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HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



orrible though the civil war was, heartrending though it was that brother should fight against brother, there remains as an offset the glory that has accrued to the nation by the countless deeds of heroism performed by both sides in the struggle. The captains and the armies who after long years of dreary campaigning and bloody, stubborn fighting brought the war to a close have left us more than a reunited realm.

North and South, all Americans now have a common fund of glorious memories. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who no less valiantly fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph. We hold that it was vital to the welfare not only of our people on this continent but of the whole human race that the Union should be preserved and slavery abolished; that one flag should fly from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande, that we should all be free in fact as well as in name, and that the United States should stand as one nation, the greatest nation on the earth; but we recognize gladly that South as well as North, when the fight was once on, the leaders of the armies, and the soldiers whom they led, displayed the same qualities of daring and steadfast courage, of disinterested loyalty and enthusiasm, and of high devotion to an ideal.

The greatest general of the South was Lee, and his greatest lieutenant was Jackson. Both were Virginians, and both were strongly opposed to disunion. Lee went so far as to deny the right of secession; while Jackson insisted that the South ought to try to get its rights inside the Union, and not outside; but when Virginia joined the Southern Confederacy, and the war had actually begun, both men cast their lot with the South.

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It is often said that the civil war was in one sense a repetition of the old struggle between the Puritan and the Cavalier; but Puritan and Cavalier types were common to the two armies. In dash and light-hearted daring Custer and Kearny stood as conspicuous as Stuart and Morgan; and, on the other hand, no Northern general approached the Roundhead type, the type of the stern religious warriors who fought under Cromwell, so closely as Stonewall Jackson.

He was a man of intense religious conviction, who carried into every thought and deed of his daily life the precepts and the convictions of the faith he cherished. He was a tender and loving husband and father, kind-hearted and gentle to all with whom he was brought in contact. Yet in the times that tried men's souls he showed himself to be not only a commander of genius, but a fighter of iron will and temper, who joyed in the battle, and always showed at his best when the danger was greatest. The vein of fanaticism that ran through his character helped to render him a terrible opponent. He knew no such word as falter, and when he had once put his hand to a piece of work he did it thoroughly and with all his heart. It was quite in keeping with his character that this gentle, high-minded, and religious man should early in the contest have proposed to hoist the black-flag, neither take nor give quarter, and make the war one of extermination. No such policy was practical in the nineteenth century and in the American Republic; but it would have seemed quite natural and proper to Jackson's ancestors, the grim Scotch-Irish who defended Londonderry against the forces of the Stuart King, or to their forefathers, the Covenanters of Scotland, and the Puritans who in England rejoiced at the beheading of King Charles the First.

In the first battle, in which Jackson took part, the confused struggle at Bull Run, he gained his name of Stonewall from the firmness with which he kept his men to their work and repulsed the attack of the Union troops. From that time until his death, less than two years afterwards, his career was one of brilliant and almost uninterrupted success, whether serving with an independent command in the Valley, or acting under Lee as his right arm in the pitched battles with McClellan, Pope, and Burnside. Few generals as great as Lee have ever had as great a lieutenant as Jackson. He was a master of strategy and tactics, fearless of responsibility, able to instil into his men his own intense ardor of battle; and so quick in his movements, so ready to march as well as fight, that his troops were known to the rest of the army as the

"fool cavalry."

In the spring of 1863 Hooker had command of the Army of the Potomac. Like McClellan, he was able to perfect the discipline of his forces and to organize them, and as a division commander he was better than McClellan; but he failed even more signally when given a great independent command. He had under him 120,000 men when, toward the end of April, he prepared to attack Lee's army, which was but half as strong.

The Union army lay opposite Fredericksburg, looking at the fortified heights where they had received so bloody a repulse at the beginning of the winter. Hooker decided to distract the attention of the Confederates by letting a small portion of his force, under General Sedgwick, attack Fredericksburg, while he himself took the bulk of the army across the river to the right hand so as to crush Lee by an attack on his flank. All went well at the beginning, and on the 1st of May Hooker found himself at Chancellorsville face to face with the bulk of Lee's forces; and Sedgwick, crossing the river and charging with the utmost determination, had driven out of Fredericksburg the Confederate division of Early; but when Hooker found himself face to face with Lee he hesitated, faltered instead of pushing on, and allowed the consummate general to whom he was opposed to himself take the initiative.

Lee fully realized his danger, and saw that his only chance was to attempt, first to beat back Hooker, and then to turn and overwhelm Sedgwick, who was in his rear. He consulted with Jackson, and Jackson begged to be allowed to make one of his favorite flank attacks upon the Union army; attacks which could have been successfully delivered only by a skilled and resolute general, and by troops equally able to march and to fight. Lee consented, and Jackson at once made off. The country was thickly covered with a forest of rather small growth, for it was a wild region, in which there was still plenty of game. Shielded by the forest, Jackson marched his gray columns rapidly to the left along the narrow country roads until he got square on the flank of the Union right wing, which was held by the Eleventh Corps, under Howard. The Union scouts got track of the movement and reported it at headquarters; but the Union generals thought the Confederates were retreating; and when finally the scouts brought word to Howard that he was menaced by a flank attack he paid no heed to the information, and actually let his whole corps be surprised in broad daylight. Yet all the while the battle was going on elsewhere, and Berdan's sharpshooters had surrounded and captured a Georgia regiment, from which information was received which showed definitely that Jackson was not retreating, and must be preparing to strike a heavy blow.

The Eleventh Corps had not the slightest idea that it was about to be attacked. The men were not even in line. Many of them had stacked their muskets and were lounging about, some playing cards, others cooking supper, intermingled with the pack-mules and beef cattle. While they were thus utterly unprepared Jackson's gray-clad veterans pushed straight through the forest, and rushed fiercely to the attack. The first notice the troops of the Eleventh Corps received did not come from the pickets, but from the deer, rabbits, and foxes which, fleeing from their coverts at the approach of the Confederates, suddenly came running over and into the Union lines. In another minute the frightened pickets came tumbling back, and right behind them came the long lines of charging, yelling Confederates. With one fierce rush Jackson's men swept over the Union lines, and at a blow the Eleventh Corps became a horde of panic-stricken fugitives. Some of the regiments resisted for a few moments, and then they too were carried away in the flight.

For a time it seemed as if the whole army would be swept off; but Hooker and his subordinates exerted every effort to restore order. It was imperative to gain time, so that the untouched portions of the army could form across the line of the Confederate advance. Keenan's regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, but four hundred sabres strong, was accordingly sent full against the front of the ten thousand victorious Confederates. Keenan himself fell riddled by bayonets, and the charge was repulsed at once: but a few priceless moments had been saved, and Pleasonton had been given time to post twenty-two guns, loaded with double canister, where they would bear upon the enemy. The Confederates advanced in a dense mass, yelling and cheering, and the discharge of the guns fairly blew them back across the works they had just taken. Again they charged, and again were driven back, and when the battle once more began the Union re-enforcements had arrived.

It was about this time that Jackson himself was mortally wounded. He had been leading and urging on the advance of his men, cheering them with voice and gesture, his pale face flushed with joy and excitement, while from time to time as he sat on his horse he took off his hat and, looking upward, thanked Heaven for the victory it had vouchsafed him. As darkness drew near he was in the front, where friend and foe were mingled in almost inextricable confusion. He and his staff were fired on at close range by the Union troops, and, as they turned, were fired on again, through a mistake, by the Confederates behind them. Jackson fell, struck in several places. He was put in a litter and carried back; but he never lost consciousness, and when one of his generals complained of the terrific effect of the Union cannonade he answered, "You must hold your ground."

For several days he lingered, hearing how Lee beat Hooker, in detail, and forced him back across the river. Then the old Puritan died. At the end his mind wandered and he thought he was again commanding in battle; and his last words were, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade." Thus perished Stonewall Jackson, one of the ablest of soldiers and one of the most upright of men, in the last of his many triumphs.

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THE SHIP WITHOUT A LIGHT.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

It was in the Custom-house, and the Chief was sitting at his desk opening a letter. A boy of perhaps sixteen was standing awkwardly at the door. He was dressed rather roughly, and the Customs Inspector thought it would be a good idea to despatch the boy's business before he read the letter, which he had by this time drawn from the envelope.

"Well?" he repeated; but the boy still hesitated, and glanced uneasily across the room towards a tall lady,

who was standing at the window with her back towards him.

"Anything very particular?" the officer went on, with a touch of annoyance.

"I guess I'd like to speak to you alone."

The lady evidently heard him, for without speaking she hurriedly drew her veil down over her face, and noiselessly left the room by a door which he had not noticed before. The boy caught a glimpse of her face as she turned, and gave a little start, he hardly knew why. It was a strange face.

"Now, then, we are quite alone, what have you to say? It's growing late."

"I wanted to speak to you, sir, about something I saw last night out in Puget Sound. I thought you ought to be told about it."

"Yes?"

"A boat, sir, that I think is smuggling opium in from the British Columbia coast."

"What is your name?"

"Thomas Walton. I'm a fisherman."

"What makes you think the boat is smuggling opium?"

"Because she passed down the channel about two o'clock last night and carried no light."

"What sort of a craft?" asked the customs officer, with a peculiar look.

"I should think she was a sailing sloop, sir— I couldn't see nowadays plain."

"When did you say?"

"Last night."

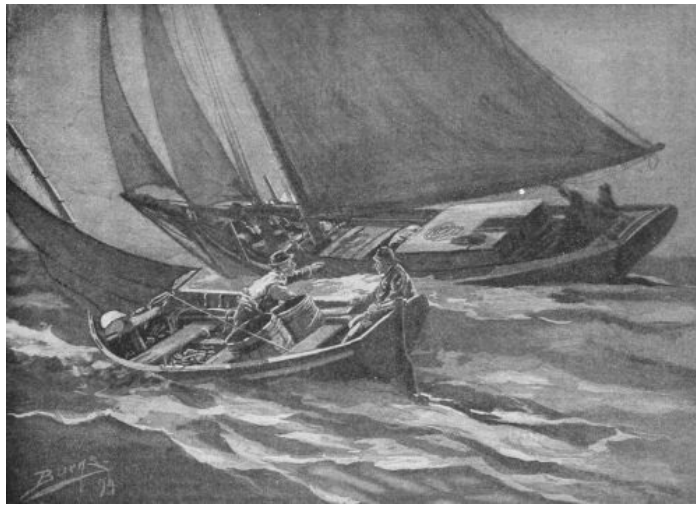
"Tell me all about it. Where do you live?"

"At my father's ranch on Padilla Bay; he's dead, and I live with my mother and sister there. I fish during the salmon season."

"Were you alone last night?"

"No; an Indian boy and myself have a boat between us; it was Jo saw her first."

"Well?"



**"A MINUTE AFTER IT WAS LIGHT FOR AN INSTANT
AND WE GOT SIGHT OF HER."**

"We were tacking across the channel, and it was very dark. We had just come about, and suddenly I heard a swish in the water and felt something a yard or so off sweeping by. I couldn't see what it was at first. It seemed to pass in the air. Jo heard it too, and we were both pretty scared. A minute after it was light for an instant and we got sight of her, a few yards to windward of us, bending under her sail. Jo pointed her out to me, and the next moment she seemed to disappear. We got into port this afternoon very late with our fish, and as soon as I could I came to tell you."

"How many times have you seen this—this ship without a light?"

"Just the once. We don't carry a light ourselves, or we mightn't have seen her this time."

"Where was this?"

"To the south of Fidalgo Island."

"In the outer channel?"

"No, right below the slough, to the inner side of the island and the main shore."

"Where did the boat seem to come from?" the Inspector asked, looking straight in the boy's face.

"Well, we couldn't exactly be sure; but Jo seemed to think that she had come from the slough—that was what set us to thinking she must be a smuggler."

"Have you told anybody about this?"

"No."

"Don't. How about this Indian boy, this Siwash?"

"He hasn't said a word about it to any one. I made him keep it quiet till I had told you."

"Sure no one else knows?"

"No one; at least no one but the man in the outer office here."

"What did you tell him for?" the Chief asked, with sudden vexation.

"He wouldn't let me in till I told him what I wanted; he said you were busy."

At this moment the door opened and a man in uniform entered.

"Ah," he said, glancing at the boy, "he's told you, then. Had we better put any confidence in the tale? I've been speaking to the Captain of the *Madrona* about it. He is in the outer office now. He seems to think there is something in it."

"You may go now," said the Chief, with a preoccupied look, to the boy; "you had better go right home, and next time carry a light yourself. Good-evening."

"I am sorry you let the boy go," the deputy began, as the door closed; "we may need him for evidence. But here's the Captain."

A tall gentleman, in the uniform of the United States navy, entered the room at this moment. "I've been having a word with your salmon-fisher," he said, "and I think he's telling the truth. I'll catch them to-night when they're getting back north, and give them more light in Puget Sound than they will find altogether convenient. Where was it he saw them now?"

"I don't think the boy said," the deputy answered. "Did he tell you?" and he turned to his superior.

"Yes, he did, now I recollect."

"Was it in the main channel, or below the slough to the inside of the island?"

"In the outer channel; it was too large a boat to get through the slough."

"Why, I thought he said it was a sailing sloop," mused the Captain, turning to the deputy.

"So did I."

"No; the boy told me distinctly," the Chief replied, "that it was a much larger vessel, and that she passed him in the outer channel; though candidly, as to her carrying no light, we must remember that boys sometimes have wonderful imaginations."

"Then we'll keep the main channel;" and the Captain left the room.

Down among the ships in the harbor a small boat was moored. It had all the unmistakable signs of being a fishing-boat, and a youth with a large round face of a heavy brown mahogany color was sitting lazily at the edge of the wharf, when Thomas Walton made his appearance. They both got into the boat and pushed from the dock. It was growing quite dusk. The harbor lights were already lit.

"You told them, Tom?"

"Yes."

"What did they think?"

"I hardly know. I wish now I hadn't gone near them at all."

"Didn't they treat you white?"

"I don't know."

"You don't?"

"Well, they didn't seem to believe what I said, anyway. And there's something else I don't like the looks of."

"What else?"

"Oh, nothing much. I think I was followed down to the wharf. Look over there. Can you see? Is that a man or a woman in that boat there—the one that just came around the stern of the *Umatilla*?"

"A man."

"No, the other. You can't see now. She got down low the moment she saw me looking at her. Give her another haul. There; that'll do." The last remark referred to the sail which the Indian had hoisted as Tom was speaking.

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"Why, Jo, where did that boat go?" he continued a moment afterward, looking back among the shipping.

The skiff was gone.

A couple of hours later they were cutting across Puget Sound before a fresh wind, with the slap and drench of the rising waves against their bows. The timbered uplands were darkly visible a mile or so ahead, and Tom called out to his companion in the bow:

"I say, Jo, I'm going to tack for the inner channel, and wait in the slough. I have been thinking this thing out, and I've got an idea in my head. I didn't tell the man at the Custom-house about the landing at the rocks."

"You didn't?" came a sleepy voice from the darkness.

"No; I was too confused at first, and afterwards I thought I wouldn't, anyway."

