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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, APRIL 30, 1895 ***

HEROES OF AMERICA.
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A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.
OFF WITH THE MERBOY.
MISS APPOLINA'S CHOICE.
SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.
LIFE-BLOOD OF A GREAT CITY.
THE_CAMERA_CLUB
THE MERRIEST TIME.
A MESSENGER-BOY'S ADVENTURE.
INTERSCHOLASTIC_SPORT
STAMPS
BICYCLING
THE_PUDDING_STICK
WISER THAN A WIZARD.

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HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

hen in 1814 Napoleon was overthrown and exiled to Elba, the British troops that had followed Wellington into southern France were left free for use against the Americans. A great expedition was organized to attack and capture New Orleans, and at its head was placed General Pakenham, the brilliant commander of the column that delivered the fatal blow at Salamanca. In December a great fleet of British war-ships and transports, carrying thousands of victorious veterans from the Peninsula, and manned by sailors who had grown old in a quarter of century's ocean warfare, anchored off the great lagoons of the Mississippi Delta. The few American gunboats were carried after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, the troops were landed, and on the 23d of December the advance-guard of two thousand men reached the banks of the Mississippi, but ten miles below New Orleans, and there camped for the night.

It seemed as if nothing could save the Creole City from foes who had shown in the storming of many a Spanish walled town that they were as ruthless in victory as they were terrible in battle. There were no forts to protect the place, and the militia were ill armed and ill trained. But the hour found the man. On the afternoon of the very day when the British reached the banks of the river the vanguard of Andrew Jackson's Tennesseeans marched into New Orleans. Clad in hunting-shirts of buckskin or homespun, wearing wolf-skin and coon-skin caps, and carrying their long rifles on their shoulders, the wild soldiery of the backwoods tramped into the little French town. They were tall men, with sinewy frames and piercing eyes. Under "Old Hickory's" lead they had won the bloody battle of the Horseshoe Bend against the Creeks; they had driven the Spaniards from Pensacola: and now they were eager to pit themselves against the most renowned troops of all Europe.

Jackson acted with his usual fiery, hasty decision. It was absolutely necessary to get time in which to throw up some kind of breastworks or defences for the city, and he at once resolved on a night attack against the British. As for the British, they had no thought of being molested. They did not dream of an assault from inferior numbers of undisciplined and ill-armed militia, who did not possess so much as bayonets to their guns. They kindled fires along the levees, ate their supper, and then, as the evening fell, noticed a big schooner drop down the river in ghostly silence and bring up opposite to them. The soldiers flocked to the shore, challenging the stranger, and finally fired one or two shots at her. Then suddenly a rough voice was heard exclaiming, "Now give it to them, for the honor of America," and a shower of shell and grape fell on the British, driving them off the levee. The stranger was an American man-of-war schooner. The British brought up artillery to drive her off, but before they succeeded Jackson's land troops burst upon them, and a fierce, indecisive struggle followed. In the night all order was speedily lost, and the two sides fought singly or in groups in the utmost confusion. Finally a fog came up, and the combatants separated. Jackson drew off four or five miles and camped.

The British had been so roughly handled that they were unable to advance for three or four days, until the entire army came up. When they did advance it was only to find that Jackson had made good use of the time he had gained by his daring assault. He had thrown up breastworks of mud and logs from the swamp to the river. At first the British tried to batter down these breastworks with their cannon, for they had many more guns than the Americans. A terrible artillery duel followed. For an hour or two the result seemed in doubt;

but the American gunners showed themselves to be far more skilful than their antagonists, and gradually getting the upper hand, they finally silenced every piece of British artillery. The Americans had used cotton bales in the embrasures, and the British hogsheads of sugar, but neither worked well, for the cotton caught fire, and the sugar hogsheads were ripped and splintered by the round shot, so that both were abandoned. By the use of red-hot shot the British succeeded in setting fire to the American schooner which had caused them such annoyance on the evening of the night attack; but she had served her purpose, and her destruction caused little anxiety to Jackson.

Having failed in his effort to batter down the American breastworks, and the British artillery having been fairly worsted by the American, Pakenham decided to try an open assault. He had ten thousand regular troops, while Jackson had under him but little over five thousand men, who were trained only as he had himself trained them in his Indian campaigns. Not a fourth of them carried bayonets. Both Pakenham and the troops under him were fresh from victories won over the most renowned marshals of Napoleon, and over troops that had proved themselves on a hundred stricken fields the masters of all others in continental Europe. At Toulouse they had driven Marshal Soult from a position infinitely stronger than that held by Jackson, and yet Soult had under him a veteran army. At Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, and San Sebastian they had carried by open assault walled towns whose strength made the entrenchments of the Americans seem like mud walls built by children, though these towns were held by the best troops of France. With such troops to follow him, and with such victories behind him in the past, it did not seem to Pakenham possible that the assault of the terrible British infantry could be successfully met by rough backwoods riflemen fighting under a General as wild and untrained as themselves.

He decreed that the assault should take place on the morning of the 8th. Throughout the previous night the American officers were on the alert, for they could hear the rumbling of artillery in the British camp, the muffled tread of the battalions as they were marched to their points in the line, and all the smothered din of the preparation for assault. Long before dawn the riflemen were awake, and drawn up behind the mud walls, where they lolled at ease, or, leaning on their long rifles, peered out through the fog toward the camp of their foes.

At last the sun rose and the fog slowly lifted, showing the glorious array of the scarlet British infantry. As soon as the air was clear Pakenham gave the word, and the heavy columns of red-coated grenadiers and kilted Highlanders moved steadily forward. From the American breastworks the great guns opened, but not a rifle cracked. Three-fourths of the distance was covered, and the eager soldiers broke into a run: then sheets of flame burst from the breastworks in their front as the wild riflemen of the backwoods rose and fired, line upon line. Under the sweeping hail the head of the British advance was shattered, and the whole column stopped. Then it surged forward again almost to the foot of the breastworks; but not a man lived to reach them, and in a moment more the troops broke and ran back.

Mad with shame and rage, Pakenham rode quickly among them to rally and lead them forward, and the officers sprang around him, smiting the fugitives with their swords, and cheering on the men who stood. For a moment the troops halted, and again came forward to the charge; but again they were met by a hail of bullets from the backwoods rifles. One shot struck Pakenham himself. He reeled and fell from the saddle, and was carried off the field. The second in command was wounded, and then all attempts at further advance were abandoned, and the British troops ran back to their lines. Another assault had meanwhile been made by a column close to the river, the charging soldiers rushing right up to the top of the breastworks: but they were all killed or driven back. A body of troops had also been sent across the river, where they routed a small detachment of Kentucky militia; but they were, of course, recalled when the main assault failed.

For the first time in a quarter of a century the British soldiers, the men who had conquered the conquerors of Europe, had met defeat. Andrew Jackson and his rough riflemen had worsted in a fair fight a far larger force of the best of Wellington's veterans, and had accomplished what no French marshal and no French troops had been able to accomplish throughout the long war in the Spanish Peninsula. For a week the sullen British lay in their lines; then, abandoning their heavy artillery, they marched back to the ships and sailed again for Europe.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO THE READERS OF "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE? We imagine how puzzled and surprised a great throng of you are when your favorite Harper's Young People suddenly puts on a new dress and wears a new name. Yet it is the very same paper which has been your favorite ever since you first read it—the same, except that it has taken on some additional features of interest, and will be more pleasing to you than ever.

Of course you wish to know why a change has been made, and what the Editor means to give you in the Round Table which will make up for the disappearance of Young People. The Round Table will be so big and bright that it will accommodate more young people than you can count—all, in fact, who belong to the wonderful Order you all love. Listen to our programme for the future:

Serial stories by our best authors, short, timely, and entertaining articles, and the regular departments will be continued. You will find that not one of the attractions is omitted. The only alteration in the periodical, beyond the title and make-up, is to be found in the additional departments. Something new has been added which is sure to interest everybody.

Part of this addition is the athletic department, entitled Interscholastic Sport. This department is to be conducted by "The Graduate," who is an experienced writer and student of scholastic athletics, and who, while following the course of school athletics all over the United States, will give you many valuable suggestions on physical training. Another part of this addition, which will be sure to please you just now especially, is a department on Bicycling, which will contain charts and maps showing pleasant bicycle trips in or near the large cities of the United States. This department will be under the editorship of an expert wheeler, who will have the assistance of the officers of the League of American Wheelmen. Besides these

features the type will be changed so that about two hundred words will be added to each page of the paper, thus increasing the amount of letter-press by nearly one-fourth. You will now receive nearly one-quarter again as much reading matter as heretofore for the same amount of money. You will approve of this, we know.

But why give the paper another name? Because the Order of the Round Table, founded by Harper's Young People four years ago, has grown to such enormous proportions, has spread so far and wide, has gone into so many corners of the States of the Union, and European countries as well, that it demands some definite recognition, as one of the largest organizations of its kind in the world. But the title Harper's Round Table means something more than this. It not only acknowledges the growth, the power, and the interest of the Order of the Round Table, but it is the journal which goes into the home of its readers as they sit about the family "round table" of an evening. It brings with it reading of interest to the children and to the young men and women of the family, as well as to the parents; and its purpose is to introduce and maintain in the family of this nineteenth century some of the manly qualities, some of the chivalry, honesty, and uprightness which have made the Table Round of King Arthur so famous in history. Harper's Round Table represents the chivalry of brother to sister and sister to brother, children to parents and parents to children, in this present day. It maintains that all the good qualities of King Arthur's Order are equally applicable and necessary in the family circle of to-day, and it purposes to stand for them week by week. The Round Table, therefore, is not only the title of a great organization of young Americans, but it also stands for a periodical which should be a welcome visitor in every family circle. Its readers will find in its pages amusement, interest, instruction, as well as suggestions of what courtesy and courage mean, and what they can accomplish. Harper's Round Table is Harper's Young People in a larger form, with its field broadened and its interest increased. You will endorse this change, not only for itself, but because it also furnishes you with more reading matter than was promised you when you subscribed for Harper's Young People.

A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

"Oh, the days when I was happy!"
Sighed a pensive little Jappy,
As the crystal tears rolled down and washed the color from his cheek.
On the table in my study
Sweetly smiling, round, and ruddy.
Many years he had been standing in a china jar unique.

Now, alas! his smile was faded.
His expression worn and jaded.
And his bursting heart found utterance in a woful lamentation:
"Oh, that from my proud position,
Highest goal of my ambition,
I should ever stoop to suffer such a sad humiliation!

"Once I was caressed and flattered,
Rich or poor, it little mattered.
Young and old, from babe to grandsire, every one must have a 'Jap.'
And alike by tastes æsthetic,
Grave or humorous or poetic,
I was hailed, and all-triumphant, lived and throve in Fortune's lap.

"Then—ah me!—the reigning fashion,
Every artist had a passion
For displaying me in pictures, and the studios were my own.
Now, to claim their whole attention,
One whom I am loath to mention
Comes, an upstart, a usurper, and ascends my rightful throne.

"Hard it is my grief to smother,
Bitter thus to see another
Wear my honors! Artists paint him, poets his perfections praise.
Everywhere his visage hated
Greets me. He is fondled, fêted.
Worst of all, he rules the children as did I in other days.

"Nevermore shall I be happy,"
Said the weeping little Jappy,
"Nevermore my days be merry, and my slumbers soft and downy.
I shall live, but all unheeded,
Quite cut out and superseded
By that precious, omnipresent pet and paragon, *the Brownie*!"

Margaret Johnson.

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER II.

THE START.

immieboy grabbed up his blue suit and in a very few minutes was arrayed in it, but on his return to the aquarium to join the goldfish he found it empty.

"Dear me!" he cried, "I wonder if he can have gone off without me."

"No, he hasn't," came a silvery voice from behind him.

Jimmieboy turned sharply about, and there, sitting upon the sofa arrayed in his red bathing-suit, sat a beautiful boy of about his own age and size, with great masses of golden hair falling over his shoulders.

"Hullo!" said Jimmieboy, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise. "Who are you?"

"I am your goldfish," laughed the boy. "Or, rather, I was. I am now my true self. I am a merboy, as, in fact, all goldfish are. See?" he added, holding up what Jimmieboy had taken for feet. "I have a tail like a fish instead of feet."

Jimmieboy was delighted. He had heard all about mermen and mermaids, but merboys were something new.

"Now," said the merboy, as a tremendous lashing of something in the aquarium began to ruffle up the water therein, "come along. Get into my carriage and we shall start."

Mute with astonishment, Jimmieboy could do nothing but obey, and entering a huge vehicle that floated upon the surface of the water in the aquarium—which had, singularly enough, taken on tremendous proportions—the merboy gave a whistle, and they were off. The carriage had the appearance of a superb shell lined with mother-of-pearl, and studded all over with the most costly and lustrous jewels, and soon passing out from the limits of the aquarium, Jimmieboy found himself bounding over a great body of water, drawn by a pair of gayly caparisoned dolphins, which the smiling merboy guided with two golden ribbons.

STARTING OFF.

"How do you feel?" asked the merboy, as, after driving along for several minutes, the travellers passed out of sight of land.

"First rate," said Jimmieboy. "This is lots of fun."

"I'm glad you find it so," returned the merboy, with a smile of relief. "I was afraid you were not enjoying yourself very much. You looked a little anxious. Were you anxious?"

"Not exactly," replied Jimmieboy. "But it did sort of bother me when I thought of what might happen if this wagon should upset."

"Don't see anything you need to bother about in that," said the merboy, giving the near dolphin a flick with his whip for shying at a buoy. "It's twice as safe as driving on land. The land is hard, and if you were thrown out of a wagon there the chances are you'd be hurt; but here it is very different. Falling out here would be like tumbling into a feather bed. The water is very soft."

"I understand that, of course," said Jimmieboy, with a smile. "But what I was worrying about chiefly was that the water here is very deep. It must be two or three times over my head, and I can't swim. I can only wade."

"What of it? I don't see anything in that to worry about," retorted the merboy. "I might just as well get timid when we are near the shore because I can't wade."

"Wouldn't I be drowned?" asked Jimmieboy.

The look which the ex-goldfish gave Jimmieboy as the latter said this was one of reproach. He was evidently deeply hurt by Jimmieboy's remark.

"You aren't a polite boy, I think," he said. "The idea! Wouldn't you be drowned! Let me ask you a question. If you were invited out to dinner by a person you knew, do you think while you were sitting at his table you'd go hunting about in your head for some *if* that would end in your starving to death? Wouldn't you know that being invited to eat with that man you'd get your dinner all right?"

