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HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

he battle of Chancellorsville marked the zenith of Confederate good fortune. Immediately afterwards, in June, 1863, Lee led the victorious Army of Northern Virginia north into Pennsylvania. The South was now the invader, not the invaded, and its heart beat proudly with hopes of success; but these hopes went down in bloody wreck on July 4th, when word was sent to the world that the high valor of Virginia had failed at last on the field of Gettysburg, and that in the far West Vicksburg had been taken by the army of the "silent soldier."

At Gettysburg Lee had under him some seventy thousand men, and his opponent, Meade, about ninety thousand. Both armies were composed mainly of seasoned veterans, trained to the highest point by campaign after campaign and battle after battle; and there was nothing to choose between them as to the fighting power of the rank and file. The Union army was the larger, yet most of the time it stood on the defensive; for the difference between the generals, Lee and Meade, was greater than could be bridged by twenty thousand men.

For three days the battle raged. No other battle of recent years has been so obstinate and so bloody. The victorious Union army lost a greater percentage in killed and wounded than the allied armies of England, Germany, and the Netherlands lost at Waterloo. Four of its seven corps suffered each a greater relative loss than befell the world-renowned British infantry on the day that saw the doom of the mighty French Emperor. The defeated Confederates at Gettysburg lost relatively as many men as the defeated French at Waterloo; but whereas the French army became a mere rabble, Lee withdrew his formidable soldiery with their courage unbroken, and their fighting power only diminished by their actual losses in the field.

The decisive moment of the battle, and perhaps of the whole war, was in the afternoon of the third day, when Lee sent forward his choicest troops in a last effort to break the middle of the Union line. The kernel [Pg 546] of the attacking force was Pickett's division, the flower of the Virginian infantry, but many other brigades took part in the assault, and the attacking column, all told, numbered over fifteen thousand men. At the same time Longstreet's Confederate forces attacked the Union left to create a diversion. The attack was preceded by a terrific cannonade, Lee gathering one hundred and fifteen guns, and opening a terrible fire on the centre of the Union line. In response, the Union chief of artillery gathered eighty guns along on the crest of the gently sloping hill where attack was threatened. For two hours, from one to three, there was a terrific cannonade, and the batteries on both sides suffered severely. In both the Union and Confederate lines caissons were blown up by the fire, riderless horses dashed hither and thither, the dead lay in heaps, and throngs of wounded streamed to the rear. Every man lay down and sought what cover he could. It was evident that the Confederate cannonade was but a prelude to a great infantry attack, and at three o'clock Hunt, the Union chief of artillery, ordered the fire to stop, that the guns might cool to be ready for the coming assault. The Confederates thought that they had silenced the Union artillery, and for a few minutes their firing continued; then suddenly it ceased, and there was a lull.

The men on the Union side who were not at the point directly menaced peered anxiously across the space between the lines to watch the next move, while the men in the divisions which it was certain were about to be assaulted lay hugging the ground and gripping their muskets, excited, but confident and resolute. They saw the smoke clouds rise slowly above the opposite crest, where the Confederate army lay, and the sunlight glinted again on the long line of brass and iron guns which had been hidden from view during the cannonade. In another moment, out of the lifting smoke there appeared, beautiful and terrible, the picked thousands of the Southern army advancing to the assault. They advanced in three lines, each over a mile long, and in perfect order. Pickett's Virginians held the centre, with on their left the North Carolinians of Pender and Pettigrew, and on their right the Alabama regiments of Wilcox; and there were also Georgian and Tennessee regiments in the attacking force. Pickett's division, however, was the only one able to press its charge home.

The Confederate lines came on magnificently. As they crossed the Emmetsburg Pike the eighty guns on the Union crest, now cool and in good shape, opened upon them, first with shot and then with shell. Great gaps

were made every second in the ranks, but the gray-clad soldiers closed up to the centre, and the color-bearers leaped to the front, shaking and waving the flags. The Union infantry reserved their fire until the Confederates were within easy range, when the musketry crashed out with a roar; the big guns began to fire grape and canister.

On came the Confederates, the men falling by hundreds, the colors fluttering in front like a little forest; for as fast as a color-bearer was shot, some one else seized the flag from his hand before it fell. The North Carolinians were more exposed to the fire than any other portion of the attacking force, and they were broken before they reached the line. There was a gap between the Virginians and the Alabama troops, and this was taken advantage of by Stannard's Vermont brigade and a demi-brigade under Gates of the Twentieth New York, who were thrust forward into it. Stannard changed front with his regiments and attacked Pickett's forces in flank, and Gates continued the attack. When thus struck in the flank the Virginians could not defend themselves, and they crowded off toward the centre to avoid the pressure. Many of them were killed or captured; many of them were driven back: but two of the brigades, headed by General Armistead, forced their way forward to the stone wall on the crest, where the Pennsylvania regiments were posted under Gibbon and Webb.

The Union guns fired to the last moment, until of the two batteries immediately in front of the charging Virginians every officer but one had been struck. One of the mortally wounded officers was young Cushing, a brother of the hero of the *Albemarle* fight. He was almost cut in two, but holding his body together with one hand, with the other he fired his last gun, and fell dead just as Armistead, pressing forward at the head of his men, leaped the wall, waving his hat on his sword. Immediately afterwards the battle-flags of the foremost Confederate regiments crowned the crest; but their strength was spent. The Union troops moved forward with the bayonet, and the remnant of Pickett's division, attacked on all sides, either surrendered or retreated down the hill again. Armistead fell dying by the body of the dead Cushing. Both Gibbon and Webb were wounded. Of Pickett's command two-thirds were killed, wounded, or captured, and every brigade commander and every field officer save one fell. The Virginians tried to rally, but were broken and driven again by Gates, while Stannard repeated at the expense of the Alabamians the movement he had made against the Virginians, and, reversing his front, attacked them in flank. Their lines were torn by the batteries in front, and they fell back before the Vermonters' attack, and Stannard reaped a rich harvest of prisoners and of battle-flags.

The charge was over. It was the greatest charge in any battle of modern times, and it had failed. It would be impossible to surpass the gallantry of those that made it, or the gallantry of those that withstood it. Had there been in command of the Union army a general like Grant, it would have been followed by a counter-charge, and in all probability the war would have been shortened by nearly two years; but no counter-charge was made.

As the afternoon waned, a fierce cavalry fight took place on the Union right. Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry commander, had moved forward to turn the Union right, but he was met by Gregg's cavalry, and there followed a contest at close quarters with "the white arm." It closed with a desperate melee, in which the Confederates, charging under Wade Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee, were met in mid-career by the Union Generals Custer and McIntosh. All four fought, sabre in hand, at the head of their troopers, and every man on each side was put into the struggle. Custer, his yellow hair flowing, his face aflame with the eager joy of battle, was in the thick of the fight, rising in his stirrups as he called to his famous Michigan swordsmen, "Come on, you Wolverines, come on!" All that the Union infantry, watching eagerly from their lines, could see was a vast dust cloud, where flakes of light shimmered as the sun shone upon the swinging sabres. At last the Confederate horsemen were beaten back, and they did not come forward again or seek to renew the combat; for Pickett's charge had failed, and there was no longer hope of Confederate victory.

When night fell the Union flags waved in triumph over the field of Gettysburg; but over thirty thousand men lay dead or wounded, strewn through wood and meadow, on field and hill, where the three days' fight had surged.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Flutter of flag and beat of drum
  And the sound of marching feet,
And in long procession the soldiers come
  To the call of the bugles sweet.