A mile up this narrow channel, or slough, as shallow places of the kind are called on the Pacific coast, there was a small bay, almost hidden by the vast overhanging fir-trees. On one side the shore was steep and rocky, but on the other there was a small strip of very convenient beach, where the boys had landed three or four times to mend their seine. The last time they had been there, Jo, in the spirit of exploration, had pushed his way into the thick woods, and a little way back had come upon a faint trail, which, after making a detour, they found led up to the steep rocks on the other side of the little bay. They never took the trouble to follow it inland.

"Place where the lumbermen land," Jo had remarked upon this occasion, pointing to the trunk of a cedar near the edge. There was a slightly worn place in the bark where a ship's rope had been fastened.

Afterwards they had remembered that the island was part of an Indian reservation, where no lumberman had any right to touch the timber.

Until the incident of the night before they had, however, given this no thought. But it had occurred to Tom then that the mysterious trail in the uninhabited island might possibly have some connection with the strange vessel.

"What are the customs officers going to do?" Jo asked.

"From the little I could hear I expect that the *Madrona* will keep watch for the smugglers in the open waters of the Sound. The slough won't be guarded at all, in that case, and I'm going to wait here till towards morning; then, if nothing passes, we can put into the bay, and see if there are any signs of anybody having been on the trail the last few hours."

"Not likely."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that—at all events we'll wait here through the night, and see if anything does happen."

"But if it isn't an opium smuggler at all; if it's a—a—"

"A what?" Tom asked shortly, familiar with the other's superstitious nature.

"Have we the gun?" said Jo, changing the subject.

"I don't know."

"Yes, it's here," answered the Indian, rummaging for it among a lot of odds and ends at the bow. "I wonder if it's—"

"Don't bang it off into me to find out if it is."

Some hours after midnight the boat of the boys was standing in for the little bay spoken of. They had waited further up the slough, but Tom, who of the two was the one who had kept awake, had heard nothing pass. It was still quite dark.

Jo suddenly started.

"Say, did you see that? There—there it is again!"

The boys looked upwards, and a great white bar of light, like a comet, swung across the sky above them. Then it swung slowly back again, faltering here and there, and appearing to rise and fall in certain places.

"It must be the *Madrona's* search-light," said Tom, "and they are right south of here."

They still had a full view of the open waters of Puget Sound.

"They seem to be coming this way," muttered the Indian; "there it goes again!"

As he spoke, an intensely bright cone of light leaped forth suddenly into the darkness, and moved from place to place along the high rocky shores.

"I'm glad it isn't as dark as it was last night," Jo said, as they rounded the point, and glided onward noiselessly upon the calm black water. "Do you see anything in the bay?"

"No; drop the sail," Tom whispered, and he steered the boat slowly through the suspicious inlet. It was quite dark in the shadow of the gigantic trees. As the bow grated gently on the sand, Jo stepped out, followed at once by his companion.

The next moment they were both appalled by an unexpected sound. It was the soft flap of a sail. As their eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom of the thick forest trees, they could see dimly a vessel of considerable size, moored to the very rocks they had been thinking of. It was the mysterious ship of the night before. It awed them too, to see it lying so near to them with its white sails all spread, and yet not a sign of life upon it. There was something weird about it all, and Tom could hardly prevent the Siwash boy from making an immediate retreat.

They continued to listen for some moments, but all remained still upon the vessel and upon the shore.

"I wonder is there any one aboard of her?" Jo said in an undertone.

"Keep still!"

In spite of this warning, Tom was himself the first to break the silence.

"Perhaps they've abandoned her."

"Then where can they be?"

"Do you want to know real bad?" asked Tom.

"Yes!"

"Well, you're good at following a night trail; just you follow that one back into the island, and you'll stand a fair show of seeing where they are."

This was humor, and Jo grinned appreciatively.

"Where is the gun?" Tom asked, presently.

"I have it; what are we going to do?"

"We're going to get that sloop out into the Sound, and sail her up to the city dock at daybreak. I'll show those customs inspectors—"

"They'll say you're the smuggler."

"Well, I'm going to risk it."

"Perhaps they're aboard now—asleep."

"Keep the gun ready, then!"

The boys were making their way towards the sloop along the narrow strip of sand yet uncovered by the flood tide, but as they spoke, they stopped with one accord, for they heard a sound from the trees near by.

"Cougar?"

"No," whispered the Indian, "a man!"

"Stand very still, then, and watch what happens."

They could hear the branches being pushed aside softly, and dull footfalls upon the forest moss.

Presently two dark shapes emerged upon the neighboring rocks. They were talking rapidly, but the boys could not catch what they were saying.

The *Madrona* was moving to the south of the island, and standing in towards the mouth of the slough. One of the new-comers saw the search-light.

"They'll be upon us in half an hour," Tom could hear him say; "we must steer around the point, and get up the slough, where a vessel of such deep draught as theirs cannot follow us. We'll be done for if we stay here."

The voice seemed familiar, but the boy was too excited to give the fancy a second thought. What he saw, only too plainly, was the easy way in which the supposed smugglers could make their escape, and, laying prudence aside, he instantly called out in what he intended to be a very commanding voice,

"Ahoy there! you can't go aboard till you say who you are, and what you are doing here."

Hardly were the words spoken when Tom saw a bright red flash, and was almost stunned by a loud report. He heard the crash of a rifle bullet through the branches behind him, and heard the echoes running along the opposite shores, growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

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The shot was instantly returned, and there was a quick sharp cry from the rocks. He turned and saw Jo at his side, lowering the gun from his shoulder.

The next moment he heard a rustle in the trees near him, and hardly thinking of the peril in which he was throwing himself, he turned in swift pursuit. He struck the trail almost at once, and still heard the same odd rustle a short distance ahead of him.

He guided himself as well as he could in the darkness, often stumbling over the bared roots, or grazing his head against the low cedar branches. At times he stopped to listen. It soon became evident that he was catching up.

The pale light of the early morning was beginning to show dimly through the trees. The person ahead tripped once or twice, and Tom knew that he was now almost at hand. The unseen fugitive appeared to be moving with great difficulty. A moment later the boy heard a heavy fall a few yards in front of him, and running hastily forward was suddenly met by—a woman!

At this mishap, speaking for the first time, she uttered a harsh sound in a deep voice which there was no mistaking.

It was a man then, and not a woman, after all, Tom thought, and in his heart he blessed the smuggler's awkward disguise, which had allowed him to catch up.

But the smuggler, in the mean time, had drawn his revolver, and was on the point of aiming it mercilessly at the unarmed lad, when the latter, watching his motions with difficulty in the uncertain light, snatched quickly at his hand. The weapon was thus turned at random as the trigger was pressed, and Tom, deafened by a sudden report, drew back as the revolver flashed in his face.

The disguised man fell to the ground. The boy watched him for a moment, but he lay there quite still in the shadow.

A feeling of fear swept through the boy's heart, and he hurried back to the shore to call for help. The man might not be dead. He was surprised to find what a long distance it was back. He had not, in his first excitement, thought he had gone more than a couple of hundred yards.

As he drew near to the water's edge he heard the sound of a number of voices. The day was beginning to break. Coming out on the shore, he saw the *Madrona* lying at the mouth of the slough with the thick smoke wreathing from her funnel.

On the rocks near by several men in uniform were standing in a group about some object upon the ground. With a strange presentiment the boy made his way around the shore and joined them. What he saw there was a man lying upon his face. He did not need to see the features to recognize who it was.

It was the Chief of the Customs Department.

"Where have you been, Tom?"

The boy turned around at these words, and saw the Captain of the *Madrona*. The sight of his bluff honest face made the boy feel himself again; and reminded him, too, of his errand, which he had forgotten for the moment.

"I followed the man dressed up like a woman who was with him," Tom answered, excitedly; "he's a mile back in the woods now—I want to take a surgeon along, for I think he's killed. I caught at his hand with it in, and it went off somehow—the revolver, I mean—and I think it killed him—but I didn't mean to; I couldn't see."

"I'll go back with you at once—who did you say it was?"

The boy told what had happened as they hurried back through the trees.

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"That must be Tee Ling."

"Who?"

"Tee Ling; you've heard of him—the most notorious opium smuggler on the coast—I see it's a trail."

"Yes, all the way. So it's a China man, then?"

"Of course. There's not a more detestable scoundrel among all the Chinese in America. He has a den some place on the British Columbia coast, and probably we'll unearth his southern headquarters within a mile or so of where we stand. He dresses as a woman simply as a disguise. He has a hundred of them. You've had a terribly narrow escape from him, my dear boy."

"I saw him at the Custom-house last night, when I was reporting what I had seen."

"Where—in the office?"

"Yes."

"Who would have thought it! We knew that the Chinese gang were working into the hands of one of our men, but we never thought it could be into his. There it is, a man's sin will always find him out in the end! What's the matter?"

"I—I feel kind of sick like. I guess I'm sort of a coward, but the thought of him lying there dead that way! I suppose a man like you gets used to it, but I—it makes me—"

"You needn't be ashamed to own to a feeling of humanity, my boy; no good man ever gets *used* to death or crime, though good men sometimes have to see a deal of both."

"Here is the place; but—oh!—"

"Yes, Tee Ling has wisely departed, I see. I expected as much, for Tee Ling is very sagacious. It's just as well we didn't bother about the ship's surgeon. Besides, he is too good a Chinaman to take our medicine, much less the dose of medicine the United States has ready for him. He's wanted in 'Frisco, you know."

"Well, I'm mighty glad he's alive, all the same," Tom remarked, in a tone of great relief. "I was dreadfully afraid he was dead, and I—I never killed anybody!"

"We will be sure to catch him during the day, nevertheless, for he can't get off the island, unless he disguises himself as a brown bear, and I'll tell the boys to shoot all the brown bears."

Tom laughed at this mild drollery, and they returned to the shore without seeing any trace of the Chinaman.

A lieutenant was standing on the deck of the smuggler's sloop. "There's ten thousand dollars' worth of gum opium aboard of her, Captain."

"Yes, and very likely double that amount more hidden some place in the island. Tom, what do you set your fortune at?"

"I guess about a hundred dollars would be more than I would ever know what to do with."

"What extravagant ideas you have! I think we will be able to suit you, though. Something like a hundred times over at the very least."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Mean? Simply that this is to a great extent your 'find.' We heard your gun, and our suspicions were aroused at once. If it hadn't been for your nerve in the first place they would have got away. Are you willing to be fired at twice for nothing?"

One of the *Madrona*'s men came up before the boy could answer, if, indeed, he had any answer to make, and whispered a few words to the Captain.

"Alive, is he?" the Captain exclaimed. "Get a stretcher and take him aboard at once or he may die yet of his wounds. Perhaps that would be the best thing he could do; but that's not for us to say."

To a boy of Tom's generous and manly nature it was a great relief to see the unconscious Customs Inspector carried aboard the *Madrona*. But he said nothing.

The Captain was silent also for a long time. Presently his attention was attracted by something unusual on the beach, and, dismissing an unpleasant train of thought, he broke out, "What have you there, men?"

Four of the *Madrona*'s men were seen at this moment coming around the point on the shore with a very unwilling prisoner.

"There!" said the Captain. "I told you we would have him before the day was out. The lost are found, and the dead are alive, sure enough. Where did you get him?" he hailed, in a louder voice.

"Hiding on the shore."

"I'm afraid Tee Ling is getting childish," the Captain commented, in a voice aside to Tom, "if he is going to

venture down to the water when things are as hot as they are now."

The men, who seemed to be having a great deal of difficulty, came nearer, and Tom called out in surprise,

"Why, it's Jo."

"Jo?" echoed the Captain.

"Yes; that's not Tee Ling; it's Jo."

"Who's Jo?"

"Why, the Siwash Indian who fishes with me. Hello there, Jo! Where in the world have you been?"

Jo's face was a pale fawn color with fear, but he did not answer.

"Let him go, boys," the Captain said, smiling. "It's all right. He's not the one we are after."

"It's all right, Jo," Tom repeated; but the latter, though now at liberty, was still silent and very serious. There were many cloudy thoughts shaping in his bewildered mind. He had expected to be sent to prison for being a smuggler, and hanged for shooting a man. It was difficult for him to get rid of these ideas on short notice.

Indeed, it is hardly probable that he ever clearly understood the strange turn which events took in the next few hours.

At any rate he was not heard to utter a single word for two whole days.

TURNING A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT.

"Whatever you do, don't join a circus," said John, the new stableman. He was sitting on top of a feed barrel in the barn with a pipe in his mouth, and his deliberate manner bore conviction that he knew what he was talking about. The boys had always wondered where John had learned so much about this big world and its ways, and it was only a few days previous to the present occasion that Joe had admitted having at one time in his career travelled for a year with a circus. Then nothing would do but that he should tell the boys all sorts of circus stories. To-day the conversation had turned on triple somersaults.

"That feat has been accomplished mighty few times," said John, dogmatically, "and I know all about it. I saw John Worland do it in New Haven in 1884, and he told me the whole history of the act, and of the many men who have tried to do it. The first man to attempt to turn a triple somersault was a performer in Van Amburgh's circus, in Mobile in 1842. He broke his neck. W. J. Hobbes made the attempt in London in 1845, and was instantly killed. The next one was John Amoor. He had been successfully turning a double, and was the original in accomplishing it over four horses. He tried to do a triple at the Isle of Wight in 1859, turned twice, landed on his forehead, and broke his neck. Sam Reinhart, while travelling with Cooper and Bailey's circus, became dissatisfied with the double somersault feat, and was anxious to do a triple. He did it at Toledo in 1870, making a high leap, turned twice and a half, alighted on the broad of his back, and was disabled for some time. Billy Dutton accomplished the feat at Elkhorn in 1860, but he never made another attempt. Bob Stickney did it while practising in a gymnasium in New York, but he alighted on a blanket, and never succeeded in landing on his feet. Frank Starks tried to turn three times in Indianapolis, but he fell on his head and died soon afterwards. The only man, living or dead, that ever accomplished the feat successfully, was John Worland, the man I saw. He threw a triple somersault six times from a spring-board. The first time he attempted it was at St. Louis in 1874, with Wilson's circus. He made three trials, twice over five horses, landing on his back. At the third attempt he landed on his feet.

"The next time he tried it was also at St. Louis in 1876. He landed on a mattress in a sitting posture. He did it again at Eau Claire, in 1881, and at La Crosse a few days later. On this occasion all the members of the company made affidavits to the fact. The last time he accomplished the feat was when I saw him at New Haven in 1884. It was at the Forepaugh show, and the Mayor of the city and many newspaper men were present. First a performer ran down the board and turned a single somersault; then another man followed and turned a double; after which Worland ran down the board and threw a triple somersault, landing on a bed on his feet as straight as an arrow. It has seldom occurred that any man has done a triple somersault before a circus audience after due announcement, but there is no doubt about Worland's act. It was duly announced by the ring-master, and hundreds of people saw him do it. For years he practised the double, and never would turn a single, so that when he attempted a triple he did not run as great a risk as others who attempted the feat. But, nevertheless, boys, don't join a circus, and never try the triple."

