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HEROES OF AMERICA.

"MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE AT STONY POINT.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



One of the heroic figures of the Revolution was Anthony Wayne, Major-General of the Continental line. With the exception of Washington, and perhaps Greene, he was the best General the Americans developed in the contest; and, without exception, he showed himself to be the hardest fighter produced on either side. He belongs, as regards this latter characteristic, with the men like Winfield Scott, Phil Kearny, Hancock, and Forrest, who revelled in the danger and the actual shock of arms. Indeed, his eager love of battle and splendid disregard of peril have made many writers forget his really great qualities as a General. Soldiers are always prompt to recognize the prime virtue of physical courage, and Wayne's followers christened their daring commander "Mad Anthony," in loving allusion to his reckless bravery. It is perfectly true that Wayne had this courage, and that he was a born fighter; otherwise he never would have been a great commander. A man who lacks the fondness for fighting, the eager desire to

punish his adversary, and the willingness to suffer punishment in return may be a great organizer, like McClellan, but can never become a great General or win great victories. There are, however, plenty of men who, though they possess these fine, manly traits, lack the head to command an army; but Wayne had not only the heart and the hand but the head likewise. No man could dare as greatly as he did without incurring the risk of an occasional check; but he was an able and bold tactician, a vigilant and cautious leader, well fitted to bear the terrible burden of responsibility which rests upon a commander-in-chief.

Of course at times he had to learn some rather severe lessons. Quite early in his career, just after the battle of the Brandywine, when he was set to watch the enemy, he was surprised at night by the British General Grey, who attacked him with the bayonet, killed a number of his men, and forced him to fall back some distance from the field of action. This mortifying experience had no effect whatever on Wayne's courage or self-reliance, but it did give him a valuable lesson in caution. He showed what he had learned by the skill with which, many years later, in 1794, he conducted the famous campaign in which he overthrew the Northwestern Indians at the fight of the Fallen Timbers.

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Wayne's favorite weapon was the bayonet, and, like Scott, he taught his troops until they were able in the shock of hand-to-hand conflict to overthrow the renowned British infantry, who had always prided themselves on their prowess with cold steel. At the battle of Germantown it was Wayne's troops who, falling on with the bayonet, first drove the Hessians and the British light infantry; and at Monmouth it was Wayne and his Continentals who first checked the British advance by repulsing the bayonet charge of the guards and grenadiers.

Washington, the great leader of men, was prompt to recognize in Wayne a soldier to whom could be entrusted any especially difficult enterprise, which called for the exercise alike of intelligence and of cool daring. In the summer of 1780 he was very anxious to capture the British fort at Stony Point, which commanded the Hudson. It was impracticable to attack it by regular siege while the British frigates lay in the river, and the defenses were so strong that open assault by daylight was equally out of the question. Accordingly, Washington suggested to Wayne that he try a night attack. Wayne eagerly caught at the idea. It was exactly the kind of enterprise in which he delighted. The fort was on a rocky promontory, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by a neck of land, which was for the most part mere morass. It was across this neck of land that an attacking column had to move. The garrison was six hundred strong. To deliver the assault Wayne took nine hundred men.

The American army was camped about fourteen miles from Stony Point. One July afternoon Wayne stalled, and led his troops in single file along the narrow rocky roads, reaching the hills on the mainland near the fort after nightfall. He divided his force into two columns, to advance one along each side of the neck, detaching two companies of North Carolina troops to move in between the two columns and make a false attack. The columns themselves consisted of New-Englanders, Pennsylvanians, and Virginians. Each attacking column was divided into three parts; a forlorn hope of twenty men leading, which was followed by an advance-guard of one hundred and twenty, and then by the main body. At that time commanding officers still carried spontoons and other old-time weapons; and Wayne, who himself led the right column, directed

its movements spear in hand.

It was towards midnight when the Americans began to press along the causeways toward the fort. Before they were near the walls they were discovered, and the British opened a heavy fire of great guns and musketry, to which the Carolinians, who were advancing between the two columns, responded in their turn, according to orders; but the men in the columns were forbidden to fire. Wayne had warned them that their work must be done with the bayonet, and their muskets were not even loaded. Moreover, so strict was the discipline that no one was allowed to leave the ranks, and when one of the men did so an officer promptly ran him through the body.

No sooner had the British opened fire than the charging columns broke into a run, and in a moment the forlorn hopes had plunged into the abattis of fallen timber which the British had constructed just without the walls. On the left the forlorn hope was very roughly handled, no less than seventeen of the twenty men being either killed or wounded; but as the columns came up both burst through the timber and swarmed up the long sloping embankments of the fort. The British fought well, cheering loudly as their volleys rang, but the Americans would not be denied, and pushed silently on to end the contest with the bayonet. A bullet struck Wayne in the head. He fell, but struggled to his feet and pushed forward, two of his officers supporting him. A rumor went among the men that he was dead, but it only impelled them to charge home more fiercely than ever. With a rush the troops swept to the top of the walls. A fierce but short fight followed in the intense darkness, which was lit only by the flashes from the British muskets. The Americans did not fire, trusting solely to the bayonet. The two columns had kept almost equal pace, and they swept into the fort from opposite sides at the same moment. The three men who first got over the walls were all wounded, but one of them struck the British flag. The Americans had the advantage which always comes from delivering an attack that is thrust home. Their muskets were unloaded, and they could not hesitate; so, running boldly into close quarters, they fought hand to hand with their foes and speedily overthrew them. For a moment the bayonets flashed and played: then the British lines broke as their assailants thronged against them, and the struggle was over. The Americans had lost a hundred in killed and wounded. Of the British sixty-three had been slain and very many wounded, every one of the dead or disabled having suffered from the bayonet; for Wayne's troops did not fire at all. A curious coincidence was that the number of the dead happened to equal exactly the number of Wayne's men who had been killed in the night attack by the English General Grey.

There was great rejoicing among the Americans over the successful issue of the attack. Wayne speedily recovered from his wound, and in the joy of his victory it weighed but slightly. He had performed a most notable feat. No night attack of the kind was ever delivered with greater boldness, skill, and success. When the Revolutionary War broke out the American armies were composed merely of armed yeomen, stalwart men of good courage, and fairly proficient in the use of their weapons, but entirely without the training which alone could enable them to withstand the attack of the British regulars in the open, or to deliver an attack themselves. Washington's victory at Trenton was the first encounter which showed that the Americans were to be feared when they took the offensive. With the exception of the battle of Trenton, and perhaps of Greene's fight at Eutaw Springs, Wayne's feat was the most successful illustration of daring and victorious attack by an American army that occurred during the war; and, unlike Greene, who was only able to fight a drawn battle, Wayne's triumph was complete. At Monmouth he had shown, as he afterwards showed against Cornwallis, that his troops could meet the renowned British regulars on even terms in the open. At Stony Point he showed that he could lead them to a triumphant assault with the bayonet against regulars who held a fortified place of strength. No American commander has ever displayed greater energy and daring, a more resolute courage, or readier resource, than the chief of the hard-fighting Revolutionary Generals, Mad Anthony Wayne.

ONE BRAVE BOY OUT OF A THOUSAND.

Robert Bain recently prevented a serious accident in Public School No. 23, at Marion, near Jersey City. There were sounds of panic from the room beneath his class-room, and no one can tell how many children might have been injured but for his cool head and quick thinking. He did what any bright American boy should have done, but what scarcely one boy in a thousand would have done.

The two lower floors of the Marion Public School are occupied by the classes of the Primary Department, and the top floor is occupied by the Grammar Department. The building is heated by steam. One of the radiator valves was broken off the other day. While waiting for a chance to repair the break, the janitor carefully turned off the steam at this radiator, and fitted a tight wooden plug in place of the broken valve. Some very foolish person, either for the sake of a joke or from a habit of meddling with things without asking leave, turned on the steam. The radiator was in one of the class-rooms of the upper primary floor—that is, the middle floor of the building.

The wooden plug was shot out of the radiator with a report like a pistol shot at a quarter past ten o'clock in the morning. Every child in the room rushed screaming toward the sliding-door leading to the stairway. So fierce was the impetus of the crowd that the door was twisted off its tracks and turned half-way around. Miss Agnes Carlen, the teacher, was unable to control the children, for they had swept past her before she really understood what had happened. She stood helpless, half fainting, fearing that the heavy sliding-door would fall and crush her pupils. Meantime great clouds of steam came hissing from the radiators.

With a great clattering of many feet the frightened boys and girls swarmed down the stairway, looking for places of safety. Forty of them ran out into the school-yard, but forty more were kept in-doors by Miss Searle, the principal of the Primary Department, and her aids. At the moment of the explosion and panic the boys and girls of the Grammar Department on the top floor were almost panic-stricken. They heard the loud report beneath them, the hissing of steam, the screams, and the swift trampling feet. Every one was scrambling up from his desk, when Robert Bain jumped out into the aisle, and cried:

"Keep your seats! There's no danger if you stay where you are!"

Those words stopped the rush like magic. Seeing Bain's coolness and courage, all the others were ashamed to show themselves cowards. It was not so much the words he uttered as his manner in saying them that

swayed the crowd. His tone not only showed that he was not frightened, but the order rang out sharply and confidently, as if the boy knew he would be obeyed. A few moments later Miss Emma Johnson, the teacher in charge of the class, learned all about the accident on the floor below, and told the children of it. There was, of course, no possible danger of panic now.

What would have happened if young Bain had not spoken at the right moment? Very likely the children would have rushed out, like Miss Carlen's pupils, before they could be checked. A steep stairway lay before them, and probably many of them would have been badly hurt, if not killed, in the wild downward flight. An accident somewhat like this, in the Greenwich Avenue Public School in New York many years ago, had the most serious consequences.

Robert Bain is fourth sergeant in one of the two cadet companies of the Marion Public School. He was very happy, but also full of blushes, when Mr. Du Rie, the principal of the school, complimented him before all his friends. If every boy who reads of his brave act will make up his mind to keep cool in any panic near him, he will have paid the best possible compliment to Robert Bain.

THE TROLLEY BIKE OF 1900.

BY N. FREDERICK CARRYL.

"A letter, Uncle Tom! From the New Jersey Consolidated Traction Company, as sure as I live. Now we can start any minute."

"Right you are, my boy," said the brisk old gentleman of close on sixty.

Joe heaved a big, contented sigh—not considered a very healthy proceeding, by-the-way—and made a short speech. "Uncle Tom," said he, "it may surprise you a little to hear that father has decided he must stay home and attend strictly to business for at least a month. By that time my vacation will be at an end. Now I have set my heart on this trip, but who can I get for a comrade?"

"Well, Joe, what do you say to the idea of taking your old uncle along?"

"Why, Uncle Tom, you dear man, you are the very next best to father. My! What a jolly time we will have!"

Joe's father and I had arranged it so that he could stay at home, believing, as well he might, the boy was safe in my hands.

Since all traction companies are owned by States (and, of course, subdivided into counties), it is a comparatively easy matter to get permits to use the company's trolley-wires, have your meter inspected, locked, and dated.

The universal application of electricity to the bicycle, tricycle, and other road vehicles—not by batteries, which are still too heavy or short-lived for long trips, but by the trolley-wire and connecting track—is of very recent date. Minor difficulties still exist, and should anything serious happen, I am mechanic enough to hope to repair damages.

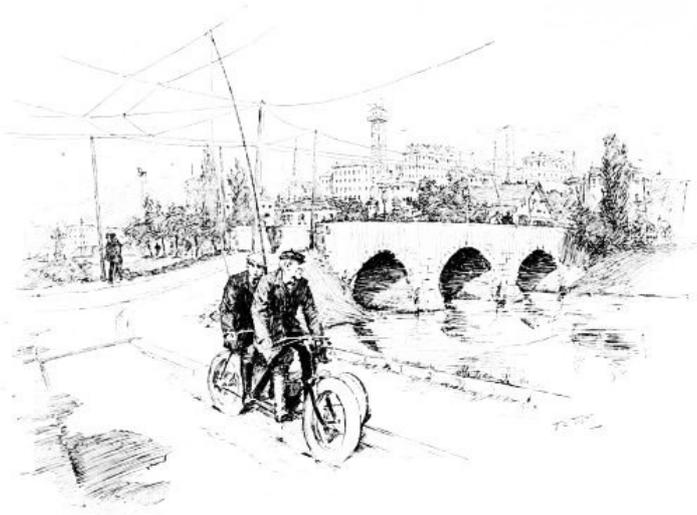
Our machine was a very simple affair—after all is said and left unsaid. At first glance it looked not unlike an ordinary tandem—as in fact it was, but with a very much wider tread forward, where the electric motor was handily placed and most effective in operation. The treadles remained connected, but could be operated in the forward direction only. Coasting, with the pedals as foot-rests, whether going down hill or driven at high speed by the motor, was thus possible and easy. The electric head-light was supplied from the same source as the motor, viz., the trolley overhead wire. Of course we had a kerosene lamp to use when disconnected from the street current. Since 1896 the overhead trolley has been abolished in large towns and cities in favor of the underground method of electrical connection, while the overhead system is still used (as so much cheaper for long distances) in the country, between towns and all distant points.

We used a light bamboo pole, built up of five three-foot sections, to reach the overhead wire. Inside was the connecting wire leading to the starting, stopping, or reversing switch, thence to the motor. Another wire, leading from the motor, passed through a light hinged shaft, upon the end of which was a two-foot metal wheel, thus completing the circuit with the rail. The current passed through a reduction coil before reaching the motor, and was thus brought down to the proper resistance at which the motor was built to run, otherwise a burned-out apparatus would be the certain result.

This was not the first time I had handled the *Fleetwing*, having made any number of short trips, none exceeding a hundred miles. Joe's route was: Starting at Jersey City, New Jersey, we were to cross the State, and keep as near directly West as the trolley-wire would take us, taking in Chicago (now the first city in population in the United States) and other important Western cities, with Denver our turning-point.

Joe kissed his mother, gave his father's hand a hard shake, jumped up behind me, and we were off. Look back once more, my boy; a mother's tearful eyes no longer see you, but your image is always in her heart!

We had been sadly mixed without our good map of all the trolley-roads. They cross and recross, and seem to shoot out in every direction in the eastern part of New Jersey.



AT THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

On a good straight road at last, with a clean run of thirty miles before us! How we do spin! The motor hums not unlike a swarm of angry bees. For a bright June morning the weather seems a trifle cool. A light overcoat in summer? Well, just face a mild westerly wind, early in the morning, sitting quietly on an electrically propelled bike at, say, thirty miles an hour, and you will find an overcoat is not to be sneezed at, or, rather, some sneezing will result if you try to do without it.