And the marching soldiers stop at last
  Where their sleeping comrades lie,
The men whose battles have long been fought,
  Who dared for the land to die.

Children, quick with your gathered flowers,
  Scatter them far and near;
They who were fathers and brothers once
  Are peacefully resting here.

Flutter of banner and beat of drum
  And the bugle's solemn call,
In grand procession the soldiers come—
  And God is over us all!

THE CAT SHOW.

BY WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.

At last the cats have had a show of their own, and for the time being their old enemies, the dogs, have been forced to take a back seat, and sulk at the attention which the 250 and more pussies received from the girls and boys and grown-up people at the Madison Square Garden in New York. It has been a gala-time for the children, especially, and the petting which the different tabbies received would have turned their heads had they not been so well-bred and aristocratic. For the common tramp cat, who knows no better than to give unwelcome concerts on the back fence at night, or the scraggly kitten, whose one ambition is rat-catching, had no place among the cats who made their first public bow and mieuw a week ago. Only those whose great grandpapas or grandmammas were distinguished people in the cat kingdom were allowed to be exhibited.

After all, the cat kingdom isn't nearly so large as the dog kingdom. All of our domestic cats are grouped under two distinct heads—the short-haired European or Western cat, and the long-haired Asiatic or Eastern cat. The tortoise-shell, white, black, blue, or slate-color (Maltese), and the tabbies are embraced in the European, and the Asiatic includes the Persian, Angora, Russian, and Indian. So that it is ever so much easier to learn what class your cat belongs in than to know the different kinds of dogs.

What an attractive sight the long rows of dainty cages, each fitted up in royal fashion for its feline occupant, made! Here at the beginning of the long row of wire houses, "Dick," a miniature tiger, slept with eyes half closed (as every good cat always does), and his right paw outstretched, as if in his dreams some poor little sparrow were within clutching distance. Not far away "Charles Dickens," a very aristocratic Maltese, was purring out his compliments to a little girl who was vainly endeavoring to educate him to eat peanuts.

Then there was "Columbia" and her two kittens, "Yale" and "Harvard." The readers of the ROUND TABLE never saw their older brothers wear their college colors more bravely than these wee little kittens. Their fawn-colored mother would get them quieted down after some merry romp, and then they would suddenly begin another friendly fight, and roll over and over again, till it was impossible to tell whether the blue or the red was victorious. Near by was a "happy family" of short-haired spotted cats from Elizabeth, New Jersey, consisting of a great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and seven kittens. And how proud gentle great-grandmamma was when her granddaughter captured the second prize in her class.

Perhaps our President would feel pleased were he to know how much attention his namesake "Grover Cleveland" had at the show. He is a rich, brown tabby, with wide black stripes, and was given a blue ribbon, the mark of the first prize. He took it all very calmly, as much as to say, "You couldn't do anything less for one with such a name as mine."

But even "Grover Cleveland" was not so aristocratic-looking as "Grover B.," from Philadelphia. His short-haired coat was as white as the stone door-steps of the houses in his native town, and—think of it—his mistress values him at $1000! So well brought up is he that he sits at the table with his master and mistress in a high chair and feeds himself with his paw. His master says that he eats more quietly and gracefully than their little nephew of five years, who, when he spills his bread and milk, is told he can profit by "Grover's" example. So fond of him is his master that his head appears on all his business paper and envelopes, so that "Grover B." is known all over the world, and, through his pictures on his master's envelopes, has travelled more extensively than almost any other cat.

An even more wonderful short-haired cat was "Mittens," who has actually been trained to love and live with birds. "Mittens" is a great deal of a swell. His grandfather was a pure-blooded Maltese, and his great-grandmamma was a very haughty Angora. All the traditions in his family prompted him to consider birds as his natural prey and dogs as his enemies. When he came to his present mistress, Mrs. M. L. Ponchez, the latter had two Yorkshire terriers, a parrot, eight canaries, a red-bird, and several chameleons, and of course she thought it would be pretty difficult for "Mittens" to live in peace with all these other pets. She thought she would try to teach him to be friendly to the birds and dogs, and this is what she did.

She first kept all of her pets a day without food, and then the next day placed the cat between the dogs while she fed him his breakfast. After that the cat and the dogs became such good friends that they all slept together. At the next meal she took one of the canaries, put him on her finger, and petted him while she held "Mittens" in her lap and fed him. This she did several times, and then let all of the birds fly around the cat. The latter never attempted to touch one, and frequently to-day you may see "Mittens" slumbering peacefully before the fire, with a canary nestled on the soft fur of his back.

IN THE LONG-HAIRED CAT-ROOM.

While there were many more short-haired cats on exhibition for prizes, the long-haired ones created more attention because they are much less common. They had a separate room to themselves upstairs, and a band of music played for them lest they should forget that many of them were descended from cat emperors and princes in the far-off East. There was "Ajax," a white Angora, with firm mouth and keen eyes, his fluffy white mane looking like a lion's, every inch of him a king. There was "Paderewski," blue-ribboned,

with longer and thicker hair than the famous musician whose name he bears. Near by an interested crowd watched "Ellen Terry" and her seven kittens. "Ellen" is a large white and orange Angora, and very cozy were she and her kittens in a basket lined with yellow silk and trimmed with dotted muslin. Her manners were perfect, for whenever her cunning little kittens were caressed she showed no surprise, but looked on with calm maternal pride.

Just to show by contrast how very aristocratic these long-haired cats were, six or eight lost cats from the Shelter for Animals (where lost and homeless cats are cared for) were exhibited near the haughty Angoras. All but one looked sadly out of place. They were thin, their fur was uneven, and the disdainful sniffs which their Persian and Angora neighbors gave them made them feel very miserable indeed. But one of them, though, a short-haired cat, looked as if his grandfather had been a somebody in the cat kingdom, and he seemed to say,

"Though appearances are against me, please don't think that I belong to this vulgar herd of tramp cats."

And he was vindicated, for the third day of the show a little girl came rushing over to the cage with a glad cry of recognition, which the cat immediately responded to by joyful purring. The cat had been lost for over two weeks, and now as his young mistress took him away he looked back at his proud long-haired neighbors with a smile, which meant,

"Ah, you see I'm somebody, after all!"

Perhaps the readers of the ROUND TABLE would like to know whether their cats and kittens are "somebody" or not, whether they are pure-blooded examples of the classes to which they belong. It is quite simple. A prominent doctor, who knows more about cats than almost any other man in the United States, says that in judging a cat the first thing to be considered is its general symmetry.

"The body ought to be long and slenderly shaped, like that of a tiger. The eyes should be of a correct shade; for instance, a cat that is white should have blue eyes, a black cat yellow eyes, and so on. The eyes, too, should be round and full. The color of a cat is important, and is the key to its character. A cat of one color should have no other hue in its coat. The most rarely marked cat is the tortoise-shell, uneven patches of red, black, and yellow, equally distributed over the body. In the tabbies the dark markings should be in direct contrast with the light, gray or brown being marked with black, while blue is marked with some darker shade, and yellow with red."

So successful was this first cat show that it is almost settled that another one will be held next fall. A cat club is to be formed, as exclusive as some of the kennel clubs to which the cats' canine enemies belong. So [Pg 548] that hereafter when a proud-looking Angora goes to call on a Maltese friend, the question no longer will be: "How many birds have you killed lately?" or, "How do you find your milk these days?" But as the pussies purr in good-fellowship together, you will hear them ask each other (if you can understand the cat language), "Are you going to the club this evening?" and "Shall I see you at the 'show' next fall?"