"Certainly," said Jimmieboy. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Plenty," snapped the merboy. "You are my guest, and I look after all the details, such as swimming and so forth, just as your other host would look after all the details, such as eating and so forth. If you are going to be a scarecat I'll drive right back home again, for I don't like cats of any kind."

"I'm not afraid," said Jimmieboy. "I trust you, Mermy."

"Thank you," said the merboy, dropping one rein to squeeze Jimmieboy's hand. "Thank you very much. You will find your confidence is well placed, for as long as you are with me as my guest you can stand on your head miles deep in water without being in any danger of drowning. Why, if you couldn't, I never should

have thought of bringing you along, for in a very few minutes we come to a turn in our road and then we shall drive down under the water three miles and a half, and, what is more, you won't even know you are under water unless I tell you."

So Jimmieboy was reassured on the one point concerning which he had been a little timid, and he proceeded at once to enjoy everything he saw. In silence they drove on and on, and as the ocean was as smooth as glass they covered a great many miles in a few minutes. Suddenly the merboy reined in his dolphins with a sharp jerk, which caused the carriage to stop with such suddenness that Jimmieboy was nearly thrown out of his seat.

"What's the matter?" cried Jimmieboy, a little alarmed at this sudden stoppage. "Nothing wrong?"

"No," said the merboy, shortly. "But there might have been. Look ahead of you there."

Jimmieboy did as he was told, and saw in an instant why the merboy had stopped short. A great big ocean steamer was ploughing its way through the waves at a tremendous rate of speed directly across their path.

"Don't you see?" said the merboy, as the steaming monster passed on, leaving a great strip of white foam behind it; "we were nearly run down that time. It is dreadful the way these steamers are allowed to ignore the safety of the rightful occupants of the seas. On land, when a railroad crosses a driveway, they make the trains go over or under a road in many places, and where they don't do that, they make them put up fences or bars and station men to signal people who are driving of the approach of trains. Out here they are perfectly lawless. They cross our drives on the level always, and never yet has one of the steamers whistled or rung a bell to warn a fish to get out of its way."

"It doesn't seem right, does it?" said Jimmieboy.

"No, it doesn't," replied the merboy; "and the meanest part of it all is the steamship people don't care. If I had my way they'd be compelled to fence in their routes all the way over, and station signal-men in boats at road crossings to warn us of impending danger. Why, if it hadn't been for our own police, police that we have to pay ourselves, you and I would have been run down just now."

"You don't mean to say you have police out here on the ocean?" said Jimmieboy.

"Yes," said the merboy; "several of 'em. In fact, we have about a million of 'em altogether. You land people call 'em porpoises. Ever see a porpoise?"

"Lots of them," Jimmieboy replied. "They come up our river sometimes, and papa has told me lots of stories about them, but he never said they were policemen."

"They aren't police-*men*," laughed the merboy. "They are police-fish. What did he ever tell you about them?"

"Oh—well—he said he'd seen schools of them jumping about in the water when he was crossing the ocean on one of those big boats," said Jimmieboy; "and one of them, he said, followed his ship for four days one time. The reason why I remember about it particularly is that he told me, maybe, if I would be a very good boy, he'd try to get me one for a pet that I could tie a chain to and lead around when we went rowing some time."

The merboy laughed.

"The idea!" he said. "As if a porpoise could be treated like a poodle! That shows how little you land people know about porpoises. Did your father say they went about in schools?"

"That's what he told me," said Jimmieboy, meekly. "Don't they?"

"Humph!" said the merboy. "Don't they! Well, let me tell you one thing. Don't you ever let a porpoise hear you say he goes about in schools. Leave schools to minnows and moss-bunkers and children. Why, my dear boy, porpoises know too much to go about in schools. They'd be much more likely to go about in colleges, if they went in anything of the sort. Didn't you ever hear the story of the Porpoise and the Land-sage?"

"I never did." Jimmieboy answered. "I never heard of a land-sage either. What is a land-sage?"

"A land-sage is a creature like a man. In fact, he is a man, and he lives on the land, and thinks he knows everything, when in reality he only knows land things."

"But isn't it good to know land things?" Jimmieboy asked.

"Oh yes—in a way," said the merboy, patronizingly. "But just because you know land things doesn't make you the wisest thing in the world. It's a great deal better to know sea things, because if you know sea things you know more than you do if you only know land things. There's three times as much sea as land in the world, and so, of course, sea-sages are three times as wise as land-sages. What's more, you who live on the land don't begin to hear of a half of a millionth part of the things that happen under the sea, while we who live under the sea can get all the land news we want by tapping your Atlantic cable."

"Why, so you can," said Jimmieboy. "I never thought of that."

"Of course you didn't. You haven't got the kind of mind that thinks that kind of thoughts," sneered the merboy. "You people think you are great when you are able to sit at your breakfast tables in New York on Friday morning and talk about what has happened in London that same Friday afternoon—and it is rather smart to be able to do that, I admit—but what do you know about what has been going on in Sealadelphia, or Sharkargo, or Whalington, or Moss-bunkerton? Not a thing, I'll warrant. But these sea creatures know all you know, and all their own news besides. So, you see, when a land-sage begins swapping knowledge with a sea-sage he finds himself 'way behind."

"And what was the story about the Porpoise and the Land-sage?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Well, as I remember it," said the merboy, "it went this way:

"THE PORPOISE AND THE LAND-SAGE.

"A Land-sage once, who thought he knew

All that there was to know,
Went out to sea without a crew,
And floated to and fro.
And then, before he was aware
Just what he was about,
A fearful wind did straightway tear
His jib and mainsail out.

"I'm all at sea!" he moaned and cried;
"Oh dear, what shall I do!
Would that I'd never come outside
Without my gallant crew."
Just as he spoke a Porpoise came.
The Land-sage cried, "What, ho!
Where are you from, and what's your name?
Hullo there, you! Hullo!"

"What do you wish?" the Porpoise said
In accents soft and meek.
"I'd like to be at home in bed—
What language do you speak?"
"Sea-doggerel," the Porpoise then
Made answer with a grin,
"Unless I speak with Englishmen,
And then I speak in Finn."

"Perhaps," the Land-sage then observed,
"You can enlighten me
By telling me— I'm much unnerved—
Just where I chance to be."
"Of course I can," the fish said. "You,
I think 'tis very clear,
Are out of sight of Manitou
And just about off here."

"Pray do not mock me," quoth the sage;
"I'm truly badly off,
And 'tis not right one of your age
At one like me should scoff.
I am the most enlightened man
That e'er the world did see;
So help me home, sir, if you can,
And tell me where I be."

"You make me laugh," the Porpoise said.
"Why should you come to me?
If you've all knowledge in your head,
I truly cannot see
Why you should ask a Porpoise, who
Is ignorant and plain,
What in this instance you should do
To get back home again?

"But I will tell you what I'll do:
If you will shed some light
Upon a few things—one or two—
I'll get you back all right."
"A bargain!" cried the Land-sage, loud.
"I pray you do begin."
"I will," the Porpoise said, and bowed.
"Why do you wear a chin?

"Why have you hair upon your head?
And why do men wear cuffs?
And why are cannon-crackers red?
And why is cream in puffs?
Why can't you swim on mountain-tops?
And why is water wet?
And why don't hens, like lambs, have chops?
And why don't roosters set?"

"The Land-sage paled as to his cheek.
"I cannot say," said he.
"Then why does Friday come each week?
And why do maids drink tea?
Oh tell me why all kittens mew?
And why do little boys,
When with their daily tasks they're through,
Make such a dreadful noise?

"The Porpoise waited for the sage
To answer, but in vain.

It filled the wise man full of rage
   To have to flunk again.
Whereat the Porpoise, with a sneer
   And very scornful glance,
Remarked: "You're very dull, I fear.
   I'll give you one more chance.

"Tell me one thing I never heard
   In all my life before,
And I will pass to you my word
   To see you safe ashore.
But don't be rash, oh, sage," said he.
   "Take all the time you need
To think of what to tell me
   That's truly new indeed."

"The Land-sage thought and thought all day,
   He thought the long night through,
But not an idea came his way
   That he was sure was new;
And finally, in great despair,
   He thought that he would see
What could be done to ease his care
   By simple flattery.

"And so he spoke, "Oh, Mr. P——,
   Oh, Porpoise, sleek and trim,
The thought has just occurred to me
   My wisdom's rather slim;
But I believe a creature that
   'S as beautiful as you
Can't have the heart to let a flat
   Like me die in the blue."

"You think me so?" the Porpoise said.
   "I do!" the sage replied.
"You have the purest classic head
   I ever have espied.
Your eyes are truly lovely,
   And your mouth is full of grace,
And nothing nobler can one see
   Than is your noble face."

"The Land-sage ceased; the Porpoise smoled
   And winked his eyes of blue.
"You've won, professor. You have told
   Me something truly new.
I never heard my beauty praised
   In all my life before."
And then his good right fin he raised
   And towed the sage ashore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS APPOLINA'S CHOICE.

BY AGNES LITTLETON.

Part I.

Outside, the house was simply one of a long row of brownstone houses which line many of the New York streets, but the room in which Millicent Reid was sitting this fine spring afternoon had an individuality of its own.

"The girls" were Millicent and Joanna Reid.

Millicent was nearly seventeen, and with her cousin Peggy, who lived across the street, studied with a governess and various masters, but Joanna, or Joan, as she was frequently called, went to school. At this very moment she burst into the room, carrying a pile of school books, which she flung on the table with a resounding crash.

"It is to be on the 30th of April, and we are all asked to send just as much as we can, and Mrs. Pearson said anything would do," said Joanna, as she pulled off her gloves.

"Oh, don't, Joan!" exclaimed Millicent, who had a pencil in her hand, and had hastily thrust a morocco-bound book under the sofa pillow when her sister entered. "You do startle me so. What is to be on the 30th of April?"

"The fair, of course. Now don't pretend you don't know anything about it, when the Pearsons have talked of nothing else for weeks."

"I have had other things to think of," returned Millicent, with dignity. "For one thing, I am wondering which of us three Cousin Appolina will take with her to England. If she only would choose me! And then—oh, there are other things!" And she nibbled the end of her pencil.

Millicent was Joanna's only sister, and she had beautiful golden hair, large blue eyes, and poetic tendencies. Joan was very sure that the morocco-bound book, of which she had caught a glimpse more than once when it was thrust away just as it had been this afternoon, contained poems—actual poems.

Joan gazed at her sister, as she lay back among the big cushions, with pride and admiration not unmixed with envy. She would so love to write poetry herself, but next best to that was having a sister who could do it. She only wished that Milly would let her see something that she had written. She could then assure her cousin, Peggy Reid, with absolute knowledge of facts, that her sister was a poetess. Now she could only darkly hint upon the subject, and it was not altogether satisfactory, for she felt confident that Peggy did not believe her.

But at present the fair was the all-absorbing topic, and Joanna returned to the charge. "We shall have to send something, Milly, for Mrs. Pearson said she depended upon us, and it is for such a good object she said she knew we would help her all we could. It is to furnish the new chapel, you know: to get a lee—lack—luck—something for them to read the Bible on. What is it, Milly?"

"A 'lectern,' I suppose you mean."

"Yes, that's it—'lectern'; and a big Bible to put on it, and lots of Prayer-books and Hymnals to stick around the church, and some vases for flowers, and a brass cross and foot-stools, and lots of other things they need. Mrs. Pearson said we must try to send as many fancy articles as we could to the fair, and try to sell some tickets."

"I have no time to make anything, and besides I don't do any fancy-work," said Millicent; "and if you don't mind, Joan, I wish you would go. I am very busy just now."

"You don't look a bit busy. What are you doing? Nothing but biting a pencil. I wish you would tell me what you were doing when I came in, Mill."

"If you only would not call me 'Mill' or 'Milly'! I simply detest it. As long as I have a good name, I do wish I could be called by it."

"I promise and vow I will always call you Millicent, full length, if you will only tell me what you were doing when I came in."

"I can't, Joan. Do go away. It was—nothing of any importance."

"Oh, Milly—I mean Millicent—please, *please* tell me! I do so want to know, and I am only your own little sister, who never did you any harm, and who wants to know so much. Won't you tell me?"

Joanna had slipped down on the floor by her sister's side. One arm she threw across Millicent, the other went under the sofa pillow. In a moment the morocco blank-book was in her hand. She clutched it tightly. If she only dared draw it out, run away with it, and read it! Peggy would have done it without any hesitation whatever, but then Joanna was not Peggy.

Millicent looked at her pensively. Sympathy is pleasant, particularly to a poet, and she felt sure that Joan, if any one, would appreciate some of the beauties of her verse.

"I really believe I will," she said at length; "only, Joan, I don't want Peggy to know anything about it. Peggy does laugh so at everything. Not that there is anything to laugh at in these little poems of mine—for they are real poems, Joan. Do you know I actually write poetry? Did you ever have any idea of it?"

"I am not a bit surprised," declared Joan. "In fact, I was almost sure of it. I am so glad you are going to let me see them. They are in this book, aren't they? Oh, Milly—I mean Millicent—think of your being a poetess! Do hurry up. Shall I read them myself, or will you read them to me?"

"I will read them aloud. I can do it with more expression, probably, for I know just where to put the emphasis, and it makes a great difference in poetry. I often think that if I could only take them myself to the editors of the magazines and read the poems to them, they would be more apt to take them."

"Of course they would. But do you mean to say, Millicent, that you have really sent anything to the magazines?"

"Certainly I have. I want recognition, but somehow they don't seem to suit."

"How hateful!" exclaimed Joan, with a sympathy that warmed her sister's heart. "But do hurry up and read them. I am dying to hear what you have written."

Millicent opened the book and turned over the pages. She could not quite decide which she should choose as her first selection. Before she had made it, however, there was a tap at the door, and then, without waiting for a reply, a tall girl of sixteen came into the room.

Again the morocco-bound book went under the sofa pillow, and Joanna could not suppress an exclamation of disappointment.

"What's the matter? What's up?" said their cousin Peggy, glancing quickly from one to the other. "Secrets? Now that's not a bit fair, to have secrets from me. I've got oceans of things to talk about; but, first of all, I met the postman just as I was coming in, and he gave me this for you, Mill. This huge envelope, and addressed in your own handwriting. It's awfully mysterious, and I am just about wild with curiosity. You must tell me what it is."

A blank look came over Millicent's face, but she took the letter and said nothing.

"Oh, come, now, aren't you going to tell us?" continued Peggy. "I'll never tell."

"Do, Millicent!" urged Joanna. "If it's—if it has anything to do with what we were talking about when Peggy came in, you may as well tell. I want Peggy to know about it, and I'm sure she would like to hear them too."

"Hear them? What in the world is it? Oh, I know! I know!" cried Peggy: "you have been writing and sending things to the magazines! Oh, Milly, *do* show me!"

