the bridges were in the possession of the Gauls.

"Cork was also used among the Romans for soles to their sandals, as it is a poor conductor of heat, and was also used by the Roman ladies in their shoes to make them taller.

"The Spanish sometimes use cork as a lining to their stone houses, to prevent the entrance of moisture."

We now thanked uncle John and asked him to give another "talk," which he promised to do, although he would not tell his next subject. We then went to bed and dreamed constantly of the popping of champagne corks.

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Prize Story.

LOST IN THE SIERRAS.

BY FEU-FOLLET.

CHAPTER III.

BUT, where was Tom all this time? After leaving Jack, he walked along some distance, until he heard the calling of a grouse. Looking around carefully, he finally discovered it high up, among the topmost branches of a large pine tree. Taking aim, he fired, and the bird came tumbling down, dead.

"That's a good beginning," he said to himself, "I don't think Jack has done any better."

Thus he continued walking on, until at length he thought it was time for him to turn back.

Just as he determined on this course, a grouse suddenly flew up, almost beneath his feet. Hastily raising his gun to his shoulder, he took a rapid aim and fired. The bird, although hit by the shot, still flew on. Tom, who had made up his mind not to lose the bird, quickly followed it. After pursuing it for about ten minutes, during which time he lost all knowledge of the course he took, Tom had the satisfaction of seeing it fall heavily into a dense thicket. Pushing his way into it, he soon found the dead bird. He now resolved again to turn back, but the question arose in his mind, in which direction did the camp lie? When he parted from Jack, he had determined to pursue a straight course up the valley; and so, thinking it would be an easy matter to find his way back, he had not paid particular attention to any landmarks. In following the grouse, his course had been so tortuous, that he was quite at a loss as to which direction was the right one. At length, he decided on one, and accordingly went in that direction.

Tom walked on several hours. He was very tired, but the hope of meeting with Jack urged him on. At last the sun set, and it began rapidly to grow dark. He now began to look around for a suitable place to camp. He soon found one, and after eating his supper, fixed up a bed, and laid down on it to sleep. But for a long time he remained awake, thinking over his desperate situation. He felt convinced that he was lost! Hopelessly and utterly lost! and that too in the wilds of the Sierra Nevada Mountains!

It was late when Tom fell asleep; and, as there was nothing to disturb him, he slept till late in the following day.

On awaking, he prepared some breakfast, and then set out on his way. Hour after hour, he walked on, thinking he would find some traces of his friends. But still he found nothing.

Now just above him rose the summit of the Sierras. Towards it he wended his way, hoping that he might get sight of some familiar landmark.

To his left lay an immense snow-bank. On its surface he saw some tracks, which he thought might be those of his companions. He directed his course towards them, and when he arrived near enough to examine them, imagine his consternation at finding them, not to be the tracks of his friends, but those of an immense bear.

CHAPTER IV.

Tom's first impulse on finding the tracks was to glance hurriedly about, fearing as he did so, that he would come face to face with the monster. But nothing was in sight. The tracks were nearly fresh, and led up the mountain side, as far as Tom could see. He, with a species of foolhardiness, determined to follow them up. After toiling slowly up the mountain for some time, Tom finally reached the summit, and there paused to look around him. On the right was a forest of pine trees, while on the left was a narrow valley, at the bottom of which trickled a small stream, whose banks were bordered with a dense thicket of chapparal, into which the bear's tracks directly led. Tom knew instinctively that there was its den. Now most boys would have immediately turned and hurried off in an opposite direction, if they knew they were in such a close proximity to a wild animal, but Tom was a brave boy, and as he was well armed, he determined to risk an encounter. He was well skilled in deciphering tracks, and knew that these were not those of the fierce grizzly, but were those of the less dreaded cinnamon bear. Still he knew that the latter animal was nearly as dangerous as the former when aroused; and carefully examining his weapons, he again began following the tracks. Soon he reached the edge of the thicket, and after deliberating a few moments, began crawling on his hands and knees through them. He had to proceed very cautiously, fearing that the bear might hear him. He had gone about thirty feet through the bushes, when he heard a low growl, and looking up, he beheld the bear, standing on a small eminence, looking down on him. Tom drew his knife, and laid it down beside him, so as to have it ready for immediate use. He then raised his rifle, took a steady aim, and fired. With a hideous growl, the bear sprang down, and the next moment, they were engaged in a fearful struggle.

* * * * *
Early the next morning Jack aroused the rest of the boys, and they prepared to recommence their search.

"I am pretty sure we'll find his tracks somewhere around here," said Jack, "so I think we'd better separate, so as to be able to find them easier. But don't get out of hearing of each other."

Soon after separating, a joyful shout from Charlie proclaimed the discovery of the object of their search.

"Now, let's follow them up as fast as we can," says Bob.

On they went, until they came to the place where Tom first came upon the bear's tracks. The sight of these latter served to hasten them on faster than before. At length they reached the summit. Just as they did so, the sound of a rifle shot, down among the bushes below them, immediately followed by the noise of a scuffle, attracted their attention. Hurrying forward, they soon came upon the scene of the fight. There was the monstrous bear, holding Tom Morton in his firm embrace, who, although nearly exhausted, was plunging his keen knife again and again between the animal's ribs. The boys rushed up, and the bear, seeing his new enemies, let go of Tom, who fell fainting on the ground, and turned on them. But their rifles proved too much for him, and he soon fell dead. The boys now turned their attention to Tom, and soon revived him. Explanations followed, and then they retraced their steps to their old camp, where they arrived about night-fall.

During the rest of their stay, their expeditions were generally attended with good luck, and after their return home, they long remembered how Tom was "*Lost in the Sierras.*"

[THE END.]

SPELLING.

A contributor to one of the magazines relates the result of a teacher's attempt to "show off" the acquirements of his spelling class to an assemblage of school officers and parents. The word "Aaron" was given out by a visitor. After numerous comical attempts at it, it was correctly rendered by a little girl, who shouted out: "Big A, little a, r-o-n—Aaron." In the course of a few moments all went gaily as a marriage bell, every word being spelled correctly. At last some one gave out the word "Gallery." This was a "poser," being out of the regular track of words spelled in the classes. Many unsuccessful attempts having been made, by and by a rough urchin, whose eyes fairly twinkled with the unexpected triumph, spoke out in clear, ringing accents, mindful of the previous victor: "Big Gall, little gal, e-r-y—Gallery!" There was no more spelling that day.

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