JOYS OF THE STEAMSHIP HUNT.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

The sport of steamship-hunting is the finest I ever enjoyed. It has more excitement in it than any other I have ever heard of. If you catch your ship properly you are happier than the slayer of many lions; if you don't catch her—well, there are some possibilities too shiverish to think about.

Of course the kind of steamship-hunting I mean is the game instituted by the big newspapers in such a case as that of *La Gascogne*, when recently she was eleven days overdue from Havre because one of her piston-heads broke down. This game is played with a tug-boat, a full equipment of night-glasses, and a great amount of patience. Just think of how important the results are! Within the circuit of New York, Boston, Buffalo, and Washington—the territory wherein New York newspapers are chiefly taken—there are at least ten millions of readers, all anxious for every scrap of news of the missing ship. Hundreds of these people have friends or relatives on board, but every one of the vast number is equally eager to hear of the ship's safe arrival, and all about the reason for her lateness.

If the lion-hunter's rifle misses fire he loses his life, but if the steamship-hunter misses his game he loses most of his good name and all of his employment. Imagine, then, the studious skill he devotes to sweeping the wide field of ocean with his glasses. He knows that half a dozen other tug-loads of reporters are out on the same errand, and that if any of them "beat" him he'd better sail right down into Davy Jones's locker and lock it from the inside.

The tug of a New York paper went down to the Quarantine Station at Staten Island on that very cold Friday evening three days before *La Gascogne* was heard from. She was then eight days overdue. Three reporters and an artist were aboard the tug. They called at the telegraph office at Quarantine, and learned that nothing had been heard of the French ship from Sandy Hook or Fire Island. The only thing to do was to go down to the entrance of the Harbor and wait and hope—especially hope. Just before the steamship-hunters left the snug warm telegraph office the instruments began to sputter. The operator in the Sandy Hook tower was saying,

"Wind blowing fifty-six miles an hour from the N. W."

Two wise men, who had been to sea a few times, insisted on staying several miles inside of Sandy Hook, but the other man insisted a great deal harder on going. Off we went after a very short debate. The wind rattled the pilot-house windows, and if the door fell ajar a moment the breeze nearly whipped it off and blew it away. The bay was covered with floating ice. There were some cakes almost as big as a city block, and some looked tiny enough to put in a glass of water; but most of them were as long and wide as the deck of a big canal-boat. Every time one of the big fellows crunched against our bow we couldn't help wondering whether it was coming through. The moon flooded the vast field of white, and made it look as if we were sailing over a great prairie. Now and then we came to patches of clear blue water, and these danced in the moon's rays like giant turquoises. The tug's condensed steam rolled and bounded along, seeming like great

masses of ivory. The intense cold caused this curious effect. Everything was fairylike, except the harsh grinding and cannonlike thumps of the ice.

Off the point of Sandy Hook we were almost clear of ice. Nobody could see anything that looked like a steamship coming from the eastward. The ice had kept the water quiet, but here in the open it was heaving and pitching under the lash of the gale. We ran into the Horseshoe inside of Sandy Hook, trying to get up to the landing, so that if we had very late news to send we could telegraph it from Sandy Hook, instead of Quarantine, which was an hour to the north of us. Ice was packed and jammed so thick and tight inside the Horseshoe that not even an icicle could be pushed into it. After our tug narrowly escaped being caught and held fast for the night we backed out. No use trying to land. [Pg 549]

"Mast-head light to the east'd!" sang out our skipper as we rounded the point of the Hook. Has your heart ever begun to dance at the sight of a school of bluefish when you were running down toward them with four squids trailing from your cat-boat? Have you ever heard a deer come crashing through the thicket toward your rifle? Imagine us, then, when we heard those words. Every man whipped out a night-glass, or waited eagerly for his neighbor's. A speck of yellow light on the horizon crawled slowly up the blue sky.

"She's a liner," said our captain. "The ice and the hurricane have sent all the channel buoys adrift" (you know the ship channel is lighted with electric lamps like Fifth Avenue), "so her pilot will anchor outside."

Away went the tug at full speed. The yellow mast-head light kept growing higher, like a meteor going backward. Soon we could distinguish the dim white shape of a giant steamship. As she came nearer we saw that she was ice-coated from the water-line to one hundred feet above the deck. The lights glowed and twinkled out of the cabin ports like the candles shining out of the white churches we used to have when we were little boys. The big ship anchored not far from the Sandy Hook Lightship (six miles out on the Atlantic). Our Captain knew her for the *Teutonic* as readily as you would know your father in the street. On account of the high waves we dared not go within one hundred feet, for fear of being dashed against the steamship's side. Our tug's bow swung up in the wind, and we began a conversation with the officer on the *Teutonic*'s bridge, our words shooting back and forth across fifty yards of icy wind that sped between us at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour. The *Teutonic* had no news of *La Gascogne*.

On that Monday afternoon when the telegraph-operator in Fire Island tower reported the missing *Gascogne* approaching his station, our tug started out again. The many weary and fruitless nights of watching and cruising were all forgotten. The searchers hurried through dinner in the galley, and drank big mugs of coffee in gulps. Every one was too happy to stay long at anything. I never knew the distance between the Battery and the outer light-ship to be so long. From here, at last, we spied a glimmer of red on the sky-line. If enthusiasm burned, there wouldn't have been a lens left in one of those glasses. Men perched on the top of the pilot-house to see better.

"That's the *Gascogne*—three red lights at the mast-head—going under repairs," cried the mate, from the loftiest perch.

Every minute dragged outrageously until we got alongside of the steamship. Nothing in her appearance except the three red lights indicated that anything was wrong. She was moving slowly—only eight miles an hour. We ran under her stern, and got alongside her lee bow. Groups of passengers gathered along the rails, although it was now very near midnight. They cheered the men who came so far to welcome them. An officer on the bridge told of the accident in a dozen words. Through one of the ports we could see a blue-jacketed steward polishing a plate.

ONE OF THE NERVE-TICKLING DETAILS OF THE HUNT.

"Has Faure formed a cabinet yet?" shouted one passenger.

The answer we gave him was lost in the chorus of cheers. Some one weighted a copy of the ship's log, and threw it aboard our tug.

But while all this was very pleasant, it was not enough. The ship's officers promised to lower a companion-ladder for our men to go aboard.

A long wait. No ladder. Our own skipper solved the problem by ordering his men to throw up a twenty-foot wooden ladder—a fragile thing. Such roars in English and counter-roars in French as there were while that ladder was being arranged!

"Take a couple of bights of that line, and make it fast on the third rung, you three-fingered blacksmith!" yelled our mate.

The Frenchmen guessed what he meant. At last the ladder was up, resting on our deck, and its end scraping the *Gascogne*'s side. There was great danger that at any moment the top end might catch on an iron plate as our rolling tug pushed it upward. Then the great weight of the tug would crush the ladder into matchwood. No matter; that was one of the nerve-tickling details of the newspaper steamship hunt. Up ran two reporters and an artist, one after the other, while men stood by to throw them life-buoys if the ladder should be smashed.

But they got aboard all right. Afterward came the interviewing, the hurried writing of copy, the telegraphing from a secret place in Staten Island out of the reach of news thieves; but all that is the mere recital of how we carried home our game. [Pg 550]

THE YOUNG BEACH-COMBERS OF MONMOUTH.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

"I say he sha'n't come in!"

"And I tell you he shall!"

The boys' voices rose high and angry; their attitude was threatening; and at the sound of contention a bevy of other barefooted urchins came scampering over the damp sand, shouting, "Hi! a scrap, a scrap!" and eager to see fair play.

"What's it all about?" inquired Ned Eaton, a good-looking youth, rather better dressed than his companions.