Millicent looked at her long and doubtfully. "Will you never, never tell?" she asked at last.

"Never, on my oath!"

"I believe I will tell you, then, for I do think it is the meanest thing in those editors, and I just want to see what they have said this time, whether they have answered my note."

She opened the envelope and drew forth several papers, one of which appeared to be a printed one.

"No, they haven't. They have just sent the same old slip they always do, thanking me ever so much for sending the poems, and it may not be because they are not good that they send them back, but because they have so many things on hand. Oh dear, I think they might have answered it!"

"What did you say in your note?" asked Peggy.

"Oh, I told them that I thought these poems were perfectly suited to their magazine, and so they are. And I asked them to tell me of a good place to send them if they couldn't take them. I do think the man might have had the politeness to answer my note."

"Well, do let us hear them," put in Peggy, briskly. "I am wild to know what they are like."

Millicent again looked at her doubtfully. But in a moment she took a more upright position on the sofa, and holding her pretty head a little to one side, she remarked:

"This is a little poem on something which is very familiar to us, but I like the idea of idealizing familiar things." Then she paused. "Oh, I don't believe I can read it, after all," she said, in an embarrassed way; "it is very hard to read your own productions."

"Then let me read it," cried Peggy, attempting to seize the paper.

"No, no! I would rather do it myself than have you," said Millicent, and presently she coughed hesitatingly and began. "It is about the mosquito, and is called

"Lines to a Mosquito.

"When day is done, and darkness comes shadowing down the way,
And Night with her rustling winglets blots out the garish day,
We hear the song of an insect, singing its musical lay.

"Oh, insect with wings that flutter! Oh, insect on murder intent,
Oh, creature, we'd love thee dearly if thou wert not on bloodshed bent!
And we'd bear with thy visits gladly, we e'en would be content.

"Then cease thy busy prattle, and cease thy dangerous stings,
Learn, learn to be meek and lamblike like other less-harmful things.
Till we hail with joy thy coming, thy coming on peaceful wings!"

Here the poem ended, and the reader paused for the applause which she felt to be her due. Peggy had turned aside, and was leaning her head upon her hand so that Millicent could not see her face. Joan was the first to speak.

"Millicent, how perfectly lovely! Did you really do it all yourself? You are the smartest thing I ever knew. That beginning was just too perfect. Somehow it reminded me of something else."

"Longfellow, probably," said Millicent "'When day is done, and darkness comes shadowing down the way,' is suggestive of him."

"All except the 'shadowing,'" said Peggy.

"No; I made that word up," returned Millicent, with complacency. "Poets are obliged to coin words sometimes. What do you think of the poem, Peggy?"

"Wonderful!" replied her cousin, in a stifled voice. "How did you think of asking a mosquito to be like a lamb?"

She turned away again, and her shoulders shook convulsively.

"Do read the other!" cried Joan, enthusiastically. "I don't see how you ever make them rhyme so beautifully."

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Millicent, much pleased. "Whenever I don't know just what to put I look in my rhyming dictionary for a word."

"Rhyming dictionary?" repeated Peggy, at last uncovering a crimson face. "Do poets use rhyming dictionaries?"

"Of course. They are obliged to very often, and it saves so much time and thought, you know. Now this is a sonnet. It is my favorite form of verse. I suppose you both know that a sonnet must be just fourteen lines?"

"Oh, I know," agreed Peggy, amiably, "and there are other rules about it, too."

"Well, that one is the most important, about the fourteen lines. I don't pay much attention to the other rules. I think rules hamper you when you are composing."

"Oh!" said Peggy.

"This is Called 'A Sonnet to the Moth Miller,'" continued Millicent:

"Oh, little creature, made so fair, so white,

What seekest thou about my closet door?
To see thee fills no soul with deep delight,
Thy coming almost all men do deplore.
So silent and so fatal is thy task
We haste to catch thee, bring the camphor forth,
To kill thee quite stone-dead is all we ask,
Thou little quiet woollen-loving moth!
We crush thee, cast the atoms to the wind,
Stamp underfoot, and tread thee with the heel.
Oh, tell me! Dost thou really truly mind?
Can little frail white creatures like thee feel?
What are thy thoughts, and what emotions thine?
To know thy feelings, dear white moth, I pine!"

When Millicent's pathetic voice ceased there was silence in the room, and then from the table upon which Peggy's head was resting came peal after peal of laughter.

PEGGY FAIRLY SHRIEKED WITH LAUGHTER OVER THE POEM.

"Oh, do excuse me, Milly!" she cried, as soon as she could speak. "I didn't mean to laugh, but it struck me as so awfully funny, don't you know. 'About your closet door,' and bringing the—the—camphor forth. Oh, oh, moth-balls are better, and you might have put in something about the smell! Ha, ha, ha!" and Peggy fairly shrieked with laughter as she held her side and rocked to and fro. "Oh, do excuse me! But—but— I can't h—help it! It's—the funniest thing I ever heard! At least it isn't really, but it just struck me so. And—and—if you can tread a moth under your—your heel, you're terribly smart. Oh, Mill, Mill!"

"There!" said Millicent, rising, and thrusting her papers into a drawer in her desk, and turning the key with an angry snap. "I knew just how it would be. I believe you would laugh at my funeral."

"Oh no, indeed, I wouldn't. Milly—not at your funeral. But really, you know, it just struck me. I think the rhymes are perfectly splendid. Don't you, Joan?"

"Indeed I do," cried Joanna; "and I don't see what you saw to laugh at. I think they are beautiful, Millicent. Aren't you going to read some more?"

"No, indeed. Never!"

"I wish you would write a poem about Cousin Appolina," said Peggy. "Hateful thing! She might take at least one of us abroad with her, if not all three. She has such loads of money, and no one to spend it on but herself."

"Probably she *will* take one of us," observed Joan.

"It won't be me, then," said her cousin, positively, but ungrammatically; "she hates me like fury. It will be one of you. Well, it wouldn't be much fun to dance attendance on Cousin Appolina if she should happen to have a cranky fit. Mill, I know you are mad, for you haven't spoken a word since I laughed. Do forgive me. And, tell me, what are you going to send to the fair?"

"I have nothing to send," replied Millicent, rather shortly.

"Send your poems! Brilliant idea!" exclaimed the incorrigible Peggy. "Have them printed on separate slips of paper, and sign some queer name, and say a member of the congregation wrote them, and see how they take."

"I don't care to have you make any more fun of me and my writings," said Millicent, with great dignity.

"No fun, honor bright! Only I wish you would put in one about Cousin Appolina Briggs. If you don't, I believe I will. You could lend me your rhyming dictionary to do it with, and I believe I could write a poem as well as—anybody. But haven't you got anything on hand that you don't want, in the way of fancy-work, that you might send?"

"I have those worsted slippers Cousin Appolina gave me for Christmas. They are in the box, just as she sent them."

"The very thing! Who wants her old worsted slippers? And fairs are always full of them. And you will have your poems printed and send them, won't you, dear child?"

Her cousin did not see the gleam of mischief which came into Peggy's eyes as she said this. Millicent was

pondering the situation too deeply. Peggy had never dreamed until now that she would take the proposition seriously.

"I believe I will," said the poetess, after some minutes' pause, interrupted only by the admiring Joanna, who urged her sister to act upon Peggy's suggestion. "It would give me the recognition I want. They can be sold at five cents a copy, and if I see people buying I shall know that they are liked, and then some day I might have some published in a book. Thank you ever so much, Peggy, for thinking of it. I will sign them 'Pearl Proctor,' just as I do those that I send to the magazines, and no one will ever know who it is. I will have them type-written on attractive paper. And I will send Cousin Appolina's shoes. She won't be home from Washington until after the fair, and she will never know. They had really better be doing some good."

"She wouldn't recognize them, anyhow; she is so near-sighted that even that gold lorgnette wouldn't discover her own stitches. Well, good-by, girls. I'm going."

Unknown to her cousins, Peggy slipped away with the rhyming dictionary under her arm. She had discovered it on the table, and the opportunity was too good to be wasted.

She crossed the street to her own home and retired to her own room, from which she did not emerge for an hour or more. At dinner that night her family, had they looked at her with attention, might have discovered an additional expression of mischief in her eyes and a satisfied look on her face. But fortunately one's family are not apt to notice.

"If I thought there was the least chance of Cousin Appolina choosing me to go abroad, I might not run the risk," she said to herself; "but she wouldn't take me on any account. Besides, she'll never hear of this, and it will be such fun to paralyze Milly. Just fancy her taking me in earnest, and sending her poems to the fair! Oh, oh! What a dear old innocent she is! It is a shame to tease her, but I just can't help it. Pearl Proctor! Pearl Proctor! what naughty deed is about to be perpetrated in thy name!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

A Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth."

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "RAFTMATES," "CANOEMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

JALAP COOMBS'S FOURTEEN PAIR OF FEET.

f course, Mr. Coombs, you can't expect us to go back to St. Michaels now," began Phil, as a preliminary to unfolding his scheme for the discomfiture of Simon Goldollar and his unprincipled companion.

"Why not?" demanded the sailor, who had not for a moment expected anything else. "As soon as I found ye I were to bring ye to St. Michaels, and keep ye there till your father comes. Them's orders, and to disobey 'em would be mutiny, nigh as I kin make out."

"That would be all right if you had found us; but you haven't."

"Eh?" queried Jalap Coombs. "I hain't found ye?"

"Certainly not," laughed Phil. "Instead of you finding us, we have found you. If you had struck us at Anvik, it is possible that we might have gone back with you, but as we have found you some four hundred miles from there, we shall certainly do nothing of the kind. You see, to begin with, we are under the greatest of obligations to Captain Hamer, who, by-the-way, is one of the finest men I ever met."

Here Phil told of the terrible experience he and Serge had undergone in Bering Sea, and of their gallant rescue by Gerald Hamer, all of which the absorbed listener now heard for the first time.

"Now," continued the lad, "we have left him just recovering from a dangerous illness, and unfitted to travel for some months. If he can't get word out to the coast before spring he will be a heavy loser. So Serge and I have undertaken to carry and deliver the message for him. Our entire outfit, down to the very clothing we wear, was furnished by him on that condition. It is also our duty to try and defeat the plans of his enemies, who are also our enemies, and now seem to have become yours as well. So you see we are in honor bound to push on with all speed. Besides all this, we certainly ought to be able to reach Sitka long before my father can get away from there, and so save him a long, tedious, and useless journey."

"I'm not so sartain of that," demurred Jalap Coombs. "For ye've been trying to make Sitka long's ever I've knowed ye, which is going on a year now, and hain't come anywhere nigh to it yet. Still, as my old friend Kite Roberson useter say, 'Jalap, my son, allers steer by sarcumstances; for as a gineral thing they'll p'int straighter'n a compass,' and I am free to admit that your present sarcumstances is p'inting pretty direct towards Sitka. But how do ye propose to sarcumvent the villyans what run off with my dogs?"

"Now you are talking straight business," laughed Phil. "As I understand it, the main object of those fellows is to capture the next season's trade of the Yukon Valley, and especially of the diggings at Forty Mile, by taking advance orders at lower rates than the old company has ever before offered. Even then their prices are certain to be exorbitant, and with Gerald Hamer's list I am certain I can underbid them. But that won't be of any use unless we can be first in the field, for after the orders are given and contracts signed those

other chaps could laugh at us and our prices. So our only hope is to reach Forty Mile ahead of them."

"Which ye can't do it without wings or steam," objected Jalap Coombs, "seeing they's got two good days' start."

"I wouldn't care if they had six days' start," answered Phil. "I am confident that we could still beat them with just ordinary snow-shoes and sledges and plain every-day North American dogs. They have gone around the great arctic bend of the Yukon, haven't they? And so have a journey of at least seven hundred miles ahead of them before they reach Forty Mile."

"Yes," replied Jalap. "They said as it were the only navigable channel."

"Well, it isn't, for I know of another that is equally good, and two hundred miles or so shorter. You see, there is a big river coming from the southeast and emptying into the Yukon somewhere in this vicinity, called the Tananah."

"That's right," assented the sailor, "for I've already passed its mouth twice about half-way between here and where the *St. Michaels* is friz in."

"Good enough," said Phil. "Now by following this Tananah for two or three hundred miles, and taking up one of its eastern branches that is called the Gheesah, or some such name, and crossing a divide, we can strike the head-waters of Forty Mile Creek."

"And sail down with the current, run into port under a full press of canvas, and capture the market afore the enemy heaves in sight!" exclaimed Jalap Coombs, enthusiastically, his practical mind quick to note the advantages of Phil's scheme. "But what's to become of me?" he added, anxiously. "Kin ye fit me out with a new pair of feet?"

"Certainly we can," replied Phil, promptly. "We can fit you out with fourteen new pair, and will guarantee that thus provided you will be able to travel as fast as the rest of us."

"Fourteen pair o' feet?" repeated Jalap Coombs, reflectively, "and slow shoes on every pair? Seems to me, son, you must be calkilating to run me under a kind of a santipede rig, which it looks like the strain on the hull would be too great. As for navigating fourteen pair of slow shoes all to once, I don't reckon old Kite hisself could do it. Still, if you think it can be did, why, go ahead and try it on. I'm agreeable, as the cat said after he'd swallowed the cap'n's wife's canary."

So Phil's plan was adopted without a dissenting voice, and from that moment Jalap Coombs said nothing more about a return to St. Michaels.

That very evening, leaving Serge to see what could be done for the sailor-man's lameness, and taking Kurilla with him to act as interpreter, Phil visited several Indian huts. At these he finally succeeded in purchasing enough furs and moose-hide for a huge sleeping-bag, which the several squaws, who, under promise of a liberal recompense in tea, undertook its construction promised should be ready by morning. Phil also bought an immense pair of arctic sleeping-socks, and an extra supply of snow-goggles.

When he told Kurilla of their change of plan, and that they intended going up the Tananah, the latter replied, dubiously: "Me plenty don't know um. Maybe git lose. Yaas."

"Oh, that'll be all right," answered Phil, cheerfully. "You'll plenty know um before we get through with um, and whenever you don't know which way to go, just come and ask me."

When he returned to the house he found Serge boiling with indignation. "Do you know," he cried, "that Mr. Coombs has walked all the way from St. Michaels without pads in his boots, because those other fellows told him his feet would toughen quicker if he didn't use them? The consequence is they are simply raw from blisters, and every step he takes must be like treading on knives."

"It has been tedious at times," admitted Jalap Coombs. "And under the sarcumstances I don't know but what I'd rather have one pair of feet than fourteen, or even half the number."

"Isn't it good to have old Jalap with us once more?" asked Phil of Serge, after they had turned in that night.