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BOYS AND GIRLS OF NEW YORK STREETS. ^[1]

A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS.

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

In one of the Roosevelt Street buildings called "back tenements," because they are built in the spaces which were once the back yards of the buildings in front of them, when those buildings, years ago, were occupied by single, well-to-do, and sometimes fashionable, families, Gabriella Moreno was born. Her parents were not the poorest, by any means, of those who lived in that neighborhood, for her father, Antonio Moreno (he was called "Tony" by all his English-speaking acquaintances) was the proprietor of a fruit-stand, and did quite a prosperous business. In fact, among the Italians of that neighborhood it was somewhat a mark of rank to own a fruit-stand instead of a fruit "push-cart." Tony Moreno had been a push-cart fruit peddler for years, but some time after his only child was born he became the proprietor of a little stand near the

entrance of the Tivoli Theatre on the Bowery. Part of the space his stand occupied was a broad entranceway which had formerly been used as one of the entrances to the theatre, but which was now closed for that purpose. Tony was one of the first Italians to settle in the neighborhood of Cherry Hill, which is near Roosevelt Street, and his knowledge of and influence over those of his countrymen who followed him there made him useful to Mr. Kean, the proprietor of the Tivoli, who was also in the business of politics.

That was the way Tony came to have the privilege of running a fruit-stand in front of the Tivoli. His profits were so great that he and his wife and Gabriella were able to keep their one tenement room, and it was a large one, all to themselves, without taking in two or three boarders, as most of their neighbors did, to help pay the rent. This made Tony one of the aristocrats of the neighborhood, and when it became known that Gabriella had a cot to sleep on, instead of sleeping on the floor, as the children of other families did, the neighbors looked up to Tony more than ever before as a man of high standing and solid position.

Gabriella's little friends, however, were in the habit of calling her "proud" and "stuck-up" on this account. When she was six years old Gabriella was sent to Miss Barstow's Mission School, where many other little Italian children also went, to learn to speak and read and write in English. Most of the children left the school when they were eight, and very few remained there after they were nine years old; for at that age their parents thought them old enough to help at home, to care for the younger children when both parents were away at work, and even to learn to do sewing for the big clothing factories. Gabriella would have been taken away, too, had it not been for Miss Barstow, who went to talk with Tony and his wife. She told them that Gabriella was one of her best scholars, and it would be to their interests, as well as their daughter's, to let her remain at school until she was well enough educated to do something better than sew on coarse clothing for wages which would never support her decently. This pleased Mrs. Moreno, who was ambitious for her pretty child, but Tony grumbled a good deal.

Gabriella was old enough, he said, to help earn bread, as the other children of her age did. Had not her father and mother worked since they were six years old? he asked. Then why should their child be kept in idleness only to learn things out of books which were well enough for the rich, but did the poor no good?

Miss Barstow was more interested in Gabriella than in any other child of the tenements she had ever known, for the girl was really unusually bright and pretty, and she was determined to keep her longer in the school. She knew that Tony had his stand at the Tivoli by Mr. Kean's permission, and to Mr. Kean she went for aid.

Miss Barstow's fashionable friends would have been surprised to learn how often she went to Mr. Kean for aid and advice, and to know how often he gave his aid, and how valuable his advice always was.

Mr. Kean smiled when Miss Barstow asked him if he could not help her keep Tony's daughter in school, and said, with rough politeness,

"Yes, I guess so, miss."

What he did was simply to shortly order Tony to do just what Miss Barstow wanted, if he knew what was good for him; and Tony obeyed without question, as did every one else in that part of the city who received orders from Mr. Kean.

That was the way Gabriella remained in the school until she was past twelve years old, and until the time her mother, who helped Tony at the fruit-stand, was taken sick. Then Gabriella took her mother's place, but she too became ill, and Tony had to close his fruit-stand part of each twenty-four hours, which caused that very penurious Italian great misery of mind, for his was what is known as an "all-night" stand, and he bitterly lamented his loss of trade during the hours of closing. Gabriella, under the careful nursing of Miss Barstow, soon became well and strong again; but the mother did not, and that was the reason it became necessary for the girl to take her place at the stand part of the time, dividing with her mother the hours when Tony went home to eat and sleep.

Miss Barstow knew that if she interfered further to keep Gabriella off the street and at school she might, with Mr. Kean's aid, succeed in doing so; but her knowledge of tenement-house life made her realize that such action would make the girl's home life unhappy. So she let her favorite scholar go without protest, intending, however, to keep as close a watch over her as she could, and to regain her for her school later, if she found that the girl's mother became strong enough not to need Gabriella's help.

Gabriella's "watches"—that is, the time she was on duty at the fruit-stand—were always in the day-time, and Miss Barstow would stop there frequently to speak to her on her way to the Mission House. She did this to keep track of the girl, and to leave her a book now and then. These were the only happy moments in the poor girl's life. She had learned to love Miss Barstow, and to care very much for books and other things Miss Barstow had interested her in, which now seemed far removed from her life, except when they were recalled by these visits from her teacher.

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Every day now she went to the fruit-stand on the Bowery in the morning to relieve her father. There it was her duty to keep the stacks and pyramids of fruit in order, to dust them, to replace with fresh fruit from the boxes underneath the stand the pieces which she sold, and to keep a sharp look-out against the nimble hands of thievish youngsters. Every piece of fruit was carefully counted by Tony before he went off the watch, and when he returned Gabriella had to account for every sale and every missing piece.

One day Gabriella stood by the side of the stand, thinking how much happier her life had been when she went each day to the Mission School. She was wondering, at the same time, where she could have ever before seen the smartly dressed boy who stood in the doorway of the theatre office smiling at her. Somehow he was associated in her mind with Miss Barstow, yet where and when, if ever, she had seen him before was as indistinct in her mind as the memory of a dream. For several days she had seen him standing there, and from the first she had the impression that she had seen him somewhere else. She could not place him; he was much better and more stylishly dressed than any of the boys she had ever seen about her home or the school. He always had a friendly nod and smile for her, and she nodded and smiled in return; and although they had never spoken, she had never given up trying to think where, if anywhere, she had seen him besides there in front of the theatre.

As he stood there this day, looking somehow as if he owned the Bowery, a rough young fellow loafed up to the stand and asked, in an impudent manner,

"Say, sis, how much are dese bananas?"

"A cent each," answered Gabriella.



"WELL, JUST CHARGE DIS ONE," HE SAID, SEIZING A BANANA AND STARTING TO RUN.

"Well, just charge dis one," he said, seizing a banana and starting to run.

As Gabriella began to cry out for the thief to stop, the smartly dressed lad in the doorway flew out like a Skye terrier after a rat. He had headed off the loafer with such surprising quickness that the latter was more amazed than frightened when the boy demanded of him to give up the stolen fruit. This demand only made the fellow laugh. The laugh soon came to an end, though, because Danny Cahill—for that was the name of the smaller boy—had not forgotten any of the quick and fierce methods he had learned to use in fighting larger boys when he had been a street arab. It was a very short struggle, and almost before the frightened Gabriella knew what was happening Danny was standing before her smiling, and her tormentor was skulking away, well thrashed for his meanness.

Danny's victory had been complete; he had not only vanquished the enemy but recovered the stolen property; and as he put the banana carefully back on the stand he said, good-naturedly,

"It's all right, little girl; what are you crying for?"

Gabriella stopped crying, and answered, "Because if that boy had got away with the banana, and I did not have a penny for it, my father would have whipped me."

Then to the great astonishment of Danny, Gabriella took a banana from the stand and offered it to him. Danny laughed outright at this, and exclaimed:

"Den if you haven't a penny t' show for de banana, your father will whip you just de same wedder de banana is stolen or you give it away to me. Won't he?"

Gabriella laughed too, now, and said, "Yes, but I'm willing to take a whipping for you, because you whipped that boy for me."

But Danny said he guessed he would rather pay for the fruit, and they were laughing and chatting over the adventure in the most friendly way when Miss Barstow came up. They told her the story, and she seemed greatly pleased. She told Gabriella that Danny was the boy who had helped take care of her and her mother the first night they were both sick with the fever.

"Then it was there I saw you before," Gabriella said to Danny, with delight. "I was not sure whether I had really seen you or just dreamed that I had."

"Well, you were doing a heap of dreaming dat night, sure," Danny answered.

"But you were a messenger-boy then," Miss Barstow said to Danny. "How is it you happen to be here and not in your uniform?"

"Oh, I'm Mr. Kean's office-boy now," answered Danny. "I'm to be his clerk when I'm big enough."

This information seemed to give as much satisfaction to Miss Barstow as it did to Danny.

"I like that," Miss Barstow said, "for now Gabriella will have some one to look out for her when she is on watch."

"Dat's right; as long as I remember how t' fight she will. Sure," Danny replied, earnestly.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAW IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

The latest comer to Camp Forty Mile was not particularly anxious to attend the public meeting to which he was invited by Mr. Platt Riley. Still he thought it better to do so rather than run the risk of offending his host, who was evidently a man of influence in the diggings. His overnight reflections having convinced him that this camp was not such a place as he had expected, and also that he might find greater safety elsewhere, his first act in the morning was to order his Indian drivers to harness the dogs, and be prepared for a start within an hour.

Kurilla, who was with them under instructions not to lose sight of them, grinned when he heard this, for he had picked up an inkling of what was going on, and felt pretty certain that the order need not be obeyed.

When Mr. Riley's reluctant guest entered the store of the Yukon Trading Company, in which, on account of its size, the meeting was to be held, he fully intended to take a back seat, and slip out as soon as he could do so unnoticed. The place was so filled with miners, however, that there were no back seats, and, to his surprise, the crowd pressed aside as he and Mr. Riley entered, so as to leave a passage to the farther end of the room. A moment later, without knowing just how it had been done, he found himself seated beside Jalap Coombs's friend, Skiff Bettens, who obligingly made a place for him. He noticed with some curiosity that twelve men were seated on benches directly opposite to him, while all the rest of the crowd were standing. Between him and these men was an open space, at the upper end of which were a table and a chair raised on a rude platform.

To this platform Mr. Platt Riley made his way, and seating himself in the chair, rapped on the table for silence. Then, rising, he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury and fellow-citizens, this court is now open for business, and I as its Judge, elected by your votes, am prepared to administer justice in accordance with your laws, and such verdicts as may be rendered by your jury."

"It is a court," thought Strengel, with a shiver.

"The case to be tried this morning," continued the Judge, "is one that touches the pocket, the life, and the honor of every miner in the Yukon Valley; for the prisoner at the bar is indicted on three separate counts as a thief, a murderer, and an unmitigated scoundrel. He has come into our camp under a false name and with a false story, after having attempted the destruction of a steamer that is bringing goods and machinery, of which we are greatly in need.

"He is charged with robbing and leaving helpless in the wilderness a man whom we all know and respect, and also with robbing and deserting while seriously ill his own companion who was on his way to visit us in behalf of our old-established trading company."

Strengel listened to these terrible words with an ever-increasing paleness and visible agitation. Finally, clapping a hand to his face as though seized with a sudden illness, he started to rise and leave the room.

"Sit down," ordered Skiff Bettens, in a low tone, at the same time jerking him back to his seat. Then the man knew that he was indeed a prisoner.

"To prove these serious charges," continued the Judge, "I am about to call several witnesses. At the same time the prisoner will be given the privilege of cross-questioning them and of pleading in his own behalf. Mr. Philip Ryder."

At this summons Phil advanced from the farther end of the room, and the prisoner regarded him with undisguised amazement.

After answering the usual questions regarding his personality and business, Phil was asked if he knew the prisoner. [Pg 530]

"I do," he answered.

"What is his name?"

"I understand that he now calls himself Bradwick; but a few months ago he went by the name of Strengel."



"THAT'S A LIE!" SHOUTED THE PRISONER, HOARSELY.

"That's a lie," shouted the prisoner, hoarsely.

"Silence!" commanded the Judge. "Now, Mr. Ryder, tell the jury what you know concerning the accused from the time of your first meeting with him up to the present."

This Phil did as briefly as possible, and when he had finished the prisoner sprang to his feet, his face black with rage, and exclaimed: "Why should this fellow's story be believed rather than mine? Who knows

anything about him, or even who he is? He was picked up in Bering Sea, drifting about in a stolen canoe. At St. Michaels he was known as a thief and brawler. I happen to know that he has been locked up in a Victoria police station, and I demand that his evidence be thrown out."

"That will do, sir," said the Judge. "I happen to know this young man and his family so well that I am willing to vouch for him if necessary. Do you wish to question him? No. Then we will proceed. Mr. Serge Belcofsky."

Serge, of course, identified the prisoner as Strengel, and corroborated Phil's story in every detail.

"This ends the testimony on the first charge," announced the Judge, when Serge had finished and the prisoner sullenly declined to question him. "In proof of the second charge, that of robbery and desertion, I call as a witness Mr. Jalap Coombs."

As the ex-mate of the *Seamew* advanced to the stand the prisoner stared at him as though he were a ghost, nor could he imagine by what miracle this witness had reached Forty Mile in time to appear against him.

Jalap Coombs told his story in his own picturesque language, but in a perfectly straightforward manner, and without the slightest hesitation.

When he finished, the Judge questioned him very closely as to the amount of money given him by Mr. John Ryder, and the prices paid for various articles of his outfit at St. Michaels.

As a defense against this charge the prisoner claimed that Jalap Coombs had not been deserted by Simon Goldollar and himself, but had voluntarily turned back, and that the dogs they had left with him had run away to follow them much against their wishes. He also stated that they had taken the dogs and sledge back to the place where they last saw Jalap Coombs, but that they could not find him.

"They were not his dogs, anyway, Judge," he continued, "nor did he furnish any of our outfit, except a few provisions, most of which he traded to the Indians on his own account. This man Coombs was a sailor, supposed to be a deserter from some ship, and was loafing around St. Michaels half starved when we picked him up. He claimed to have some friends on the river who would help him, so we brought him along out of charity."

"May I toot a horn, Judge?" asked Mr. Skiff Bettens, rising as the prisoner concluded his remarks.

"Certainly you may, Marshal."

"Waal, I only wanted to say that I've knowed Mr. Jalap Coombs off and on for a good many years, and in all that time I've never knowed him to tell a lie nor yet do a mean thing. Moreover I'm willing to stake my life on his honesty agin that of any living man, for a better sailor, a squarer man, and a truer friend never trod a deck."

This sincere tribute so affected the simple-hearted sailor-man that he could only stare open-mouthed at the speaker as though he were talking in some mysterious language, though in after-years he often referred to this as the proudest moment of his life. The remainder of the audience greeted the Marshal's little speech with an outburst of applause which the Judge was finally obliged to check.