"It's about little Jem Ferguson," spoke up the shorter and stockier of the belligerents. "Kit Bandy here says he oughtn't to be let into the beach-combing, and I hold it's mean as cramp-fish to bar him out just because he's weak and pindlin' and no account in a boat."

"So it is, so it is," chorused the listening youngsters.

But Kit put in quickly, "All right, let him in then; but if you do he'll hoodoo every mother's son of us. Who killed the luck bird last June?"

"Not Jem," cried Herbert Woolley.

"No; but his daddy did, and if he had been drinking too much hard cider at the time, that makes no difference, and the whole family has had a powerful sight of bad fortune ever since. Jest two weeks after their cow choked to death with a green apple; Jem's hip trouble grew worse; and Jake Smithers told me that the smack in which Dan Ferguson sails is sure to come back with a light haul. The men all look on him as a Jonah, for fish don't come to the nets of those who take the life of a hawk."

"Well, but ill-luck can't be inherited, like consumption or the shape of one's nose," protested Herbert, "and even if it could, Jem's having a bit of sand to sift couldn't affect the rest of us."

Still the boys glanced at each other doubtfully, and one muttered. "We'll each have more ground, and so more chance, if he isn't there," while Kit clinched his argument by declaring, "Oh, if Bert has his way we all may as well give up all hope of winning that," pointing, as he spoke, to a flaring yellow poster which adorned one of the bathing-houses.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!!!

was the heading, in conspicuous capitals two inches long, and below this amount was offered, in smaller type, as a reward for the return of a diamond earring lost by one of the summer visitors in Benton, the pretty New Jersey village where these lads lived, and which was a quasi-fashionable seaside resort for three months of the year. Now, however, the broad white beach was given into the hands of those young natives who in the early fall make a business of going carefully over it, rubbing the iridescent sand between their fingers, and seeking for any articles there lost and hidden during the gay warm season.

In grim silence, then, the boys re-read the advertisement which all knew by heart, and Ned Eaton suggested, "Let's take a vote. Those who want Limpy Jem to have a show drop a white shell in my hat, and those who are for freezing him out a purple one."

"Yes, yes, that is a good way; that will be fair." And the members of this hastily formed Beach-Comber's Union turned aside with relief to select their ballots from the deep-sea treasures cast up by the bobbing foam-capped waves.

Five minutes later, then, the polls were open, and Kit looked triumphant and Bert annoyed as both noted that the majority of the voters were endeavoring to conceal dark mussel-shells in their brown little fists. There was no doubt that Jem's fate was sealed, when suddenly a faint shout attracted their attention, and all started at sight of a slender auburn-haired lassie speeding toward them from the direction of the village. "Gee whizz, but it's Eileen Ferguson!" shrieked small Teddy Todd, "and her temper is as fiery as her curly mop."

Certainly there was a dangerous flash in her big gray eyes and a sharp ring in her young voice as, coming nearer, she cried: "So, Kit Bundy, you are playin' the snake in the grass again, are you? You never did like my brother, and now I hear you are tryin' to have him put out of the beach-combin'. Poor Jemmy, who is too sickly to go to the fishin'-banks, and has so looked forward to the fall in hopes of earnin' a few dollars for the mither! I should think ye'd be ashamed of yourself! Dickson, the bathin'-master tould me how you were talkin' to the others; but you won't mind him, will you, boys?" And there was that in the appealing, half tearful glance which the earnest little sister turned upon them that made most of her hearers look sheepish, and become deeply absorbed in stirring up the sand with their toes.

But Kit, was furious. "What?" he roared; "be dictated to by a girl? Not if I know our combers. Go on, fellows, and vote as you intended; while, Miss Impudence, the sooner you take yourself off the better."

Instinctively, however, Eileen turned to young Woolley. "Oh, Bert, Bert!" she wailed, "don't let them throw my Jemmy out. He has had such a dreadful summer, and this—this will break his heart. We need the money so much, and niver did he dream his old friends could treat him so." Then all at once her wrath dissolved in a girlish burst of tears.

"Pepper me if I can stand that, bad luck or not," growled Ned, hurriedly picking up a white shell and flinging it into the hat; and as boys, like older people, are very much akin to a flock of sheep, the majority followed suit, and Jem Ferguson was, as in former years, numbered with the beach-combers, the three purple shells cast by Kit and two of his chums not being sufficient to rule him out.

"A thousand thanks, boys! You are blissid darlints, ivery one of ye—barrin' that trio," exclaimed Eileen, who, though American born, in moments of excitement sometimes betrayed her ancestry by her speech.

When, then, on the morning of September 18th, the combers gathered to commence operations, one of the happiest faces there was that of little "Limpy," hopping briskly along on his crutches, and nodding gay greetings to his old comrades. They found the beach evenly measured off and divided by stakes. The plan of

the lads of Benton was to draw lots for their respective portions, a strict though unwritten law being that no one should poach upon another's grounds.

"See, Kit, you and I are neighbors," said Jem, cordially, to young Bundy. "And such fine sections as we have! right in front of the great Naiad Hotel. We have a good chance for the diamond. Oh, but don't I wish I could find it!"

But Kit only growled something about "luck-bird-killers" under his breath, and strode away to his own preserve. Always rather a leader among his companions, he was chagrined by his defeat, and felt injured and annoyed by the cripple's presence.

As the day wore on, however, he found it difficult to keep up his antagonism to cheery Jem, who ignored all rebuffs, and chatted away in the most friendly as well as quaint manner—now about the sea, wondering why it changed its hue from blue to green and green to gray; and now about the fish-hawks circling overhead, and longing to be one of them, that he too might fly off to some warm Southern land before the cold, biting winter came on.

"What a queer un you are!" remarked Kit at length. "What makes you think of such things? Why, I'd a heap rather be a boy than a bird."

"Yes, 'cause you are so big and strong. You can make your way in the world, and your back isn't crooked, and your legs all drawed up. Now I, you see, am neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring," and Jem cackled a feeble little laugh, but without a tinge of bitterness. How, too, he enjoyed the lunch eaten on the beach, and insisted that every one must taste the pie Eileen had made for him out of "two pertaties and a bit of a lemon."

For three days the weather was perfect, and the combers "made hay while the sun shone," gathering quite a profitable collection of old iron and nails, children's toys, small coins, and inexpensive pins and pieces of jewelry, while Bert Woolley had the good fortune to come upon a silver watch little the worse for its sojourn in the damp sand. [Pg 551]

But on the fourth morning there came a change. Heavy clouds obscured old Sol from view, the sea roared with a low ominous undertone, and the wind blew raw and chill from the northeast, making the lads shake and shiver, and seeming to freeze weakly Jem to the very marrow and set his limbs to aching. Then in the night the storm broke, one of those fierce September gales which often sweep the coast, and for forty-eight hours roared and raged without, while the impatient urchins grumbled and raged within.

It was an exceedingly wet world that at last emerged, bright and glistening, after the deluge, but Kit Bundy was early astir and down on the shore to see what havoc the tempest had made. Dead fish, drift-wood, portions of wrecks, and other flotsam and jetsam strewed the beach, up which he slowly sauntered, kicking before him a round stone that bounded merrily across the sand. Presently, in front of the Naiad Hotel, a particularly vigorous kick sent it high in air, and then landed it in a deep hollow worn by the waves. Mechanically Kit paused to lift his improvised plaything from the hole, when something beside it caused him to fall on his knees with a low stifled gasp. Not another sound escaped him, but there was a new and curious expression on his face when he finally rose and almost ran to the boarding-house he and his father called "home." Later in the day the long line of beach-combers were electrified by the message that passed from mouth to mouth, "Kit is the lucky one; he has found the diamond earring."