Space will not permit to give you many details of our trip, which caused two weeks to pass so quickly. Mishaps we had, repairs to make, but the same machine was bringing us nearer home each minute. Two o'clock now; by six we are due in New York.

A Chicago chap—we met him—seemed rather smart and all that, had a contrivance for working an air-ship by trolley-wire. His scheme was to sail along near enough the ground to drop a trailer on the street wire, and so obtain a current to run his aerial machine.

"My son," said I, "how do you expect to make a complete circuit with but one wire?"

"That is part of my invention," said he.

Whether he made a success of it or not I have no means of knowing, but I liked the idea.

We crossed the Pavonia bridge from Jersey City to New York on time, had just reached the terminus when the Express Air-ship *Maxim* rose from the depot at Union Square and headed for Albany, looking very much like an immense shooting-star.

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The railroads have had a severe setback since Maxim has perfected his aerial engines and light machinery. Freight they still carry, but railway passenger traffic has fallen off to a marked extent, even with trains running at one hundred miles per hour.

Who would care nowadays to spend an hour and a half in the cars between New York and Albany when the *Maxim* will do it in forty-five minutes!

Strange creatures, to me, these women. I have never married. Joe's mother wept when we left, and I am blamed if she is not crying this minute. "What!"

"You too, Joe? I—"

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER WATER.



sn't that interesting?" asked the Merboy when he had finished.

"Very," returned Jimmieboy. "But I don't see how it proves that the Porpoise knew any more than the Professor. Did he know why men have chins and why boys are noisy?"

"I don't suppose he did," returned the Merboy; "but even if he didn't his ignorance wasn't any greater than that of the Professor, while the Professor had to admit that there wasn't anything he could tell the Porpoise that the Porpoise hadn't heard before. That proved that the Porpoise knew quite as much as the Professor did; and the fact that the Porpoise knew how to get the Professor home while the Professor didn't, showed that the Porpoise knew more than he did. That simply proves what I have already said, that sea creatures know more than land creatures—even Porpoises, and they know less than any other kind of

fish."

"It looks true," said Jimmieboy. "But I hardly believe it, though."

"Well, you'd better," retorted the Merboy. "Why, people of your kind say themselves that fish is good for their brains. Why should this be so if fish weren't what I've said they are?"

"That's so!" Jimmieboy answered, convinced at last. "But it seems queer."

"That's because you don't understand it," said the Merboy, patronizingly. "If you were a fish you'd understand it, but being a boy you can't be expected to. It's simple enough. You people on land are kept so busy all day long earning your living that you don't have time really to study. On the other hand, we sea people don't do anything but swim about all day and think. Didn't you ever notice me up there in the aquarium lying perfectly motionless in the water with my eyes gazing off on both sides of me with a far-away look in them?"

"Often," said Jimmieboy. "And I've wondered every time what you really were doing. Were you always thinking at those times?"

"Always," said the Merboy. "Always studying out something."

"And did you ever find out anything?" queried Jimmieboy.

"Yes," said the Merboy. "I've found out everything; but," he added, hastily, "don't ask me to tell you everything now because these Dolphins are a little skittish, and I've got to keep my mind on them or we'll be upset."

Here one of the Dolphins, to show how skittish he could be when he tried, stood erect on his tail, and then took a header deep down into the water, and in a moment Jimmieboy found himself clinging in alarm to the Merboy's arm.

"Don't do that!" cried the Merboy, "or you'll surely upset us."

"I was afraid he'd drag us under," panted Jimmieboy, releasing his hold.

"Drag us under?" repeated the Merboy. "Why, my dear boy, we are under. We've been driving under water for ten minutes now. In ten more we shall be on the ocean's bottom."

Jimmieboy pressed his lips as tightly together as he possibly could. If, as the Merboy had said, he was under water and headed directly for the bottom of the sea, he was not going to run any risks by opening his mouth and getting it full of sea-water, which he knew from experience was not the pleasantest-tasting stuff in the world. He was a cautious boy too, Jimmieboy was, and he had a distinct recollection of having heard his father warn a friend of his at the sea-shore one summer's day not to open his mouth too widely when he was in bathing, for fear he might take in the ocean at a gulp, which would be a dreadful thing to do.

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"Don't make such fearful faces," said the Merboy, noticing Jimmieboy's efforts to squeeze his two lips into one. "You'll frighten the whales."

"Mwime mfwaid mgetting mwater in m' mouf," mumbled Jimmieboy.

"Excuse me," said the Merboy, looking at him as if he thought he was crazy. "I never studied that language, and I don't know what you are trying to say; open your mouth and speak English."

"Mwime mfwaid," mumbled Jimmieboy again, meaning to say "I'm afraid."

"Whoa!" cried the Merboy, reining in his Dolphins. "Now look here, Jamesboy," he added, severely, as the carriage came to a stop, "I won't take you any further if you don't stop that. My relatives down here have been very anxious to meet you, because I've written to them several times telling them all about you; but I can tell you just one thing. If you are going to make faces like that, and talk with your lips tight closed and your voice way down in your boots, not to mention the horrible language you are using, they won't have anything to do with you, and they'll think I got you out of a circus instead of at your home. What's come over you all of a sudden, anyhow?"

Poor Jimmieboy didn't know what to do. He had no wish to offend the Merboy or to frighten whales or to prove unpleasant to the Merboy's friends, but he also did not care to get a mouthful of salt water.

Fortunately at this moment a Porpoise, who was on duty as a policeman in that neighborhood came swimming up, attracted, no doubt, by the somewhat angry tones of the Merboy.

"What's the matter here?" he said, frowning with his left eyebrow and using his right eye to look pleasant, for if everything was all right he wanted to look pleasant, while the frown was for use in case there was danger of a disturbance.

"Nothing, Mr. Policeman," answered the Merboy, nodding familiarly at the Porpoise. "I am afraid my little friend here isn't feeling very well, and I was only trying to find out what the trouble was."



**"IS HE TAKEN THIS WAY OFTEN?" ASKED THE
PORPOISE.**

"He does look kind of queer like, doesn't he?" said the Porpoise, gazing at Jimmieboy's lips. "He looks to me as if he were trying to swallow his teeth. Is he taken this way often?"

"Never saw him like this before," said the Merboy, anxiously. "It's something new for him to keep his mouth shut up so tight, and I can't understand it."

"Perhaps—" the Porpoise began; "but no," he added, "I was going to say I'd arrest him for being disorderly, for he certainly is out of order, but I'm afraid the judge would fine me. I lost my last month's pay for arresting a shark by mistake. Some shark swallowed a whole school of whitebait last week, and as the teachers of the school complained about having their business mined I had to arrest some one. These sharks are all alike, you know, and I got hold of the wrong one, and the judge let him off and made me pay the damages. I'm afraid we couldn't make out a case against this young man."

"No; and we shouldn't try it if we could," said the Merboy. "I don't want to get him into trouble. He's my friend."

"Well—say," said the Porpoise. "I'll tell you how we can find out what's the matter. There's a bureau of information about two hundred and thirty fathoms up the street. They know everything there. You might drive up there and find out what ails him."

"That's a good idea," said the Merboy. "Who is in charge of the bureau?"

"Nobody. It just lies there at the side of the street. You'll find the most interesting information in the top drawer. You can't miss the bureau, because it's the only one in the ocean, and it has brass knobs on it, and a brush and comb on the top of it. So long."

"Good-by," said the Merboy, as the Porpoise with another curious glance at Jimmieboy swam away. Then the Merboy, turning the Dolphins' heads in the direction of the bureau, started them along. "I shall feel very badly if this is a case of lockjaw," he said to himself. "His parents would drive me out of the house, and I don't think I'd be likely to get as nice a place anywhere else."

"M-mwi a-went wot wock-waw," mumbled Jimmieboy.

"Don't say another word or you'll drive me crazy," returned the Merboy. "This is simply awful as it is, but when you talk it's worse than awful, it is horrific. Ah, I fancy this must be the bureau," he added, drawing up alongside of a beautiful piece of furniture that stood at the road-side and looked very much like a bureau. "Hold the Dolphins, Jimmieboy, and I'll get out and see if there's any information to be had in regard to your case."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS APPOLINA'S CHOICE.

BY AGNES LITTLETON.

Part II.

Miss Appolina Briggs was somewhat of a power in the Reid family. She was a cousin of the fathers of Millicent, Joanna, and Peggy, their fathers being brothers, and for many years when they were boys she had made her home with their parents. She now, however, had a house of her own.

She was very wealthy, very aristocratic, and very eccentric. Kind-hearted and charitable, she preferred to do good in her own way only.

A month or two ago Miss Briggs had informed her relatives that she intended to pass the summer in England, and that it was barely possible that she would ask one of her young cousins to accompany her. Which should be the fortunate one she should not decide until a week before the date fixed for sailing. That would be time enough, she said, for no preparations would be necessary. All the girl's wants could be supplied on the other side.

This proposition sounded very attractive, for Cousin Appolina was generous even though she was so peculiar, and there was no doubt that in addition to having the pleasure of the trip, a well-stocked wardrobe would fall to the share of the lucky recipient of her favor.

As Peggy had said, there was not much probability that she would be the one honored. She had a habit of making all sorts of speeches in Miss Briggs's presence which did not please the good lady at all. And yet no one knew. It would be just like Cousin Appolina's unexpectedness if she were to veer suddenly around and decree that Margaret, as she always called her, should be the one to go to England.

Consequently, suspense and excitement ran high in the Reid family, and in the intervals of study, fair work, and poetry-making there was much discussion as to which of the three should be Miss Appolina's choice.

She herself had gone to Washington for a few weeks, and the family breathed more easily for a time. When so much depended upon it the girls were greatly afraid of doing something to offend their cousin, which might very easily happen, and in that case she would sail alone with her maid!

In the mean time preparations for the fair continued, and at last the day arrived. Millicent, having convinced herself that this would be the best means of securing the recognition of her powers as a poetess that she wanted, the recognition which had hitherto been denied her by unfeeling editors, had been reeling off verse by the yard.

Each poem had been printed in the form of a little fancy booklet, at considerable expense to the author, it is true, but the girls had plenty of pocket money, and Millicent had eased her conscience with the thought that her object was charity as well as recognition, and each copy that was sold would bring in twenty-five cents to the fair. She had raised the price since the poems came home—she had no idea that they would look so attractive, she said. They would be sure to sell.

Peggy had helped her with a readiness that would have appeared suspicions if Millicent had not been too much absorbed in sentiment to notice it. She had accompanied her cousin to make arrangements for having the poems printed, and had inspected them on their return, and now the morning upon which the fair was to open she offered to carry the box which contained them to an office in the neighborhood, and have them sent to Sherry's, where the fair was to be held, by a district telegraph boy.

"It is much better than ringing for a messenger-boy to come to the house," she said, "for then no one can find out in any way who 'Pearl Proctor' is. I shall be on hand when the box arrives so that I can hear what people say, but you had better not come until afterwards, Mill, for your face would be sure to give it away."

The fancy articles, including Miss Briggs's slippers, had already been sent.

Joanna went to school, longing for the morning to pass that she might get to the fair herself. She and one of her friends were to manage the "fish pond," while Millicent was to be an aid at the flower-table, and Peggy would assist in selling some of the fancy articles.

Peggy left the package at the office, and then hailed a car, that she might not fail to reach the fair in time to witness its arrival. She looked forward to having some rare sport. She only wished that she could take some one into her confidence, for it is always so much more fun to laugh with a comrade than to laugh alone. However, a laugh is valuable at any time.

So thought Miss Peggy as she made her way along Thirty-seventh Street in her new spring hat and gown, her eyes dancing with anticipation.

The poem on Cousin Appolina had been tucked into the box along with the rest, but very much underneath. In that way Peggy felt confident that it would escape observation at the fair, and yet be among the poems to give Millicent a shock when they came back.

"For of course no one is going to buy those silly things," said Peggy to herself; "and I hope it will be a good lesson to Milly. Such conceit as hers in regard to that poetry I never saw, and it ought to be taken down."

She found the rooms in a state of disorder. Various fashionable dames who had the fair in charge were running about in a vain attempt to bring some degree of order out of the confusion, and Peggy's coming was hailed with delight.

"Oh, Peggy Reid! Just the person I want. Peggy, dear, do hold the end of this scarf while I fasten it here."

"Peggy, just see if you can find the tack-hammer."

"Peggy, you have just come, and can see things with a fresh eye. Tell me the effect of this drapery."

But notwithstanding all these calls upon her, Peggy managed to be conveniently near the door when a messenger-boy appeared, bearing a box addressed, in a printed hand, to Mrs. Pearson, who had charge of the fair. Peggy took the box, dismissed the boy hastily, and carried it to Mrs. Pearson.

"Something else? Oh, do open it, Peggy! I am so busy," exclaimed that lady, precisely as Peggy hoped she would do. She opened the box—that which she herself had so carefully tied up not long before.

On the top lay a type-written card, which read, "Sent by one of the congregation, who hopes that they may bring twenty-five cents apiece." Beneath were a number of little booklets.

"Why, Mrs. Pearson, do look! Somebody has sent some poems to sell," cried Peggy, in tones of great surprise. "A member of the congregation, and they are signed 'Pearl Proctor'! Who in the world can it be?"

Several people gathered about.

"How very funny! One of the congregation? Who do you suppose it is? I wish I had time to read them," said Mrs. Pearson. "They are certainly a novelty at a fair. Twenty-five cents she values them at? The lady is modest. But take care, girls," she added, in a warning whisper, approaching two young women who were laughing immoderately over one of Pearl Proctor's productions, "you must be careful! No one knows who wrote them, and the person may be in the room watching us at this very minute. It will never do to hurt her feelings."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Pearson, if you could only read this! It is the funniest thing I ever read, and the best part of

it is, it isn't meant to be at all."

"Never mind, don't laugh. I beg of you! How did they get here, Peggy?"

"A messenger-boy brought them," returned Peggy promptly, feeling very glad that Millicent was not here to see the effect they produced. She was almost sorry that she had urged her to send them. After all it seemed a shame to make fun of the poor dear.

"Well, do be careful, girls," said Mrs. Pearson, as she moved away.

An hour or so later Millicent herself walked into the rooms. She looked very lovely, for her beautiful golden hair had twisted into little curls and waves, the morning being somewhat damp, and there was an unusual sparkle in her dreamy blue eyes. It was very exciting to have one's poems actually for sale.

The first thing that met her gaze was a large sign placed above a small table. Upon the table lay the array of booklets, while the sign read thus:

"A NOVELTY! POEMS BY PEARL PROCTOR.