"Letting charge number two rest with the testimony taken," said the Judge, when quiet was restored, "we will take up charge number three, which is the most serious of all. We have already learned that the accused, under the name of Strengel, passed old Fort Adams about a month ago, bound for this place in company with a man named Goldollar, who appears to be a pretty tough character himself, though that of course has nothing to do with this case. The accused at that time had little, or nothing of his own, either in the way of money or outfit, while Goldollar appears to have been well fixed with both. Now this man turns up in this place alone under the name of Bradwick, telling a story about having come up the Porcupine, that he has since admitted to be false, and in possession of the outfit formerly owned by Mr. Coombs and Simon Goldollar. Of course, under the circumstances, the question naturally to be asked is what has become of Goldollar?"

"He got sick of the trip and turned back from Yukon," explained the prisoner, sulkily.

"Yes, we've heard he took sick," replied the Judge; "but whether he turned back, or was left to die in an Indian rancheria is another question. Mr. Coombs, will you please take the stand again?"

This time Jalap Coombs testified that he had carefully examined the outfit brought into camp the night before by the prisoner, and found it to contain the same number of sledges, the same number of dogs, and the identical articles, with the exception of a certain quantity of provisions that had composed it at old Fort Adams.

"We will now call on one other witness," announced the Judge, and the prisoner started as though he expected to see Simon Goldollar himself appear on the stand. What he did see was one of his native drivers from Fort Yukon, with Kurilla to act as interpreter.

"Do you admit Injun testimony in this court?" he asked.

"Certainly we do," replied the Judge.

"If I'd known that," he muttered, "I'd have bought a dozen or so to testify on my side."

The Indian's testimony was to the effect that this white man had left another white man in a native hut at Fort Yukon so sick that all the Indians thought he would die.

"Of course I can't buck agin Injun testimony," growled the prisoner; "but I say it's a lie, all the same, and don't prove nothing."

"There is one thing that we must not neglect," said the Judge. "Marshal, you may search the prisoner."

The latter struggled furiously, but was overpowered and held by strong hands while the Marshal searched his pockets. From these were produced a number of articles, including a wallet, which the Judge opened, spreading its contents on the table before him.

"Do you recognize anything here?" he asked of Jalap Coombs.

"I can identify this as having been in Goldollar's possession," answered the mate, picking up one of the articles that had dropped from the wallet, and holding it so that all might see.

Both Phil and Serge uttered exclamations of amazement, for the object thus exhibited was nothing more nor less than the mysteriously carved and almost forgotten fur-seal's tooth that had exerted so great an influence upon their fortunes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH.

"What do you know about this thing?" asked the Judge of Jalap Coombs, taking the fur-seal's tooth from him and examining it curiously.

"I know that there were an old Eskimo at St. Michaels what were shipped by Goldollar to go with us to Nulato as dog-driver. He wore this bit of ivory hung about his neck, and seemed to set a heap by it. One time when he were looking at it I heard Goldollar say that by rights it belonged to him, seeing as he got it from some natyve, and it were afterwards stole from him. He didn't say nothing to the Husky about it, but when we got to Nulato he give him so much liquor that in the morning the old chap couldn't be woke up. Goldollar fooled round him a while, and then saying he'd have to give up the job of waking him, left him, and ordered the teams to pull out. I afterwards seen Goldollar take that very identical tooth outen his pocket several times and look at it like it were a diamond or some sich, and heard him tell Strengel that any man as owned it would surely have luck. It didn't seem to bring him none, though. Leastways no good luck, for he hain't had nothing but bad luck sence."

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"Was it your impression that you could win good luck by stealing this tooth?" inquired the Judge of Strengel.

"I didn't steal it," answered the prisoner, sullenly.

"How did you get it, then?"

"Goldollar give it to me."

"Where did you leave Goldollar?"

"At Fort Yukon."

"Was he in good health when you last saw him?"

"I refuse to answer any more questions," replied the prisoner, realizing how deeply he was committing himself.

"Very well," said the Judge. "I think you have already told enough to give us a pretty fair idea of the particular kind of a scoundrel you are. So, if you have nothing more to say, I declare this case closed and in the hands of the jury. Gentlemen, the court awaits your verdict."

As there was no room to which the jury could retire they put their heads together and consulted in whispers, during which time Phil told the Judge what he knew about the fur-seal's tooth, together with the legend of good and bad luck supposed to accompany its possession. The spectators of the trial buzzed like a swarm of angry hornets.

In a few minutes the jury ended their conference and resumed their places. Then, as order was restored, the foreman, standing up, announced that they were unanimous in finding the prisoner guilty on all three of the charges preferred against him, and recommended that he be so punished as to afford a warning to others of his kind who might be contemplating a visit to the Yukon diggings.

"Hang him!" cried some one in the crowd.

"Shoot him!" shouted another.

"Drive him out of camp, and set him adrift like he done to Jalap Coombs," suggested a third.

"Silence!" roared Judge Platt Riley, standing in his place and gazing sternly about him. "You forget, gentlemen, that this is a court of law, and though, maybe, it isn't run with all the frills of some, it's bound to be respected. Likewise, it proposes to pronounce its own decisions. In regard to the prisoner now awaiting sentence, he has been proved by the testimony of reputable witnesses, and by his own admissions, to be a liar, a traitor, a dog-stealer, which in this country is the same as a boss-thief in the States, and a robber of his travelling companion under circumstances that make him at the same time come pretty near to being a murderer. For such as he hanging would be none too severe. But we have never yet hanged a man in Forty Mile, and we don't want to begin, if we can help it. The prisoner has expressed a desire to learn something of our methods of working these diggings, and we promised to teach him. He has also remarked that moss-stripping was a job well suited to convicts. So be it. Prisoner at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence."

When the wretched man, who had fancied himself in a country where he could commit any crime without fear of punishment, had been assisted to his feet by Marshal Bettens and a volunteer deputy, the Judge said:

"By a fair trial, according to Yukon law, you are convicted of crimes such as this community does not allow to go unpunished. On account of them you are hereby sentenced to strip moss from the several claims of this camp during every working hour of every working day from now until such time as the first steamer reaches here from the lower river and is ready to return. Then you will be allowed to work your way on her to St. Michaels, where may the Agent have mercy upon you.

"In the mean time, when not at work, you will be closely confined in the camp lock-up, under guard of the Marshal, who shall be entitled to your services for two days in every week for his trouble. On other days he will hire you out to any miner who has moss to be stripped, and who will pay for your keep during such time as you may work for him."

This unique but just sentence was greeted with a murmur of approval from the spectators; but this was quickly silenced by a frown from the Judge, who continued:

"All the property that you brought into this camp, including money and outfit, excepting your personal clothing, is hereby confiscated, to be disposed of as follows: One team of dogs, one sledge, and half the cash found in your possession shall be restored to Mr. Jalap Coombs, from whom you helped to steal them. The remainder of the money, after the Indian drivers who came with you have been paid, and one dog team shall be devoted to the relief of Simon Goldollar, who, though he seems to be a pretty bad lot, is still a white man, and so must not be allowed to perish if it can be helped. The third dog team shall become the property of Marshal Bettens in place of a fee for his services. The remainder of the property, provisions, and so forth shall be devoted to the support of the prisoner during such times as he is working for the Marshal. Mr. Bettens will now remove his prisoner, and I hereby declare this court adjourned." This ended Mr. Strengel's prospects in Forty Mile, and when, some months later, a boat arrived from the lower river, he thankfully departed from Camp Forty Mile mentally vowing never to return.

After consulting with Phil, Serge, and Jalap Coombs, Mr. Platt Riley, who objected to being called "Judge" outside of court, decided to entrust Simon Goldollar's rescue from the Indian village in which he had been left to Kurilla and Chitsah, who were persuaded by a liberal payment to return home that way. Another Indian was hired to accompany them as far as Fort Yukon, and bring back word to Forty Mile of their success.

Phil wrote and sent him a letter, in which he apologized for having accused him of stealing his money or the fur-seal's tooth, Jalap Coombs having told him the facts concerning these things, and hoped he would return to St. Michaels in safety. Long afterwards he learned that Simon Goldollar did make his way down the river, aided by Kurilla and Chitsah, and was sent on by Gerald Hamer from Anvik to St. Michaels. There he was discharged from the company's employ on account of the failure of his expedition, and finally left Alaska in the same ship that bore ex-convict Strengel from its shores. An amusing feature of it all was that both these rascals attributed the ill success of their undertakings to the unlucky influence of the fur-seal's tooth.

This industrious bit of ivory which exhibited such a fondness for interfering with the affairs of men and boys, as well as such activity in rapid travel and change of ownership reposed for several days in Mr. Platt Riley's vest pocket, where it had been unconsciously thrust and forgotten. Finally, tired of being thus neglected it worked a hole through the pocket and fell to the floor. From there it was snapped up by Mr. Riley's favorite dog, who lay at his feet, and doubtless imagined it to be a choice morsel provided for him by his indulgent master. A moment later the Judge was aroused from a reverie by the frantic struggles of his dog, who seemed on the point of strangulation. When he succeeded, by prompt effort, in removing the obstruction from the animal's throat, and, with a feeling of superstitious amazement, discovered its nature, he started at once for the store of the Yukon Trading Company, determined to be rid of the uncanny object as quickly as possible.

It so happened that none of the three occupants of the premises was at home, nor were they to be seen in any direction. They had been preparing for departure, and many articles ready for packing on the sledges lay scattered about the room. Among these was a fur sleeping-bag, on which Mr. Riley's eye no sooner rested than he thrust the magic tooth into it, and shook it to the very bottom.

"There!" he exclaimed, "they are sure to take it with them; one of them will find it sooner or later, and maybe it will bring him good luck. At any rate I hope it will."

So on the morning of the 5th of February, although the thermometer registered 48° below zero, the little party set forth from Forty Mile with three sledges and seventeen dogs. Above the first sledge fluttered a small flag on which appeared the magic letters "U.S.M.," signifying that Phil had undertaken to deliver a large packet of letters, the first mail ever sent out from Forty Mile in winter.

The entire population of the camp was assembled to see them off; and amid a round of hearty cheers the sledges dashed away up the Yukon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

"Left his lodging some time ago, and has not been heard of since—a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker.... Any information concerning him will be thankfully received."

Such was the curious advertisement that appeared in the *Evening Post* under the date of October 26, 1809, attracting the attention of all New York. People read it as they sat at supper, talked of it afterward around their wood fires, and thought of it again and again before they fell asleep at night. And yet not a soul knew the missing old gentleman, or had ever heard of him before. Still, he was no stranger to them, for he was a Knickerbocker, and every one was interested in the Knickerbockers, and every one felt almost as if a grandfather or great-grandfather had suddenly come back to life, and disappeared again still more suddenly, without a word of explanation.

For some time nothing more was heard of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and then another advertisement appeared in the *Post*, saying he had been seen twice on the road to Albany. Some time again elapsed, and finally the landlord of the inn at which he had been reported to have stopped gave up hope of ever seeing his guest again, and declared that he should sell the manuscript of a book that Mr. Knickerbocker had left behind, and take the proceeds in payment of his bill. People were really excited about the fate of the old gentleman, and one of the city officials was upon the point of offering a reward for his discovery, when a curious thing happened. It was found that there was no old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker who had wandered away from his lodging; that there was no inn at which he had lived, and no manuscript he had left behind, and that, in fact, Mr. Knickerbocker was simply the hero of a book of which the author took this clever means of advertising. The book claimed to be the true history of the discovery and settlement of New York, and began with an account of the creation of the world, passing on to the manners, customs, and historical achievements of the old Hollanders who settled Manhattan Island. Here we read of the golden reign of the first Dutch Governor, Wouter Van Twiller, who was exactly five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in circumference, and who ate four hours a day, smoked eight, and slept twelve, and so administered the affairs of the colony that it was a marvel of prosperity. Next we hear of Governor Keift, of lofty descent, since his father was an inspector of windmills, how his nose turned up and his mouth turned down, how his legs were the size of spindles, and how he grew tougher and tougher with age, so that before his death he looked a veritable mummy. And then we see the redoubtable Peter Stuyvesant stumping around on his wooden leg, which was adorned with silver reliefs, furious with rage, menacing the British fleet which has come to take possession of the town, threatening vengeance dire upon the English King, and still cherishing his wrath with fiery bravery when the enemy finally occupy the old Dutch town and proceed to transform it into an English city.

The book was read with amazement, admiration, or interest, as the case might be. Some said it appeared too light and amusing for real history; others claimed that it held stories of wisdom that only the wise could understand; others still complained that the author was no doubt making fun of their respectable ancestors, and had written the book merely to hold them up to ridicule. Only a few saw that it was the brightest, cleverest piece of humor that had yet appeared in America, and that its writer had probably a career of fame before him. The author was Washington Irving, then a young man in his twenty-seventh year, and already known as the writer of some clever newspaper letters, and of a series of humorous essays published in a semimonthly periodical called *Salmagundi*.

Irving was born in New York on the 3d of April, 1783, and was named after George Washington. New York was then a small town, beyond the limits of which were orchards, farms, country-houses, and the high-road leading to Albany, along which the stage-coach passed at regular times. There were no railroads, and Irving was fourteen years old before the first steamboat puffed its way up the Hudson River frightening the country people into the belief that it was an evil monster come to devour them. All travelling was done by means of sailing vessels, stage-coaches, or private conveyances; all letters were carried by the stage-coach, and every one cost the sender or receiver twenty-five cents for postage. The telegraph was undreamed of, and if any one had hinted the possibility of talking to some one else a thousand miles away over a telephone-wire, he would have been considered a lunatic or, possibly, a witch. In fact, New York was a quiet, unpretentious little town whose inhabitants were still divided into English or Dutch families, according to their descent, and in whose households were found the customs of England and Holland in full force. Irving's father was a Scotch Presbyterian, who considered life a discipline, who thought all amusement a waste of precious time, and who made the children devote one out of the two half-weekly holidays to the study of the Catechism.

Forbidden to attend the theatre, Irving would risk his neck nightly by climbing out of his window to visit the play for an hour or so, and then rush home in terror lest his absence had been noted and his future fun imperilled, and many a night when sent early to bed he would steal away across the adjacent roofs to send a handful of stones clattering down the wide old-fashioned chimney of some innocent neighbor, who would start from his dreams to imagine robbers, spooks, or other unpleasant visitors in his bed-chamber. He was not particularly brilliant in his studies, but he distinguished himself as an actor in the tragedies which the boys gave in the school-room; at ten years of age he was the star of the company, who did not even lose respect for him when once, being called suddenly upon the stage through a mistake, he appeared with his mouth full of honey-cake, which he was obliged to swallow painfully, while the audience roared at the situation. Afterward when he rushed around the stage flourishing a wooden sabre he was not a tragedian to be trifled with. His favorite books were *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Arabian Nights*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and all stories of adventure and travel. The world beyond the sea always seemed a fairy-land to him; a little print of London Bridge and another of Kensington Gardens that hung in his bedroom stirred his heart wistfully; and he fairly envied the odd-looking old gentlemen and ladies who appeared to be loitering around the arches of St. John's Gate, as shown in a cut on the cover of an old magazine. Later on his imagination was also kindled by short excursions to the then wild regions of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys. Years afterward we find the remembrance of these days gracing with loving touch the pages of some of his choicest work.



IRVING AS A STAR.



IN THE SCOTCH HILLS WITH SCOTT.