From far and near the boys hastened to behold the jewel, about which there could not have been more interest had it been the Koh-i-noor itself, and the finder had to point out just where he discovered it in his section, deeply buried a foot from the surface.

"Not so dreadfully hoodooed after all, were you, Kit?" Bert could not resist remarking; but most of the lads swallowed their own disappointment, and congratulated him warmly, while Jem threw his hat in the air, piping,

"Hip, hip, hurrah for Bundy, the prize-winner!"

But the hero of the hour did not appear particularly pleased with these attentions. He grew very red, and turned away, muttering, "Oh, shut up, fellows! It isn't worth makin' such a fuss over."

"Just hear the Rothschild," squeaked Teddy Todd. "One would think he picked up gems every day in the year. I shouldn't be so grumpy if I had had his luck."

"Which he don't deserve," said outspoken Eileen, who had come down to gather drift-wood. "Oh dear! how unequal things are in this world! If Jem had but drawn that side of the stake instead of the other, we would be fairly spinnin' with the joy, and whiskin' him off to the best doctor in the county. Poor lamb! he scarce slept a wink last night, with the pain in his hip, and oughtn't to be out here to-day."

And the next morning Jem was missing, his sister coming to fill his place, and, with her ready Irish wit, parrying all the boys' jokes on "the first girl comber of Monmouth." But from that time the interest in the beach-combing flagged, and the work soon came to an end.

One afternoon, not long after, a youth, conspicuously conscious of his Sunday clothes and stiff collar, rang the bell of a handsome New York residence, the shining door-plate of which bore the name, "J. C. Landon, M.D." He was admitted by a supercilious colored boy in buttons, who, ushering him into a luxuriantly furnished office, told him to "Wait, the doctor was engaged at present." And he did wait a full half-hour before the physician emerged from an inner apartment, accompanied by a lady who gently supported a young girl, richly attired, and with long fair hair floating on her shoulders, but who limped painfully, and in whose sweet face was an expression of suffering that somehow reminded Kit—for Kit it was—of Jem Ferguson.

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Graham," Dr. Landon was saying. "I see no reason why Miss Ethel should not walk without crutches in time. Science works wonders nowadays. She would get on faster if you could consent to let her go to my sanitarium, but since you are unwilling, I will visit her often and do the best I am able; while I can at least promise that there will soon be no more of the neuralgia that causes such excruciating agony." With which he bowed his visitors out, and, returning, asked briskly, "Well, my lad, what can I do for you? You don't look like an invalid."

"No, sir; I'm pretty hearty," responded Kit, with a grin. "I came because—because I have found this," and without further words he produced a small box and opened it.

"My wife's lost earring! Why, she will be overjoyed!" exclaimed the physician. "But I shall have to turn you over to her, as I am due at the hospital, and haven't a moment to spare. Here, Nero, ask Mrs. Landon to step down to the office." And without more ado the busy man hurried off, leaving the confused and stammering Kit to the tender mercies of the mistress of the mansion.

But these proved very delightful, for not only did the lady shower him with graceful thanks, but ordered up a dainty little collation for his refreshment, which he ate to the sound of the surgeon's praises as sung by Nero, who declared his master to be "De berry bestest doctah in all de United States. Why, sah, he kin mos' raise de dead, and I 'low he makes de lame to walk ebery day, and tinks nottin' ob it"; and, when he finally left the house, it was with a fat roll of greenbacks snugly tucked in his pocket.

This was the hour to which Christopher Bundy had been looking forward, and he proceeded to make the most of it. Of course he went to the theatre, and from a high gallery seat glowed and shivered in sympathy with the hero on the boards, and he followed this up with an oyster-stew in a gayly decorated and illuminated restaurant. But, strange to say, he was not as happy as he should have been, and—it was very queer—the features of "Limpy Jem" would keep rising before him, curiously intermingled with those of the lame girl he had seen that day, while he seemed to hear again a weak voice piping, "That's because you are so big and strong, and your back isn't crooked and your legs all drawn up. I must have the vapors," he concluded, as he tumbled into bed.

The following evening, when Kit stepped off the train at Benton, he was met by a delegation of beach-combers, all shouting: "Hullo, old fellow! Did you get the reward, sure enough? Goin' to stand treat now, ain't yer? Ginger-pop and sodas for the crowd!" and insisted upon bearing him off to drink his health at his expense.

"Wish poor Limpy was here too," remarked Ned Eaton, as he drained his glass of sarsaparilla. "Does any one know how he is to-night?"

"Dreadful bad," answered Teddy Todd. "They think he's dyin'."

"What! Is he so sick as that?" and Kit's voice sounded sharp and unnatural.

"Yes; he took cold that day before the storm; fever set in, and the doctor says he won't get well."

It was nine o'clock, and the little seaside town was settling down to sleepy repose, when a timid knock summoned Eileen to the Fergusons' humble portal. Her eyes were red and swollen, as could be seen by the blazing pine-knot she carried, and her lips quivered as she cried: "Kit Bundy at this hour! What brings you here?"

"To see Jem. Stop, Eileen! Don't say I can't, for I must, indeed I must. I know I've been mean to him and rude to you, but there is something I must tell him before he dies."

There was so much wild anxiety in his manner and imploring in his tone that the curt refusal on the girl's tongue was hushed, and instead she said, "Come, then; only don't stay long," and led the way to the dreary room where Jem lay. A wan smile flitted across his face at sight of his guest, and he murmured:

"Howdy, Kit; do you know, I guess I'll get my wish, after all, and fly away like the luck-birds."

With a low cry, however, the older lad threw himself down beside the bed, and sobbed: "No, no, Limpy; don't say that. You must stop and be comfortable and happy here, for see, this is yours, all yours"; and he flung upon the patchwork quilt the roll of bills paid him by Mrs. Landon.

Jem gasped. "What a big, big lot of money! It's the reward, isn't it—the reward for the diamond? But you mustn't give it to me." [Pg 552]

"It belongs to you. I never had any right to the diamond, for—for I found it on your side of the stake, and buried it in my part of the beach."

THEN JEM WHISPERED: "POOR KIT! BUT I'M GLAD YOU'VE TOLD ME."

After this confession there was dead silence for a moment. Then Jem whispered: "Poor Kit! But I'm glad you've told me."

"So am I; though the beach-combers will hiss me out of their company when they know. Here's the hundred and fifty dollars, however, every penny of it; and you, Eileen, must spend it all for your brother"; and he thrust the greenbacks into that astonished maiden's hands.

But Jemmy protested with all his feeble strength, "I cannot, I will not take it all," he said. "You were the finder, even if it was in my portion of sand. But we will divide, half for you and half for me, and then the other fellows need never know. It shall be our secret." And as he was growing dangerously excited, to this arrangement Kit had to consent.

Before leaving, though, he told the sick boy and his sister of the marvellous cures Dr. Landon was said to have made, and of the fair cripple he had seen in his office, concluding with, "Now, Jem, if you could go to his hospital, mebbe science would work some of those wonders on you."

"Oh, if he could, if he only could!" sighed Eileen.

Hope, however, is a great restorative, and the following day Jem was stronger than he had been for some time, which encouraged Kit to take another trip to New York, where he astonished Dr. Landon by suddenly appearing before him and demanding, "Tell me, sir, is seventy-five dollars enough to put a chap in your hospital and get him cured.'"

"Well, that depends," laughed Dr. Landon, much amused. "Who is this chap, and what is his trouble?"