A MEMBER of THE CONGREGATION.

Twenty-five Cents Each."

She did not have sufficient courage to walk boldly up with the air of a stranger and inspect the wares thus offered for sale, so she turned aside and began to talk to some of her friends, asking what she could do to help.

"My dear," said Elsie Pearson, flying up to her, and speaking in a whisper, "I am so glad you have come! I must tell you the greatest joke in the world. Somebody has sent a lot of poems to the fair to sell! Did you ever hear of anything so delicious? Mamma says we ought not to laugh, for the person who wrote them may be in the room, but it is too awfully funny not to laugh the least bit, and I know you are safe."

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Millicent smiled stiffly. "Are they funny poems?" she asked. "You seem to find them amusing."

Elsie would have noticed her tone if she had not been so excited and in such haste.

"They are not meant to be," she said, aloud, as she moved away. "That is the best part of the whole thing."

Millicent, left alone, felt as if she could cry with pleasure. How perfectly outrageous it was in that odious Elsie Pearson to talk in such a way! The only comfort was that Elsie was anything but intellectual, and would not know good poetry when she saw it. She would probably fail to see any beauty in Tennyson.

Peggy had watched this conference from across the room; and she now came quickly over to her cousin. "Look out, Mill," she said in a low tone, "you will have to be awfully careful that no one catches on. If I were you I wouldn't stay so near the poetry table."

Peggy, already deeply regretting her joke, wished to spare her cousin as much as possible. But her good intentions were frustrated by Mrs. Pearson.

"Millicent," said that lady, "we have had some new wares sent in; something I never saw before at a fair. Poems, my dear. Just think of it; and by a member of the congregation! We can't imagine who wrote them, and of course they are perfect trash" (this in a low voice), "but we will have to do our best to sell them, so I want you to take charge of that table. You won't mind changing, I know. And try not to let the people laugh at the poems. They are absurd, I know, judging from one I picked up. It was about a moth or an ant or something. I am not sure that it was not a Croton bug," and with a laugh at her own wit Mrs. Pearson led Millicent to the poetry table, and established her behind it.

It was now twelve o'clock, the hour at which the fair was to be opened to the public.

Two or three hours later the sale was in full swing. A great many people came, for it was in every respect a fashionable function, and it was considered quite the thing to be seen there. People bought largely also of every variety of article—except poetry. That seemed to go a-begging.

There was always a crowd about the table, but no one felt inclined to purchase. The little booklets were picked up, read, dropped again, with laughter and comments, until Millicent felt that she would gladly sink through the floor.

Even her own mother came, criticised, and moved on, with a whispered question to Millicent as to what member of the congregation could have been so conceited and so senseless as to do such a thing as this.

Millicent's head ached, and tears filled her eyes, and she thought the climax had been reached when Elsie Pearson, picking one up at random, said, laughingly:

"Just listen to this, Milly! It is the gem of the whole collection. I can't help it if the 'member of the congregation' does see me. She deserves to be made fun of." And Elsie in a whisper read the following:

"TO THE MARCH WIND.

"Loud and shrill, loud and shrill,
List to the wild March wind!
And the heart of the mariner trembles
As he sails his rudder behind.

"My dear, the 'member' is a little mixed! Does she mean the mariner sails behind the rudder, or the rudder sails behind the mariner? Did you *ever*, Millicent? I don't believe she knows which part of a ship the rudder is. And this is the second verse:

"And the bell on the bleak beach bellows.

"(There's alliteration for you. Fancy a bell bellowing!)

"And the fog-horn lifts its voice,
And the mariner goes to an early grave,
He has no other choice.

"Oh, Milly! isn't it funny? Why don't you laugh?"

"I am laughing," said Millicent, in a hoarse voice; "it makes me perfectly hysterical," and she hid her face for a moment in her handkerchief. Fortunately Elsie was at that moment called away.

Millicent found to her cost, as the afternoon wore on, that the climax had not been even then.

Joanna had come late to the fair, detained by school and luncheon until four o'clock. She had found no one at home, not even her mother, but she had heard from the maid a piece of news which caused her heart to bound with excitement and consternation.

Cousin Appolina had returned very unexpectedly from Washington!

Joanna decided that she must tell Millicent as soon as she reached the fair, so that the slippers might be removed at once. It would be better to be on the safe side, although it was extremely improbable that Cousin Appolina would visit the fair the first day of her return.

But just as Joanna came out of the front door Miss Briggs herself drove up in her carriage, and learning that no one was at home in either of her relatives' houses, but that all had gone to the fair, concluded to betake herself there also, and forthwith invited Joanna to get in and drive with her to Sherry's.

Joanna, nothing loth, accepted the invitation, feeling rather glad on the whole that her cousin had returned in time, for she would be sure to spend her money freely, and Joan was greatly interested in the success of the sale. And, alas! she forgot all about the worsted slippers!

They presented their tickets, and entered the room just as Millicent had buried her face in her handkerchief upon hearing the remarks of Elsie Pearson. When she emerged therefrom the first thing that met her astonished gaze was the tall and never-to-be-forgotten form of Cousin Appolina Briggs, and her heart sank with apprehension. For a moment the works of her unappreciated genius were forgotten. Her one thought was "slippers!"

"Oh, that I had never sent those horrible slippers!" she said to herself despairingly. "It will be just my luck to have her see them, and would serve me right, too, for having given away a present. Yes, she is going that way! Oh, if I could only make Peggy or Joan come here! They could go and buy the slippers before she gets there."

But Peggy and Joan were not forth-coming. The latter, full of business, had lost no time in retiring behind the screen which formed the "fish-pond," and was already baiting the hook with ardor, and queerly shaped packages, and Peggy had not yet seen her cousin, and supposed her to be safe at Washington.

But Miss Briggs was not one to remain long unnoticed. She was of commanding height and noble breadth. When she entered a room the rest of humanity seemed to grow smaller by comparison. Her voice was deep and had a penetrating quality which caused it to be heard at the unusual distance, and the gold lorgnette, without which she was never seen, and which she was in the habit of raising constantly to her short-sighted and somewhat prominent eyes, flashed and glittered in the light.

Truly Miss Appolina's was a presence calculated to make itself felt. And Peggy felt it, and she heard the voice, and a tremor that seemed like fear filled her naturally courageous heart. She looked at Cousin Appolina, and she looked at the poetry table. There was yet time. Leaving abruptly a customer who was on the verge of making an important purchase, who only needed a word of advice from Miss Peggy Reid as to which was the prettier, a centre-piece embroidered in yellow, or a table-cloth done in greens, she flew to the side of Millicent.

"The poems!" she gasped. "Have any of them sold?"

"Not one," said Millicent, "but oh, Peggy; there is Cousin Appolina!"

"I know," returned Peggy, breathlessly, as she turned over the booklets—"I know! That's just it!"

"But the slippers, Peggy! Go and get them. I don't dare."

"The slippers! They are nothing to the poetry. Oh, where is it?"

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And she tossed the poems hither and thither, looking first into one, then into another.

"Oh, where is it?"

"What do you mean, Peggy? Don't waste time over the poetry. Do please go and buy those slippers! Give any price. There, she is getting to that table now! It is too late!"

There was a lull in the noise at that moment, and Miss Briggs's clear deep tones could be distinctly heard by the two culprits.

"I want a pair of knit slippers. I make a great many myself, but I never seem to have any for my own use. How much are these red and gray ones? A dollar and a half? Give them to me, please, and never mind about the change. I have not examined them thoroughly, but if they do not suit me I will give them away."

It was too late. She had bought her own slippers. Millicent hoped that the gold lorgnette would be smashed to atoms before the lady reached her home; that her spectacles would lose themselves; even that the world would come to an end before Miss Appolina found an opportunity to examine those red and gray worsted slippers. That she would recognize them Millicent felt no doubt, for they were knit in a fashion peculiar to herself, the two colors forming a little plaid.

Meanwhile Peggy had tossed about the poems with no result. She had only succeeded in bringing to the top those that had hitherto lain in safe insignificance at the bottom.

Now she stood by the table as if turned into stone, and awaited the approach of an avenging fate. The day of practical jokes was over for her.

She knew, she felt absolutely confident, that just as surely as Cousin Appolina had chosen the slippers of her own make, just so surely would she pounce upon the poem that Peggy had written about her.

Miss Briggs drew near.

"Well, girls!" she said, in her great deep voice, the gold lorgnette raised to her eyes—"well, girls, you did not expect to see me back so soon, did you? Washington became insupportable. Too many odious-looking people. I could not endure it. What have we here?" staring at the sign, "'Poems by Pearl Proctor, a member of the congregation'? And who may she be? Proctor—Proctor? I don't remember the name in New York. Proctor is a Boston name. Who is it, Millicent?"

Millicent trembled.

"I—I—" she faltered.

"You!" thundered her cousin. "Never! What do you mean?"

"Milly didn't mean to say that," interposed Peggy. "She was probably going to say she couldn't tell who it is. It is an assumed name, we suppose, Cousin Appolina."

"Is not Millicent capable of speaking for herself?" inquired Miss Briggs, severely. "Since when did she lose the power of speech?"

The girls shook in their shoes, and held their peace.

"What are these things?" continued this terrible person, picking up the poems disdainfully, and again putting her lorgnette to her eyes: "'Ode to a Firefly,' 'Sonnet on the Caterpillar,' 'Some Lines to a Beggar Child.' Faugh! Who is the fool that is guilty of all this? But—but—what have we here?"

It had come, then! For this is what Miss Appolina read, but not aloud:

"Who is a dame of high degree?
Who's always scolded little me?
Who is a sight strange for to see?
Miss Appolina B.

"Who cannot with her friends agree?
Who loves to feed on cakes and tea?
Who prides herself on her pedigree?
Miss Appolina B.

"Who'll soon set sail across the sea?
Who will not take her cousins three?
Who is an ancient, awful she?
Miss Appolina B."

Miss Briggs looked from one to the other of the girls. The hum of the fair went on.

"I will buy all of these poems," she said in a voice which filled their souls with terror; "count them, and tell me the amount. And I wish to see you both to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Wondering, Millicent obeyed.

Peggy turned and fled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BATTLE WITH WOLVES.

The remainder of the journey up the Tananah was uneventful, but so long that the new year was well begun ere the sledge party left it and turned up the Gheesah branch, which flows in from the east. An Indian guide, procured at the last village by the promise of a pound of tobacco for his services, accompanied them on their four days' journey up this river, and to the summit of the bleak wind-swept divide, five hundred feet above timberline. This gave the dogs a hard pull, though Jalap Coombs insisted upon lightening their load by walking; nor from this time on would he again consent to be treated as an invalid.

The summit once passed, they plunged rapidly down its farther side and into the welcome shelter of timber fringing a tiny stream, whose course they were now to follow. Their guide called it the Tukh-loo-ga-ne-lukh-nough, which, after vain attempts to remember, Phil shortened to "Tough Enough." Jalap Coombs, however, declared that this was not a "sarcumstance" to the names of certain down-East streams among which he



**"IS NOT MILLICENT CAPABLE OF
SPEAKING FOR HERSELF?"**

was born, and to prove his assertion began to talk glibly of the Misquabenish, the Keejimkoopic, the Kashagawigamog, the Kahwcambejewagamog, and others of like brevity, until Phil begged him to take a rest.

That night, while the camp was buried in the profound slumber that followed a day of unusually hard work, and the fire had burned to a bed of coals, the single long-drawn howl of a wolf was borne to it with startling distinctness by the night wind. As though it were a signal, it was answered from a dozen different directions at once. The alert dogs sprang from their snowy beds with bristling crests and hurled back a challenge of fierce barkings; but this, being an incident of nightly occurrence, failed to arouse the tired sleepers.

Within a few minutes the dread howlings had so increased in volume that they seemed to issue from scores of savage throats and to completely encircle the little camp. It was as if all the wolves of the forest, rendered desperate by famine, had combined for a raid on the supper of provisions so kindly placed within their reach. Nearer and nearer they came, until their dark forms could be seen like shadows of evil omen flitting among the trees and across the open moonlit spaces.

The dogs, at first eager to meet their mortal foes, now huddled together, terrified by overwhelming numbers. Still the occupants of the camp slept, unconscious of their danger. Suddenly there came a rush, an unearthly clamor of savage outcry, and the sleepers were roused to a fearful waking by a confused struggle within the very limits of the camp and over their recumbent forms. They sprang up with yells of terror, and at the sound of human voices the invaders drew back, snapping and snarling with rage.

"Timber wolves!" shouted Serge. "Your rifle, Phil! Quick!"

Emboldened by this re-enforcement, the dogs advanced to the edge of the camp space, but with low growls in place of their former defiant barkings.

Phil was trembling with excitement; but Serge, steady as a rock, was throwing the No. 4's from the double-barrel and reloading with buckshot, at the same time calling to Chitsah to pile wood on the fire, and to the other Indians not to fire until all were ready. Jalap Coombs seized an axe, and forgetful of the bitter cold, was rolling up his sleeves, as though he proposed to fight the wolves single-handed. At the same time he denounced them as pirates and bloody land-sharks, and dared them to come within his reach.

"Are you ready?" cried Serge. "Then fire!" And with a roar that woke the forest echoes for miles, the four guns poured their contents into the dense black mass, that seemed just ready to hurl itself for a second time upon the camp.

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With frightful howlings the pack scattered, and began to gallop swiftly in a wide circle about the fire-lit space. One huge brute, frenzied with rage, leaped directly toward the camp, with gleaming eyes and frothing mouth. Ere a gun could be levelled, Jalap Coombs stepped forward to meet him, and with a mighty swinging blow his heavy axe crushed the skull of the on-coming beast as though it had been an egg-shell. Instantly the dogs were upon him, and tearing fiercely at their fallen enemy.

With the first shot Phil's nervousness vanished, and as coolly as Serge himself, he followed with levelled rifle the movements of the yelling pack in their swift circling. At each patch of moonlit space one or more of the fierce brutes fell before his unerring fire, until every shot of his magazine was exhausted.

"Now," cried Serge, "we must scatter them. Every man take a firebrand in each hand, and all make a dash together."

"Yelling," added Jalap Coombs.

"Yes, yelling louder than the wolves themselves."

The plan was no sooner proposed than adopted. Musky, Luvtuk, big Amook, and the rest, inspired by their master's courage, joined in the assault, and before that fire-bearing, yelling, on-rushing line of humanity and dogs the gaunt forest raiders gave way and fled in all directions.