At seventeen Irving left school and began to study for the bar. But his health, which had always been delicate, made it necessary for him to take a long rest from study, and he accordingly left America for two years of travel abroad. It was after his return home that he brought out his Knickerbocker history, a work which made him so famous that when he returned to England some time afterwards he found himself very well known in the best literary circles. The results of this second visit are found in the volumes comprising the *Tales of a Traveller*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch-Book*, and other miscellany, in which occur charming descriptions of English country life, delightful ghost stories, the famous description of an English Christmas, and the immortal legend of *Rip Van Winkle*. One of Irving's most interesting chapters in this collection is that of his visit to the haunts of Robin Hood, whose exploits had so fascinated him as a boy that he spent his entire holiday money in obtaining a copy of his adventures. *Abbotsford* is an account of a visit that Irving paid to Sir Walter Scott. It is a charming revelation of the social side of Scott's character, who welcomed Irving as a younger brother in art, became his guide in his visits to Yarrow and Melrose Abbey, and took long rambling walks with him all around the country made so famous by the great novelist. Irving recalled as among the most delightful hours of his life those walks over the Scottish hills with Scott, who was described by the peasantry as having "an awfu' knowledge of history," and whose talk was full of the folklore, poetry, and superstitions that made up the interest of the place.

In the evening they sat in the drawing-room, while Scott, with his great hound, Maida, at his feet, read to him a scrap of old poetry, or a chapter from King Arthur, or told some delightful bit of peasant fairy-lore like that of the black cat which, on hearing one shepherd tell another of having seen a number of cats dressed in mourning following a coffin, sprang up the chimney in haste exclaiming, "Then I am king of the cats!" and vanished to take possession of his vacant kingdom. From this time on Irving's life was one of constant literary labor for many years, all of which were spent abroad. His works on the history of Spain, the companions of *Columbus* and the *Alhambra*, were compiled during his residence in Spain, where he had access to the national archives, and where he became as familiar with the life of the people as it was possible for a stranger to become. After seventeen years' absence Irving returned to America, where he was welcomed as one who won for his country great honors. He was the first writer to make American literature respected abroad, and his return was made the occasion of numerous fêtes given in his honor in New York and other cities.

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SUNNYSIDE.

He now built Sunnyside on the Hudson, the home that he loved so dearly, and which will ever be famous as the abode of America's first great writer.

His principal works following the Spanish histories were *Astoria*, the history of the fur-trading company in Oregon, founded by the head of the Astor family; *Captain Bonneville*, the adventures of a hunter in the far West; the *Life of Goldsmith*; and the lives of *Mohammed and his Successors*. He returned to Spain as ambassador in 1842, and remained four years.

In the *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* Irving tells the story of the conquest of Spain by the Moors, as related in the old Spanish and Moorish chronicles. The whole story is a brilliant, living picture of that

romantic age. The Spanish king goes to battle wearing robes of gold brocade, sandals embroidered with gold and diamonds, and a crown studded with the costliest jewels of Spain. He rides in a chariot of ivory, and a thousand cavaliers knighted by his own hand surround him, while tens of thousands of his brave soldiers follow him, guarding the sacred banners emblazoned with the cross. The Moorish vanguard, riding the famous horses of Arabia, advance to the sound of trumpet and cymbal, their gay robes and snowy turbans, and their arms of burnished gold and steel glittering in the sunshine which reflects in every direction the sacred crescent, the symbol of their faith. The surroundings are equally picturesque and romantic. The famous plain of Granada, adorned with groves and gardens and winding streams, and guarded by the famous Mountains of the Sun and Air, forms the foreground to the picture, while in the distance we see the gloomy mountain passes, the fortified rocks and castles, and the great walled cities, through which the Moors passed, always victorious, and never pausing until their banners floated from every cliff and tower.

Irving remained some months in the Alhambra, living over again the scenes of Moorish story, and so catching the spirit of the lost grandeur of the old palace that his descriptions read like a bit of genuine Arabian chronicle, which had been kept safe until then in the grim guardianship of the past.



IRVING LISTENING TO THE OLD TALES OF THE MOORS.

The chapters of the *Alhambra* are also full of delightful legends, the fairy tales which time had woven around the beautiful ruin, and which the custodians of the place related gravely to Irving as genuine history. It calls up a pleasant picture to think of Irving sitting in the stately hall or on his balcony, listening to one of these old tales from the lips of his tattered but devoted domestic while the twilight was gathering, and the nightingale singing in the groves and gardens beneath. He himself said that it was the realization of a daydream which he had cherished since the time when, in earliest boyhood on the banks of the Hudson, he had pored over the story of the Granada.

In his work, *The Conquest of Granada*, Irving relates the story of the retaking of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella. So sympathetically and graphically does Irving describe the fortunes of this war that he must ever remain the historian of the Moors of Spain, whose spirit seemed to inspire the beautiful words in which he celebrated their conquests, their achievements and their defeats.

In the *Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost* Irving follows in imagination old Diedrich Knickerbocker into the famous region of Sleepy Hollow, where much of the material for the celebrated Knickerbocker History was said to have been collected. This chronicle, it was claimed, was written upon the identical old Dutch writing-desk that Diedrich used, the elbow chair was the same that he sat in, the clock was the very one he consulted so often during his long hours of composition. In these pages old Diedrich walks as a real person, and Irving follows him with faithful step through the region that he loved so fondly all his life.

Everything here is dwelt upon with lingering touch. The brooks and streams, the meadows and cornfields, the orchards and the gardens, and the groves of beech and chestnut have their tribute from the pen of one who found their charms ever fresh, who sought in them rest and happiness, and who came back to them lovingly to spend the last days of his life in their familiar companionship.

Irving died in 1859, and was buried at Sunnyside; in sight of the Hudson whose legends he had immortalized, and whose beauty never ceased to charm him from the moment it first captivated his heart in his boyhood days.



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

THE ACTION OF LIGHT ON THE SENSITIVE PLATE.

The process of making photographs has been made so simple by modern science that the most of us make our picture by intuition—that sort of sixth sense by which we know just how long to expose a plate, when to take it from the developer, when it is fixed sufficiently, etc., etc.—though we can give no scientific explanation of our methods, and know little or nothing how the chemical changes are produced which result in the finished photograph.

It is not at all necessary to know the process of making a sensitive plate, but it is quite necessary to know something of the action of light on the plate in order to make a good picture. A photographic negative is formed by the chemical action of light admitted through a lens or even a tiny hole, into an otherwise light tight box, and striking a glass plate, film, paper, or celluloid, coated with sensitive silver salts. The part of the light that affects this coating is the blue rays.

The rays of light may be separated by the prism into a band of five different colors—red, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Three of these colors—the red, yellow, and blue—are called the primary colors, for any color or shade desired may be obtained by blending and mixing them in different proportions. These three primary colors have each a separate power. The red rays possess heating power, the yellow rays possess illuminating power, and the blue rays chemical power. The blue rays are called actinic, and when we speak of actinic light we mean the blue rays which produce the chemical change in the sensitive plate. The effect of these actinic rays may be seen in other things besides the sensitive plates. The fading of carpets, draperies, and clothing, the tanning or browning of the skin, etc., are due to their action.

After the sensitive plate has been exposed in the camera to the chemical action of the blue rays, the change which has taken place is invisible to the eye, and in this state is called the latent image, because it is dormant or hidden. In order to preserve this chemical change in the silver salts the sensitive plate must be washed or soaked in a solution which will form an opaque compound with the part of the salt which has been acted upon by the light. As it is necessary to have a light to watch the process and stop it when it has been carried far enough, we must have a light free from actinic or blue rays. We therefore darken the room and use a red light, for the red rays have little or no actinic power.

As we watch the chemical change which takes place in the sensitive plate when covered with what we call the developer, we notice black patches appear here and there on the plate. These are the places which have been exposed to the strongest actinic rays. All bodies radiate or reflect light, some more than others. A piece of yellow silk may appear to the eye lighter in color than a piece of blue silk, but when the two pieces are photographed it will be found that the yellow photographs much darker than the blue silk. This is because the yellow silk does not reflect actinic rays, while the blue does, and therefore the sensitive plate is more strongly affected by the light reflected from the blue than from the yellow silk. The yellow-colored silk possesses the illuminating power which causes it to make a room look bright and sunny, while the blue silk possesses the chemical power which affects the sensitive salts.

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If the sensitive plate has been exposed to a landscape, the strongest actinic rays come from the blue sky, and as the chemical used to develop or bring out the image affects the part which has been exposed to the strongest light most quickly, the result in the negative is the opaque deposit which covers all that part of the plate exposed to the light from the sky. After the image has appeared on the plate it must undergo another process to make it permanent. It must be placed in a chemical solution which shall dissolve the silver salts from the parts unaffected by the actinic rays. Where the actinic light has been the strongest the glass will be covered with a black deposit, and where the light has not reached the plate with sufficient force the salts will be dissolved and the glass will be clear, while the high lights, the shadows, and the half-tones will show just how much each object reflected actinic rays.

We manage our cameras, but the sun is the real work-man. What he does is well worth learning, for it enables us to tell beforehand just what kind of a negative we shall have after we have exposed a sensitive plate to his influence.

ROUND TABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXCHANGE CLUB.

Our suggestion of forming a photographic exchange club, or travelling photographic exhibit, meets with the warm approval of many of our members. Next week we shall give directions for beginning and carrying on our club. We give the names and addresses of members who will act as representatives. Ernest P. Fredericks, Arlington, New Jersey; Samuel J. Castner, 3729 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Walter G. Sill, 511 Central Avenue, East Orange, New Jersey; Andrew Phillips, Nunda, New York; C. Roy Baker, 315 W. Dry Street, Salem, Ohio; William J. Tobey, Washington, Kansas; William C. Davids, Rutherford, New Jersey.

CONSTANT READER asks: "1. Is it possible to photograph from a moving vessel, and how? 2. Can I take photographs of microscopic specimens with an ordinary camera, and will you please describe the method? 3. How can I photograph monuments so that they will not show black in the picture? 4. What make of plates is the quickest? 5. How can I photograph a mantel-piece in a hall without using a flash-light? The hall is rather dark." 1. One can easily photograph objects from a moving vessel by using quick plates and making the exposure instantaneous. Successful snap-shots, but not artistic pictures, have been and can be made from moving trains. 2. An article will soon be published on microphotography for amateurs. The process requires too long a description for the space devoted to queries. 3. A cloudy day—not heavy clouds—is the better time for photographing monuments. A rather slow plate and a short time exposure will give better detail, and render the monument or figure with correct color value. Use orthochromatic or nonhalation plates. 4. The rapidity of the plate is marked on the box. Some brands of plates are marked with the sensitometer number, like the Stanley, Carbutt, Seed, etc., and others are marked with a letter like the Cramer. The sensitiveness of the Stanley, which is marked "Sens. 50," and the Cramer "C" plate is about equal as to rapidity. 5. If you cannot use a flash-light for the mantel, try a long exposure by lamp-light. Place the lamp, which should give a clear, brilliant light, so as

to illuminate the wood-work without giving strong shadows. If one lamp is not sufficient to light the whole surface, take two, but place them so that the light from each comes from the same direction. A reflector back of the lamp helps the lighting. A shallow tin pan, if bright, makes a good reflector if the genuine article cannot be obtained.

LADY GRACE S., Vails Gate, N. Y., asks for the name of a book giving full instructions in photography for beginners. "Every camera maker furnishes with each camera sent out a book giving simple instruction for using the camera, and directions for developing plates. This would be a sufficient guide for the beginner, and if rules are followed one can obtain very good negatives. There are many books published on photography which would be helpful after a while, but the beginner will find the directions which come with the camera all that are needful at first. With this number we begin publishing what will be a series of papers for beginners in photography. Technical terms will be explained, formulas for work will be given with explanations of what each chemical is expected to do. Prices of chemicals for each formula will also be added. It is intended to make these instructions as simple as possible, and if Lady Grace will watch this column she will find in it we hope just the help she needs."

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER V.

THE WIZARD.



Jimmieboy grasped the old man's hand, and for a few moments was silent. He was so astonished that he could do nothing but gaze upon his new acquaintance in wonder. The little old man seemed very much pleased at Jimmieboy's apparent wonderment, for he smiled broadly and said,

"Thank you, sir."

"You are very welcome," murmured Jimmieboy, "but I don't know what for. I didn't know that I had done anything for you to thank me for."

"Yes, indeed, you have," returned the little old man, letting go of Jimmieboy's hand, and dancing a lively jig upon the broad marble top of the bureau. "You have done two things. You have released me from a long imprisonment, for one thing, and for another you have looked at me in a manner which proves that you

think me a most interesting person. I like freedom better than anything in the world, and next to that I like being an interesting person."

"And were you really shut up in that little drawer so that you couldn't get out?" asked Jimmieboy, beginning to feel very glad that fortune had led him that way, and so enabled him to help the little old man out of his trouble.

"Yes," answered the other. "I've been locked up in that drawer there for nearly fifty years."

"Fifty years!" ejaculated Jimmieboy. "Why, that's longer than I have lived."

"No, not quite," said the little old man. "They were dream years, and a dream year isn't much longer than a day of your time; but they have seemed real years to me, and I am just as grateful to you for unlocking the drawer and letting me out as I should have been had the years been three hundred and sixty-five days long each."

"Why should any one want to lock you up in a drawer?" asked Jimmieboy. "Were you naughty?"

"No," said the old man. "I never did a naughty thing in all my life, but they locked me up just the same—just as if I had been a poor little canary-bird."

"Who did it?" queried Jimmieboy. "They must have been very wicked people to treat you that way."

"They were. Awfully wicked," said the little old man. "They were wickeder than they seem, because really, you know, they intended that I should stay locked up there forever and ever."

"But how did they come to do it?" asked Jimmieboy.

"It's a long story," answered the little old man. "But if you want me to, I'll tell it."

"Do," said Jimmieboy.

"Very well, then, I will," said the little old man. "But not here. It is too wet here. We'll go inside the drawer ourselves, where we can be dry and comfortable, and we'll take the key in with us and lock ourselves in so that nobody can interfere with us. Will you come?"

"I don't see how I can," said Jimmieboy, looking down at his own body and then pointing to the drawer. "Don't you see I am two or three dozen times too big to get in there?"

"That doesn't make any difference," said the little old man with a laugh. "For I am a wizard, and I can make you large or small, just as I please. If you will say the word I'll make you so small you couldn't see yourself with a magnifying-glass."

Jimmieboy thought a moment, and concluded very wisely, I think, that he would rather not be so small as that.

"I don't like to lose sight of myself," he said.

"Very well, then," said the other. "Suppose I make you just about my size? How would that do?"

"I'd like that very much," replied Jimmieboy, kindly. "I think you are an awfully nice size."

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Again the little old man smiled with pleasure. "You are the pleasantest boy I know," he said; "and you will find out before long that it is worth while to make friends with old Thumbhi, Lord High Wizard of the Sea, and Court Jester to the King of the Waves."

"Are you all that?" said Jimmieboy, pleased to discover that his new-found friend was a person of so great importance.