"Indeed it is; but do you notice how he has changed?"

"I should say I had. He is like a salt-water fish suddenly dropped into a fresh-water pond. He'll come out all right, though, especially if we can only get his feet into shape again."

That night the mercury fell to 59° below zero, and the next morning even Phil, impatient as he was to proceed, had not the heart to order men or dogs out into that bitter air before sunrise. With that, however, the mercury began slowly to rise, and when it had crept up 19°, or to only 40° below, the young leader declared the weather to be warm enough for anybody. So he ordered the sledges to be got ready, and when the one drawn by his own team came dashing up to the door, he announced that Mr. Coombs's fourteen pair of feet were at his service. He also politely requested the sailor-man to crawl into a big fur-lined bag with which the sledge was provided, and make himself comfortable.

"But, Phil," demurred the other, "I ain't no passenger to be tucked up in a steamer-cheer on deck. I'm shipped for this v'y'ge as one of the crew."

"Very well," replied Phil. "Then of course you will obey orders without a murmur, for I remember hearing you say, when we were aboard the *Seamew*, that even if a captain were to order his whole crew to knit bedquilts or tidies, they'd be bound to obey to the best of their ability."

"Sartain," admitted the other. "I got that from old Kite Roberson, which bedquilts *and* tidies were his very words." Then, without further remonstrance, the crippled sailor stepped to the sledge, slid feet first into the big bag, and lay there like an animated mummy, with the hood of his parka drawn close about his face. Its encircling fringe of long wolf hair, added to his preternatural gravity of countenance, gave him such a comical expression that the boys could not help shouting with laughter as Kurilla cracked his great whip and the dogs sprang away with their new burden.

Phil took the lead, as usual, and when they reached the mouth of the Tananah, which, on account of its broad expanse, there was no chance of mistaking, he turned into it without hesitation, and in a few minutes

they had taken their last view of the Yukon for many a long day.

At its mouth the Tananah is nearly three miles broad, or as wide as the Yukon itself, and is filled with islands, on which are stranded quantities of uprooted trees of greater size than any seen on the Yukon above that point.

The bitterness of the cold continued unabated, and the sledge party had hardly lost sight of the Yukon ere the young leader heard himself hailed from the rear, and paused to see what was wanted.

"I say, Cap'n Phil," began Jalap Coombs, with chattering teeth, "is it your orders or desire that your men should freeze to death?"

"Certainly not," laughed the lad.

"Then, sir, I has the honor to report that this member of the crew is already froze solid half-way up, with ice making fast through the remainder of his system."

"That is entirely contrary to orders," replied Phil, sternly, "and must be stopped at once. So, sir, put your helm to port, and run for yonder timber."

Half an hour later poor Jalap was being outwardly thawed by a roaring fire of great logs, and inwardly by cupful after cupful of scalding tea, which moved him to remark that, according to his friend Kite Roberson, tea and coffee were the next best things to observations of the sun for determining latitude.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTMAS ON THE TANANAH.

"Look here," said Phil, referring to the mate's last surprising statement, "wasn't your friend Mr. Robinson in the habit of drawing the long bow?"

"No," replied Jalap Coombs, in surprise at the question; "he couldn't abide 'em."

"Couldn't abide what?" [Pg 459]

"Bows, nor yet arrers, since when he were a kid some boys put up a game on him that they called William Tell, which allers did seem to me the foolishest game, seeing that his name warn't William, but Kite, and he warn't expected to tell anything, only just to stand with a pumpkin on his head for them to shoot their bow-arrers at. Waal, the very fust one missed the pumpkin and plunked poor Kite in the stummick, after which he didn't have no use for a long bow nor a short bow, nor yet a bow of any kind."

"I don't blame him," laughed Serge. "But we would very much like to know how he determined latitude by tea and coffee."

"Easy enough," was the reply. "You see, tea is drunk mostly in cold latitoods similar to this, and coffee in warm. The higher the latitood, the hotter and stronger the tea, and the less you hear of coffee. At forty-five or thereabouts they's drunk about alike, while south of that coffee grows blacker and more common, while tea takes a back seat till you get to the line, where it's mighty little used. Then as you go south of that the same thing begins all over again; but there's not many would notice sich things, and fewer as would put 'em to practical use like old Kite done."

"Mr. Coombs," said Phil, "you sound pretty well thawed out, and if that is the case we'll get under way again."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the mate, thrashing his long arms vigorously across his chest to restore circulation, and then slipping resignedly into his fur bag. "Anchor's apeak, sir." And away sped the sledges up the broad level of the Tananah.

Every member of the party had by this time become so thoroughly broken in to his duties, that when they made camp that night the promptness with which it was prepared, as well as the ensuing comfort, was a revelation to Jalap Coombs, who declared that there had been nothing like it in the camps of the other party.

"Of course not," said Phil, "for they haven't got Serge Belcofsky along, so how could their comfort equal ours?"

At this Serge, covered with confusion, replied, "Nonsense, Phil! You know it is because we have got such capital campmen as Kurilla and Chitsah with us."

At this the face of the elder Indian beamed with pleasure. He did not exactly understand the conversation; but believing that he ought to make some reply, he pointed to Jalap Coombs, and looking at Phil, remarked:

"You fadder. Yaas."

But the journey up the Tananah was by no means an unbroken record of swift movings from one comfortable camp to another, or of jokes and pleasantries. The days were now at their shortest, so that each could boast only about four hours of sunlight, and even that was frequently obscured by fierce storms, when the howling winds cut like knives, and it required every ounce of Phil Ryder's pluck as well as Serge Belcofsky's dogged determination to keep the little party in motion. The feet of the poor dogs were often so pierced by ice slivers that their tracks were marked with blood. The older and more experienced would bite at these and pull them out. Others would howl with pain, while some would lie down and refuse to work until they were put in boots, which were little bags of deer-hide drawn over their feet and fastened with buckskin thongs.

It was a journey of constant and painful struggle and of dreary monotony, each day being only the same endless succession of ice-bound river, snow-covered hills, and sombre forest. Especially depressing was the night of the 24th of December, when, with an icy wind moaning through the tree-tops of the subarctic forest, and the shivering dogs edging toward the fire for a share of its grateful warmth, Phil and Serge and Jalap Coombs reminded each other that this was Christmas eve. Never before had Phil spent one away from home, nor had the others ever been so utterly removed from the cheering influences of the joyous season.

So Phil described what he knew was taking place in far distant New London at that very hour, and Serge told of merry times in quaint old Sitka, while Jalap Coombs recalled many a noble plum duff that had graced Christmas feasts far out at sea, until they all grew homesick, and finally crawled into their sleeping-bags to dream of scenes as remote from those surrounding them as could well be imagined.

As they always selected a camping-place, and prepared for the long night by the last of the scanty daylight or in the middle of the afternoon, so they always resumed their journey by the moonlight or starlight, or even in the darkness of two or three o'clock the next morning. On Christmas morning they started as usual many hours before daylight, and, either owing to the vagueness of all outlines or because his thoughts were far away, the young leader mistook a branch for the main river, and headed for a portion of the mighty wilderness that no white man had ever yet explored.

About noon they passed a forlorn native village of three or four snow-covered huts, the occupants of which gazed at the unaccustomed sight of white travellers in stolid amazement. They had gone nearly a mile beyond this sole evidence of human occupation to be found in many a weary league when Phil suddenly stopped.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "what do you two say to going back, making a camp near that village, and having some sort of a Christmas after all? It doesn't seem right for white folks to let the day go by without celebrating it somehow."

As the others promptly agreed to this proposition the sledges were faced about, and a few minutes later the music of Musky's jingling bells again attracted the wondering natives from their burrows.

Camp was made on a wooded island opposite the village, and while the others were clearing the snow from a space some fifty feet square, and banking it up on the windward side, Phil took his gun and set forth to hunt for a Christmas dinner. An hour later he returned with four arctic hares and a brace of ptarmigan or Yukon grouse whose winter plumage was as spotless as the snow itself.

He found Serge and Jalap Coombs concocting a huge plum duff, while from the brass kettle a savory steam was already issuing. Kurilla and Chitsah had chopped a hole through four feet of ice and were fishing, while a few natives from the village hovered about the outskirts of the camp watching its strange life with curious interest.

They were very shy, and moved away when Phil approached them, seeing which he called Kurilla and bade him tell them that a present would be given to every man, woman, and child who should visit the camp before sunset.

At first they could not comprehend this startling proposition, but after it had been repeated a few times the youngest of them, a mere boy, uttered a joyous shout and started on a run for the village. A few minutes later its entire population, not more than twenty-five in all, including babes in arms, or rather in the hoods of their mother's parkas, came hurrying over from the mainland filled with eager expectancy.

To every man Phil presented a small piece of tobacco, to every woman a handful of tea, and to every child a biscuit dipped in molasses. With each present he uttered, very distinctly, the word "Christmas." At length one child, though whether it was a boy or a girl he could not make out, for their fur garments were all exactly alike, looked up with a bashful smile and said, "Kikmuk." In a minute all the others had caught the word, and the air rang with shouts of "Kikmuk," mingled with joyous laughter.

"KIKMUK."

Then they all trooped back to the village, shouting "Kikmuk" as they went, and so long as they live the word will be associated in their minds with happiness and good-will. Three of them, a man and two women, afterwards returned, bringing with them a pair of dainty moccasins, a fox-skin, and an intestine filled with melted fat, which they timidly presented to Phil, Serge, and Jalap Coombs respectively. The last-named regarded his gift rather dubiously, but accepted it with a hearty "Kikmuk," and remarked that it would probably be good for his feet, which it afterward proved to be.

These three were invited to dine with Kurilla and Chitsah, an invitation which they accepted, and so became the guests of the Christmas dinner. On their side of the fire the feast consisted largely of the fish the Indians had just caught, to which were added unstinted tea and a liberal supply of the plum duff. On the other side were mock-turtle soup *à la can*, baked fish, rabbit fricassee, roast grouse, plum duff, hard bread, tea, and cocoa—all of which combined to form what Phil pronounced to be the very best Christmas dinner he had ever eaten, in which sentiment Serge and Jalap Coombs heartily concurred.

Even the dogs were given cause to rejoice that Christmas had at length come to their snowy land by receiving a double ration of dried fish, which put them into such good spirits that they spent the greater part of the night in a rollicking game of romps. On the Indian side of the fire unwonted good cheer so overcame the shyness of the villagers that the man ventured to ask questions regarding the intentions and destination of this sledge party of strangers. When these were stated by Kurilla he remained silent for a minute. Then he delivered a long and animated speech.

As a result of this, and when it was finished, Kurilla left his own side of the fire, and, approaching Phil, said,

"You go Forty Mile?"

"Yes. We all going to Forty Mile, of course."

"No like um Tananah?"

"Certainly I like the Tananah well enough. I shall like it better, though, when we have seen the last of it."

"No can see um now."

"Why not? There it is right out yonder."

"No. Him Kloot-la-ku-ka. Tananah so" (pointing to the way they had come). "You go so way" (pointing upstream); "get lose, mebbe; no fin; plenty bad. Yaas."

So, all on account of keeping Christmas, and trying to bring a little of its joy into the hearts of those children of the wilderness, Phil's mistake was discovered before its consequences became disastrous, and he was once more enabled to place his little party on the right road to Sitka.

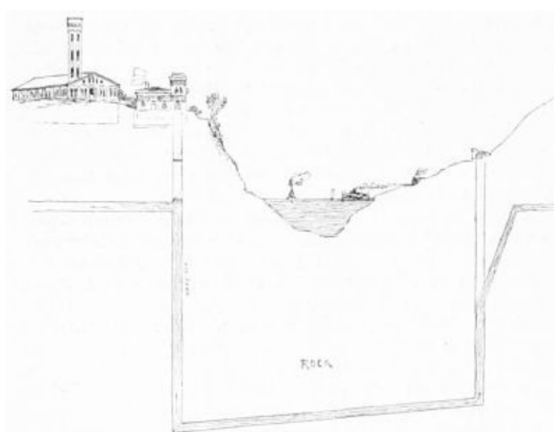
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE-BLOOD OF A GREAT CITY.

HOW NEW YORK GETS ITS WATER.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

The furnishing of water to millions of human beings in a city, and the arrangements for giving it to them as they want it, whether merely by the glassful or in the profusion with which it is used in a brewery, are among the most wonderful achievements of civilization. Imagine the way men live when they break their way into a new country; that is the only manner in which we can measure the convenience of a modern water supply. I have seen the settlers on the Canadian plains walking a quarter of a mile—perhaps half a mile—to the Bow River to fill a bucket with water with which to cook and with which to supply drink to a household. Bathing, as we understand the term, was only to be done by going to the same river and plunging in—daring the few months when the river water was warm. Thus it must have been with the first Hollanders who settled Manhattan Island. In time they dug wells in the ground, and then came that more lavish use of the splendid fluid, attended by such economy as used to lead the Dutch mothers to scold the children with that admonition we still may hear in the country, "Do you think the servant-girl has nothing to do but to carry water up stairs for you to waste it as you do?"



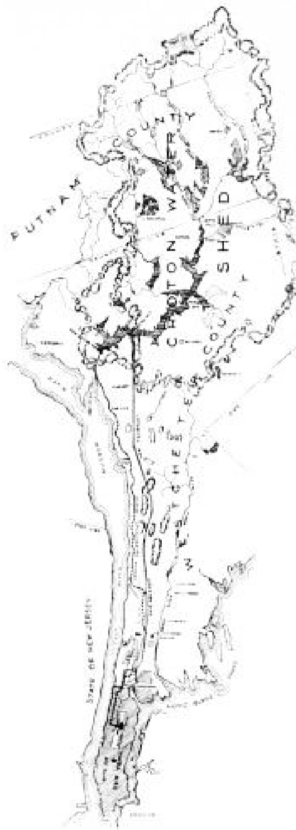
AQUEDUCT TUNNEL UNDER THE HARLEM.

Did the reader ever see a medical or anatomical chart of the human body, showing the arteries and veins that carry the blood from our hearts to every main and every minute part of our bodies? How like a tree it looks, with its main stem or trunk, with its great branches, with its delicate boughs and switches and twigs. Well, a Croton-water chart of the system by which a river is brought to our bedrooms, instead of our having to go to the river with our buckets, would be just such another complicated, marvellous, treelike object, only I really think it would be more astonishing in one sense, because it is so wholly the hard brain-work of man instead of the mysterious divine creation of the Almighty, whose works are so profound that their wonders do not surprise us so much as when man produces something a tenth part or a thousandth part as extraordinary.