The whole battle had not lasted more than five minutes, but it resulted in the death of nineteen wolves, six of which were despatched by the sailor-man's terrible axe after the fight was over, and they, more or less wounded, were slinking away toward places of hiding. But the dogs found them out, and they met a swift fate at the hands of Jalap Coombs.

As he finally re-entered the camp, dragging the last one behind him, he remarked, with a chuckle: "Waal, boys, I ruther guess our boat's 'high line' this time, and I'm free to admit that this here wolf racket beats most kinds of fishing, for genuine entertainment, unless it's fishing for sharks, which is exciting at times. I'm pleased to have met up with this school, though, for it's allers comforting to run across fresh proofs of my friend old Kite Roberson's knowingness. He useter say consarnin the critters, Kite did, that wolves was sharks and sharks was wolves, and that neither of 'em warn't no fit playthings for children, which it now seems to me he were correct, as usual."

"He certainly was," replied Phil, who, leaning on his rifle, was thoughtfully regarding the shaggy beast that Kite Robinson's friend had just dragged into camp. "But aren't these uncommonly big wolves? I never knew they grew so large."

"They don't generally," answered Serge; "but these are of the same breed as the great Siberian wolves,



"NOW," CRIED SERGE, "ALL MAKE A DASH TOGETHER!"

which, you know, are noted as being the largest and fiercest in the world."

"I don't wonder now that the dogs were frightened," continued Phil, "for this fellow looks twice as big as Amook—and he's no puppy. But, I say, Serge, you're an awfully plucky chap. As for myself, I must confess I was so badly rattled that I don't believe I should have even thought of a gun before they were on us a second time."

"If they had made a second rush, not one of us would be alive to talk about it now," remarked Serge, soberly; "and it was only the promptness of our attack that upset their plans. In dealing with wolves it is always safest to force the fighting; for while they are awful bullies, they are cowards at heart, like all bullies I ever heard of."

"Captain Duff, for instance," said Phil, with a reminiscent smile. Then he added, "Anyhow, old man, you got us out of a bad scrape, for it isn't every fellow who would know just how to deal with a pack of wolves, especially when awakened from a sound sleep to find them piling on top of him."

"I don't believe it was quite as bad as that," objected Serge. "I expect only the dogs piled on top of us when they were driven in. By-the-way, did you know that four of them were killed and several others badly hurt?"

"No, I didn't," cried Phil, in dismay. "What ones are killed?"

"Two from my team, one from yours, and one from Chitsah's."

"Oh, the villains!" exclaimed the young leader. "Another victory like that would cripple us. Do you think there is any danger of them coming back?"

"Not just now; but I shouldn't be surprised to hear from them again to-morrow night."

"All right. I'm glad you mentioned it. Now we'll see if we can't have an interesting reception prepared for them."

"Pizen?" queried Jalap Coombs, who had lighted his pipe, and was now complacently watching the skinning of the dead wolves, which had been undertaken by the three Indians.

"Worse than that," answered Phil, significantly.

By the time the Indians had finished their task and breakfast had been eaten the usual starting-hour had arrived. Two of the wolf-skins were allotted to the guide, who was to leave them at this point, and he set forth on his return journey with them on his back. Rolled in them were the single dried salmon, which would form his sole sustenance on the journey, and the cherished pound of tobacco, for which he had been willing to work so hard. In his hand he bore an old flintlock musket, that was the pride of his heart, not so much on account of its shooting qualities, which were very uncertain, as by reason of its great length. It was the longest gun known to the dwellers of the Tananah Valley, and consequently the most valuable, for the Hudson Bay Company's method of selling such guns was to exchange one for as many marten, fox, or beaver skins as could be piled from stock to muzzle when it stood upright.

"I hope the wolves won't attack his camps," remarked Phil, as they watched the lonely figure pass out of sight on the back trail.

"Him no camp," declared Kurilla.

"But he must. Why, it's a four days' journey to his home."

"No. One day, one night. Him no stop. Wolf no catch um. Yaas."

And Kurilla was right, for the Indian would push on over mile after mile of that frozen solitude without a pause, save for an occasional bite from his dried salmon and a handful of snow to wash it down, until he reached his own far-away home.

CHAPTER XX.

CHITSAH'S NATURAL TELEPHONE.

Seventeen green wolf-skins formed a heavy sledge-load, especially for the weakened dog teams, but fortunately Jalap Coombs's feet were again in condition for walking, and snow on the river was not yet deep. So it was determined to carry them at least for the present. On the evening following that of the encounter with wolves, Phil, leaving the work of preparing camp to the others, unpacked the Eskimo wolf-traps of compressed whalebone that he had procured at Makagamoot. He had twenty of the ingenious little contrivances, and wrapped each one in a strip of frozen wolf meat that he had saved and brought along for the purpose. When all were thus prepared he carried them about a quarter of a mile from camp, and there dropped them at short intervals in a great circle about it. He knew the dogs would not stray that far, since their experience of the night before, and so felt pretty certain that the traps would only find their way to the destination for which they were intended.

The first blood-chilling howl was heard soon after dark, and a few minutes later it was apparent that wolves were again gathering from all quarters. Then the anxious watchers caught occasional glimpses of dim forms and sometimes of a pair of gleaming eyes, that invariably drew a shot from Phil's rifle. Still, the wolves seemed to remember their lesson, or else they waited for the occupants of the camp to fall asleep, for they made no effort at an attack.

As time passed, the wolf tones began to change, and defiant howlings to give place to yelps and yells of distress. Soon other sounds were mingled with these—the fierce snarlings of savage beasts fighting over their prey. The traps were doing their work. Those wolves that had eagerly gulped them down were so stricken with deadly pains that they staggered, fell, and rolled in the snow. At the first symptoms of distress others sprang upon them and tore them to pieces, at the same time battling fiercely over their cannibal feast. So wolf fed wolf, while the night echoed with their hideous outcries, until finally the survivors, gorged with the flesh of their own kind, slunk away, and after some hours of bedlam quiet once more reigned in the forest.

So Phil's scheme proved a success, and for the remainder of that night he and his companions slept in peace. At daylight they visited the scenes of wolfish feasting, and found everywhere plentiful evidence of what had taken place; but this time they gathered in neither rugs nor robes, for only blood stains and bones remained.

For another week did the sledge party journey down the several streams that, emptying one into another, finally formed the Conehill River, or, as the gold-diggers call it, Forty Mile Creek, because its mouth is forty miles down the Yukon from the old trading-post of Fort Reliance. As the first half of their long journey drew toward a close they became anxious as to its results and impatient for its end. When would they reach the settlement? and could they get there before their rivals who had followed the Yukon? were the two questions that they constantly asked of each other, but which none could answer.

Phil grew almost despondent as he reflected upon the length of time since they left old Fort Adams, and gave it as his opinion that the other party must have reached Forty Mile, long since.

Jalap Coombs was firm in his belief that the other party was still far away, and that his would be the first in; for, quoth he: "Luck allers has been on my side, and I'm going to believe it allers will be. My old friend Kite Roberson useter say, speaking of luck, and he give it as his own experience, that them as struck the best kinds of luck was them as worked the hardest for it, and ef they didn't get it one way they was sure to another. Likewise he useter say, Kite did, consarning worriments, that ef ye didn't pay no attention to one 'twould be mighty apt to pass ye by; but ef ye encouraged it by so much as a wink or a nod ye'd have to fight it to git red of it. So, as they hain't no worriments hove in sight, what's the use in s'arching for 'em?"

As for Kurilla, whenever his opinion was asked, he always grinned, and returned the same answer:

"You come pretty quick, mebbe. Yaas."

So each day of the last three or four brought its fresh hope; at each succeeding bend of the stream all eyes were strained eagerly forward for a sight of the expected cluster of log huts, and each night brought a disappointment.

At length one evening, when Phil, who had pushed on longer than usual, in an effort to end their suspense, was reluctantly compelled by gathering darkness to go into camp, Chitsah suddenly attracted attention to himself by running to a tree and pressing an ear to the trunk. As the others stared a smile overspread his face, and he said something to his father, which the latter instantly interpreted.

"What!" cried Phil, incredulously. "He thinks he hears the sound of chopping?"

"Yaas," answered Kurilla. "Axe chop um white man. Plenty. Yaas."

"I too can hear something," exclaimed Serge, who had imitated Chitsah's movements, "though I wouldn't swear it was chopping."

"Hurrah! So can I!" shouted Phil, after a moment of intent listening at another tree. "First time, though, I ever knew that the public telephone service was extended to this country. The sound I heard might be a train of cars twenty miles away or a woodpecker somewhere within sight. No matter. If Chitsah says it's chopping, it must be, for he ought to know, seeing that he first heard it with the aid of the tree-telephone. So let's go for it. We can afford to travel an hour or two in the dark for the sake of meeting the white man who is swinging that axe."

"Of course we can," replied Serge.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Jalap Coombs.

"Mebbe catch um. Yaas," added Kurilla, sharing the general enthusiasm.

An hour later, as they rounded a projecting point, Phil uttered an exulting shout. A cluster of twinkling lights shone dead ahead, and our travellers' goal was won.

"Let's give them a volley," suggested Serge. "It's the custom of the country, you know."

So the guns were taken from their deer-skin coverings, and at Phil's word of command a roar from double-barrel, flintlock, and Winchester woke glad echoes from both sides of the broad valley, and from the rugged Yukon cliffs beyond. Then with cheers and frantic yelpings of dogs, the sledge brigade dashed on toward the welcoming lights.

"Hello the camp!" yelled Phil, as they approached the dark cluster of cabins.

"On deck!" roared Jalap Coombs, as though he were hailing a ship at sea.

"Hello yourself!" answered a gruff voice—the first hail in their own tongue that the boys had heard in many a week. "Who are you? Where do you come from? And what's all this racket about?"

"White men," replied Phil, "with dog-sledges, up from Yukon month."

"Great Scott! You don't say so! No wonder you're noisy! Hi, boys! Here's the first winter outfit that ever came from Yukon mouth to Forty Mile. What's the matter with giving them a salute?"

"Nothing at all!" cried a score of voices, and then volley after volley rang forth, until it seemed as though every man there must have carried a loaded gun and emptied it of all six shots in honor of the occasion.

Men came running from all directions, and before the shooting ceased the entire population of the camp, some three hundred in number, were eagerly crowding about the new-comers, plying them with questions, and struggling for the honor of shaking hands with the first arrivals of the year.

"Are we really the first to come up?" asked Phil.

"To be sure you are. Not only that, but the first ones to reach the diggings from any direction since navigation closed. But how did you come? Not by the river, I know, for when I heard your shooting 'twas away up the creek."

"We came by the Tananah and across the Divide," answered Phil. "There is another party coming by way of

the river, though."

"Hark to that, boys! One train just arrived and another coming! I tell you, old Forty Mile is right in it. Daily express from all points; through tickets to Europe, Arup, and Arrap; morning papers and opera-houses, circus and theaytres. Looks like the boom had struck us at last. But say, stranger, what *is* the news from below?"

"New steamer on her way up the river, with saw-mill, mining machinery, and best stock of goods ever seen in Alaska," replied Phil, quick to seize the opportunity, and anxious to make his business known while he still had the field to himself. "We have come from her, and are on our way to San Francisco to send up a new stock for next season. So we have only stopped to take your orders and find out what will be the most acceptable."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd, wild with excitement. "Send us a brass band," shouted one. "In swaller-tails and white kids," added another. "What's the matter with moving the Palace Hotel up here?" suggested a third.

"Come, fellows, let up," cried the man who had been the first to welcome the new arrivals, and whose name was Riley. "We mustn't keep these gentlemen standing out here in the cold any longer. I reckon they're hungry, too, and wondering why we don't invite 'em to grub. So, men, just come into my shebang and make yourselves at home. There isn't much to it, but such as it is it's yours, so long as you'll honor yours truly."

"No, come with me," cried another voice. "I've got beans, Boston baked, fresh from the can." "I've got molasses and soft-tack," and "I've just made a dish of scouse." "Come with us," shouted others.

"No, you don't!" roared Mr. Riley. "They're my meat, and they are going to bunk in with me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

ANDOVER.

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS GRAVES.

About one hundred and sixteen years ago a small school was started in a carpenter's shop on Andover Hill. This little school of about twelve boys was the origin of the great Phillips Academy, which now numbers about five hundred. Its founder was a certain Judge Samuel Phillips, a prominent young lawyer and statesman in Massachusetts during the Revolution. Besides giving much of his own money to the school, he enlisted the aid of some of his relatives, all of whom were very rich for those days, and soon had them so much interested in founding schools that his uncle, John Phillips, started a similar one in Exeter, New Hampshire, and named it Phillips Exeter Academy.

The little academy in Andover did not long hold its sessions in a carpenter's shop. It was soon provided with a good building by its wealthy founder; and, with an energetic principal and a fine set of boys, many of whom afterwards became famous men, the school flourished at once, and became widely known.

The location of the school has been shifted about on Andover Hill, for its buildings were several times burned down. One of them, the Science Building, is said to have been set on fire by a boy in revenge for having been severely disciplined. Tradition says that he is still living. If he should risk coming to Andover now, and could see the fine new Science Building which replaces the one he destroyed, I venture to say that his conscience would be immensely relieved.

The present Gymnasium is the old school-house which Oliver Wendell Holmes attended in his boyhood, and which he has immortalized in his poem read at the centennial celebration in 1878:

"The morning came. I reached the classic hall.
A clock face eyed me, staring from the wall.
Beneath its hands a printed line I read—
Youth is Life's Seed Time;' so the clock face said.
Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed,
Sowed their wild oats, and reaped as they had
sowed.

How all comes back—the upward slanting floor.
The masters' thrones that flanked the master's
door,

The long outstretching alleys that divide
The row of desks that stands on either side,
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common,



picturesque."

THE PRESENT GYMNASIUM.

The life at Andover is more like college life than at most schools. The boys have their rooms in private boarding-houses, or small dormitories on and near the Hill. Here they do all their studying during day study hours, and here they must be at eight o'clock in the evening, for at a quarter before eight the academy bell begins to toll warningly until five minutes before the hour, when it rings rapidly. This means that every boy not within walking distance of his home must run, and woe to him who is discovered lingering on the street after eight!

Where Oliver Wendell Holmes went to school.



AN ANDOVER ROOM.