As concisely as possible the boy told the story of lame Jem, but so interesting the kindly physician that he ran down to Benton expressly to see the case, and the result was the new year found the young invalid established in a great airy ward, where the sunshine sifted in through a beautiful lattice-work of window plants, and cheery, bright-faced attendants were ready to answer every call and supply every want.

"It seems like Paradise," said Jem, nestling among the soft pillows, and that proved a truly blissful winter, in spite of some pain and discomfort he had to endure, while he made life-long friends of Mrs. Landon and Mrs. Graham, who paid him frequent visits, and brought him lovely flowers and delicious fruit from the fair-haired Ethel.

And at length, when the spring-time came over the land, Bert Woolley and Kit Bundy one evening helped off the cars a very pale but very radiant lad, while the former said,

"See, Limpy, there are all the beach-combers coming to welcome you home."

Cordially the rough youths crowded about their young comrade, healed and restored as though by a miracle, and shook him warmly by the hand, wondering to see in a slight limp the only trace of his former lameness. But the throng parted as an auburn head suddenly flashed through their midst, and Eileen, throwing her arms around her brother, cried:

"Oh, Jem, Jem! this is the happy day for sure—to see you walking on your own two feet, while the father has signed the pledge, and a pair of luck-birds are building their nest in the big pine-tree right forninst our door." [Pg 553]

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXV.

SERGE DISCOVERS A CURIOUS CAVERN.

At the point where our travellers had again struck the Yukon, nearly 1500 miles from its mouth, it was still a mighty stream two miles wide. Above this they found it bounded on both sides by mountains that often approached to its very waters, where, in sheer precipices hundreds of feet high, they found gigantic palisades, similar to those of the Hudson, which are known as the "Upper Ramparts." On the lower river the sledge party had journeyed over a smooth surface, on which were few obstructions. Their course from Anvik had at first been due north, then northeast, then east, and was now due south, the source of the Yukon towards which they were now travelling being some ten degrees south of its great arctic bend.

Owing to this, they now found themselves confronted by the hardest kind of sledging over rough hummocky ice that was often piled in chaotic ridges twenty and thirty feet high. As the river freezes first at its most northerly point, and this belt of solid ice is gradually extended south, or back toward its source, the floating cakes of its upper reaches, borne by the swift current, are piled on the ever-advancing barrier in confused masses that stretch across the river like windrows.

In the spring, when the ice breaks up and is hurled irresistibly down stream on the swollen current, the same effect is reproduced on a vastly increased scale. Then the upper river breaks first, and a sudden rise of water from some great tributary starts the ice over the still solid barrier below. The huge cakes slide, jam, push, and crash over the still unbroken ice sheet, until they are piled in a vast gleaming mass seventy or eighty feet in height, from a quarter of a mile to one mile in length, and extending from bank to bank.

This mighty gorge must give way at length, and when it does it goes with a roaring fury that is terrifying and grand beyond description. After grinding and tearing onward for several miles, or perhaps less than one, the furious impulse is again checked by another solid barrier, which must in turn be broken down and swept away, its added weight giving increased energy to the mighty force.

So the ice crashes its resistless way down the whole Yukon Valley to Bering Sea, two thousand miles distant, sweeping everything before it, mowing down vast areas of forest, submerging islands, tearing out banks, and leaving everywhere traces of its terrible progress in the shape of huge ice cakes, weighing many

tons, stranded high above ordinary water level.

Although Phil Ryder and his companions were not to witness this grand exhibition of one of nature's mightiest forces, they were sadly inconvenienced and delayed by the uncomfortable fashion in which their frozen highway had been constructed some months earlier. If they could have left the river and followed along its banks, they would have done so; but this was out of the question, not only on account of their rugged character, but because on their timbered portions the snow lay many feet in depth, while from the river it had been so blown by strong north winds that for long stretches the ice was barely covered. This enabled the sledge men to walk without snow-shoes, which was a great comfort to all three, but especially to Jalap Coombs, who had not yet learned to use the netted frames with "ease and fluency," as Phil said.

To this light-hearted youth the sight of his sailor friend wrestling with the difficulties of inland navigation as practised in arctic regions afforded a never-failing source of mirth. A single glance at Jalap's lank figure [Pg 554] enveloped in firs, with his weather-beaten face peering from the recesses of a hair-fringed hood, was enough at any time to make Phil laugh. Jalap on snow-shoes that, in spite of all his efforts, would slide in every direction but the one desired, and Jalap gazing at a frosty world through a pair of wooden snow-goggles, were sights that even sober-sided Serge found humorous.

But funniest of all was to see Jalap drive a dog-team. This he was now obliged to do, for, while they still had three sledges, they had been unable to procure any Indians at Forty Mile to take the places of Kurilla and Chitsah. So while Phil, who was now an expert in the art of dog-driving, and could handle a six-yard whip like a native, took turns with Serge in breaking the road, Jalap was always allowed to bring up the rear. His dogs had nothing to fear from the whip, except, indeed, when it tripped him up so that he tell on top of them, but they cringed and whined beneath the torrent of incomprehensible sea terms incessantly poured forth by the strange master, who talked to them as though they were so many lubberly sailors.

"Port your hellum! Hard a-port!" he would roar to the accompaniment of flying chunks of ice that he could throw with amazing certainty of aim. Then, "Steady! So! Start a sheet and give her a rap full. Now keep her so! Keep her so! D'ye hear! Let her fall off a fraction of a p'int and I'll rake ye fore and aft. Now, then, bullies, pull all together. Yo-ho, heave! No sojering! Ah, you will, will ye, ye furry sea-cook! Then take that, and stow it in your bread-locker. Shake your hay-seed and climb—*climb*, I tell ye. Avast heaving!" And so on, hour after hour, while the dogs would jump and pull and tangle their "running rigging," as Jalap named the trace-thongs, and the two boys would shout with laughter.

But while the journey thus furnished something of merriment, it was also filled with tribulations. So bitter was the cold that their bloodless lips were often too stiff for laughter or even for speech. So rough was the way, that they rarely made more than eight or ten miles in a day of exhausting labor. Several dogs broke their legs amid the chaotic ice blocks of the ever-recurring ridges, and had to be shot. Along the palisaded Ramparts it was difficult to find timbered places in which to camp. Their dog feed was running low, and there was none to be had in the wretched native villages that they passed at long intervals.

At length the setting sun of one evening found them at a point where the river, narrowed to a few hundred yards, was bounded on one side by a lofty precipice of rock, and on the other by a steeply sloping bank that, devoid of timber, seemed to descend from an open plateau. They halted beside a single log of drift that, half embedded in ice, was the only available bit of firewood in sight. It was a bleak and bitter place in which to spend an arctic night, and they shivered in anticipation of what they were to suffer during its long hours.

"I am going to climb to the top of the bank," said Serge, "and see if I can't find some more wood. If I do, I'll roll it down; so look out!"

Suiting his action to his words the active lad started with a run that carried him a few yards up the steep ascent. It was so abrupt that he was on the point of sliding back, and dug his heel sharply into the snow to secure a hold. At the same instant he uttered a cry, threw up his arms, and dropped from the sight of his astonished companions as though he had fallen down a well.

Before they could make a move toward his rescue they were more astounded than ever to hear his voice, somewhat muffled, but apparently close beside them.

"I'm all right!" he cried, cheerily. "That is, I think I am, and I believe I can cut my way out. Don't try to climb the bank. Just wait a minute."