If we could cut away all the earth of the island, leaving the water-mains bare, and if we could tear down all the buildings of the city so as to allow the water-pipes to stand up, bare and naked, just as they now stand up in their covers of brick and plaster, I suppose the sight of that wonderful forest of big and little pipes would be as surprising as anything that any human being ever saw. Just try to fancy Manhattan Island all under a tangle of towering pipes and crisscrossed tubes, and then, while we are about it, just fancy a lot of savages landing here and tampering with those pipes until one of them should touch some cock and turn on the water. What a rain there would be, in big streams and middling streams and tiny little streams, out of millions of fixtures! No shower bath that was ever conceived or heard of would compare with it. And yet—see how small and weak man is, after all—it would not begin to equal an ordinary rain-storm.

Of water mains—or big pipes sunk in the streets to distribute the Croton water from the reservoirs—there are no less than 715 miles, but when the reader thinks how at every twenty-five feet smaller pipes branch out of the mains to carry the water to every floor of every building and sometimes to every office or room, he will see that of smaller pipes there must be tens of thousands of miles, making up that grand tree which is as much the "tree of life" of a great city as the arterial system is the tree of life of each of our bodies. To carry off the water that courses through all these thousands of miles of pipes we have 456 miles of sewers—or much bigger pipes; some of which men can walk through or even paddle a boat in. [Pg 461]

One hundred and fifty years ago, when New York was considered rather an ancient town, the people got their water for drinking from the "collect," where the Tombs prison stands, and from the little springs and streams that ran into that pond. A very few had wells, public or private, near their houses. It was not until 1750 that pumps were set up to make the getting of water easier. It will surprise the reader to know that hundreds of these old wells still remain upon the island. Two or three still have pumps affixed to them, and are used for giving drink to horses, but the rest are covered over and, in most cases, their existence is



MAP OF CROTON AQUEDUCT.

forgotten. It is not possible, even in case of war, when our water supply might be cut off, that we will ever revert to the use of these wells, for they yield a polluted water that is as bad to drink as poison. Just before the Revolutionary War a man named Colles built a little reservoir above the City Hall, but it yielded such bad water that the people who could afford to do so bought water that was hawked in the streets from carts. It was not until 1842, when we had a population of 350,000 souls, that New York got its water systematically and in such plenty that mothers did not scold their children and Mayors did not remonstrate with the people for wasting it.

New York has never been a boastful city. It never has filled the world with the noise of its greatness or the parade of its wonderful achievements. Its Broadway is the longest thoroughfare in Christendom, I believe; its suspension-bridge is only excelled by one bridge of another kind; its actual size and population are second to those of but one city; but such facts one must glean from the encyclopædias and the letters of travellers. The New-Yorkers say nothing about them. Therefore it is but little known that the aqueduct which carries our water to us is the greatest—many times the greatest—tunnel in the whole world. It is more than thirty-three miles in length, and far from being a mere trench, averages a depth of 170 feet below the surface, and is in places 380 feet underground. It is from ten to thirteen feet high, and averages nearly as great a width. Its way is hewn through solid rock in places, and it is everywhere built of brick and granite. It passes under several rivers, and at the Harlem River, the northern boundary of this island, it is in the shape of a siphon upside down, sloping for 1300 feet under the river, and then rising 400 feet straight up through the Manhattan Island bank of the stream. It cost nearly $27,000,000, and it brings, without pumping, by the incline of the tunnel, nearly 100 gallons of water a day for each of the 1,900,000 persons in the city, or about 171,000,000 gallons of water a day for all of us. It is a solid cube of water running at the rate of two miles an hour, eight or ten feet thick, and ten or a dozen feet high.

RESERVOIR IN CENTRAL PARK.

We are in the habit of saying that the water we drink comes from Croton Lake, thirty miles north of the city in Westchester County, but that is only a part of the truth. The fact is, that Croton Lake was made by damming the Croton River when our system was begun in 1835-42. We now take that water, and the water of several other lakes, ponds, and rivers that are in a great valley or depression in the earth called the Croton watershed. We keep stored up and ready for use about 17,000,000,000 gallons of water in the following natural and artificial reservoirs: Croton Lake, Lake Mahopac, Lake Gilead, and Kirk Lake, Middle Branch, East Branch, Bog Brook, and Barrett Pond. Their names sufficiently describe the character of these great goblets of crystal water which nature and man have arranged for the needs of the great city. But these are so insufficient that, although it is believed we could draw 250,000,000 gallons a day even in dry weather, we are going to take into our system three more reservoirs, which will allow us to store 13,000,000,000 gallons more than we can store at present. And as even these will not long supply our growing needs, we are about to build the greatest dam the world ever saw. It is already called the Quaker Bridge dam. It is to be built five miles south of Croton Lake, back of the town of Sing Sing, where the great State-prison is. It will be a great pyramidal-shaped wall of solid masonry 264 feet high, and 1500 feet long, and will cost, the officials think, at least $6,000,000. When it is finished, a magnificent rich farming country will be flooded and turned into one immense glass of water for old Father Knickerbocker (as we call our patron saint) and his children. The water that will bank up against that dam will rise up over many, many farms and houses and barns and villages for a distance of no less than sixteen miles, and the present dam at Croton Lake will be thirty-five feet under the surface of the water. Now we store 17,000,000,000 gallons of water, but then we will have a liquid treasure of 84,600,000,000 gallons.

THE OLD WAY.

We are apt to think about water as free because Nature evidently intended that it should cost no more than fresh air. And so it is free, so long as we are satisfied to use very little, and to go and dip up that very little out of a stream and carry it to our homes. But when we demand the full fruits of modern civilization, when we insist upon the building of huge dams and vast reservoirs and tunnels and pumping-stations, we must buy the water they bring in order to pay for the cost of the convenience. What we pay in New York amounts to about $1.75 a head for every man, woman, and child in the city, or more than $3,000,000 a year. This great tax, called the "water rents," is used to pay the interest on the debt we owe for our aqueduct, to keep the system in repair, and to swell a sinking fund which we have established. The water rents are not paid according to the amount of water each person uses, but for the quantity that passes into each house, office building, factory, brewery, and stable. The house-owners each pay between four dollars and eighteen dollars a year, and the men who use great quantities—such as brewers, makers of mineral water, sugar refiners, and the like—in the course of their business all pay special rates, which seem very large indeed when we read the sums in print.

This department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

MEMORY ALBUMS

What a wonderful thing the memory is! Grandmamma, who counts, perhaps, her threescore years and ten, sees a piece of faded calico, and her mind goes back to the time when, a little girl of eight, she was dressed in a new gown, of which this faded scrap is a remnant, and taken to town for "general training." She sees again the soldiers and the officers in their uniforms, she almost smells the cards of gingerbread, and hears the bustle and stir in the streets. She may not have thought of this special day for long, long years, but this bit of calico has brought it all back to her memory.

Since the advent of cameras into nearly every family one has the opportunity of making actual pictures of festal occasions which occur, such as the birthday parties, the family picnics, John's new bicycle and his first unsuccessful attempt to ride it, the Hallowe'en frolic, the Christmas tree—any special day or event can be preserved in gelatine, and in a few years these pictures will have for one more interest and value than many made from much finer negatives. Now we want to suggest to our young amateurs that they start memory albums at once.

Begin the album by looking over your collection of plates, and select such as have been made on special occasions. From these make prints, and be sure and look up the exact date on which the picture was taken. Do not reject a "memory picture" because it is not as clear a plate or the grouping as artistic as one could desire. For the album itself, buy the album leaves which are almost as cheap as card mounts, and they can be added to from time to time as one makes new pictures. Arrange your pictures in chronological order—that is, the earliest date first, etc., marking under each picture its proper date.

A person who has used a camera for two or three years will find he has quite a number of "memory pictures," and one who starts a memory album should make it a rule to add the pictures to his collection as soon as they are made. One can use blue prints for such albums, for a good blue print seldom fades or discolors, while aristo or albumen prints, unless very carefully finished, are apt to grow yellow or discolor. In after-years our memory albums will be considered of as much value as any of our possessions.

Sir Knight Alfred C. Baker asks "If he can become a member of the Camera Club, and what are the duties of a member?" We shall be very glad to enroll Sir Alfred a member of our Camera Club, and as he says he owns two or three cameras, and finishes his own pictures, he will doubtless be a great addition to our club. The duties of a member have never been exactly defined, but we expect our members to take an active interest in the work, and they are requested to send to the club any new or improved way of doing anything in photography. We also want each one of our members to become a *specialist* along some special line of photographic work. We hope soon to organize a correspondence and exchange club. Sir Alfred would like to correspond on photography with some of the members of the club. He has also a Kombi camera which he would like to sell or exchange.

THE MERRIEST TIME.

The merriest time? Why, kite-time,
  Or the time for playing ball;
Or maybe you like rolling hoop
  The very best of all.

But, "Here's my own opinion,"
   With a little laugh, cries Moll.
"The best is when I take a walk,
   And carry my parasol.

"When muffs are packed in camphor,
   And tippets put away,
When you needn't always wear your cloak
   In the middle of the day.

"Yes, I declare, the merriest time."
   With a dimpling laugh, says Moll,
"Is when I go to take a walk,
   And carry my parasol."

M. E. S.

A MESSENGER-BOY'S ADVENTURE.[1]

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Danny Cahill had been a district messenger for a year, and it seemed to him that he had been on every street and across every park in the great city of New York. Mr. Kean, who had helped him to become a newsboy, had secured him a position in a down-town messenger office, where he could easily learn his duties, and gradually became acquainted with the city, for most of his "calls" there were from offices which wanted messengers for short errands, and he was only occasionally sent far up town. But after six months he was transferred to an office in the fashionable part of the city, near Fifth Avenue, and then he began to go on long journeys which gave him rides on the elevated roads from one end of the city to the other; "from the Battery to the Harlem River," as the saying is.

The work was hard, though, and more so for Danny, because, after or before his long hours on duty, he went every day or night to the school in the Newsboys' Lodging-house where he lived. If he had been on night duty, no matter how late he had been up, nor how many miles he had walked, he was at school the next morning, and if on day duty, he did not go to bed until he had attended the night class. I cannot say that Danny liked this, for he would much rather have gone with the other boys on their pleasure excursions about the city, but Mr. Kean had urged Danny to put in all the time he could spare in school. He promised him that if he did so he would find him a better position when he was far enough advanced to take one. [Pg 463]

One evening, when it was nearly time for Danny to go off duty, a messenger call came in the office, and as he was "next" he had to answer it. It took him to a big fashionable house where he had often been before, and he expected as usual to have a short errand with a note to some neighboring house or shop. But when a servant let him into the big hall he was soon joined by a maid who gave him a bundle to carry, and told him he was to take it, and pilot her to the Tenement Mission, "wherever that may be," said the maid, crossly.

Danny knew well enough where it was, for it was situated only a few blocks from the place he once called "home," where he had lived with his uncle who had made him beg, and whom he had never seen since the day he escaped, by Mr. Kean's aid, from the policeman who had arrested both him and his uncle.

What he could not understand was what so grand a house as he was then in could have to do with the Tenement Mission, and he said so to the maid when they were on the street walking toward the Third Avenue elevated station.

"I don't wonder at your surprise," said the maid. "The lady in charge of that nasty mission is the young lady of our house, and I'm her maid. What she wants to go down among those trash for I'm sure I don't know."

"Say," exclaimed Danny, in amazement, "de yer mean dat Barstow lives where we's just come from?"

"Sure, Miss Barstow," answered the maid, "but how do you know?"

"Everybody down dare where I useter live knows her, and calls her 'a tenement angel,'" Danny replied. "But she don't dress grand—not so grand as you."

The maid laughed at this, and then said: "Well, she has a right to dress as she pleases, and go where she pleases, I suppose; but I don't know what right she has to telegraph me to come down there with jelly and wine and broth that you have in that bundle. I'll just tell her that I ain't going to nurse any of her poor sick she's so fond of, if I have to give up my place."

"Say, I guess she isn't tinkin' dat you won't nurse nobody," Danny said, "because she'd get fooled, for I don't believe you'd know how."

"And I don't want to know how," snapped the maid.

When the Tenement Mission was reached Miss Barstow was not there, but a note had been left for the maid directing her to come, with the messenger, to an address which was given.

"Where is the place?" asked the maid, showing Danny the note.

"Oh, dat's a back tenement-house in Roosevelt Street," Danny answered. "Dare is Italians dare," he added, for he knew the place well, his old home with his uncle having been in the same block.

"Is it any worse than this?" the maid asked, in a voice which showed she was getting frightened.

"Dis is Fift' Avenue compared to dat," Danny said.

The girl began to whimper, and said at last, "I won't go. I'm scared to death already. I won't go to her nasty sick poor, and get the small-pox and everything else."

At first Danny did not know what to do. He tried to persuade the maid to go, but she was thoroughly frightened now, and half hysterical. Finally Danny took up the bundle, saying: "Well, I'm going, anyway. If Miss Barstow wants dese things she is goin' to have dem, and you can do what you like. I don't tink you are much good except for show, anyhow."

"I'll stay here until some one comes and takes me home," cried the girl, as Danny went out of the mission.

It was dark by this time, but Danny knew the way perfectly. He found the low narrow entrance to the front tenement, went through that to a little stone-paved court where there was one gas-lamp, and was crossing that when a couple of men stopped him, and demanded roughly to know what he had in the bundle.

"Never you mind," he answered. "It's for Miss Barstow, not for mugs like you."

The men slunk away without any more threats. They were none too good, but they, like nearly all the people in that neighborhood, had been won to respect Miss Barstow, and anything which belonged to her was almost sacred in their eyes.

Danny continued on across the dimly lit court into the dark entrance of the rear tenement. At the door of the room which Miss Barstow's note had described Danny knocked softly, and was admitted by her, a tall, plainly dressed, handsome young woman, whose kindly face was at that moment clouded by anxiety. She seemed surprised to see the messenger alone, and after taking the bundle from him and placing it in a chair, she stepped out in the hall, closing the door so that their voices would not disturb the sick people inside, and heard Danny's story of the maid's fright and desertion.

Miss Barstow was silent for some time before she said, and there was no anger in her voice:

"Perhaps I was wrong to send for her. I would not have done so, but all my assistants are busy. But," she added, after a pause, "I must have some assistance until the doctor comes again."

"Say, what's de matter wid me helpin' you, lady?" asked Danny, promptly.

Miss Barstow looked at him in the half-light the hall lamp gave, and then said, quickly, "Yes. Go and put my maid on a car that will take her home, and then come back here."

Danny did so, and was pretty soon back in the sick-room with Miss Barstow and her two patients. The room was poor, very poor, but better than the one he had lived in with his uncle. There were a bed and a cot, some chairs, a rough table, a cook stove, and a few cooking and table dishes.