"Yes indeed," answered Thumbhi. "I am all that, and half a dozen things more. In fact, I am so much that if we had a million dream years together I couldn't even begin to tell you all that I am. But come. Are you ready to be made smaller?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy, a little nervously. "What do I do first?"

"You must put on a coat I give you," replied the wizard. "It will be a little small for you, perhaps, but you can get it on."

The wizard opened one of the bureau drawers, and took therefrom a coat, in which Jimmieboy hastened to array himself. It was, as the old man had said, a little small for him, but he managed to get into it, and after wearing it a minute or two he found it quite comfortable.

"Now take it off," said the wizard, taking a second coat out of the drawer, "and put this one on."

Jimmieboy took off the coat. "Is this larger than the other?" he asked, as he began to put the second coat on.

"No; it is a trifle smaller," replied the wizard. "That's my scheme. You keep putting on coats that are smaller than the one you have just taken off. You stay in them until they fit you comfortably, and finally when you get the last one on you will be small enough to get into the drawer."

"That's a fine plan," said Jimmieboy.

Then he went through the process of changing coats, each new coat being a little smaller than the other, until he had tried on at least fifty of them, when for the first time since he began he caught sight of himself in the glass.

"My!" he cried, in pleased astonishment. "I'm hardly any bigger than you are."

"That's so," replied the little old man. "One more coat, and we can get you into the drawer."



JIMMIEBOY PUTS ON THE LAST COAT.

Jimmieboy put on the last coat. A little bit of a thing it was, hardly larger than a doll's overcoat, and, if the truth be told, awfully tight; but, as with all the others, it soon became as comfortable as any coat he had ever worn, and then, looking at himself in the glass once more, Jimmieboy observed that he was actually no larger than Thumbhi.

"It didn't hurt much, did it?" asked Thumbhi.

"Not a bit," said Jimmieboy. "It was as easy and pleasant as could be."

"That's the great thing about my tricks," said the wizard. "They never hurt anybody. It would be a good thing if all tricks were that way. Tricks that hurt people are mean, and I don't have anything to do with them, and if you will take my advice you won't either."

"I'll take anything you'll give me," said Jimmieboy.

The old wizard laughed heartily at this. "Most boys would," said he, "but you are the first one I ever met

who was willing to take advice. The boys I've known have all been like little Sammy. Ever hear about little Sammy?"

"No," answered Jimmieboy. "What did he do?"

"Why," said the wizard, "Sammy is the boy the poet wrote about, saying:

"Sammy was a pretty boy,
Sammy was his mother's joy.
Sammy'd take
A piece of cake,
Sammy'd always take a toy.

"Sammy'd take a top to spin.
Pie with fruit and raisins in.
Sammy'd take
A piece of steak,
Sammy'd take his medicine.

"Sammy'd take a bowl of rice,
Sammy'd take a bit of spice.
Sammy'd take
A garden rake,
But he would not take advice."

Here the wizard stopped.

"Is that all?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Certainly," answered Thumbi. "What more do you want?"

"Didn't anything happen to Sammy?" queried Jimmieboy.

The wizard was about to say no, but then he suddenly remembered that something always does happen to boys that refuse to take advice, so he said: "The poet never told us about that, but I think it probable that something did happen to Sammy. Very likely he went out skating on a mill-pond one summer day in spite of his father's warning, and got his feet so wet that he caught cold, and had to stay in bed while all the other boys went off on a picnic."

This seemed to satisfy Jimmieboy, and Sammy was dropped as a subject of conversation.

"Now let us go into the drawer," said the wizard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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If the success of a track-athletic meeting is to be judged from the number of records broken, the two interscholastic meets of May 11th at Berkeley Oval and at Eastern Park will go down in the annals of school sport as the most notable occasions of the kind ever held. The contestants in the N.Y.I.S.A.A. games left the records of only four events on the card standing at the same figure they showed when the programme was printed, and came so close to these that the entire schedule was in danger of being entirely overthrown. The management of the Oval games was as near perfection as can be hoped for where so many events and so many contestants have to be attended to; and although in Brooklyn there was considerable delay at one time on account of the non-arrival of the hurdles, yet things were kept moving as fast as possible, and the enthusiasm of the spectators helped to fill what might otherwise have been several tedious gaps. The Cutler athletes deserve the highest praise for the work they performed. They came on the field with Barnard and Berkeley strong favorites, and they went into every event with an earnestness and energy that were finally rewarded by victory. Cutler's score was 34-1/2 points, with Barnard second, having 30, and Berkeley third, with 27. Next year there will be a hot struggle between Barnard and Cutler for the final ownership of the cup, which will then be decided, unless some other strong team is developed, to come in and secure the trophy for a year's custodianship.



FINISH IN THE 100-YARD DASH.

Although Hall won the second heat in the 100 in 10-2/5 seconds, with Moore behind him, he was unable to distance Moore when the final test came, and the Barnard man plunged ahead and took the event. All the heats in the 100 were close and interesting, and no winner had an easy time of it in any case. In fact, all the sprints were contested in sound earnest. The quarter-mile furnished as pretty a race as any. Irwin-Martin kept along in the middle of the bunch until they were well opposite the grand stand on the far side of the field, when he pulled ahead strongly and steadily, and finished in good style. His effort was a strain on him, however, for he collapsed as soon as he had breasted the tape. For this reason he was probably not in his best form when he toed the scratch for the half-mile, but it is doubtful if he could have distanced Meehan even if he had been. Meehan proved himself to be in the pink of condition. Robinson, the old Yale runner who has been training him, told me at the start that Meehan had been trained to do the first quarter in 60 seconds, and as he passed the mark the watch showed just that time. He was leading then, and kept right on, with strong graceful strides until he finished, and broke the record by one second. Irwin-Martin did his best to pull up; but Meehan kept ahead easily, with a broad smile on his face, and appeared to be just as fresh at the finish as he had been at the start.



THE MILE RUN.

The mile run was another pretty race. There must have been more than twenty starters, and they trotted off in a tight bunch, sticking well together for three entire laps. Then Tappin gradually pulled out from the centre, with Mosenthal and McCord seesawing behind him. He kept increasing his lead, and although Mosenthal pushed him pretty hard, he finished strong, with the place men a couple of yards behind, and the field straggling as far back as the bend. Blair failed to come up to his promised form, and was at no time a factor in the race. The walk was practically a duel between Hackett and Walker. Hackett took the lead, and Walker stuck close to his heels, making several attempts to pass him. On the stretch Walker made one last desperate effort, and walked abreast of his opponent for several yards, while the judge of walking almost went frantic in his endeavors to keep the racers down to form. Neither broke, however, and Hackett won by a yard. Walker is still young for such strong work, but I am sure that he will be heard from within the next few years. The bicycle racers broke the interscholastic record of 2 min. 49-3/5 sec. in every heat, and Powell's final race, which brought the time down to 2 min. 34-1/5 sec., was a beautiful contest. Ehrich pushed him hard all the way, and finished a strong second. A pleasing feature of the event was that only one collision occurred, and this was not serious.

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THE I.S. HIGH-JUMP RECORD.

Baltazzi, Harvard, clearing the bar at 5 ft. 11 in.

The best performance of the day, from an athletic point of view, was Baltazzi's high jumping. He was in good form, and won the event by clearing 5 ft. 7 in. Then he had the bar put up a quarter of an inch above the interscholastic record mark of 5 ft. 9 in., and cleared it, thus insuring for himself a record medal. The "take-off" was in bad condition, and had to be constantly rolled. There were also several bad holes along the runway. In addition to this, Baltazzi's right shoe split, and afforded him almost no support. Nevertheless, he felt that he could do even better than 5 ft. 9-1/4 in., and he had the bar raised to 5 ft. 11 in. He failed the first five times allowed him for a record try, but on the sixth he got a good start, cleared

the holes, and found a solid spot to "take off" on, and cleared the stick as neatly and gracefully as he ever did at 5 ft. 5 in. He had never before, even in practice, done better than 5 ft. 10-1/2 in. Baltazzi goes to Columbia next year, and will be a factor in the intercollegiate if he keeps in his present form, which I have no doubt he will. I expect to see him go beyond 6 feet inside of two years. He will doubtless be one of the N.Y.A.C.'s representatives when the English athletes come over here this year.

The records for the other field events, with the exception of throwing the baseball and the broad jump, were broken. Ayres bettered the shot record almost by a foot, and Irwin-Martin, in spite of his hard work in the runs, threw 117 feet 4-1/2 inches with the hammer. A notable feature of this event was that every place man in it surpassed the interscholastic record, the third man bettering it as much as 3 feet. This kind of work is most encouraging, and cannot fail to raise the standard of the contestants, and create a most beneficial competition. If a man knows he has got to break the record even to get third place, there will be good work done. Cowperthwaite, as I had anticipated, won the broad jump easily, but he should have gotten closer to the record than he did. He covered 20 feet 8 inches. One of the other exciting and unexpected features of the day was the semi-final in the Junior 100, when Leech left the field about ten yards behind. He will make a good man as his two easy victories over Wilson will attest.

A better exhibition of tennis than that offered by Ware, when he defeated Whitman in the final match on Holmes Field, Cambridge, last week Monday, could hardly be wished for. The Roxbury player was decidedly in championship form, and although he won in three straight sets—6-4, 6-3, 7-5—he had to play his level best, for Whitman was no easy victim. In the third set Ware showed what he was made of. The games were 5-2 against him, but he gathered himself together, played a cool, careful game, displaying excellent judgment at every point, and thus pulled out the next five games, and the set. It was exciting throughout. Whitman took the first game. His opponent got the second, and both were then playing as good tennis as they knew how, with the advantage temporarily in favor of Whitman. By keeping close up to the net he managed to fool Ware a good many times, at the same time saving himself from committing his great fault of banging the ball into the net. This Whitman invariably does when he stands back. Ware evidently knew his antagonist's style of play, for he gradually coaxed Whitman nearer and nearer to the back line, and then pounded the balls at him, with the 7-5 result. Ware will be seen at a number of tournaments this summer, and will no doubt bring a triumphal record back to Roxbury with him in the fall. He will play in the Western Championship Doubles at Chicago, in the Longwood open tournament, as well as in the Massachusetts championships held on the same courts; and he will enter the lists at Newcastle, Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier, and Newport.

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FINAL HEAT IN THE 120-YARD HURDLES.

At Eastern Park the Adelphi Academy athletes swept everything before them. Gunnison and Jewell proved to be surprises, the former winning three firsts and the latter two firsts and one second. The other members of the team seconded them so well, that Adelphi took the cup with 10 points more to their credit than their nearest rival, which was Poly. Prep, with 29. It is to be regretted that there was any hitch over the delivery of the hurdles, and at one time it seemed as if those two events would have to be omitted; but the sticks did come, and the races furnished some of the best sport of the day. The Junior 100 gave a close finish, and the 220 furnished an exciting contest. Stevens took it from Jewell, who had been counted a winner, but Jewell retrieved himself when he won the quarter handily, it being his first attempt at running that distance. Bedford was somewhat of a disappointment to his schoolmates, who expected him to take the mile for B.H.-S. instead of allowing it to go to Adelphi, but he ran the half-mile in good time, and took second in the longer distance. The walk was most interesting too. Clark and Stars were fairly in lock-step behind Hall, and it was nip and tuck with the three until the tape was broken.

The bicycle race, in which the Long Island record was lowered 1-2/5 seconds, was run under the rules of the L.A.W., and with the sanction of the L.A.W. Racing Board. This is the first school race to be so run. The final heat looked like a dead heat between Roehr and Hazeltine, and I have no doubt that if the two had set the pace earlier in the race the record would have been greatly bettered. In the pole vault Phillips beat his own record of 9 feet by 7 inches, and the hammer record was increased by over 24 feet. Mason threw 100 ft. 11 in. Some of the other records that were smashed were the mile run, which was lowered 2-1/5 seconds; Bedford brought down the half-mile record from 2 min. 17-4/5 sec. to 2 min. 12-3/5 sec.; Gunnison made the record in the high hurdles read 16-3/5 sec. instead of 18-3/5 sec. The record for the 100 was broken three times. In the final heat the time was 10-3/5 sec., and in the second and third heats it was 10-2/5 sec. and 10-1/2 sec. respectively. Stevens made the best time.

**N.Y.I.S.A.A. Records
previous to May 11, 1895.**

100-yard dash	10-3/8 sec.
100-yard dash, for Juniors	11-2/5 "
220-yard dash	22-4/5 "
220-yard dash, for Juniors	23-4/5 "

440-yard run		53	"
Half-mile run	2	m. 5-1/5	"
Mile run	4	" 52	"
Mile walk	7	" 30-2/5	"
120-yard hurdles		16-1/5	"
220-yard hurdles		27-1/5	"
One-mile bicycle	2	" 49-3/5	"
Two-mile bicycle			
Running high jump	5	ft. 9	in.
Running broad jump	21	" 5	"
Pole vault	10	"	
Putting 12-pound shot	39	" 1	"
Throwing 12-pound hammer	110	" 3-1/2	"
Throwing baseball	325	" 9	"

N.Y.I.S.A.A. Games, Berkeley Oval, New York,

May 11, 1895.

100-yard dash	Moore, Barnard		10-3/5 sec.
100-yard dash, for Juniors	Leech, Cutler		11 "
220-yard dash	Moore, Barnard		23-1/5 "
220-yard dash, for Juniors	Leech, Cutler		24-3/5 "
440-yard run	Irwin-Martin, Berkeley		52-3/5 "
Half-mile run	Meehan, Condon	2	m. 4-1/5 "
Mile run	Tappin, Cutler	5	" 4-3/5 "
Mile walk	Hackett, Trinity	7	" 4-2/5 "
120 yard hurdles	Beers, De La Salle		15-3/5 "
220-yard hurdles	Syme, Barnard		26-3/5 "
One-mile bicycle	Powell, Cutler	2	" 34-1/5 "
Two-mile bicycle			
Running high jump	Baltazzi, Harvard	5	ft. 11 in.
Running broad jump	Cowperthwaite, Col. Gram.	20	" 8 "
Pole vault	Simpson, Barnard	10	" 3/8 "
Putting 12-pound shot	Ayers, Condin	40	" 3/4 "
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Irwin-Martin, Berkeley	117	" 4-1/2 "
Throwing baseball	Zizinia, Harvard	325	" 4 "

Long Island I.S.A.A. Games, Eastern Park, Brooklyn,

May 11, 1895.

100-yard dash	Stevens, B.L.S.		10-3/5 sec.
100-yard dash, for Juniors	Robinson, St. Paul's		11 "
220-yard dash	Stevens, B.L.S.		25-3/5 "
220-yard dash, for Juniors			
440-yard run	Jewell, Adelphi		55-3/5 "
Half-mile run	Bedford, B.H.-S.	2	m. 13-3/5 "
Mile run	Romer, B'klyn Acad.	5	" 12 "
Mile walk	Hall, St. Paul's	8	" 37 "
120 yard hurdles	Gunnison, Adelphi		16-3/5 "
220-yard hurdles	Gunnison, Adelphi		29-4/5 "
One-mile bicycle			
Two-mile bicycle	Roehr, Poly. Prep.	6	" 20-3/5 "
Running high jump	Gunnison, Adelphi	5	ft. 4-1/2 in.
Running broad jump	Jewell, Adelphi	20	" 3-1/2 "
Pole vault	Phillips, B. & S.	9	" 7 "
Putting 12-pound shot	Mason, Poly. Prep.	36	" 8 "
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Mason, Poly. Prep.	100	" 11 "
Throwing baseball			

SUMMARY OF POINTS MADE.