Then the bank began to tremble as though shaken by a gentle earthquake, and suddenly a hand clutching a knife shot out from it so close to Jalap Coombs that the startled sailor leaped back to avoid it, stumbled over a sledge, and plunged headlong among his own team of dogs, who were lying in the snow beyond, patiently waiting to be unharnessed. By the time the yelling, howling mass of man and dogs was disentangled and separated, Serge had emerged from the mysterious bank, and stood looking as though he did not quite understand what had happened. Behind him was a black opening into which Phil was peering with the liveliest curiosity.

"Of all the miracles I ever heard of this is the strangest!" he cried. "What does it mean, old man?"

"I don't exactly know," answered Serge: "but I rather think it is a moss blanket. Anyhow, that's an elegant place to crawl into out of the cold. Seems to be plenty of wood too."

Serge was right in his conjecture. What appeared to be the river-bank was merely a curtain of tough, closely compacted Alaskan moss, closely resembling peat in its structure, one foot thick, and reaching from the crest of an overhanging bank to the edge of the river. It had thus held together, and fallen to its present position when the river undermined and swept away the earth from beneath it. That it presented a sloping surface instead of hanging perpendicular was owing to a great number of timbers, the ends of which projected from the excavated bank behind it. Serge had broken through the moss curtain, fallen between these timbers to the beach, and then cut his way out. Now, as he suggested, what better camping-place could they ask than the warm, dry, moss-enclosed space from which he had just emerged.

"I never saw nor heard of anything so particularly and awfully jolly in all my life," pronounced Phil, after the three travellers had entered this unique cavern, and started a fire by which they were enabled to see something of its strange interior. "And, I say, Serge, what a thoughtful scheme it was on your part to provide a chimney for the fire before you lighted it! See how the smoke draws up? If it wasn't for that hole in the roof I am afraid we should be driven out of here in short order. But, hello, old man! Whew—w! what

are you throwing bones on the fire for? It reminds me of your brimstone-and-feather experiment on Oonimak."

"Bones!" repeated Serge in surprise. "Are those bones? I thought they were dry sticks."

"I should say they were bones!" cried Phil, snatching a couple of the offending objects from the fire. "And, sure as I live, this log I am sitting on is a bone too. Why, it's bigger than I am. It begins to look as though this place were some sort of a tomb. But there's plenty of wood. Let's throw on some more and light up."

"Toughest wood to cut I ever see," growled Jalap Coombs, who was hacking away at another half-buried log. "'Pears to be brittle, though, and splits easy," he added, dodging a sliver that broke off and flew by his head.

"Hold on!" cried Phil, picking up the sliver. "You'll ruin the axe. That's another bone you're chopping. This place is a regular giants' cemetery."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAMPING 'MID PREHISTORIC BONES.

So strange and uncanny was the place in which our sledge party thus unexpectedly found themselves, that Phil was for exploring it, and attempting to determine its true character at once; but practical Serge persuaded him to wait until they had performed their regular evening duties, and eaten supper. "After that," he said, "we can explore all night if we choose."

So Phil turned his attention to the dogs, which he unharnessed and fed, while Serge prepared supper, and Jalap Coombs gathered a supply of firewood from the bleached timber ends projecting from the bank behind them. He tested each of these before cutting into it to make certain that it was not a bone, quantities of which were mingled with the timber.

The firewood that he thus collected exhibited several puzzling peculiarities. To begin with, it was so very tough and thoroughly lifeless that, as Jalap Coombs remarked, he didn't know but what bones would cut just as easy. When laid on the fire it was slow to ignite, and finally only smouldered, giving out little light, but yielding a great heat. As Serge said, it made one of the poorest fires to see by and one of the best to cook over that he had ever known. [Pg 555]

Although in all their experience they had never enjoyed a more comfortable and thoroughly protected camping-place than this one, the lack of their usual cheerful blaze and their mysterious surroundings created a feeling of depression that caused them to eat supper in unusual silence. At its conclusion Serge picked up a freshly cut bit of the wood, and, holding it in as good a light as he could get, examined it closely.

"I never saw nor heard of any wood like this in all Alaska," he said at length. "Do you suppose this can be part of a buried forest that grew thousands of years ago?"

"I believe that's exactly what it is," replied Phil. "I expect it was some awfully prehistoric forest that was blown down by a prehistoric cyclone, and got covered with mud, somehow, and was just beginning to turn into coal when the ice age set in. Thus it has been preserved in cold storage ever since. It must have grown in one of the ages that one always likes to hear of, but hates to study about, a paleozoic or Silurian or post-tertiary, or one of those times. At any rate I expect it was a tropical forest, for they all were in those days."

"Then like as not these here is elephant's bones," remarked Jalap Coombs. "I were jest thinking as how this one had a look of ivory about it."

"They may be," assented Phil, dubiously, "but they must have belonged to pretty huge old elephants; for I don't believe Jumbo's bones would look like more than toothpicks alongside some of these. It is more likely that they belonged to hairy mammoths, or mastodons, or megatheriums, or plesiosauruses, or fellows like that."

"I don't know as I ever met up with any of them, nor yet heerd tell of 'em," replied Jalap Coombs, simply, "onless what you've just said is the Latin names of rhinocerosses or hoponthomases or giraffees, of which my old friend Kite Roberson useter speak quite frequent. He allus said consarning 'em, though, that they'd best be let alone, for lions nor yet taggers warn't a sarcumstance to 'em. Now if these here bones belonged to any sich critters as them, he sartainly knowed what he were talking about, and I for one are well pleased that they all went dead afore we hove in sight."

"I don't know but what I am too," assented Phil, "for at close range I expect it would be safer to meet one of Mr. Robinson's taggers. Still, I would like to have seen them from a safe place, like the top of Groton Monument or behind the bars of a bank vault. Where are you going, Serge?"

"Going for some wood that isn't quite so prehistoric and will blaze," answered the other lad, who had picked up an axe and was stepping toward the entrance to the cavern.

"That's a scheme! Come on, Mr. Coombs. Let's help him tackle that up-to-date log outside, and see if we can't get a modern illumination out of it," suggested Phil.

So they chopped vigorously at the ice-bound drift-log that had induced them to halt at that point, and half an hour later the gloom of their cavern was dispelled by a roaring, snapping, up-to-date blaze. By its cheerful light they examined with intense interest the great fossil bones that lay scattered about them.

"I should think a whole herd of mammoths must have perished at once," said Phil. "Probably they were being hunted by some antediluvian Siwash and got bogged in a quicksand. How I wish we could see a whole one! But, great Scott! Now we have gone and done it!"

Phil's final exclamation was caused by a crackling sound overhead. The sloping moss roof had caught fire from the leaping blaze, and for a moment the dismayed spectators of this catastrophe imagined that their snug camping-place was about to be destroyed. They quickly saw, however, that the body of the moss was not burning; it was too thoroughly permeated with ice for that, and that the fire was only flashing over its dry under surface.

FOR A SINGLE MINUTE THEY GAZED IN BREATHLESS AWE.

As they watched these fitful flames running along the roof and illuminating remote recesses of the cavern, all three suddenly uttered cries of amazement, and each called the attention of the others to the most wonderful sight he had ever seen. Brilliantly lighted and distinctly outlined against the dark background of a clay bank, that held it intact, was a gigantic skeleton complete in every detail, even to a huge tusk that curved outward from a massive skull. For a single minute they gazed in breathless awe. Then the illuminating flame died out, and like a dissolving picture the vast outline slowly faded from view and was lost in the blackness.

"Was that one of 'em?" gasped Jalap Coombs.

"I expect it was," answered Phil.