In the bed was an Italian woman, and in the cot her daughter, a girl about twelve years old. Both were sick with a fever only too common in the tenement district. The husband and father was a fruit peddler, who had what is called an "all-night" stand on the Bowery. The man and his wife alternated with each other in attending the stand, and it was exposure to the cold wet nights that had brought on the woman's fever. The girl had been a scholar in the day-school for tenement children in Miss Barstow's Mission, but she had attempted to take her mother's place at the stand when the woman was taken sick, and she, too, soon came down with the fever.

It was while making inquiries about her absent scholar that Miss Barstow had found the patients both in bed, and having only the rough care the man could give them during the few hours he could leave his stand. Danny was soon at work under Miss Barstow's orders, and both the patients had some dainty food and wine, and every attention to make them comfortable. Before the Doctor arrived both mother and daughter were sleeping quietly, and Danny found himself whispering the story of his life to Miss Barstow, who, it seemed to him, had the kindest way of asking questions and understanding what he told her of any person in the world. The Doctor smiled when he came in at midnight and saw them, and Danny blushed proudly when the lady told the Doctor that her messenger had proved to be a good nurse and a very interesting companion.

The Doctor ordered Miss Barstow to go home, saying he would wait there until the husband came. When Miss Barstow had paid Danny, she asked him which way he was going. "I'm goin' to see you home, sure," Danny answered, gallantly.

They had left the tenements, and were walking up Roosevelt Street, when a man standing by a lamp-post stared at Danny, and then exclaimed:

"Oh, you little rascal! I've caught you at last! Come along home with me," and he grabbed the boy roughly by the shoulder.

It was Danny's uncle. "You've got fine clothes, and are with a fine lady, while your poor old uncle who had always given you a good honest home is starving," he exclaimed.

Some men who had been lounging about the corner ran up, and Cahill declared over and over to them that his boy had run away from an honest home, and should be taken back and help to support his old uncle, who was sick.

Danny, who had a notion that his uncle really had some sort of right over him, was sick and disheartened at the prospect of going back to his old life, but he had had his liberty too long to be willing to give it up without a struggle. He was a stout youngster; his constant exercise as a messenger-boy kept him in good physical condition, and he made a good resistance to his uncle's efforts to drag him away.

As he was struggling, Miss Barstow ran to him and asked, "Is this the man you told me of—your uncle?"

"Sure; dis is de mug, and he's no good," Danny answered, as he fought.

"Let that boy go," she said to Cahill, sternly.

"Not for you," responded Cahill, surlily.

Miss Barstow stepped to where the light fell on her face, and turning to the crowd of men, said: "Some of you must know me. I want you to make that man let this boy go."

"It's Miss Barstow," one of the men exclaimed. Then he added, "What you say goes down here, lady, mostly, but not in this case. Cahill has a right to the boy's wages. He's a good man, and the kid ain't going to get no harm by going along with him."

DANNY DISCOMFITS THE ASSAILANT.

Miss Barstow's knowledge of this class taught her that the men had all been drinking, and she knew that the situation was serious. She had often been warned that she was in danger of just such experiences as this, but until now had been saved from danger by the respect that the tenement people felt for her. But these were not even tenement people of the lowest kind. They belonged to the class of idlers who skulked about the saloons in that neighborhood at night, and begged during the day. As she was debating what she should do, Danny managed to trip his uncle hard and break away from him. He ran to Miss Barstow, snatched her umbrella from her hand, jumped between her and the man, and told her to run. One of the half-drunken men lurched toward Danny, but suddenly halted when Danny brought the silver head of the umbrella down on the fellow's head with a whack. That was more than he expected, and while they stood irresolute Danny and Miss Barstow hurried away, Danny keeping between her and the enemy, swinging the umbrella threateningly. They reached the elevated-road station without further molestation, and Danny then found to his surprise that the woman who had been so brave while there was any danger was now white and trembling, and nigh to fainting.

"It was not that I was afraid," she said, "but it shows me that there is danger for me down there, and that I must give up my night work there."

"Why, lady," said Danny, "I taut it was a picnic; anyway it was good fun when I cracked dat mug's nut wid dis umbrella. He'll know he was in a fight to-morrow."

Danny went to Miss Barstow's door with her, and thought that would be the last he would hear of the adventure. Three days later, while he was sitting in the messenger office, a man called on him, who explained that he was the lawyer for Miss Barstow's society which supported the Tenement Mission. He had had Cahill and the men who had been with him that night arrested, and Danny was wanted as a witness against them in the Police Court.

"And now," said the lawyer, when he had explained about the arrest, "tell me all you can about yourself, and your relations with Cahill. Miss Barstow tells me that Cahill may have some legal right to your wages, and if he has we want to give you another guardian. What would you think of me as your guardian?"

Danny did not know what sort of a thing a guardian might be, and the lawyer explained. It was Miss Barstow's wish, he added, that Danny should have a proper legal guardian, and he would look into the matter, and do all that was necessary to protect Danny's rights.

So it came about, after Danny had signed a lot of legal papers, and there had been a lot of petitions and motions, that one day Danny was told that the law had taken notice of such an unimportant little chap as he was, and Miss Barstow's agent had become his guardian, and Uncle Cahill had no claim on Danny's liberty or his modest little account in the Bowery Savings-bank. Danny's comment was:

"I never taut I'd get to be such a swell mug as to have a guardeen all by me lonely. De first ting you know I'll be runnin' for President."

The action of the Interscholastic Athletic Association in passing the law prohibiting bicycle-races at all future in-door meetings held under the rules of the I. S. A. A. cannot be too highly commended. It was, of course, the logical outcome of the occurrences of the past four months, but nevertheless the promptness with which the evil was abolished is praiseworthy. Bicycle-races as an in-door sport should be universally done away with. What games in the past season have not been marred by accidents and collisions in that event? The culmination was the carrying away of W. G. Dann in an ambulance after he had broken his collar-bone at the Brooklyn Poly. Prep. games last March. It is to be hoped, now that the good work has been begun, that in the near future some of the other peculiar features of in-door meetings will receive proper attention at the hands of the legislators. I do not believe that Olympian Zeus—or whatever enlightened heathen god it was who invented and fostered track athletics—ever intended that sprints and shot-putting should be held under a roof. He surely would have drawn the line at bicycles, had he known anything about them. He wisely preferred the less-murderous four-horse chariot. But, to my mind, track athletics were never intended as an in-door sport. The gymnasium is not a hippodrome. But more of that later. Let us be thankful for one thing at a time.

I am not opposed to what some timid people call "rough and dangerous" sport. Football should be

encouraged, by all means, although it may justly be termed "rough and dangerous" for young men who do not know how to play. It is not dangerous for those who do know the game and have been trained to take part in it. Yet under no circumstances is it a sport adaptable to evening clothes and kid gloves. If it were, we should not care for it as we do. But bicycle-racing—and I am speaking now essentially of in-door racing on a flat floor—is just as dangerous for experts as it is for the ignorant and the novice. More so, perhaps; for a novice's timidity will protect him from any attempt at riding through an iron girder. The dim light of an armory makes it difficult for a rider to judge angles and distances, especially when the track he is circling is marked solely by a chalk line on a slippery floor. In an open field, on a cinder track well rolled and well fenced, it is a very different matter. Should a rider fall there, his injuries are limited to a few scratches at the worst, and surgical assistance is unnecessary in such a case. As to sprinting and putting the shot on a board floor, these events are more incongruous than harmful. And if custom has made them popular as in-door sports, I am willing to defer to the dictum of Custom, until Experience shall step in and pronounce her verdict.

Another good rule adopted at this same meeting of the I. S. A. A. was that proposed by Syme of Barnard, to prevent, when possible, two boys from the same school starting in the same trial heat. It is, unfortunately, not uncommon for two boys from the same school to deliberately pocket a rival runner, especially in events like the 220, the half-mile, and the mile. Such practices are beneath the dignity of amateurs, and it is somewhat of a disgrace that any rule should be required to prevent it. But if the managers were forced to recognize this unsportsmanlike tendency on the part of even a few contestants, it is to their credit that they adopted measures to put a stop to it. Nothing in sport to-day is more important than to maintain a broad and honest spirit of fair play, for without such a spirit interscholastic athletics, and every other kind of athletics, are bound to deteriorate.

While speaking of this, I am reminded of rumors current in Brooklyn to the effect that one of the schools in the Long Island Interscholastic League has secured track athletes and baseball players by offering them half tuition, and in one case free tuition, as an inducement to attend that particular institution. This is a very ugly story, and should not be credited unless very positive proof of its veracity can be adduced. The only ground for the rumors, that I have been able to discover so far, is that the individuals in question attended other schools last year. But that fact is by no means sufficient to warrant the assertion, or even the insinuation, that the change they made was influenced by a financial consideration. If the report is unfounded, it is almost as reprehensible an offence against honest sportsmanship to circulate it as to be guilty of the dishonest practices alleged. As the matter stands now, there is no doubt that somebody—either the school in question or the other members of the league—is suffering under an injustice.

THE NEW YORK INTERSCHOLASTIC CUP.

There are just ten days for practice left before the Interscholastics. The many school games of the past two weeks have shown that there is much new material in the field, and that it will not be so easy to pick the winner of the championship as might have been supposed earlier in the season. The struggle for supremacy promises to be more interesting this spring than ever, and I have little doubt that several records will be considerably bettered. Barnard, of course, will make a desperate endeavor to carry off the honors of the day, and thus secure a full title to the Interscholastic Cup. This school will be represented by a strong team, which gives good promise of equalling the record of last year's champions, although three of those 1894 point-winners are not back this year. Of the 38 points which won the day for Barnard last May, Rogers made 16; Simpson, 6; and Feigenspan, 1—in all 23, or almost two-thirds of the total victorious score. Thus, if victory perches on the Harlem banners next week, it will be due in a large measure to the development and acquisition of new material.

At the semiannual field day of the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific Coast, held at the Olympic Club Grounds, San Francisco, on March 16th last, the Oakland High-School and the Berkeley High-School, with 52 points each to its credit, tied for first place, and the championship was consequently awarded to the former for having been the winner the previous year. The struggle, as may well be imagined, was a close and exciting one throughout, there being no event, except perhaps the shot, hammer, and mile run, that was not hotly contested to the end. The O.H.-S. has been the Coast champion for sixteen years past, and if Cheek, the captain of the team, had entered this year, no doubt the score would have been very different. Cheek is a promising all-round athlete. In addition to vaulting and jumping he puts the shot 33 feet, throws the hammer over 100 feet, runs the 100 in 11 seconds, gets over the high hurdles in 17½ seconds, and the low hurdles in 28 seconds. The reason given for his non-entry into these sports is that his team was so much stronger than that of any of the other schools in the league, that the O.H.-S. preferred to contest the games without his aid, and so decide the day by a few points only. This experiment proved a most risky one. If the B.H.-S. had won the Relay race, they would have taken the championship by the score of 55 to 48. Such a self-sacrificing and eminently sporting spirit as Cheek's is something I have not yet observed in the East. The rules governing the contests of the A.A.L. are somewhat different from those of other leagues. The team of each school is limited to seven boys, and six more are allowed to enter for the Relay race, which counts as an extra event, and gives 10 points to the winner, 6 points to second, and 2 to third. There is some advantage in this limitation, but I should think that in many cases it would operate unjustly. Nevertheless, it is a great preventer of that worst feature of our Eastern track-athletic games—countless trial heats necessitated by unlimited and unrestricted entries.

The high hurdles were the occasion for a hot struggle between Dawson, O.H.-S., and Hoppin, B.H.-S. Dawson had never run the full course before, and this was only his fifth attempt at clearing the sticks, but he ran well and breasted the tape in 19½ seconds, with Hoppin at his heels. In the first heat of the low hurdles Hoppin won in 31½ seconds. Dawson fell at the seventh, but picked himself up quickly and finished, thus qualifying for the finals, which he won in 31½ seconds, with Hoppin third. Dawson will no doubt improve greatly within the next year, and I confidently look forward to see him smash some Coast records. He takes the hurdles without the suggestion of an effort, and although only 5 feet 5 inches tall, he gets in the seven steps without any trouble. He trained for the half-mile earlier in the spring, and so attained good endurance. Another boy with this quality strongly developed is Hanford, the O.H.-S. sprinter. He is slow at starting, but his endurance is such that he has been known to do 50 yards in 6-1/5 seconds on a dirt track, then walk back to the start, get on his mark and repeat the performance; and do this again a

third and fourth time. He took the 220 in 25-1/5 seconds, without being pushed, but came in a foot behind Lippmann, B.H.-S., in the 100 on account of his slowness in getting away from the mark. In the field events the B.H.-S. walked away with everything, taking all the points in the hammer and shot events. They got first in the broad jump and pole vault, and tied for the high jump. In the hammer, Lynch, B.H.-S. threw 104 feet and won, and was going to try for a record, when the attention of the judges, for some reason, was distracted by the exciting Relay race, and so Lynch lost his chances and his rights. He is said to have done 125 feet in practice. On the whole the day was a notable success, and the scholars of California showed themselves sportsmen of the true stripe in the enthusiasm and energy which characterized the occasion.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO INTERSCHOLASTIC MEETINGS.

I. S. A. A. Games at the Berkeley Oval,

New York, May 5, 1894.

Event.	Winner.	Performance.	
100-yard dash	Rogers		10-2/5 s.
220-yard dash	Simpson		23-3/5 s.
120-yard hurdles	Beers		16-2/5 s.
220-yard hurdles	Syme		27-1/5 s.
Half-mile run	Irwin-Martin	2 m.	10-1/5 s.
Mile run	Veiller	5 m.	1-1/5 s.
Running high jump	{Rogers}	5 ft.	9 in.
	{Baltazzi}		
Running broad jump	Beers	19 "	5 "
Pole vault	Whitney	10 "	
Putting 16-pound shot			
Putting 12-pound shot	Ball	39 "	1 "
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Ball	110 "	3-1/2 "

A. A. L. Games at Olympic Club Grounds,

San Francisco, March 16, 1895.