New York I.S.A.A.

School.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Points.
Barnard	4	2	4	30
Berkeley	2	4	5	27
Columbia Grammar	1	0	1/2	5-1/2
Columbia Institute	0	0	0	0
Condon	2	0	2	12
Cutler	4	4	2-1/2	34-1/2
De La Salle	1	0	0	5
Drisler	0	2	0	6

Dwight	0	0	2	2
Halsey	0	0	0	0
Hamilton Institute	0	0	0	0
Harvard	2	2	0	16
Trinity	1	0	0	5
Wilson & Kellogg	0	1	0	3
Woodbridge	0	0	0	0
Yale	0	1	0	3
Sachs	0	1	0	3

Long Island I.S.A.A.

School.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Points.
Adelphi	6	2	3	39
Polytechnic Institute	3	3	5	29
Brooklyn High-School	2	3	1	20
St. Paul's	2	3	1	20
Brooklyn Latin School	2	2	2	18
Bryant & Stratton	0	2	1	7
Pratt Institute	0	0	2	2

The accompanying table offers a comparison of the work done on the two tracks, and will serve as a record of the day's doings. Space prevents my inserting a comparative table of the interscholastic and intercollegiate records, but I shall do that at an early date, and the showing will by no means discredit the school athletes. The only difference between the New York and Long Island programmes is that the New-Yorkers run a one-mile bicycle race, while the athletes on the other side of the Bridge cover two miles in that event. And they do not throw the baseball. They are right. The event is not athletic.

The Yale Interscholastic Tennis Tournament was held in New Haven on the same date as Harvard's in Cambridge, and although the entries were not so many from the Connecticut schools, the work of the players was excellent. The winner was J. P. Sheldon, of Hotchkiss Academy, who held the championship of Ohio before he came East to attend school at Lakeville. Sheldon's hottest matches were against Sage and Trowbridge, who was last year's champion. He defeated Sage in two sets, 7-5, 6-2, and overcame Trowbridge only after three stubbornly contested sets, 8-6, 6-2, 6-4. Last year Trowbridge did not compete at Newport, and it is Sheldon's intention now to follow his schoolmate's example. I hope he will change his mind, for it is to the interest of sport that the ablest players should meet, aside from the mere question of determining which one is actually the strongest.

The Interscholastic Relay Races, held on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, April 20th, at the same time as the Intercollegiate relay races, developed the fact that the schools, in point of time, made almost as good a showing as the colleges. The best collegiate performance of the day was Harvard's defeat of the University of Pennsylvania in 3 m. 34-2/5 sec. The poorest winning time was made by C.C.N.Y.—3 m. 55-1/5 sec. The fastest time by a school team was made by the Central High-School, which defeated the Manual Training School in 3 m. 57-1/5 sec. The most interesting scholastic contest was between De Lancey and Episcopal Academy. Episcopal gained the lead in the first lap, only to lose it in the second, but regained it in the final quarter when only 75 yards from home. Here Ogelsby, spent with his hard run, could not go another step, and fell to the ground, leaving Knors to finish in a canter.

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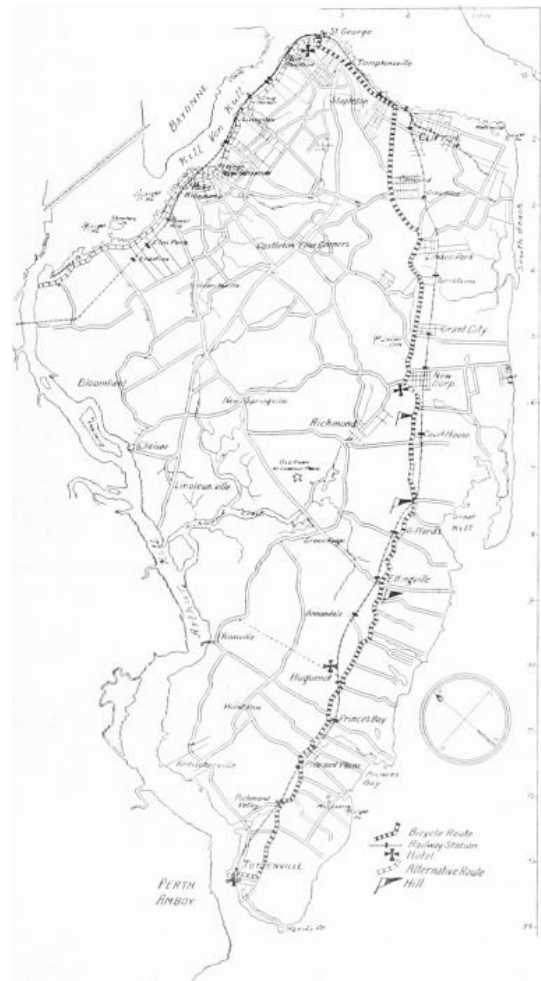
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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W. the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

The bicycle route this week is one of the pleasantest in the vicinity of New York city. It is the run across Staten Island. The reader should study the map of New York city published in No. 809, and find the best way in which to reach South Ferry. If he is a skilful rider, he may take the middle track of the cable-car (Broadway route), and follow that down Broadway; if not, he must come down towards South Ferry through the east side of New York. Arrived at South Ferry, take the Staten Island ferry-boat to St. George. On leaving the ferry at St. George he should turn to the left, go up a rather steep hill, and take the third street to the left—that is, Stuyvesant Place and Avenue, and running along this southward take the third street to the right, and after going one block upon this turn to the left into Central Avenue. He should keep on Central Avenue until he reaches Tompkins Avenue, which is the first turn to the right; then, going southward on Tompkins Avenue, he should turn into Bay Street, and continue on Bay Street until he approaches Clifton, having passed through Tompkinsville and Stapleton. Just before reaching Clifton station he should turn right into Richmond road, and continue through Concord, Grassmere, Linden Park, Garretson, and Grant City, until just after leaving a large cemetery on the right, he runs into New Dorp.

At the Black Horse Tavern in New Dorp, which, by-the-way, is the only place to stop at, turn to the left into Amboy Road, pass the Court-house on the left; then about a mile farther on cross the railroad and run into Giffords. Another mile, and the rider passes through Ettingville. This part of the road, from New Dorp through Ettingville, is more or less hilly, but the road here, as elsewhere for the entire route, is in excellent condition, and is macadamized. From Ettingville the rider passes through Annandale, Huguenot, crosses the railway again, continues on through Prince's Bay, thence to Pleasant Plains, crossing track again, and a mile further on enters Richmond Valley. He then keeps to the main road, which is the left-hand turn in Richmond Valley, and proceeds until he reaches the outskirts of Tottenville, where, turning sharp to the right, he enters Main Street, and may make a stop at the West End Hotel; but if he is going further (for this is the most direct route through New Jersey to the South), he may ride down to the Amboy Valley.



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It is well worth the wheelman's while to continue on towards Clifton after leaving Stapleton, instead of turning to the right into Richmond road, and, continuing through Clifton, to run down to Fort Wadsworth, which is one of the important inner forts of the harbor, and commands a view of the Lower Bay. By keeping to this road after leaving Fort Wadsworth, and following it as it turns sharply to the right, he can run down towards South Beach, and join the Richmond road again just as he enters Linden Park. Furthermore, after leaving the Court-house, a mile or more beyond New Dorp, a road turns sharply to the right running up into

the hills; and from Richmond, which is perhaps a mile and a half away, he may leave his wheel and climb up to the old Lookout, where once stood a fort of the Revolutionary War. The view from here commands most of the island and the Lower Bay, and is one of the best in the vicinity of New York city. There is a short ride over a good road from St. George along the northern boundary of Staten Island, running through New Brighton, Snug Harbor, Livingston, West New Brighton, Port Richmond, Tower Hill, etc., down to Bowman's Point; and it is possible for the rider to take this road, turning off at Tower Hill to the left, on the Port Richmond road, running across the island through New Springville and Green Ridge on to the Richmond road at Ettingville. This Port Richmond road, however, is hilly, and though in moderately good condition, is not to be compared with the Richmond road.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811.

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

These are very busy days for some of you, because, as we all know, school examinations are just in advance. I was talking with a girl friend this morning, and she said she did not at all mind examinations, because she was very thorough with her work all through the term. She said, "By never slighting anything from the beginning of the term to the end, I find I do not have any harder work at the end than at the beginning." I wish that all young people—and, for that matter, older ones, too—would imitate her example. It is a good plan to be thorough with what we do, and to establish a reputation for being so among our friends, so that people may know that they can always depend on us. A lack of this quality of thoroughness often leads to very grave accidents. A ship has gone down before now in mid-ocean because of the unfaithfulness of somebody who had to do with its building, and from time to time tall houses fall and people are killed because architects or carpenters were unfaithful when constructing the rickety things, and allowed flaws to pass, and were contented with makeshifts. Our rule should be not to slight our work, but always to do it in the best possible manner.

The habit of thoroughness in housekeeping leads one to keep rooms in good order and the table beautifully appointed. I know a girl who says that she takes great pains with her room whenever she thinks her aunt Mary is coming to see her, because Aunt Mary's sharp eyes discover every speck of dust, and observe any trifle that is in the least out of order. Aunt Mary is a bit of a critic, and her niece a little afraid of her comments.

In other words, the aunt has made a coward of the girl. I do not like the idea of being in bondage to anybody, whether an aunt or a stranger. It would seem to me a far better way to feel that one must answer to one's self, and that one would not feel satisfied unless she could look herself in the glass and say: "There, everything is done in the best possible manner, and you cannot find any fault with me to-day. Try to, if you dare!"

I wonder whether you are particular to write notes of thanks very soon after receiving gifts or acts of courtesy? The value of a note of thanks is greatly increased by its being prompt. If some friend leaves a bunch of violets at your door, and you fail to acknowledge it until the flowers have failed, your thanks, when they do come, are tardy. When flowers are sent to those who are ill, they, of course, cannot repay the courtesy by a little note themselves, but some one in the family should do it for them. Your note of thanks should be very genial, showing that you are really pleased by the kind attention and the happier because of it. Do not be afraid to write warmly and cordially on such occasions. If stiff and formal you are unjust both to your friend and yourself.

Speaking of illness, it happens that some of you have to take care of those who are ill, and it is worth while to cultivate a way of moving lightly and quietly about a sick room. One should never wear creaking shoes nor a rustling dress in a room where any one is ill. The nerves of people in illness are very acute and sensitive to every sound. A friend recovering from a long attack of typhoid fever told me that, while she was convalescent, she was nearly driven frantic by the fact that her nurse, writing notes in her room, used a pen which scratched on the paper. Even this little noise was most distressing to her in her weak state, and she said that when the same nurse began to sew by her bed she could hear the sound of the thread going through the muslin, and it seemed to her so loud and jarring that she could not bear it. I have known a person suffering from a severe headache in the third story of a house to be greatly distressed by noises in the kitchen, a long way below. You see, we cannot be too careful to be very gentle in our movements and quiet in our manner when we are with those who are not well.

C. S. M.—In reply to your inquiry concerning the best schools for studying designing in New York city, we should advise the School of Applied Design for Women, Twenty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, tuition \$50 a year, and Cooper Institute, Ninth Street and Third Avenue, tuition almost free. In Philadelphia, the Drexel Institute and the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets. In Boston, the Museum of Fine Arts. Any of these schools is suitable for your purpose.

Margaret E. Langster.

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Two Exciting Puzzle Contests Ended.

Endeavoring to favor the TABLE with an easy puzzle, since many said the questions were too hard, a flood of correct answers resulted in the Authors' Outing Contest, and, in accordance with the role, a second contest had to be held. Here are correct answers to the original contest:

1. Moore—Moor. 2. Gay. 3. Yonge. 4. Lot's wife. 5. The mulberry is said to have turned red because

Pyramus killed himself at the root of the tree, in the belief that Thisbe had been devoured by a lion. 6. Bacon. 7. Hogg. 8. Ruskin. 9. Lemon. 10. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday. 11. Dickens. 12. Watts. 13. Bangs. 14. Theodore Child. 15. Butler. 16. Canning. 17. Hawthorne. 18. February. 19. Reade. 20. Swift. 21. Howitt—How it. 22. Motherwell. 23. Scott—Scot. 24. Hood. 25. Lamb. 26. Lover. 27. Harte. 28. Twain. 29. Spenser. 30. Akenside. 31. Holland. 32. Sterne. 33. Cooper. 34. Smiles. 35. Wordsworth. 36. Goldsmith. 37. Shelley. 38. Borrow. 39. Steele. 40. Santa Claus.

A set of 35 new questions was prepared and sent by mail, to those who gave the foregoing correct answers. Thus the ties were played off, so to speak, unsuccessful contestants and outsiders being barred. Following are answers to the new questions. In some cases the questions themselves are given, since they have not before been published. It was asked who wrote these:

1. "The Widowed Heart," Albert Pike; 2. "The Revellers," William Davis Gallagher, Mrs. Hemans; 3. "The Remarkable Wreck of the *Thomas Hyke*," Frank R. Stockton; 4. "Sicily Burns's Wedding," Geo. W. Harris; 5. "The Tar Baby," Joel Chandler Harris; 6. "The Only Daughter," Harriett Campbell, O. W. Holmes, Mrs. Henry Wood; 7. "The Semi-attached Couple," Hon. Emily Eden; 8. "Marco Bozzaris," Fitz-Greene Halleck; 9. "The Buckwheat Cake," Henry Pickering; 10. "Adams and Liberty," Robert Treat Paine, Jr.

Four riddles were propounded:

11. The Ghost in Hamlet. 28. La Grippe.

18.

Four of a kind, four of a name,
Loving one who was called the same.
Her star of good-luck went steadily down,
She lost her life when she lost her crown;
But they served her fondly till all was o'er,
These four of a name, these faithful four.

—The Four Marys of Mary Queen of Scots.

35. We are boon companions and nearly inseparable. We take interminable journeys together, travelling over almost incalculable distances; always work together, and take our vacations at the same time. We may be found in every civilized portion of the globe—useful alike in the king's palace, the peasant's hut, the Indian's wigwam, the hospital ward, and the ship at sea. Yet in some respects we are entirely different, for while I can adapt myself to every situation with perfect ease, my companion is very set in his ways, but together we bring order, comfort, and beauty wherever we go. After the labor of years and he is laid aside, my work remains to cheer and gladden many hearts, sometimes preserving family history which would otherwise be forgotten. And yet, marvellous to relate, we have neither hands, feet, head, nor body.—Needle and Thread.