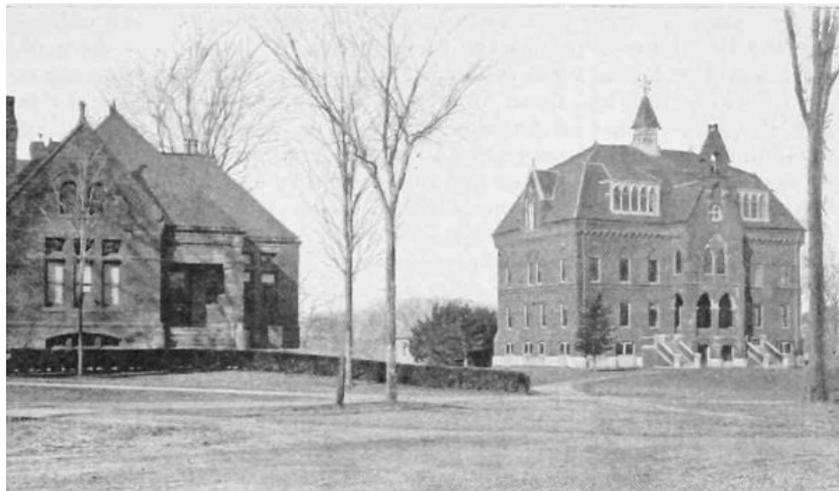
Of course many of the teachers acquire great reputations as eagle-eyed detectives or lightning sprinters, and traditions are not dead yet of the hot races that have taken place between belated youths and some sprinting instructor. Sometimes this pursuer is a real teacher, but often he is only a boy theatrically made up to represent some dignified teacher, and who is out for a little exercise. I can remember one genuine race, when the culprit was discovered skylarking around the enchanted grounds of the "Fem. Sem." His pursuer, though a heavy man, and with the worst record in the faculty as a sprinter, maintained a most lively pace, and the race never ended until our young friend was dragged, panting and very much scared, from under his bed.

at each end of the campus or playground. The houses, which resemble factory cottages, are not beautiful architecturally; but boys do not care for that usually. These rooms are very cheap, and are primarily meant for boys who cannot afford the greater luxury of private boarding-houses. Yet they are very comfortable, and, from the greater independence and pleasant dormitory life, many richer fellows are found there.

Besides these boarding-houses there are the famous English and Latin "Commons." These are ranged in rows

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The life in these Commons is quite like college life. In front of each row is a low fence, where, as at Yale, fellows gather of a warm evening and sing songs and have a good sociable time generally. Each boy must care for his own room; and every Friday noon an inspection of rooms is made by the faculty, so that beds are made up and clothes put away once a week at least.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND ACADEMY HALL.

The day's work at Phillips begins at 8.10 in the morning, when, after much tolling and rapid ringing of the old bell, the whole five hundred boys assemble for prayers in the great Academy Hall, where hang the portraits of teachers and benefactors and founders of a century back. Recitations are held during the day until half past four, when all hands turn out for a good time. Every tennis-court and ball-ground is immediately more than occupied. The first teams begin to practise on the campus, the athletic team gets to work on the track, and bicyclers start off in all directions. Others stroll off for a walk to Indian Ridge, or the old railroad, or Sunset Rock, or Allen Hinton's. Allen Hinton is the famous ice-cream man. No one can make better ice-cream than he. Besides his fame as an ice-cream maker, he is the greatest fox-hunter for miles around, and his stories of fox-hunting and his experiences in the war are something worth hearing.

Then "Chap's" is a great meeting-place for those who like eating better than exercise. Here boys have drunk soda-water and eaten candy and griddle-cakes, and ruined their digestions for years and years. The benches and stalls are so thickly inscribed with names that it is difficult to find room to carve a new one.

Andover has always been noted for its fine athletic teams. The great rivalry between Exeter and Andover has brought the standard of athletics up very high, so that college Freshman teams are usually beaten by the Phillips boys, and even the Yale and Harvard 'varsity teams often have no easy task in overcoming them.

For many years the great events of the school year have been the football and baseball games with Exeter. For weeks before the game the chief topics of conversation are the chalices of victory and the prospects of this and that man for the team. As the day for the game draws near, the excitement increases. Crowds watch the daily practice, and under appointed leaders work up new cheers or practise on the old ones, so that those who do not belong to the teams have at least a chance to beat Exeter at yelling.

Finally the great day arrives. Every man in school who owns or can borrow a couple of dollars has his

excursion ticket, and eight or ten yards of blue and white ribbon with which to decorate his cane, hat, and button-hole. After the morning recitation the whole school, supported by half the town of Andover and certain extraordinary mascots, board the special train for Exeter, gay with flags and ribbons, and noisy with tin horns. Even the cars and engine are draped with blue.

After reaching Exeter a rush is made for the campus, and a mad scramble for seats ensues. Those who are fortunate enough to belong to the secret societies have positions on gayly decked coaches. With Andover men massed on one side of the field and Exeter men on the other, an alternate contest of cheering at once takes place, like the Greek choruses of old. While waiting for the athletes to appear, the excitement is intense. For real genuine excitement a Harvard-Yale contest is a dull affair compared with an Andover-Exeter game.

When you are sixteen years old or less, and at Phillips, you don't care for close games. You want to see your own side make all the runs or touch-downs possible, and although cheering of opponents' errors is strictly against school courtesy, yet the more points your own team makes, and the poorer the other plays, the more you feel like yelling and waving your cane and slapping your friend on the back and congratulating yourself that you went to Andover instead of Exeter.

Such a contest as this was the baseball game of '87. About the seventh inning a mysterious-looking wagon containing something covered with a canvas drove rapidly across the field and disappeared in the woods behind. This strange appearance was soon forgotten in the interest of the game; but the wagon bore the instruments of the Andover Brass Band, who were concealed in the woods, and whom a loyal citizen had hired in case of victory. At the end of the game, when all Andover was tearing madly on the field and bearing off the victors on their shoulders, the band appeared on the scene in full blare. Every one fell in behind them, helping them out with tin horns and cries of "Left, left, left, the Exeter men got left!" And each year some new feature like this is introduced.

Then ensues the usual scene after a victory. The entire wild procession moves to the depot, followed by the chagrined and more or less angry Exeter men. At the depot, after some friendly scuffling and snatching of canes and colors for souvenirs, and deafening cheering on the part of everybody, the special train moves away for Andover, long before stripped of its blue colors, to supply those who have failed to bring a ribbon for themselves.

On the train the expressions of joy do not cease. Every brakeman or conductor who ventures inside a car is immediately put up for a speech. The brakemen often object, and smash their red lanterns about on the heads of small boys, who do not mind it in the least. When Andover is reached, all, tired and hoarse, but happy, make for their boarding-houses for a rousing supper and a little rest before the time-honored celebration in the evening. At half past eight this celebration takes place, and all sally forth, armed with tin horns of huge proportions. Study hours never count on celebration nights.

According to tradition, the members of the victorious team are drawn about in a barge by a rope long enough for the whole school. They are hauled about to the houses of the faculty. Each teacher is lustily cheered by his popular nickname, and then called forth to make a speech. After the round of the faculty houses, the whole mob, not a whit less noisy for all its exertions, retire to the campus. In less than twenty minutes a mass of oil-barrels and fence rails miraculously appears, and is heaped to the size of an ordinary barn. After a bath of kerosene oil a famous fire is set going. All join hands around the fire. The captain of the team is mounted on the shoulders of two sturdy friends. Every one gathers himself together for one last shout, and around they whirl in a wild weird dance. Then the fire begins to die down; it is getting toward midnight; the faculty begin to flit warningly about; all, tired and scarcely able to talk, go quietly home, and the great celebration is over.

This is a sample of what takes place after a victory. After defeat the town in the evening is silent as the grave, and the depression for several days is quite appalling. In these games feeling often runs high, but such things as fights are very rare. At such times Andover and Exeter men speak disrespectfully of each other, but the chances are that one's best friends at college may be these very opponents, and perhaps one likes them all the better for having once done them an injustice.

But Andover does not go in for athletics alone. In their studies the boys are so well trained that at college they usually take high position in their classes without any difficulty whatever. For those who are inclined to literary pursuits there is the *Phillipian* to try for. It is issued twice a week, and it is considered a great honor to become a member of the editing board. Then there is the *Mirror* every month, which contains literature of a more solid character. Besides these there are yearly publications which offer prizes for drawings. The Philomathean Society, which has held meetings for seventy years, is the debating society. Those who are sensible enough to join this, and practise speaking before a crowd, receive a training that helps them wonderfully all their lives. This society and a flourishing branch of the Y.M.C.A. are powerful influences in the school. What with the different prize speakings, the glee and banjo clubs, the track-athletic and tennis teams, and numberless other organizations, every boy has a chance to distinguish himself.

Sunday is a delightful day at Andover. The afternoon stroll with one's best friend in the beautiful country around is perhaps the pleasantest experience in the week. Boys are obliged to attend church twice on Sunday, but few of them object to this compulsory attendance, for the services are conducted in turn by the professors of the Theological Seminary, all of whom are very distinguished and interesting men, who never fail to interest their hearers.

The Theological Seminary is situated near the school, and as is always the case, the men are closer



A "FOOTBALL" COACH.

students and more devoted to their work than are the members of the Academy proper. That does not mean, however, that they do not join the latter in their social and athletic life. Once they had a baseball team that could completely demolish the Phillips nine. Their pitcher, a famous Yale player, was said to be the only man in the country who could deliver a "snake" curve.

Near Phillips Academy also is situated the Abbot Female Academy. This is a large girls' school. No uninvited boy is allowed on these sacred premises, and all intercourse between the two schools is forbidden. Nevertheless, the stories of midnight serenaders and of encounters with Pat, the Fem. Sem. policeman, would fill a volume.

Every Andover man loves his school, not only for the fun and scrapes that he had there, but for the good that he has received from it. Many of his strongest friendships were formed there, and much of his success at college and in after-life has depended on the associations made at school, while those who have not gone to college feel that they gained at Andover an education by no means scanty.

A REVENGEFUL WHALE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

The ship was under a cloud of canvas. Old Handsome lay on his side away forward near the knight-heads, where the rhythmic rise and fall of the bows lulled him like the rocking of a cradle.

"Say," he drawled, in a lazy voice, "the old ship looks very gay in the sunset, doesn't she?"

"Waal," said Farmer Joe, "she dew look right peert. But all the same I don't see no use o' wastin' a whole dog-watch a-lookin' at her."

"Who arst yer to?" said another sailor.

"Waal," continued Farmer Joe, "what I'm a-thinkin' of is that Handsome ort to tell us some more o' his whalin' exper'ences."

Handsome uttered a feeble moan of protest. But the seamen gathered around him and persisted.

"Well, well," he said at length, "hold on a minute till I overhaul my recollection-lockers. Let's see; where was I? Oh yes; I'd got to where I was lost from the *Ellen Burgee*, and was picked up by the whaler *Two Cousins*. Well, that was a rum sort of a go. You see the Captain of the *Two Cousins* was very glad to get us, because he was short-handed, some of his men having deserted at the last port. So we agreed to work in with his crew until our own ship was sighted, when he was to put us aboard of her. Of course we never had any sort of a notion that it was going to be six months before we got back to the *Ellen Burgee*. Say, of all the wearing, tearing things that can come to a man in this world there's nothing more exasperating than waiting for whales. We pretty nearly went crazy aboard the *Two Cousins*, for it was two weeks before the masthead let go the mighty welcome yell,

"'There she breaches!'

"The skipper he jumped into the rigging and took a squint, and the next minute he shouted:

"'There she blows—one—two—three! Three good whales. Lower away lively, you shipkeepers!'

"Our crew had been put in one boat, because the Captain agreed that we'd do better working together, and of course he knew we wouldn't run away, because there wasn't any place to run to. Well, we lowered away and off we went under oars, because the whales were dead to windward, and not so very far away either. We had gone about half the distance, when the boat-steerer said,

"'There goes flukes.'

"Which meant, of course, that the whales had sounded. There was nothing to do except to wait for them to come up again. They staid down a pretty long time, which proved that they were big ones, and then they came up half a mile dead to leeward of us. We set our little boat sail, there was a fairly good breeze, and we went dancing over the waves toward the whales at a good pace. The first mate of the *Two Cousins* had the weather-gage of us, and he had the smallest whale. The one we were heading for was a regular old leviathan.

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"'Get in your sail,' whispered the boat-steerer.

"It was done with great caution.

"'Now a good stroke, starboard, to pull her round.'

"We were now in a position to go up to his whaleship without being seen; so the boat-steerer says:

"'Now, lads, give way with a will. Jump her; jump her!'

"We dashed our oars, and the boat sprang forward.

"'Now!'

"The iron was thrown with a whiz, and as quick as a flash—yes, as quick as a mouse could dart into his hole—the whale went down into the sea. The line ran out of the tub fast enough to make you dizzy. All of a sudden—how, I never could tell—there was a kink in the line, and it fouled for a second in the bow chock. Such a thing meant destruction to the boat, and as quick as thought I, being bowman, grabbed the axe and cut the line.

"'Blast you!' yelled the boat-steerer; 'what did you do that for?'

"'Do you want to be towed under?' I said. 'I should think we'd had enough towing.'

"Well,' says he, cooling down a bit, 'there's a fine whale gone off with a good iron in him.'

"The other boats did not have much better luck than we did, seeing that their whales got frightened and began to run. They chased the brutes for two hours, and couldn't get anywhere near them. Then it commenced to get late, and the ship hoisted the waif—"

"What's that?" asked Farmer Joe.

"That's the boat recall in a whaler," answered Handsome; "and when it went up we had to go back to the ship, where we were jawed by the Captain, and made fun of by the rest of the crew. Still, we didn't mind that so very much, because, you know, it's pretty likely to be turn about in a whaler, and you can't ever tell when an accident is going to happen to the oldest hand. It was three days before we saw a whale again. I was on lookout, and I caught sight of a spurt of spray away down to leeward. I was hardly sure of it at first, but the next second the whale rose on a sea, and I caught the flash of the sun on his shiny wet back. So I bawled away as usual,

"There blows!"

"Only one?" yelled the Captain.

"That's all, sir," says I.

"Well,' says he, 'we'll make sure of him, anyhow.'

"So he gives orders to lower away three boats. These boats were to spread out in running down on the whale, so that if he sounded he might come up so near one of the outside ones as to give it a chance to go on before he could recover from his surprise. Well, we had the outside berth on the port side, and the mate of the *Two Cousins* he had the middle. The orders were to keep abreast in sailing down, and by easing and trimming sheets, according as we went ahead or not, we managed to do it pretty neatly. We had got down within two hundred and fifty yards of the whale, when he began to swim ahead. He didn't seem to go very fast, but he managed to keep us all about the same distance astern of him. All of a sudden our boat-steerer says,

"I know him!"