Event.	Winner.	Performance.	
100-yard dash	Lippmann		10-4/5 s.
220-yard dash	Hanford		25-1/5 s.
120-yard hurdles	Dawson		19-1/4 s.
220-yard hurdles	Dawson		31-1/2 s.
Half-mile run	Russ	2 m.	20-2/5 s.
Mile run	Jackson	5 m.	5-1/2 s.
Running high jump	McConnell	5 ft.	3 in.
Running broad jump	Lloyd	18 "	6 "
Pole vault	Woolsey	9 "	2 "
Putting 16-pound shot	Lloyd	32 "	8 "
Putting 12-pound shot			
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Lloyd	104 "	5 "

It is interesting to note the records made on this occasion, and to place them alongside of the performances of our Eastern scholars. The accompanying table will show that, even with almost a year's advantage in the comparison, the Californians are behind the New-Yorkers in every event. In many events, of course, the records of both leagues are better than the performances made on these two specific occasions; but the comparison goes only to show that in a contest between Eastern and Western schools, could such a one be arranged, there would be but little doubt this year as to the probable winners. Perhaps some day such a meeting may be brought about. What might be called the first step in that direction has already been taken by the California State University team, which is coming East next month to take part in the Intercollegiate games at Mott Haven. In a year or so the Pacific coast schools may get up enthusiasm and enterprise enough to follow the example of the college men and seek new laurels in the East.

It is possible that the universal interest in track and field sports, which has so rapidly developed in the last two years, will prove harmful to baseball and tennis. Already I have heard several complaints from captains of nines that it is difficult to get candidates to come out and try for positions on the team, because almost every boy who has any ambition for athletic honors is running or jumping, or otherwise training his muscles that he may take part in contests which offer material reward for success. In other words, gold, silver, and bronze medals are more tempting than a proprietary interest in a champion pennant. If it is true that an appreciable number of boys go into track athletics not for the sport, but for the medals, the sooner medals are done away with the better. But it does not seem possible that this can be so. It is more probable that baseball and tennis have been superseded, to a certain extent, by track and field sports because of the nature of the latter. A boy can go out and run or jump or put the shot all by himself at almost any time of the day. But he cannot go into an open field and play baseball with himself, nor can he go to a tennis-court and play tennis with himself. In one case he must secure one opponent at least, and in the other he must gather a dozen or more companions. To be sure, these objections are not very valid in New York, but I have no doubt the charm of individuality has tempted a good many boys to indulge in track sports. If baseball and tennis have suffered thereby it is all the more reason why baseball and tennis enthusiasts should strive by every means in their power to organize good nines and train good tennis-players—for it is an unhealthy tree that puts all its vitality into one branch.

There is talk of changing the constitution of the New England I.S.A.A. in order to allow scholars over twenty-one years of age to compete in games held under the rules of that association. The subject will be brought up for discussion and probably decided at the meeting to be held in Boston day after to-morrow, May 2d. The motion should be unconditionally defeated, and the constitution left unaltered. Except for very unusual reasons, a man twenty-one years old has no business being in school. He ought to be at work or in college. If, however, he still lingers about the school-room, there is no reason why special laws should be enacted for his benefit. He deserves to be discriminated against. Besides, there are probably not more than half a dozen men of that age in all the schools of the New England League, and these can certainly spend their time to better advantage in studying than at foot-racing and jumping. It is unfair to allow grown men to enter into competition with younger men, and I earnestly hope that those who control the policy of the N.E.I.S.A.A. will realize this, and unceremoniously shut the men out.

At the annual in-door meeting of the New England I.S.A.A., held in Boston last month, there were 342 entries, representing thirty preparatory schools. This would seem to show that there is even more interest in track athletics in Boston than there is in New York. The result of the meeting was most satisfactory, inasmuch as five records were broken, one was equalled, and a new record was established. The team races were a new feature, and as rival schools were purposely matched against one another the contests proved most interesting and exciting. The Worcester High-School managed to retain the championship of the Association by scoring 19 points; the Worcester Academy took second place with 14½ points. This prowess was not relished or appreciated by the boys of the Boston schools, who are not by any means anxious to see the pennant float over any city but the Hub; yet it has been evident for some time that any one who wants to defeat these Worcester school-boys will have to get up very early in the morning and travel remarkably fast.

The Graduate.

This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

Since the discovery of the variety of the twelve-cent United States stamp illustrated last week, many collectors have sought to find other varieties in the same issue, thinking that if a new plate was made for the twelve cents it was likely that other new ones were engraved for different values. Thus far no further discoveries have been made.

The one, two, five, and ten cent values of the new United States newspaper stamps have thus far been issued.

In the three-cent stamp of the 1857 issue, the "Outer Line" variety consists of a fine line running all around the stamp. Each of the stamps has a line on the side, but in the variety an additional fine line appears at both the top and bottom, the perforation sometimes destroying one of them. The outer-line variety is not as scarce as the price given would indicate.

The high values of United States envelopes are now a thing of the past, the department no longer printing any value higher than five cents on the envelopes.

Many stamp papers say that only the one, two, and three cent values of the new postage-stamps have been issued and printed, but the ten has also been sent out.

It would not be surprising to many collectors if the current issue of United States stamps, which were first printed by the Bureau of Engraving, should be catalogued as a separate issue before many years, there being many points of difference between those first put out and what the bureau is now printing. The colors, perforation, and gum are now much superior to the first printings, and smaller things than these have caused stamps to be separately catalogued.

Another question that puzzles many collectors is the difference between wood-engraved and typographed stamps. Typographed means set and printed from type, so the United States officially sealed stamps of this variety are printed with regular type, while the lithographed are printed from stones, the designs being engraved, and thus fancy and very different from the type-set stamp.

A new stamp paper will shortly be issued from Boston. It will have a good financial backing, and it is expected to be one of the leading publications in the philatelic line.

Since the last catalogue added the varieties of United States stamps on ribbed paper, it has caused collectors to hunt for them, but probably with little success, as they are very scarce. Ribbed paper is a variety of wove, having lines running up or down or across, and showing on the back of stamp.

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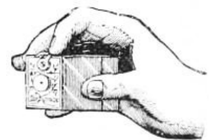

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> This department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject, besides inquiries regarding the League of American Wheelmen, so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Bicycling Department.

This department will, so far as possible, publish maps and descriptions of various bicycle routes in the vicinity of different important cities in America.

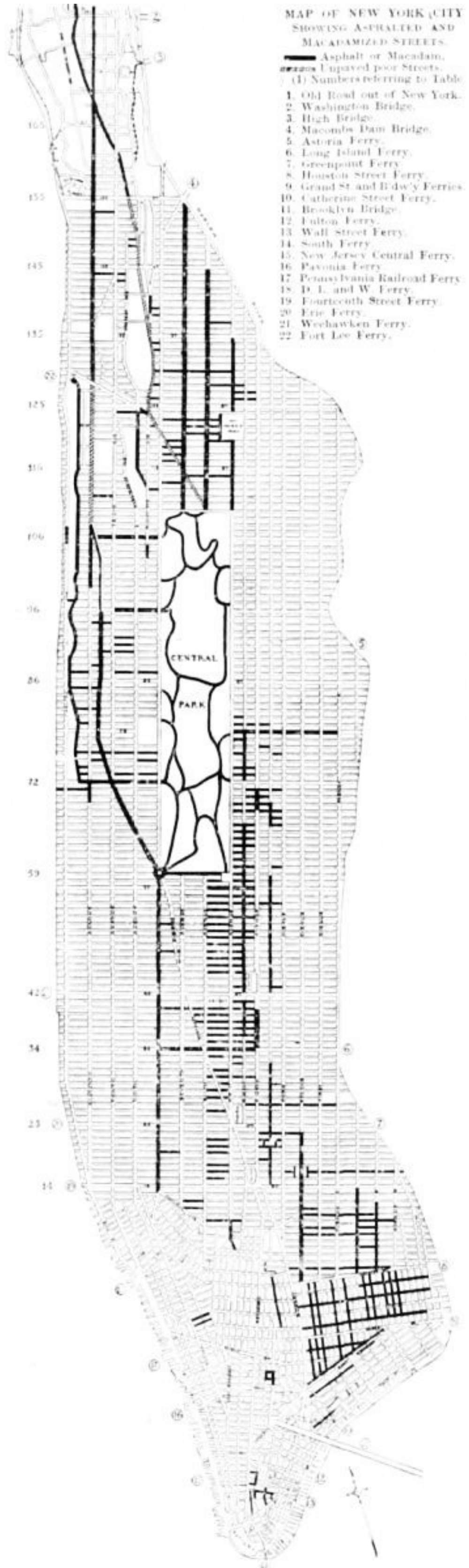
The map this week is of New York city. It shows at once just what can be done with a bicycle in New York, what are the best ways of getting out of the city, and where the best streets for wheeling are through its whole length. Most of the black roads are of asphalt pavement, but of course the Riverside Drive, West Seventy-second Street, and the long avenues above the Park, as well as those in the Park, are of macadam. It will pay wheelmen, or boys and girls who expect to be wheelmen or wheelwomen soon, to tear out this page and keep it for reference, for by careful study it will show how to avoid pavement, so far as possible, in getting from one part of the city to another.

To begin with the East Side below Fourteenth Street. The wheelman's object must be to get to Second Avenue as directly as possible. He should then go up Second Avenue, which is asphalted to Twenty-second Street, turn east into Lexington, and go up the latter to Thirty-second Street. Here is the beginning of Murray Hill, and the asphalt stops. He has two blocks to ride on Lexington, and then turning west he has half an avenue block uphill to Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. From here he has almost a clear asphalted or macadamized road out of New York. He turns through to Madison Avenue on any street from Thirty-four to Fortieth, goes down the paved hill between Forty-first and Forty-second streets on Madison Avenue, and then keeps on the latter till he turns through Fifty-eighth Street, crosses Fifth Avenue, and if a dry day enters the Park, or if too soon after rain passes west up Fifty-ninth Street.

Suppose it has rained recently. The bicycler keeps to Fifty-ninth Street till he reaches the Boulevard at Eighth Avenue. He should then take the right side of the Boulevard going out till he reaches Ninety-sixth Street, when he must cross to the left side, owing to the fact that the Boulevard is as yet only paved on the west side from here out. At 108th Street the asphalt stops, and he must either go through that street to the Riverside Drive or keep on the Boulevard, which from here to 125th Street is in bad condition, awaiting asphalt pavement. If he takes the drive he should turn east and go down a very steep but short hill on 122d Street, just opposite Grant's Tomb, into the Boulevard, and as soon as he comes to 125th Street a long and pretty steep hill confronts him. It is not difficult, however, if taken slowly, since the macadam is good, and the hill a steady incline. At 154th Street, which is asphalted, he should turn east to St. Nicholas Avenue, which is better here than below, though the macadam is old. Keeping on St. Nicholas Avenue he soon comes into the Boulevard again at 168th Street, which is here called Kingsbridge Road, and is newly macadamized. By making this slight detour at 155th Street the rider avoids going down the hill back of Trinity Cemetery, and up another bad one on the Boulevard. If he is going up the Hudson he should turn east at 181st Street, through a bad two hundred yards of the latter, cross the Harlem on Washington Bridge, (2), and turn north into Featherbed Lane. This is necessary, because the Kingsbridge Road at the foot of the hill, which begins at 181st Street, is in a very bad condition as far as Spuyten Duyvil.

On the west side of the city down-town it is the rider's first object to get to Eighth Avenue as directly as possible. He then has a clear course out. Starting from the Grand Central Station, a good seven-mile ride is to go, as already described, up the Boulevard to 106th Street, then turn east to the Park, and come back to the Plaza. On a dry day one of the most beautiful, perhaps *the* most beautiful, ten-mile ride in America is from the Grand Central, as described, to the Plaza, thence through the Park to West Seventy-second Street to Riverside Drive, by Grant's Tomb to Claremont, at the end of the Drive, and back, turning east through 108th Street to Boulevard to 106th Street, thence east to the Park, and so down.

[Pg 469]



> This department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

While we are discussing our favorite books, I want to tell you something about the treasury of rich and rare literature which you and I and everybody may be free of in opening the covers of our Bibles.

Is it your habit, dear child, to read a few verses or a chapter of the best of books every day, perhaps before

you leave your room in the morning, or before you go to bed at night? Have you your very own Bible, and do you keep it in your room, and just where you can easily put your hand upon it? Each of us should have her own Bible, for this is not a book to share with others. If we are studying a foreign language we should have, in addition to our English Bible, a French or German or Italian Bible, a Bible in the language we are trying to learn, and by reading in it every day we will greatly add to our vocabulary, and find ourselves rapidly growing used to the looks and sounds of the most familiar words.

No single book in the world has so many interesting features as the Bible, partly because it is a library or collection of books in itself, written by many different authors, in different periods of the world. The Old Testament, which some people neglect, is full of the most exciting and beautiful stories. There is the story of Job, one of the very oldest in literature, telling how this "man in the land of Uz had seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and a very great household, and was the greatest of all the men of the East." By a series of calamities, robbers, fires, earthquakes, and cyclones, Job lost all his wealth, in the twinkling of an eye; and then follow a wonderful series of chapters in which he and his three friends and the Lord God, "out of a whirlwind," discuss the situation. There are the stories of David and Saul, of David and Goliath, of David and Jonathan, of David and Absalom; indeed the whole history of David is a succession of amazing stories most splendidly told. Coming down from David are the stories of Solomon and the great temple he built, "a mountain of snow and gold"; and then we have the narratives of Nehemiah and Ezra; of Daniel and his wonderful life; of the three friends who were thrown into a fiery furnace, but stepped out unhurt; of many others whom I cannot mention here. Long before David's days we find the beautiful story of Ruth; and we have the story of little Samuel, and of Samuel grown to be a man and a prophet. We have in the old Testament the histories of Elijah and of Elisha, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

I simply cannot endure the thought that any of my girls are to be ignorant of the charm of the Old Testament. I want them to feel as I do about the "mountains of Gilboa," and the "dew of Hermon," and the fastnesses of Moab; I want them to know Edom and Philistia and Salem and Tyre and Sidon and the cedars of Lebanon. And I *don't* want them ever to go fumbling and stumbling around through the Bible, not knowing where to find their places, peering about after Second Kings in Deuteronomy, and looking for the Psalms and the Proverbs away over in Malachi. Learn the order of the books, my dears, and fix it in your minds by often reading the Bible, just as you would read any other book, only with the feeling that it will give you an amount of pleasure and profit that no other book can. There are, of course, many books based upon the Bible, and among them are such volumes as *Bible Stories for the Young*, published by Harper & Brothers, a very attractive little book to lie beside your Bible.

Margaret E. Sangster.

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WISER THAN A WIZARD.

A Rare Combination of Natural History, Folk-lore, Charade, and Riddle, with Prizes to those who Unravel Most of the Forty Queer Questions.

Once there lived a very wicked King, a brother of the original Bluebeard. (1) He had an only daughter called Minnehaha. (2) She was a very obedient girl in every respect save one—she would not hearken to the suit of Harry Hotspur, (3) whom her father had determined she must marry. Continuing in her refusal, her father threatened to imprison her in the Plenty Perplexing Puzzle Palace, known as the Four Pi's, (4) the

residence of the English Merlin. (5) Finally a compromise was effected—the princess was to marry that man, be he prince or beggar, who should present a query to the King's Wizard which he could not answer. If, however, the Wizard did answer correctly, the propounder of the query was to lose his head.