Nos. 12 to 17 were quotations from the poets, and their answers are: 12. Sir Walter Raleigh, on the snuff of a candle; 13. Pope; 14. The Serenade. J. G. Percival; 15. War Song of Revolution, John Neal; 16. Youth and Age, Richard Dabney; 17. The New Roof, Francis Hopkinson.

Contestants were asked to name the works in which the following characters appear. Answers are here given: 19. Froth, Measure for Measure; 20. Shallow, Merry Wives of Windsor; 21. Godfrey Ablewhite, Moonstone, by Collins; 22. Edmund Gray, Ivory Gate, by Besant; 23. Gwendolen Harleth, Daniel Deronda, by Eliot; 24. Blind Muriel, John Halifax, Gent., by Miss Mulock; 25. Grant Munro, Sherlock Holmes, by Doyle; 26. Christine Ludolph, Barriers Burned Away, by Roe; 27. Princess Irenè, Prince of India, by Wallace.

These questions were asked. Answers are here after each:

29. A book wherein the heroine's name is not once mentioned.—"Rutledge," "She." 30. What famous character is it who, whether in doors or out, summer or winter, always keeps a glove on one hand?—M. Hamel in Mrs. Edwards's "Hand and Glove." 31. What one was it who always offered his left hand to his friends because of the guilty deed done by the right?—Eugene Aram. 32. Name the fellow who, in a famous book, stands chewing the rust from his fingers. When he reaches home he will probably find his wife "prayin' agin'" him.—Jerry Cruncher. 33. A character in another book who was the first to ride on horseback from New York to San Francisco.—Willard Glazier, John C. Fremont, John Brent. 34. The book wherein one person calls upon another, and receives an answer, though they are miles apart.—Jane Eyre, Peter Ibbetson.

In No. 33 it was found that authorities, equally credible, differed. Hence the question was dropped, and no matter what was the answer it was counted correct.

The prizes were \$25 divided, but \$10 to first. The amount awarded is slightly increased. The highest honor goes to George Peirce, who is a Pennsylvanian, aged 12. He answered correctly all but two of the questions. Second prizes of \$2 each go to Lois A. Dowling, of New York (Rochester), and John H. Campbell, Jr., of Pennsylvania (Germantown); and third prizes of \$1 each to the following: Harry Nelson Morey, New York; Henry S. Parsons, Massachusetts; John J. Clarkson, Helen J. Curley, and Martin Henneberry, Illinois; Charles A. Urner and Frank A. Urner, New Jersey; Pierre Freret, Louisiana; Edmund T. M. Franklin, Virginia; Kathrine S. Frost, Massachusetts; Edith L. Warner and Edith C. Sanders, Maryland, and Mae Sterner, Pennsylvania.

Some Questions for the Founders.

Now that our Order has been so conspicuously honored as to have a great journal named for it, there arise a few questions for the Founders to vote upon. First, the Founders and all other members are asked to note that although the whole paper is named for their Order, that Order has not a less but a greater place in it, and, instead of a few pages being devoted to them, now the whole paper will seek to give them everything

necessary to their growth in that "goodlye felloeship, worthie knowledge, and chivalrie up to date" which form the grand basis of our union.

The questions to be voted on are these:

1. Shall we abolish or retain the eighteen-years-of-age limit?
2. Shall we have a new membership certificate?
3. Shall we have a new and different badge?

The reasons for bringing up these questions are: A great many lament the arrival of their eighteenth birthday, when they can no longer be members. They ask to remain in the Order, and suggest that all competitions be limited, as heretofore, to the eighteen-year-age limit. To the latter we agree, promising to always limit the age to eighteen years, as heretofore, and offering, if the Founders agree thereto, to have a competition for those above eighteen years. If it succeeds, to have competitions for both ages, as opportunity offers. What say you? Again, it is necessary to drop the name "Young People" from our certificate. In doing so why not have a handsomer one, and call it a "patent," which is a better name than "certificate." It may be printed in the Order's colors, yellow and blue.

New patents would be issued to all old members who cared to ask for them. Once more, what say you? Still again, our badge, adopted in the early history of the Order, has met some objections. It is five pansy leaves, bearing the letters "K. L. O. R. T." A Founder living in Winchester, England, described for us once, you remember, what is claimed to be the original Table used by King Arthur and his Knights of the Holy Grail, still preserved in Winchester Cathedral. This Founder suggests a badge that is a fac-simile of the top of this Table. He sends a print of it, with the ancient names, etc. The letters "K. L. O. R. T." can be retained. It is necessary to have badges low in price, since many ought not to afford expensive ones, and therefore we shall need to retain silver for their material. It will be possible, though, to procure gold ones for those who specially order them. For the third question, we repeat, what is the Founders' pleasure?

Founders of the Order are the 5000 original members. Those who have not passed their eighteenth birthday are asked to write us frankly. A postal card will do. We shall be governed by your votes. We may add, for the benefit of all, that our Order is to have a great many attractive offers during the next twelve months. The "feast" is to be a rich one, and we hope every one of you will remain around the Table and enjoy it.

Round Table Chapters.

No. 693.—The Thaddeus Stevens Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Its meetings are held on Thursday of each week. The initiation fee is one dollar. Horace S. Reis, 910 North Broad Street.

No. 694.—The Quannapowitt Chapter, of Wakefield, Mass. Charles Wait, George Tompson; Ralph Carlisle, president, 9 Summit Avenue.

No. 695.—The Columbus Chapter, of Columbus, Ohio. Carl B. Harrop, Edward E. Stoughton; George Crable, 1289 Highland Street.

No. 696.—The Kirk Munroe Chapter, of Nuttallburg, W. Va. E. Jackson Taylor, John Nuttall, Jun., Nuttallburg.

No. 697.—The Kes-Kes Kick Chapter, of Yonkers, N. Y. J. Fowler Trow, Jun., Mary Van Rensselaer Ferris. Its meetings are held on Tuesdays. Chapter address, 488 Warburton Ave.

No. 698.—The Admiral Benham Chapter, of Fort Adams, Newport, R. I. Its officers are Stephen C. Rowan, Elizabeth Schenck, Lee Simpson, Anna Greble; Carol H. Simpson, care of Lieutenant Simpson, Fort Adams.

No. 699.—The Thomas Edison Chapter, of Bangor, Me. Fred H. Pond, Arthur A. Thompson, Myrtle D. Fox, Nellie M. Fox, Bangor.

No. 700.—The Oliver Wendell Holmes Chapter, of Eau Claire, Wis. George D. Galloway, Eau Claire.

No. 701.—The Sheridan Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Martin S. Poulson, John M. Smith, Oland King, George Frey, Lydie Holmes; Reese Baker, Section C., Girard College.

No. 702.—The Kirk Munroe Chapter, of Auburn, Wash. J. French Dorrance, corresponding secretary, Box 17, Auburn.

No. 703.—The Keystone Music and Literary Chapter, of Harrisburg, Pa. R. Donald Jenkins, Stanley G. Smith, H. Stanley Jenkins; Louise N. Miller, Harrisburg.

Want Corner.

A corresponding Chapter is one whose members are widely separated and whose affairs are conducted by mail. There are several such, dear Lady Alice Cowly, but it is found very difficult in practice to maintain the interest. Keeping members together in spirit who are hundreds of miles apart in body is no easy thing to do.

Ralph Leach, Stoughton, Mass., is interested in athletic sports. He will enjoy the TABLE more than ever, then, for it is to have more news about sports than ever before. Anne Bliss wants to know why the Table cannot have a "Students' Corner" to help members in their school-work; "a geometrical diagram, scientific experiments, meaning of new words—anything. I am sure such a Corner would be very helpful." We heartily agree with Lady Anne. Shall we have a new corner, or will the Want one do? Let's have your questions. The TABLE desires to help you in all ways that it can. Consider this a Students' Corner, and use it as such. We

can find somebody to answer your questions. Or perhaps you can answer each other's questions. How would that do for some questions, at least?

Here is one now. Maude Wigfield asks: "If a heavy vessel, such as the cruiser *New York*, were to go down in mid-ocean, could it overcome the enormous pressure of the water, and sink to the very bottom, or would it reach an equal density before it did reach the bottom. Remember that some of the compartments would still contain air." Let us have opinions. Give us the pressure per square foot at certain ocean depths, and the pressure the war vessels are built to withstand. The *Elbe*, which went down in the North Sea a few weeks ago—that is on the very bottom of the sea, is it not?

Herbert Benton lives at 1208 East Seventh Street, Kansas City, Mo. He asks how best to put plants into a herbarium. Will some one give us a morsel upon it? We can find the information from books, but much prefer the personal experience of some member. Tell us all about flowers and plants for herbariums. He also asks for the solution or mixture in which writing may be placed upon tissue-paper, the initial letter lighted and the writing burned out, without injury to the rest of the paper. We had the formula of the solution some time ago, but cannot now find it. Can somebody help us to it again, for Sir Herbert's benefit?

Carolyn A. Nash lives in California and asks for more time for sending puzzle solutions on account of the distance to be travelled by the mails. The present series of puzzles is exceptional, dear Lady Carolyn, and the dates of closing could not be made different, nor can they now be changed. In future contests the Pacific coast members shall be given more time. Augusta C. Grenther and Charles Stuckel are two of the more than twenty members of the Sangster Chapter who attend one school at Germania, N. J. The Chapter meetings are held at the school on Fridays. It wants correspondents, and to exchange flowers and minerals.

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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.

At present all collectors appear to be hunting for varieties of the United States stamps of the 1872 issue, some of the new varieties of which were illustrated in these columns a short time ago. The fact that the Continental Bank-Note Company were the successors of the National Bank-Note Company in the printing of that issue has led to the belief that each of the stamps printed by the Continental Company from the plates made by the National Company bears some mark to distinguish the company printing the stamps. Several of the values of the 1872 issue having been found with such a mark, it would seem that all the values were treated in the same manner, the only difficulty being to discover the mark. No help can be obtained from the bank-note companies, as they preserve absolute secrecy in regard to the stamps, it thus being left to the collectors to study out the marks. While these exceedingly small varieties will greatly puzzle the collector, they lead to one great object, by showing that a close study of stamps is necessary in order to be a successful collector, and only those who are willing to study out these minute variations can get the full pleasure of the pursuit.

The auction season in stamps will close with the month of May, and the great sales held this year show that collectors are using that method for buying to a larger extent than ever.

An English paper states that the current adhesives of France have been surcharged "Poste Française," for use of French offices in Madagascar. There are nine values.

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A KITE TALE.



BOY (jerking string), "Come, get up there; what's the matter with you?"



KITE. "Say, you can't yank me that way with impunity."

READINESS OF WIT.

One of the best qualities for a boy or a girl to cultivate is readiness of wit. To the lad who is thinking of going into some business pursuit, quickness to see and meet the requirements of an opportunity is of invaluable importance. We find in the *Gazette Anecdotique* a case very much to the point, and most amusing withal. It seems that in the year 1707, when Philip V. was on his way to Madrid to take possession of his kingdom of Spain, the inhabitants of Mont de Marsan came out to meet him at his approach. The two processions having met about a league from the town, the Mayor advanced towards the litter in which the King sat, and addressed him as follows: "Sire, long speeches are obnoxious and wearisome; I should prefer to sing you something." Leave was given, and he sang forthwith a short ode to the King, which so greatly pleased his Majesty that he called out, "Da capo!" (encore). The Mayor gave his song a second time. The King thanked the singer, and presented him with ten louis d'or. This amount seemed hardly sufficient to the chief magistrate of Mont de Marsan, and he therefore promptly held out his empty hand to the King, and in admirable imitation of the King's voice, himself called out, "Da capo!" The King laughed heartily and complied, and the Mayor departed twice as well off as he would have been had he been less quick-witted.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Those of us who have grown weary and perplexed over the peculiarities of the French language, and who have wished that our parents and school-teachers did not consider that language necessary to our education, will rejoice at this item from an English newspaper, which shows that the Frenchman has as hard a time mastering our tongue as we have in mastering his.

According to the story three French boys were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

1. "To was or not to am."
2. "To were or is to not."
3. "To should or not to will."

An absent-minded young preacher in New England, wishing to address the young ladies of his congregation after the morning services, remarked from the pulpit that he would be very glad if the female brethren of the congregation would remain after they had gone home. He was almost as badly mixed, the narrator of this story says, as another speaker, who, after describing a pathetic scene he had witnessed, added, huskily, "I tell you, brothers there was hardly a dry tear in the house."

SERENADING HIMSELF.

We sometimes think that the funny situations in the pictures in the comic papers are too absurd to be real, and yet every day there happen things quite as absurd as any there depicted. One of the German newspapers gives an account of how a steady old burgomaster recently serenaded himself, which certainly brings before our minds a picture quite as laughable as any we have seen in print. The story is to this effect: Herr Nötel, merchant and burgomaster, who is passionately fond of singing, is the first tenor and president of the Schnitzelburg glee-club. The club consists of only a single quartet, but small as is their number, the greater is their enthusiasm for the songs of Germany. Nötel would shortly celebrate his silver wedding. They must give him a serenade; there was no help for it. But what was a quartet without the first tenor? There was no getting a substitute, but for all that they would give Nötel a surprise. On the eve of the

festal day the three members of the club, armed with lanterns, met at the appointed time before the house of their respected president, and after some clearing of throats and twanging of tuning-forks the music began. A small crowd collected in the street, and the windows in the vicinity were lined with appreciative listeners. The Herr Burgomaster and his family also appeared at the windows of their brightly illuminated sitting-room. The first bars of the well-known song, "Silent Night," left much to be desired, but the three voices bravely held on their way amid the surrounding stillness, and in a few moments Herr Nötel went down into the street and joined in the quartet. No sooner was the song finished than he ran up stairs again, appeared at the open window, and in loud clear tones thanked the club for their ovation. Seen on a public stage, an old gentleman madly rushing up stairs to a window to thank himself for serenading himself would cause a good deal of laughter.

ODD ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

It was a very homely old lady in Scotland who remarked, as she gazed into a looking-glass, that they didn't make as good mirrors to-day as they did when she was a girl, because she thought modern looking-glasses made her look so old.

It was said to be a Maine man who told an agent for a cyclopædia that he didn't want one, because he hadn't time to learn to ride one, and he didn't wish to risk his neck trying it, anyhow.

A story is told of a grocer engaged in business in a London suburb, to the effect that he once declined to attend a very popular concert even though a free ticket was offered him. "Ye see," he said to the person who gave him the ticket, "if I went I'd see so many people who owe me money for groceries it would spoil my fun, and the sight o' me would spoil theirs. I'll stay at home."

Here is a dog story, which you can believe or not as you please. A gentleman remarked of a friend's dog that the two eyes of the animal were remarkably different in size. "Yes," was the reply, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed at one side of my guest, and then goes round the table to his other side, and pretends to be another dog."



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Portrait Gallery.
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Mary Washington

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The previous articles published in this series are "A Street-Waif's Luck," No. 792, "Danny Cahill, Newsboy," No. 803, "A Messenger-Boy's Adventure," No. 809.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, MAY 21, 1895 ***

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