"Get out!" says I; 'how can you know a whale?'

"But I tell you I do,' says he, 'and if you had any sense you'd know him too.'

"How would I?" asks I.

"Don't you see the harpoon sticking out of him?'

"I looked pretty hard, and, sure enough, there was a harpoon, with a line drifting from it.

"That's my iron!" says the boat-steerer.

"Get out!" says I.

"I won't,' says he.

"How do you know it's yours?' says I.

"Because I made it myself, and I know my own work even when I see it afloat on a whale's back away off in longitude and latitude something or other.'

"Then it's the same whale!" says I.

"Right!" says he. 'It's the whale I struck the other day, and which got away because you went out and cut the line.'

"It would be a pretty good joke on the whale,' says I, 'if we could get close enough to him to catch hold of the end of the line.'

"It would,' says he, 'and we could begin again where we left off yesterday.'

"Shall we try it?' I asks.

"Of course,' says he.

"He's stopped swimming ahead,' says I.

"Then we'll soon be close to him,' says he.

"But if he don't swim ahead the end of the line'll sink,' says I.

"And we'll go on and heave a new iron into him,' says he, 'and so we'll get him anyway.'

"Well, we sailed on, and occasionally the whale would swim ahead a little, and then again he'd stop, and we'd gain on him. By-and-by we got pretty close, and the boat-steerer says:

"Let's make a dash now and make fast to him with the new iron.'

"With that we got the oars out, and with a jump and a snort we sent the light boat boiling ahead. Now in all my life I never saw anything quite as smart as that particular whale. The minute we began to go ahead, so did he. But we were so close that old Bacon, the boat-steerer, made up his mind that we could catch him.

"Pull hard, lads!' he says; 'pull hard! We're gaining on him at every stroke.'

"And now it came to be a regular race between us and the whale, which was altogether out of the nature of things. The whale, if he'd been scared, ought to have sounded. We thought of that afterward, but we didn't think of it then. The other boats' crews didn't think of it either, for they were pulling hard too. But owing to the whale's starboarding his helm a little we were much the nearest to him. All of a sudden I happened to look over the side of the boat, and blow me if I didn't see the end of the harpoon-line dragging along in the water! Quick as a wink I let go of my oar and grabbed that line. The next second I had it in the boat, and

had a turn around the loggerhead.

"We're fast!' says I.

"Bully for you!' says Bacon.

"Hurrah!' says the rest of the crew.

"Then Bacon he sort of half stood up and waved his cap to the other boats, and pointed to the harpoon and line. They waved back at us and laughed. Then Bacon says,

"Now I'm fast I don't hardly know what to do, because the whale is just as cool as though he'd never been struck.'

"At that minute, as luck would have it, the whale seemed to find out what had happened, and he ups flukes and sounds. He didn't stay down very long, and when he came up Bacon says,

"Now's our time. We'll go right in and give him the lance.'

"We bent our backs to it and dashed the boat ahead; but it was not to be our luck to kill just then, for just as Bacon stood up with the lance the whale hove his tail into the air and brought it down on the water with a report like a cannon. At the same instant he sounded again.

"He's a regular demon!' says Bacon; 'but we'll get him yet.'

"In a few minutes he came up again and lay perfectly still. Once more we pulled up on him, and Bacon got ready to throw the lance. Again the whale sounded. Down, down he went till the line was all out. And then he didn't stop.

"Great Scott!' yells Bacon, 'he's trying to tow us under.'

"Without a second's hesitation he grabbed the axe and cut the line. It was lucky he was so quick, for the bow of the boat had been pulled down till the water was flowing over the gunwales. Another second and we'd all have been in the water. Again the whale came up and lay perfectly still, with the tantalizing harpoon fast in his back.

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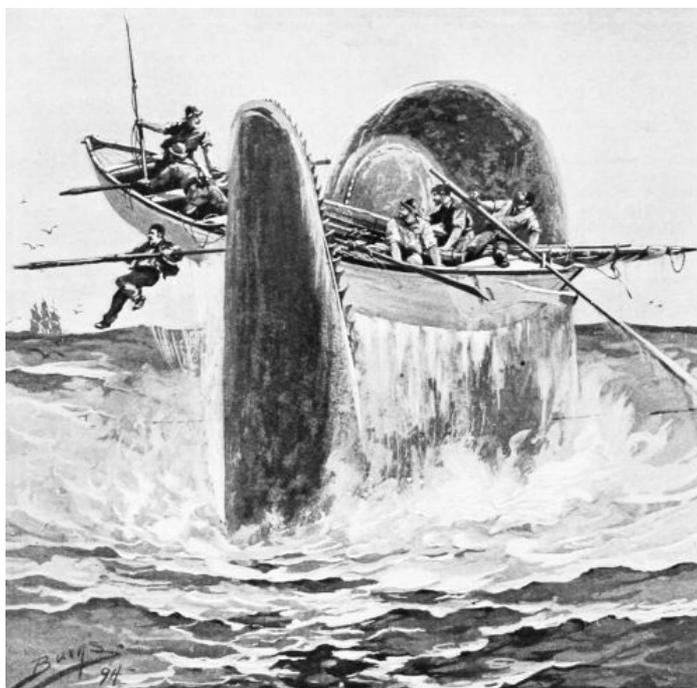
"Now we'll not fool with that any more,' said Bacon, the boat-steerer, 'but we'll go on and put in a new iron.'

"We made a good approach, and got up within heaving distance. Bacon stood up, and was just going to let fly, when Mr. Whale went down again.

"Well, that's the most exasperating brute I ever met,' says Bacon, 'and I'll never leave him till I see him dead.'

"I don't suppose a whale down under the sea can hear what a man in a boat says, and I guess he wouldn't understand it if he did; but that whale acted as if he knew a heap. The first thing we knew, the stroke-oar, who was leaning over the side of the boat, let out a yell and dashed his oar into the water.

"Pull for your lives!' says he."



SUDDENLY TWO GREAT WALLS SEEMED TO SHOOT UP OUT OF THE OCEAN.

"We didn't need any second invitation of that kind. We all dipped our oars, but it was too late. Suddenly two great dark walls seemed to shoot up out of the ocean, one on each side of the boat. The boat itself was lifted bodily out of the water, bending and straining as if it was made of straw. Looking over the sides, our blood just stood still at the sight. The whale had come up under us straight up and down, as if he was a-standing on his tail. He had opened his terrible cave of a mouth, and had snatched the boat in it, and now he was holding the little vessel and us in it a good fifteen feet above the water, while he sort of rocked back and forward like a child playing with a doll.

"Give him an iron in his beastly snout!' yelled one of the men.

"Too late; and it wouldn't have done any good anyhow. He moved his jaw a little, and the sides of the boat bent in and creaked like paper. With wild yells we all threw ourselves out of the boat, for in another minute some of us would have been in his throat. He snapped his jaws together, crunching the boat into kindling-wood. Then he threw himself end over end, going down head first, and lashing out with his great flukes. Poor Bill Johnson got a crack that broke one of his legs, and if it hadn't been for Bacon, he'd have drowned. The other boats came dashing down to our rescue, the boat of the first mate of the *Two Cousins* leading the way. She was nearest to us, and the mate was shouting words of encouragement, when all of a sudden his cries changed to shouts of fear. The next instant we saw the waters split wide open, and the whale came up, back first, with a crash right under the boat. Boys, I hope I may never see South Street again if he didn't drive the harpoon that was still sticking in his back right through the bottom of her. There she was pinned fast to his back.

"Give him your lance!" yells Bacon, who was swimming and holding up Bill Johnson.

"What! And be killed in his flurry?" shouted the mate. "Not much!"

"With that he grabs the spars of his boat, throws them overboard, and jumps after them, followed by all his crew. At the same instant the whale lashed out with his flukes again and went down, taking the boat on his back. This time, as good luck would have it, he didn't hit any one. But we were all thoroughly terrified, for we knew now that the brute was in a temper, and that he knew what he was doing. Meanwhile the ship was bearing down on us, and we had hopes of being saved. The third boat, too, was pulling up, but we had not much hopes of her, for we expected to see the whale attack her. And, sure enough, he came up a few yards away, without the mate's boat on his back, and waited for her. When she was close to us he seemed to utter a snort as he plunged down and made for her. The steerer of the boat was a cool hand, and he swung the boat off with a powerful stroke just as the whale came up and tried to smash her with his flukes. Curiously enough, the brute seemed to think he'd done for her, for instead of coming back to take another shot, he sounded, and we never saw anything more of him. Five minutes later we were all safe in the third boat, and soon afterward we were aboard the ship. But, I tell you, I don't care to have any more dealings with a whale that's bent on revenge and seems to know just who it was that hit him."

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If the weather is fair next Saturday there ought to be some records broken in the Interscholastic games, both at the Berkeley Oval and at Eastern Park. The Oval's straightaway track is one of the fastest in the country, and with the conditions in his favor Washburn should win the 100 in 10-2/5. Hall could take the event if he would train, but he seems disinclined to put forth his greatest exertions, and so will probably dispute second place with Moore. In the Juniors for the same distance Wilson will pretty surely score five points for Barnard. Syme's injury to his foot may prevent him from competing in any of the many events for which he is entered, but if he recovers and gets into condition again before Saturday he will doubtless be heard from in the 220 and the low hurdles. He ought certainly to win the latter, with Harris behind him. In the 220 Vom Baur will push his schoolmate, if he runs; but I should not be surprised if Vom Baur staid out and reserved his strength for other work. Wilson ought to win the Junior 220, if his first heat and the two 100 heats don't tire him. Stratton will have a place. The quarter-mile seems to be an easier riddle than most of the other events on the card. Irwin-Martin will undoubtedly take first place, Syme second (if he has recovered from the effects of his spiking), and Meehan third. Another reasonable certainty is the high jump. Baltazzi is sure to take the event for Harvard School, while Pell and Wenman will struggle for second place, both being of about equal skill, with possibly a slight advantage in favor of Pell. Irwin-Martin could win the half-mile if he ran, but I do not think he will answer the call in this event. I understand he will only enter the 440 and the hammer, and consequently Pier may pretty safely be counted on to win, with Inman and Vom Baur in the places.

Tappen and Blair will have a chance to decide, in the presence of competent judges, which one of them can run the fastest mile; and although Blair deserved the prize at the Sachs games, I think Tappen will lead in the interscholastics. The mile walk, in all probability, will rest between Ware and Hackett; and if Powell can keep his seat in the bicycle-race, the order in that event should be Powell, Ehrich, Mortimer. But Powell may reasonably be counted on to slip or trip or break something, and so Harvard School stands a chance of getting five points there instead of three. Cowperthwait did 20 feet 4 in the broad jump at the Trinity games, and ought to win the event Saturday; but Beers will doubtless cover 20 feet; and I expect to see Batterman do better than 19, with Pier close behind him. Between Batterman and Irwin-Martin for the hammer it is hard to decide, but I am inclined to give the preference to the former. He will have to do better than 106 feet to win, but I doubt if Irwin-Martin can throw 105. Ayers should take third place, and he will doubtless get second in the shot, with Bigelow ahead of him, and Batterman behind. The remaining events on the programme are the pole-vault, which lies between Hurlbert and Simpson, and throwing the baseball, which will be taken by Ayers. He will have to better his last year's record of 325 feet, however, for Zizinia threw 330 feet in practice last week, and Elmer's arm is in good condition. It looks now as if four schools were certain of scoring twenty



BARNARD SCHOOL TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM.

Winners of the N.Y.I.S. Championship in 1894.

points or more each. These are Barnard, Berkeley, Harvard, and Cutler. Barnard's chances of success will greatly depend on Syme's condition, for he is their chief point-winner; and if he fails, then Berkeley will make a strong bid for the championship.

At Eastern Park the performances will not be so good as at Berkeley Oval, but several of the Long Island records will no doubt be considerably bettered. The most promising candidates for the 100 are Underhill and Stevenson. Litchfield is good at that distance, but he will doubtless be reserved for the hurdles and the broad jump. In that case Stevenson may be counted on to win. Stevenson will contest the 220 with Underhill and Jewell, and will probably take the 440. It will be a hot struggle for the places among Goetting, Jewell, Foster, and Grace. As the new rule shuts Bacchus out of the half-mile, Campbell, Bowden, and Goldsborough will make a close race. If Bedford does not save himself for the mile, he ought to be heard from; and he will undoubtedly take the long-distance event, Romer and Beasley in the places. If Berger, who won last year, is allowed to compete, he is a pretty sure winner for the bicycle, and he will be followed closely by Roehr. Fomey ought to be prominent in the pole vault, and if in condition, should win. Jewell and Streeter will push him. Barker and Gunnison have been doing good work in the high jump, but the event will probably go to Watt or Duval. I expect to see Munson take the shot, with Badger and Milne in the places. Herrick and Litchfield are the best men for the hurdles, and the latter should easily win the broad jump. Munson and Bishop ought to rank second and third. The Junior 100 will be decided among Richards, Rionda, Robinson, and Liebman. These men are a good deal of an unknown quantity. As the mile walk is a new event, no safe or just prediction can be made.

Some objection may be made by President Sykes, of the N.Y.I.S.A.A., to Ehrich's riding in the bicycle-race Saturday, but Ehrich has just as good a right to compete as any of the rest. If any protest is made it will be based on the fact that Ehrich attended the College of the City of New York last year, and as a member of the sub-Freshman class competed in the Intercollegiate games last spring. But Section 2 of Article X. of the constitution of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. expressly provides that any boy having been a member of the sub-Freshman class at C.C.N.Y. is not debarred from competing in games of the association provided he is under age and a member of some school. This year Ehrich is at the Harvard School. By riding in the Intercollegiate Ehrich classed himself with college men, possibly without having any right to do so. That was a question for the I.C.A.A. to settle last year. At the present time, however, Ehrich is a *bona fide* student at the Harvard school, he is within the age limit required by the I.S.A.A., he has never "attended any college," in the sense conveyed by the rules of the I.S.A.A., and he has never been in business. It seems therefore that he should be allowed to ride without protest, so long as there is no direct legislation affecting the case.