All the details being fixed, a band of naturalists on their way to the Island of the Moon (6) stopped to try their fortunes. In turn they asked for the edible English philosopher, (7) the species of mollusk that is used in all printing-offices, (8) the bird that is always in evening dress, (9) the bird (10) that sometimes brings corns on your feet, the animal that cannot say no, (11) the insect that fills the new Boston Public Library to the number of many thousands, (12) and the fish (13) that everybody seeks after. As the Wizard replied to all correctly, he chopped off the heads of the questioners. Then Dick the Scholar (14) arrived, and demanded the Story of Molorchos. (15) As soon as the story had been related, Dick's head followed the others into the basket. Next came the Knight of the Lions, (16) singing:

"A hundred and fifty if rightly applied
To a place where the living did once all abide—
Or a consonant joined to a sweet-singing bird—
Will give you a name that you've oftentimes heard.
Which 'mong your friends at least one person owns;
It's a rival of Grey, and as common as Jones." (17)

The Wizard was wise.

A quartet of historians now made their appearance; they asked, respectively, for the statesman (18) who has always been a thorn in the side of Americans; the Colonial general (19) who might have been used to close the Revolution; the American poet (20)whose mouth was larger than his head; and the New England doctor (21) for which the city of Philadelphia is famed.

Once more the King's agent triumphed. Next came the most learned (22) of all the Romans, who asked for Molly Maguires. (23) "You are only fit to wear a steeple-crowned hat," (24) said the wise man when he had given the required explanation, "but I will be lenient with you."

Just now a beautiful song is heard. It is sung by the Prince of the Ode, (25) and it runs as follows:

"My first makes all Nature appear with one face,
At my second are music, beauty, and grace;
And if this charade you cannot e'er guess,—
Throwing my whole at your head,— I'll take the princess." (26)

But he didn't. The princess remained for another. A poor knight from the Land of Cakes (27) inquired for Tom of Lincoln, (28) but he did not live long enough to use the information when it was given him. An arrogant fellow who imagined the princess was his, said, "Tell me, if you can, to whom did the flying tapestry belong?" (29) That was the last question this man ever propounded. A tall minstrel, who reminded one of the Snow King, (30) presented this:

"My first we oft lend to each other in turn,
   To borrow it would be exceedingly droll;
My next near my first you may often discern.
   In my first too, alas! you perhaps find my whole." (31)

"Tell me where I can find the Key of Russia?" (32) inquired a bold adventurer. The Wizard told him, and, brave as he was, he lost his head completely.

"I am here to seek the First Gentleman of Europe," (33) said a young gallant. "You are on the road to him," rejoined the Wizard.

A jolly old chap, who resembled the King (34) noted for his penmanship, walking up slowly, shouted:

"What insects (35) does everybody sleep on?"

The princess was yet to be won.

Jack-amend-all (36) then said, "Who was the first Lady Magistrate?" (37) After poor Jack was despatched, there came up the citizen (38) of New Jersey who laid plans to kill King George III., but fired some British naval stores instead. He said this business of trying to get the princess was coming to be so hazardous that, old as he was, he would have to be allowed to ask four questions or none at all. The Wizard agreed readily.

"Who (39) made the first use of steam-power in printing?" he asked, and the Wizard answered promptly.

"In what city (40) was the first republican government in America established?" The Wizard again answered promptly.

The man began to look grave. Half his chances were gone. Summoning courage, he propounded this: "The name of the wife (41) of an English admiral who tried to get state secrets from an American gentleman by arranging some social games of whist." The Wizard related the incident, with names of all parties, without an instant's hesitation. The sweat began to start on the man's face. Only one chance remained. "Name the prince, (42) afterwards king of England," said he, desperately, "whose wife sucked the poison from his arm when he had a narrow escape from assassination while on his way home from a Crusade."

The Wizard named the prince and finished the Jerseyman in the same breath.

After that he was without a job for a time. The princess's conditions seemed so hard that, unless she modified them, she was likely, as the Wizard expressed it, "to die an old maid." He was about to give the princess up to that fate when Queen Dick (43) entered.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Frisco." (44)

"What do you want?"

"To win the Princess Minnehaha. Answer this:

"T U A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A." (45)

"Well, what is it, anyhow?" asked the Wizard.

"Something that you'll find very prominently printed in a book that you and most other people own," replied the suitor.

"Are the letters printed in the book in this form?" inquired the Wizard, getting a bit scared, and trying to gain time.

"In this style and order, yes; but there are other letters and words between them. Come, shall I have the princess?"

The Wizard took five minutes, and gave it up. Dick won the princess, and in the bounteousness of his heart invited all the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table to visit him and see who was wiser than the Wizard.

It is needless to say where you can find answers to the foregoing questions. Of course those that demand animals' names have plays upon either the meaning or pronunciation of those names. The nicknames were once generally applied. Where names of persons are wanted there is, as you scarcely need be told, a double meaning to those names, as, General Wool—were the name used—might be referred to as the soldier that everybody wears in winter, etc. The verses are riddles—and very clever ones. In questions 1, 2, 4, 32, 44, etc., explain briefly the meaning or origin of the numbered word or words. All who have not passed their 18th birthday are asked to send an answer. Grown people may help you find solutions. Make a list of the questions by numbers, giving each a line and writing one below the other. Do *not* write out the story. Fasten your sheets together. Write your name at the top of the first sheet. Mail answers on May 10, to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York—no other address is needed—and put the words Puzzle Answer in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. Answers, with prize awards, will be announced as early as possible, and the prizes forwarded at once.

The prizes are: To the best, $10 in money, and $15, also in money, divided among a few other best solvers. Excellence consists in correct answers and correct spelling, but does not refer to penmanship.

Lost Diamond Prize Awards.

The "Lost Diamond" puzzle proved an ideal contest. It was a trifle difficult, to be sure, but it had so much information in it that nobody who failed of a prize had his or her labor for naught. One solver, who lives in Pennsylvania, found all the answers save one, and got the first prize of $10 as his reward. His name is James L. Péquignot. A Minnesota solver secured the second prize, which in this case is made $3. His name is Eugene T. Hawkins. The balance of the prize money is divided among the following eight contestants, $1.50 to each: Saida N. and Frank T. Hallett, of Rhode Island; John Morton Espey and Elizabeth R. McIlvaine, of Pennsylvania; Helen E. Allis, Junius Browne, and Russell M. King, of New York, and J. Lawrence Hyde, of the District of Columbia.

A wide range was allowed in the answers. Indeed, any answer was accepted that could be found in the story, and for which authority was furnished or could be found. All were treated alike in this, and the contest rendered slightly easier for all. Here are answers by numbers:

1. Grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. 2. Charles Farrar Browne (Artemus Ward). 3. School; academy. 4. Edmund March Blunt. 5. Robert Burns. 6. "Do Nothing;" Louis Fifth. 7. Eliza Cook. 8. On the Threshold. 9. George Gale. 10. Peter Bang. 11. Andrew Bell. 12. Red tape. 13. Alice French (Octave Thanet). 14. Adolphus Washington Green. 15. Frank Beard. 16. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 17. Skin and bone; William Mahone. 18. Cat; *Macbeth*, act i., scene 7. 19. Allan Woodcourt; *Bleak House*. 20. Elias Howe. 21. Balls; from the coat of arms of the Medici family, the money loaners of Florence; origin of the three gilt balls over a pawnbroker's shop. 22. John Knox. 23. The Hermit of Niagara Falls; drowned while bathing, June, 1831. 24. Private theatricals. 25. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 20. Josiah Gilbert Holland. 27. Helen Hunt Jackson; vicinity of Manitou, Col. 28. Basket; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii., scene 3; Sir John Falstaff. 20. Elizabeth. 30. Steppes. 31. Thomas Hood. 32. Cape. 33. Task; William Cowper. 34. Gilbert White. 35. Roger Long. 36. Thomas Day. 37. Francis Scott Key. 38. Lucy Stone. 39. Mary Berry. 40. Joanna Koerton Bloch. 41. William Black. 42. James Rains. 43. *House of Seven Gables*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 44. Edward Bird. 45. Captain Robert Gray. 46. William and Mary, Williamsburgh, Va., 1693. 47. Salmon P. Chase. 48. Carpet; apple. 40. Mr. Smuggins; *Sketches by Boz*. 50. A Roundabout Journey; Charles Dudley Warner. 51. Sir Thomas More: *Utopia*; statement made by Erasmus: also said to be *A Tale of a Tub*, by Jonathan Swift. 52. Ridgway Knight. 53. John Bright; Robert Peel.

Writing to the Round Table.

Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa.

I am going to tell you about Somerset East, the South African town in which I live. It is snugly situated at the foot of a large and pretty mountain called the Bush-berg. There are a good many kloofs or deep ravines in it which are filled with bushes. The mountain is a very fine place for picnicking. At the top of each kloof there is a steep precipice, over which there is a small waterfall. The town is supplied by the water of one of these kloofs. It is conducted by pipes to the town. At one time the mountain was inhabited by leopards, but they have been driven away. There are a good many bucks and monkeys which live in the kloofs.

I should have told you at first that this mountain lies to the north of the town. To the south is the Fish River. It is only a small river, and has hardly any water in it except in the rainy season. Now that I have told you something about Somerset East, I will tell you something about myself. I am fourteen years of age. My chief sports are playing football and cricket. I am also very fond of shooting, fishing, and swimming. I am also greatly interested in collecting stamps. I have a good many varieties in an album, and would be very glad to exchange stamps with any one who would write to me.

George D. Chaplin.

Please tell us about your fruits, and at what season of the year they are ripe. Also about plants, flowers, and birds common with you.

Round Table Chapters.

Here are records of more Chapters:

No. 679.—The Will Carleton, of Downsville, Wis. John Cassidy, Downsville.

No. 680.—The Captain Charles King Chapter, of St. Louis, Mo. It is an international corresponding Chapter, and would like members from all foreign countries, especially from India, the West Indies, Japan, China, and Africa. The initiation is a coin or stamp that equals five cents in United States money. Dues are five cents for three months, in advance. It would like to enroll Captain Charles King as an honorary member, with his consent. The president is Henrietta B. Walker, of Hendersonville, N. C. Walter Kruckman is vice-president, and Arnold Kruckman is secretary and treasurer, care of Missouri Pacific Telegraph Department; Sixth and Locust streets, St. Louis.

No. 681.—The G. A. Henty Chapter, of Cleveland, O. Officers are F. A. Goodwin, president, and Andrew Neil, secretary. Other members are Louis Falkner, Harry Harding, Robert Matthews. Rear 7 Eagle Street, Cleveland.

No. 682.—The Belvidere Chapter, of Daretown, N. J. Joseph S. Cook, Margaretta E. Paulding, Albert D. Paulding, Charles E. Richman. Other members are Sara C. Clayton, Josephine S. Paulding, and James W. Richman.

No. 683.—The Granite State Literary Society, of Concord, N. H. John Leighton, Margarita Rolins, Edith Freeman, Grace Hood, Morton M. Cheney, president, 81 North State Street.

No. 684.—The "I. H. N." Chapter, of Winchester, Mass. Cassie Sands, Edith Richburg, Marion Simmonds, Pearl Maclaughlin. It meets semi-monthly, at the homes of the members, and its object is to help others and have a good time. Chapter address, 25½ Myrtle Street.

No. 685.—The Phœnix Amusement Chapter, of Appleton, Wis. Officers are Benjamin Barrett, Charles Hattersly, and George Stansburg. Its object is the cultivation of literature and social amusement. It would like to correspond with other Chapters. 791 Lawrence Street.

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UNCLE SILAS'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE EVIL ONE.

1

Jocko makes a bolt for the woods to escape a cruel master.

2

Finds a nice box which is just the place to hide in;

3

But soon discovers his mistake, to the delight of Uncle Silas, who finds his trap sprung,

4

And bags what he thinks a fine buck rabbit.

5

Visions of a savory stew present themselves as he takes poor Jocko homewards,

6

Which are about to be realized, when Jocko

7

Makes a second bolt for liberty,

8

And so did Silas and Chloe.

CONSOLATION.

MAMIE (*crying*). "Oh, Tommie, my doll fell in the fire and got all burnt up! The prettiest one I had, too!"

TOMMIE (*just in from school*). "Don't cry, Mamie. Philosophy says matter can't be destroyed. Your doll is here yet, only it's not in the same form."

PAINTED TO MATCH.

"Our library is a lovely room," said Robbie. "It's painted green."

"That's to match your papa, I guess," said Fred. "My papa says he's the greenest man he knows."

A NEW BUSINESS.

"What does your daddy do for a living?" asked Benny, whose father is an author.

"He's a stockbroker," said Johnny. "What's yours?"

"He's a pen-wiggler," said Benny.

MOLLIE'S APPEAL.

"I do wish you'd read to me, grandmamma," said Mollie. "I don't care much for the stories, but your voice is sweeter'n merlasses."

A WISH.

I wish I lived in Topsytown,
Where things are always upside down;
I'd love it much, for then, you see,
Too much mince pie'd be good for me.

WALLIE'S JOKE.

"Just see that baby putting that little iron car in his mouth. What do you suppose he thinks it is?" asked the visitor.

"Guess he's heard it's a chew-chew car," said Wallie.

THE TROUBLE.

"I hate a sore throat," said little Jack. "They're very nice to keep you home from school, but they're horrid when you come to swallow buckwheat cakes."

"Well, Jimmieboy, I see your papa has put you in a book."

"He tried to," returned Jimmieboy, "but I guess he didn't get me all in. I'm too big."

AN EXPLANATION.

"I wonder why it is that most little boys don't want to go to bed when the time comes?" said Mr. Simpkins.

"Guess it's because they don't know enough," said Willie. "Now I like to go to bed because I go right to sleep, and I have heaps of fun dreaming I'm a pirate or a giant killer—and it's safe as a church, because even if you get killed you're alive again in time for breakfast."

GETTING AT THE FIGURES.

Jimmieboy is studying arithmetic, and has done very well so far. The other day his father took him in his lap, and giving him a squeeze, said, "Dear little boy, you don't know how much I love you."

"Yes, I do," said Jimmieboy; "I love you $2,000,000 worth. You weigh three times as much as I do, so you love me three times as much as I do you. That's $6,000,000 worth."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The previous articles in this series, published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, are "A Street-Waif's Luck," No. 792, "Danny Cahill, Newsboy," No. 803.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, APRIL 30, 1895 ***

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