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Baseball is in a much more nourishing state of activity in New England than it is in New York, although the N.Y.I.S.B.B. League games have been under way here for two weeks or more. The championship season began in Boston on April 25th, and will close on June 7th, when the Cambridge High and Latin nine meets the English High-school team. The C.H. and L. has held a leading position in the league ever since the organization was started seven years ago, and the team has never finished lower than in third place, and in four of the six seasons has taken the pennant. This year the work of the players is well up to the standard set by their predecessors, except that the batting is weak. The team work is fair, and Stearns has good control of the ball, but little speed. The English High-school also came into the league at the start, and has played a close second to C.H. and L. ever since. Ward, who has been a member of every football and baseball team since he entered school in 1891, has made an efficient Captain since the resignation of Dakin, and will play in the box. He has speed and good curves, but he is liable to lose control of the ball when touched up for consecutive hits. The strength of the Roxbury Latin nine lies in Morse, the pitcher; but as Captain Ewer is the only player left from last year, he will have all he can do to mould his material for effective team work. Just at present the Hopkinson team is weak. There is plenty of good material at hand, however, and as Joe Upton, the old Harvard player, is coaching the boys, it is possible that at the end of the season unexpected strength will be developed. The Somerville High nine is somewhat of an unknown quantity too. That school has always been unfortunate in interscholastic athletics, never having finished higher than fourth place in baseball. Last year every one expected to see S.H-S. win the series, after they had defeated the Harvard Freshmen by a large score, but at the end of the season Hopkinson was the only team in the league that had failed to defeat them. As to the Boston Latin, there is a noticeable improvement over the standard of former seasons, and if the students will only show interest in baseball work, and support those who are striving to win glory for them, such encouragement cannot fail to result in higher achievements.

On the whole, the members and supporters of the N.E.I.S. Association should feel well satisfied with the league's attainments. It has certainly succeeded in the purpose for which it was formed—that is, to train players for the Harvard 'Varsity nine. This year no less than seven of the Crimson's players, including Captain Whittemore, are graduates from the interscholastic ranks. Whittemore was a B.L.S. player in 1891, and led the league in batting. On the several Harvard class teams there is an aggregate of twenty-five or thirty men who got their early experience in the league. To encourage sharp work in interscholastic baseball the Boston A.A. has this year offered a silver cup as a trophy to be played for during a term of five years.

Yale is just as much interested in interscholastic baseball in her neighborhood as Harvard is in Boston and Cambridge, and in 1891 offered to the Connecticut Interscholastic League a cup which was to stand for three years, and which has now become the property of the Hartford Public High-school by virtue of its successes in 1891, 1892, and 1894. The Connecticut I.S. League has sent many prominent athletes to Yale, some of the best known of whom are Corbin, who captained the '89 eleven; Williams, who made the 15-4/5 seconds high-hurdle record at the Berkeley Oval in '91; Cady, who is a star in the same event, but who failed to come up to Yale's expectations in the international games with Oxford in London last summer; and Gallaudet, who stroked the victorious crew at New London in 1893. The field meeting of the Conn. High-school A.A. on the Charter Oak track at Hartford next month promises to be one of the most interesting contests of the interscholastic season.

In Brooklyn there is considerable dissatisfaction in certain quarters over the recent ruling of the I.I.S.A.A., which debars from competition in Saturday's games any student who ever attended collegiate exercises at the Polytechnic Institute. Hitherto the law has always been against any one who might have entered college and returned to school; but the prohibition was never exercised against students of Poly. Prep., who, from the nature of their preparatory work, took certain courses in the collegiate department of the Institute. The new amendment specifies that boys who do not spend twelve hours a week in school recitations, or who have been in business or at college and have returned to school, shall not be allowed to compete in

scholastic events. Poly. Prep., the Latin School, and Bryant & Strattons vigorously opposed the adoption of this rule, because each one of them has candidates for interscholastic honors who are affected by the new legislation. A moment's thought will show that the question at issue is a very simple and a very clear one. A boy is either at school or he is not. That is one of the elementary propositions of logic. If he is at school, he should enjoy all privileges in interscholastic athletics. If, on the other hand, he takes certain courses at school and others at college, the determination of his standing should rest on whether or not he enjoys, in other respects, the privileges and advantages of a college man. If he is catalogued as a collegian and is otherwise admitted to collegiate functions or performances, he should be strictly excluded from everything scholastic. Furthermore, if a boy has left school for business or for college, he should not be allowed to compete in scholastic sports if he fails in his attempts or ambitions and returns, whether to the original school or to another. The new law will put a stop to this inducing of athletes to attend certain institutions—a practice we hear a great deal about, but the proof of which is difficult to obtain. Still, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and, on the whole, I am inclined to believe that the new rule will tend toward the purification of interscholastic sport.

The severe rain-storm of April 13th served greatly to mar the success of the first outdoor meeting of the season, held under the auspices of the Columbia College Union. By the time the final heat in the bicycle was due, the track was only lit for a boat-race, and consequently this event was postponed. The field events were contested under difficulties, the earth being so wet and soggy that creditable performances in the jumps were of course impossible. I was surprised to see Simpson drop to third in the pole-vault, but this weakness was undoubtedly due to the bad weather. The feature of the Sachs School games on the 15th was the inexperience of the judges. There being no referee it did not take long for things to get pretty well muddled up. When the mile run was adjudged to Tappen of Cutler's, there was plenty of loud talking. Tappen led to the last lap, when he was passed by Blair of Barnard, whom he fouled. Blair, nevertheless, beat him out, but the judges awarded the race to Tappen. This decision caused a great deal of dissatisfaction, and no end of disputing and protesting. The judges showed a certain amount of indecision and lack of firmness, and the matter ended altogether unsatisfactorily. The games, on the whole, were a perfect example of bad management.

The Berkeley School games on the 20th offered no particularly notable feature except in the matter of timing the winners. There was a strong sentiment shown on the part of the officials to record the smallest figures possible. Moeran was put down for 16-1/5, in the high hurdles. I know he did not cover the distance in any such time, because I stood at the finish line, and held my watch on him, and caught him at 16-3/5. In most of the school games there is too much of a desire exhibited for record-making, and the cry of "run for time!" is constantly heard. My efficiency as a timer may be inferior, but it is certainly impartial. It remains to be seen whether Powell can ride in 2 m. 32-2/5 sec. as he is said to have done at the Cutler games on the 24th. His former record was 2 m. 36-4/5 secs.

The baseball championship series of the N.Y.I.S.B.A. began two weeks ago, but I regret to chronicle a lack of general interest on the part of the schools in the games thus far. It is too early yet to judge of the relative strength of the various nines, but it looks as if the strongest teams had been placed in the first section, and so the winner of that series may safely be looked upon as the probable holder of the championship for 1895. In Brooklyn there seems to be more enthusiasm in baseball matters, and good work is being done. Poly. Prep. will undoubtedly develop a strong team, and, under the captaincy of Stevenson, ought to earn the privilege of representing the Long Island League at Eastern Park, on June 8th, unless they succumb to St. Paul's, Garden City. In Hall, the latter have a strong pitcher, and the fielding of the entire team is good. St. Paul's, however, has no excuse for not making a strong bid for first place.

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It looks again this year, as if Exeter and Andover would allow their childish differences to interfere with the annual baseball game which used to be considered one of the most important events of New England scholastic sport. Both schools may have had very good reason, at the time the breach between them occurred, to sever temporarily all relations. I don't care to enter into the merits of the controversy at present. But to allow the squabbles of one generation of school-boys to be handed down and cherished by succeeding classes—like a Kentucky feud—is unmanly, and decidedly unsportsmanlike.

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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.

The map this week is a road map from New York city to Tarrytown, and return. The reader will notice at the bottom of the Tarrytown route map that the route begins at 155th Street and the Boulevard.

The best route now open to a wheelman is to turn, as described last week, from Broadway into 181st Street, and go over a bad bit of road until he reaches Washington Bridge (2). On crossing the bridge turn sharply to the left and go down Featherbed Lane, which is anything but a featherbed road. There is a short winding hill as the road turns eastward into Macombs Dam road. The latter is in a somewhat better condition than Featherbed Lane, but it is irregular, narrow, and hilly. It is short, however, and the rider should turn into Fordham Landing road sharp to the left, going down an incline until he reaches Sedgwick Avenue. Here he turns to the right northward, follows Sedgwick Avenue for a few hundred yards, and then takes the left-hand fork where Sedgwick Avenue turns to the right. The left-hand fork is Bailey Avenue, and a somewhat long hill may tempt him to coast. On the whole, it is wiser not to do so, however, as there is an extremely bad piece of road at the bottom, where it is wiser to dismount and walk two or three hundred yards.

After this the wheelman takes the first important turn to the left, goes down a sharp incline and across two railway tracks. This is a bad place, and should be taken slowly and with great care. Immediately after crossing the track he comes into the Kingsbridge road, which is the turnpike road to Albany. This is macadamized and in excellent condition, and the run from there into Yonkers is a delightful one. As he passes Van Cortlandt Park there are three or four long slight ascents, which, though they do not look in the distance to be very difficult, are so long that I would advise him to take them slowly. He will know when he is approaching Yonkers by striking the asphalt pavement, which runs into the middle of the town. The road through Yonkers is direct, passing by the main square of the town, where the Getty House is the best place to stop, and where bicycles are repaired, though Yonkers is not by any means half the Tarrytown trip. Nevertheless, a short stop may be made at Yonkers and another at Dobbs Ferry, which roughly divides the journey into three parts.

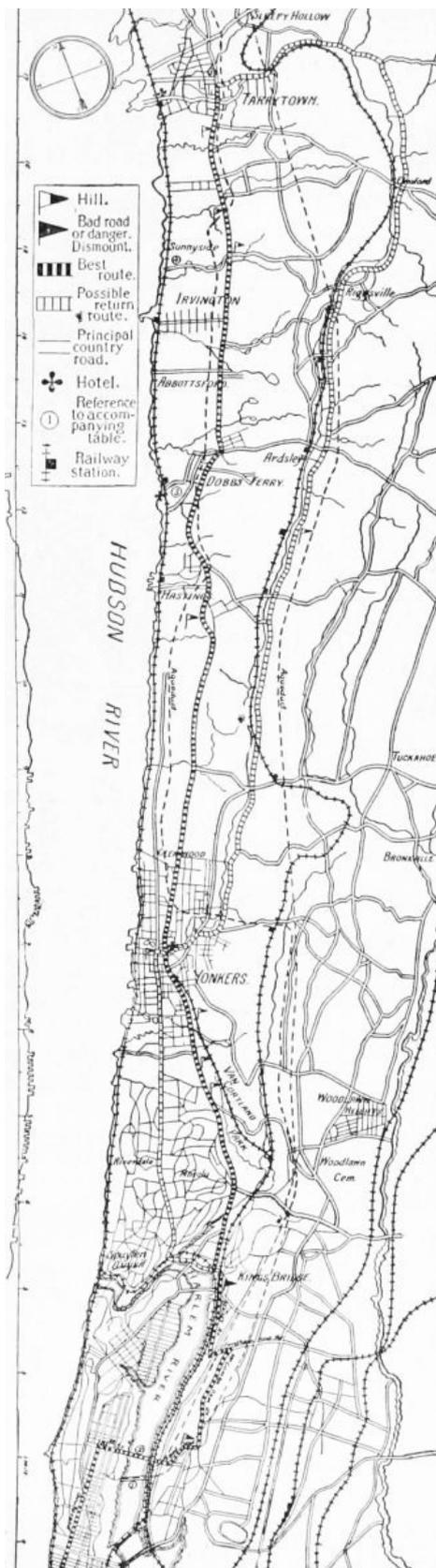
The road from Yonkers to Hastings is almost straight, and in capital condition, as, indeed, is most of the road up to Tarrytown. About a mile from the Getty House the wheelman passes through Glenwood. Two and a half miles out of Glenwood he should turn to the left at the fork in the road, and keep on one mile to Hastings. There is a piece of hilly road before running into Hastings. On leaving Hastings he should keep to the left and run into Dobbs Ferry, a half-mile distant. If the wheelman will take the time and turn to the left as he enters the town, he will be shown upon inquiry the house of Judge Beach (3), which is the same old manor-house in which Washington signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783.

Returning from Judge Beach's house to the main road again, the wheelman passes north out of Dobbs Ferry, and after travelling a half-mile, turns to the right, runs a quarter of a mile further and turns to the left, and the road is then direct to Irvington. It will well pay him to take the road following the valley down towards the Hudson westward, and stop a moment to see "Sunnyside" (4), the home of Washington Irving. Pulling back to the main road, again up a hill, the wheelman will find the road from here to Tarrytown, about two miles in length, well supplied with hills.

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On running into Tarrytown and inquiring for the road to the station, which runs westward downhill, a rider can put up at the Mott House near the river. Three courses are then open to him. He may either take the train back, if the ride has been sufficiently long already, or he may return by the same road, or on going up to the turnpike-road again, turning left northward, he will come after a few hundred yards to the André monument (5), which every bicycle rider who reaches Tarrytown should not fail to see. Turning back again southward, he may take the alternative road back to Yonkers. He may then take the main turnpike, which he passed over early in the day, or, following the alternative road marked on the chart, may come down through Riverdale and the villages along the bank of the Hudson, meeting the Kingsbridge road at Kingsbridge again.

NOTE.—Already published. Map of New York city, No. 809.



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.

"Tell you what books I read when I was a little girl?" Molly E— asks the question. Why, I am delighted to answer you, Molly. I am very fond of the little girl I used to be a long time ago. I can see her now, merrily going to school, day after day, along a river road bordered by tall willow-trees, crossing a bridge, and

reaching a pretty little school-house, with windows giving on the pleasant life of a river, which all the year round was beautiful in the children's eyes, and which is very dear in their memories.

In those days an enchanter, whose name was Jacob Abbott, was writing wonderful books for young people. None of you will ever have greater enjoyment in the books written for you now than we girls of that period had in the Rollo Books, in which Rollo and Lucy, and a pearl of a hired man named Jonas, and Rollo's father and Rollo's mother, played important parts. We ate and slept and travelled with Rollo, we breathed his mountain air, we studied with him, and learned a great deal about both nature and morals, without suspecting that we were being taught. Abbott's histories, *Charlemagne*, *Napoleon*, *Charles I.*, *Josephine*, ever so many of them were on my bookshelf, where I had, a little later, the Waverley Novels; nor shall I ever forget the breathless pace at which I raced through Macaulay's *History of England*.

When I was fifteen somebody gave me *Leatherstocking* and *The Last of the Mohicans*, and these introduced me to Cooper, whose stories I found entertaining and full of a feeling of outdoor life. But for sheer pleasure in a book there never was anything so lovely as the experience I had, when about ten, in reading Mrs. Sherwood's stories. You girls do not know much about them, but there were *The Fairchild Family*, and *Little Henry and his Bearer*, and a thrilling tale, the name of which I have forgotten, all about a very naughty girl who went to live with an aunt, who spoiled her to such an extent that when she came home she couldn't live in peace with her brothers and sisters, and led the whole family, including her papa and mamma, a perfectly dreadful life. I remember this story with a great deal of affection, and I think the heroine's name was Caroline, but I am not sure. *Anna Ross* was a book of this period, and it was followed by *The Wide, Wide World*, a dear story, which I hope many of you will read, for it is probably in all your Sunday-school libraries. It was the work of Miss Susan Warner, who wrote *Queechy* and other equally excellent books for girls, after Ellen Montgomery, her heroine in the first, had stolen our hearts.

I trust none of you will ever be so impolite as I was when I went to visit my girl friends. I blush to think of it now, after so many years; but, do you know, if they had a new book, I simply seized upon it, and never stopped till I read it through, so that as a guest I was of no use, never waking from my trance until I had finished the last page of the treasure. Finally one of my friends, Jenny V. G., devised this plan, and carried it out successfully: When she expected me to visit her for a week, she living in the country and I in town, she simply hid all the books which she knew I had not read, and never brought them out till I had gone home again.

You see, my dears, I was not a pattern for you to imitate. There was not a paper in existence in my childhood worthy of being compared with the Round Table; but at our school we wrote a weekly paper, contributed to it ourselves, and made a half-dozen copies to pass around. I began being an editor quite early in life.

Margaret E. Langster.

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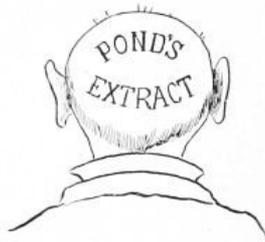
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Varying Farm Life.

I live on a farm twenty-four miles from New York city, but am fond, as you may see from my letter, of reaching out beyond the farm and farm life and making inquiries about other things. I collect stamps, and have some old coins, one, a 1720 piece, which I found in the field one day while cultivating corn. I am sixteen years old. Could you tell me how to make an induction coil for taking shocks? Could you also tell me how to make a blow-pipe? I am thinking of making an electric telegraph. Could you give me some points on it? I have the Morse telegraph alphabet, but don't understand it or know how to use it.

Here is a game to be played when there are many to play it. Each one is provided with a slip of paper and a pencil. There are three persons who are in the secret—a confederate, the clairvoyant, and medium. Each one writes a word or short sentence on the paper. The clairvoyant seats herself before the writers, and the medium rubs her forehead with a handkerchief to put her in a trance. Then the medium collects the papers, takes any one of them (except the blank one, which must be left till last), and puts it on the clairvoyant's forehead. She makes up a sentence, which sentence must be claimed by the confederate, who really wrote nothing. Then the clairvoyant takes it from her forehead to see if she was right. Of course she reads it, and when the next paper is put on her forehead relates what she read on the preceding slip, greatly to the amusement and often the surprise of the writer.

Do you want some riddles?

H. A. KRETCHMAR.
WEST NYACK.

You cannot make an induction coil save at considerable expense, and even then it is not as good as the one you may buy for less money. Apply to any dealer in electrical supplies.

A blow-pipe is simply a small pipe or tube a few inches long and bent at a right angle very near one end. Insert one end in your mouth, the bent end in a gas or even lamp flame, and blow gently. The effect is a flame many times hotter than the still flame.

You can make a telegraph key. Make a walnut or oak base four by eight inches. Erect two uprights in the centre, one inch apart and two inches high. Put between them a wood lever six inches long. In one end of the lever insert a common screw, and from the base raise a metal contact—a common nail will do—about two inches back of the uprights. Any metal surface, as two brass buttons, will do for the screw and nail to "click" against, a hand-pin may be made from the end of a common spool. This key, of a good pattern, may be bought for \$2, in brass. You can get along without a "sounder." Get some practical operator to show you about the alphabet. Do not try to learn it from instruction books. If you do you will be sure to learn at the same time many faults. We want good riddles—new, not old ones.

Costa Rican Country Life.

Costa Rica, or, translated into English, "rich coast," is the most progressive of the Central American republics. The people are very home-staying, that is, they do not like to travel, as do the English and Americans. They all seem to like their country, and rightly too, for there are few prettier lands or more delightful climates. It is very mountainous, but not many very high peaks. All the way from the port at Limon to San José, the capital, there is grand scenery. Passing along on the train up a steep grade one looks back and wonders how the road-builders ever got up. In some places along on the mountain-sides, as the train passes, you can pick ferns out of one window and out of the other can see the valley far below, with little houses that look as if built for dolls. In some of these places it is very dangerous, and the train has to go very slowly.

Arriving in San José and just leaving the station you can see the city lying below you. A little to the left, and at about the middle, you can see the large round dome of the cathedral, and a little way back the large red roof of the new theatre. To the right lie the new school building and the Plaza de Toros. Entering more into the city one is surprised

and pleased at the numerous pretty parks that are scattered all through it. San José is called the "Little Paris," as here you can see the Spanish beauties dressed in the latest Parisian styles. Sunday afternoon is the time when the señoritas take a promenade in the Parque Central, where the music is playing and all is gay.

Let us leave the city life and people and look at the poor folks of the country, who toil that all these city people may be comfortable. The average country people can neither read nor write, because until quite a recent date schools have not been general. Although they cannot read or write, most of them have very intelligent faces, and are well informed about their position. The houses of these people are very mean structures, built of only rough boards lapped over and nailed. The roof is of sugar-cane leaves, or, at the best, tiles made out of mud and clay baked. Inside the houses there are rarely more than two rooms, neither of them having other floor than the bare ground. The cooking range is only a platform covered with sand. There are three stones to set the kettles on. The smoke wanders off through the roof or door, for as a rule there are no windows. The furniture is not very extensive, and consists of a table and one or two "taburetes" (chairs covered with the skin of an ox).

In every house you enter you will find some corner or shelf whereon is placed some image or saint. The picture of their patron saint is hung on the wall. The house is as free to the chickens, pigs, and dogs as to the people themselves. The pigs run around, picking up what can be found to eat on the floor, and then crawl away under the bed or table and sleep the sleep of the—pig.

The people are generally strong and healthy. Their food consists, year in and year out, of rice and frijoles (black beans), and the great Costa Rican bread called tortilla. A tortilla is dried hulled corn ground on a stone and made into a sort of pancake, which is laid amongst the ashes and baked. When one has learned to eat it, it is very good. The people are not such thieves as they have been represented to be by many. To be sure, they will steal food, eggs, vegetables, and firewood, but nothing more. I have known a mill to be open for over three months, with valuable tools lying around, but never a one missing. The people are very polite, and when passing one in the road they always say adios (good-by), or buenos dias (good-day). The men all carry a large knife suspended at the belt, but it is for such use as we make of a pen or pocket knife.

Sir L. E. TOWER.
SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA.

The Helping Hand.

A friend of the TABLE and of the School Fund wrote recently to Jules Verne, telling him about Good Will Farm, and asking him for a letter to be sold to that American admirer who would bid highest for it. The great novelist readily responded, and the letter, wholly in Mr. Verne's own hand, is now in our possession. Of course it is in French, but here is a translation of it:

March 27, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I hasten to reply to your letter, which is inspired by such a touching idea. I should be happy if these few lines, which you request, could contribute, in some slight degree, to the success of your charitable undertaking. I believe that I have in your country many friends, unknown but sincere, judging from the letters I receive. This will afford me an opportunity to pay my tribute of gratitude to them, and I beg you to accept, with my entire sympathy, the assurance of my sincere regard.

JULES VERNE.

The TABLE much appreciates the gentleman's kind act, and warmly thanks him. The original of the letter is to be used in an exhibition of other similar letters, and at the close of that exhibition will, with some other rare manuscripts, including one by James Russell Lowell, kindly given to the Fund by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and original letters by Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Alexander Hamilton, Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, Louis XV. of France, and Emperor Napoleon I. and others, all belonging to the Fund through the kindness of its friends, be offered for sale to the highest bidders.

Our Fund grows slowly. Have you helped it along yet? We reprint the Mite for your use. Any one of any age may contribute. Write plainly that no errors may be made in the Honor Roll.

GOOD WILL MITE

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FUND

Amount, \$.....

.....
Contributor.

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Want Corner.

John Frame, 926 Main Street, Stevens Point, Wis., wants to trade pressed flowers and to correspond about botany. G. Edward Harrison, room 708, Fidelity Building, Baltimore, is interested in amateur journalism and wants samples. Similar requests are made by Claude Reno, 399 Chew Street, Allentown, Pa., who wants to contribute essays and funny paragraphs; and by F. R. Pyne, 717 Grove Street, Elizabeth, N. J., who wants to join a Chapter that publishes a paper and that trades stamps. Bert Segal sends money for a badge, but sends no address.

We should like to oblige Lantie V. Blum by telling the TABLE about his store, but cannot well do so. Josephine Moulton Shaw sends a diagram about the familiar bird-case and bird illusion. She also sends "Kink" answers which are correct. She may write again.

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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.

It is stated that Germany issued a special postal card to commemorate the birthday of Bismarck. Some think the cards were issued by private parties, as was the case of the Columbian cards issued at Chicago.

The new stamps of Mexico were given to the public on April 2d, there being thirteen adhesives in the set, of which two are here illustrated. Four of the designs represent the different modes of carrying the mail in Mexico, and the other design shows the statue of Montezuma.



L. DORR.—The United States stamps of current issue break when folded, because the paper is brittle. The thirty-cent State Department stamp is sold at \$4, the fifteen-cent Justice at \$3.

JAMES EDMONDS.—The Confederate States 1862, ten cents, is sold at \$3, the others have no value.

EDWARD TATNALL.—The Hartford die of the United States Centennial envelope has a double line under the word "Postage" The Philadelphia die shows only a single line.

S. H.—The set of Columbian postal cards is sold for about fifty cents.

E. P. TRIPP.—The blue Special Delivery stamp was brought out again after the orange color was retired from use. It is the same plate as formerly used, and is practically the same stamp as was issued before the orange color.



A. S. S.—The stamps used at the period of the celebrated "Stamp Act" were for the collection of revenue. The stamp dealers may be able to supply them, but it is hardly probable.

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SISTER SUE'S DREAM ABOUT BROTHER TOMMY.

AN IRON PLUM.

The London coster has become a very interesting character, and many songs, and good ones too, have been written about his virtues and his weaknesses. Some of these street venders have made fortunes, and have retired to live the balance of their days in ease. One of these retired gentlemen was interviewed not long ago by a London newspaper, and in the course of the talk he showed how some of them had managed to grow rich so speedily.

"The costers wot sold plums made the money," he said, "an' a bloomin' big part of it came from wot they calls the iron plum. A fair take in that was. You wouldn't have know'n it from a real 'un—colored just the same, and with a good bloom on it. Course you took care to keep it close at hand, and at your side of the heap you was selling from. 'Come and have lumping weight,' says you, and you popped the iron 'un in among the others, and wallop went the scale, with p'r'haps no more than half a p'und instead of a p'und in.

"All you had to do was to take just one—the one, as being rather too much of a good thing in the way of overweight, just as you were handing the plums to the customer, and the trick was done. It was bowled out, though, in a rum sort o' way before it had been in use long enough to do any of 'em so much good. I had a pitch in Leather Lane at the time, and it being plum season, I was working the bullet, as we used to call it, and so was the woman who kept the stall next to me. There used to be a beadle sort of chap to keep order in the lane, and he was always uncommon handy at spotting the finest fruit on a man's barrow and whipping it into his mouth without so much as asking for it. Course you couldn't say anything against it, or

you might set up his back against you. So one day he was coming round as usual, and he spies that particler fine black plum on the woman's stall, and before she could prevent it he had hold of it. I s'pose it was her pouncing on him so quick confused him, and prewented him feeling the extra weight of it. 'Don't take that 'un, Mr. Grabbum,' she said; 'it isn't ripe. Let me pick you out a ripe 'un.' But old Grabbum he only grinned and winked, and popped it into his mouth. But he didn't keep it there long. He made one bite at it, and then he began to dance and splutter, which, being an uncommon thing for a beadle to do, soon brought a crowd round him. But it was wuss than we had first thought it was. We didn't know that the greedy old warment had false teeth, but he had, and he broke 'em all to shivereens along with the iron plum, which fell with such a whack on the pavement that there was no mistaking what it was made for."

A SMALL BOY'S ANSWER.

At a country school in England it is said that one of the examiners in a general exercise wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following sentence, "I dozen know my lesson."

A STUPID BUTLER

Spanish people seem to suffer from the stupidity of some of their servants as much as we do in America, if the following story, which appeared in a Madrid journal, is true. It seems that a lady ordered her butler one morning to tell all visitors that she was not at home. At night, when enumerating the persons who had called during the day, he mentioned the lady's sister, when his mistress exclaimed: "I told you, man, that I was always at home for my sister! You ought to have shown her in."

Next day the lady went out to make a few calls, and during her absence her sister came to the house.

"Is your mistress at home?" she asked the butler.

"Yes, madam," was his reply.

The lady went up stairs, and looked everywhere for her sister. On coming down stairs she said to the butler, "My sister must have gone out, for I could not find her."

"Yes, madam, she has gone out, but she told me last night that she was always at home for you."

STRUCK TOO SOON.

Napoleon Bonaparte at one time contemplated an invasion of England, and so certain was he of success that he had a medal struck in Paris in honor of the event. Only one specimen has been left to posterity, because at the failure of the bold enterprise he expressly ordered the medals and dies to be destroyed. On one side is the Emperor's half-length portrait, on the reverse is the image of Hercules stifling the giant Antæus in his arms. On the top are the words, "Descente en Angleterre," and underneath, "Frappé à Londres" (Struck in London). This remarkable bit of coinage is said to be still preserved in the Paris Mint.

AN INDEPENDENT BARBER.

Here is an entertaining story about a Frenchman who was too proud to do things which were against his principles. The story is vouched for as an actual fact by the man to whom the incident happened. While travelling in Europe he stopped overnight at Caen, and noting that his hair was unduly long he went to have it cut by the local barber. He told the barber to take off very little, but before the scissors had been at work many seconds he noticed a favorite lock fall on to the calico jacket in which he had been arrayed. Whereupon he reproved the barber for not following his instructions, upon which the man observed, in mingled tones of reproach and dismay,

"Monsieur must permit me to do my work in the way which seems best to me; and what is more, I shall take off some more."

"Not at all," said the traveller; "I tell you I want very little taken off, and must insist upon your doing as I direct you."

The barber, however, was not to be put down in this way, and said, "Monsieur, it is possible that this is how things may be done in England, but here in France we are not slaves. I shall cut off as much as I please."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, MAY 7, 1895 ***

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