"Waal, then, old Kite didn't make no mistake when he said a tagger warn't a sarcumstance."

"It must have been all of twenty feet high," remarked Serge, reflectively.

For more than an hour they talked of the wonderful sight, and Phil told what he could remember of the gigantic hairy mammoth discovered frozen in a Siberian glacier, and so perfectly preserved that sledge-dogs were fed for weeks on its flesh.

As they talked their fire burned low, and the outside cold creeping stealthily into camp turned their thoughts to fur-lined sleeping-bags. So they slept, and dreamed of prehistoric monsters; while Musky, Luvtuk, Amook, and their comrades restlessly sniffed and gnawed at the ancient bones of this strange encampment, and wondered at finding them so void of flavor.

Glad as our sledge travellers would have been to linger for days and fully explore the mysteries of that great moss-hidden cavern, they dared not take the necessary time. It was already two weeks since they had left the mining-camp, winter was waning, and they must leave the river ere spring destroyed its icy highway. So they were off again with the first gray light of morning, and two days later found them at the mouth of the Pelly River, the upper Yukon's largest tributary, and two hundred and fifteen miles from Forty Mile.

One evening they spent in the snug quarters of Harper, the Pelly River trader, who was the last white man they could hope to meet before reaching the coast.

From the Pelly River trader our travellers gained much valuable information concerning the routes they might pursue and the difficulties they had yet to encounter. They had indeed heard vaguely of the great cañon of the Yukon, through which the mad waters are poured with such fury that they can never freeze, of the rocky Five Fingers that obstruct its channel, the Rink and White Horse rapids, and the turbulent open streams connecting its upper chain of lakes; but until this time they had given these dangers little thought. Now they became real, while some of them, according to the trailer, were impassable save by weary detours through dense forests and deep snows that they feared would delay them beyond the time of the river's breaking up.

"What, then, can we do?" asked Phil.

"I'll tell you," replied the trader. "Leave the Yukon at this point; go about fifty miles up the Pelly, and turn to your right into the Fox. Ascend this to its head, cross Fox Lake, Indian Trail Lake, Lost Lake, and three other small lakes. Then go down a creek that empties into the Little Salmon, and a few miles down that river to the Yukon. In this way you will have avoided the Five Fingers and the Rink Rapids, and found good ice all the way. After that keep on up the main river till you pass Lake Le Barge. There again leave the Yukon, this time for good by the first stream that flows in on your right. It is the Tahkeena, and will lead you to the Chilkat Pass, which is some longer, but no worse than the Chilkoot. Thus you will avoid most of the rough ice, the great cañon, and all the rapids."

"But we shall surely get lost," objected Phil.

"Not if you can hire Cree Jim who lives somewhere up on the Fox River to go with you, for he is the best guide in the country."

So the next morning Phil and his companions again set forth, this time up the Pelly River, with all their hopes for safety and a successful termination to their journey centred upon the finding and hiring of Cree Jim, the guide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLORA, QUEEN OF SUMMER.

A MEDLEY.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY AND MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Characters.

BLANCHE HOWE, *President of the Ninepin Club*.
FELICIA DEFOREST, *Secretary of the Ninepin Club*.

Members.

MORNA ROWLAND, LUCILLE TAYLOR, CHRISTABEL MASON, SOPHIA PRATT, ANNETTE SIMPSON, HELEN FAIRCHILD, AGNES STOWE.

ALICE TROWBRIDGE, *a classmate, not a member of the Club*; *an* OLD WOMAN; *a* MAID; BIRDS.

Eight Blue Birds	{ four little girls }	
	{ four little boys }	
Six Yellow Birds	{ three little girls }	*The Kindergarten Class.*
	{ three little boys }	
Six Red Birds	{ three little girls }	
	{ three little boys. }	

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in* Mrs. Ames's *private boarding-school. The Ninepin Club is holding one of its regular meetings. The question for discussion is* A Summer Fête. *The President is in the chair.*

TIME.—*The 30th of May.*

Blanch (*raps for order*). The Club will come to order, and hear the minutes of the last meeting. The Secretary will please rise.

Felicia (*rises and reads*). The Ninepin Club met in the drawing-room for its usual weekly meeting. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved, there being no business on hand, and no question to discuss, one of the members produced a box of cake and fruit just received from home, and the Club enjoyed a fine feast. The box was the more appreciated, as the members had dined that day off corned beef and cabbage, which bill of fare, it was voted, should never be allowed in the members' future homes. It was voted that thanks should be sent to the member's mother for the box. Lucille announced that she was expecting a box soon, and would treat the Club at their next meeting.

Blanche. You have heard the report. As many as approve will say aye.

All. Aye!

Blanche. The President would like to inquire if the member who was expecting the box to-day has received said box.

Lucille. I am sorry to say, Miss President, and members of the Club, that the box has been unaccountably delayed.

Blanche. It may come to-day?

Lucille. It may. And if it does, the members will be notified to attend a midnight meeting in my room.

Blanche. That is satisfactory. The Club accepts with thanks Lucille's invitation. Girls, you must put on your bedroom slippers, and come in perfect silence. If any member is absent, on account of not being able to pass the section teacher's open door, she shall be commiserated, and her share of cake and fruit shall be sent to her next day. Is there any other business?

Morna. I think we ought to consider whether Alice shall be asked to join the Club. Not that I want her, goodness knows, but yesterday Miss Foster spoke to me about her. She said we didn't seem to associate with her much.

Annette. Miss Foster spoke to me too. She thought Alice was a good girl, and only needed to be brought out.

[*Several of the girls speak at once, excitedly.*]

Helen. Oh no, we don't want her.

Christabel. She would just spoil the Club.

Sophia. To me she is positively disagreeable.

Felicia. She dresses so plainly.

Helen. And does up her hair horridly.

Christabel. She is scared out of her wits if we just speak to her. I asked her the other day where her home was, and she looked awfully funny, and didn't answer a word.

Morna. I don't exactly like her face. I wouldn't trust her.

Sophia. That's it. I don't believe she is sincere.

Annette. And she hasn't had a box since she came.

Blanche. Order! You know Alice wouldn't be a bit congenial to me. But we will take a vote. Somebody make a motion.

Felicia. I move that Alice Trowbridge be not admitted to this Club.

Helen. I second the motion.

Blanche. All in favor say aye.

All. Aye!

Blanche. There, that is settled. But, girls, I advise you to pay a little attention to Alice outside of the Club, just so that the teachers won't notice. Miss Foster is awfully sharp. She pries about a good deal more than there's any call for her to. I shall ask Alice to walk with me pretty soon.

Agnes. Noble, self-sacrificing president! I will follow your example.

Lucille. I too.

Sophia. Suppose we all walk with her. Then Miss Foster can't say anything.

Christabel. I wish Miss Foster would mind her own business.

Blanche. Well, do not let's talk about this disagreeable subject any more. We were to have a paper on "Summer." Is the member prepared?

Morna (*rises and reads*). I must beg pardon for having no paper prepared, but I have had so many headaches lately I have been warned by Dr. Louise not to work so hard. Instead of a paper, I have a proposal. The Doctor says we ought to live out-of-doors more than we do. Let us have a summer *fête*—something that is quaint and original.

Blanche. It occurs to me that we might have a picnic and dress in peasant costume.

Lucille. How would you like a mountain laurel party?

Agnes. Oh, Lucille! just the thing. Girls, we could ask for a hall-holiday, and have a Queen, and cover her with lovely pink and white blossoms.

Blanche. How many would like a laurel party? Raise your hands.

[*All raise their hands.*]

Sophia. Let's appoint a committee to get it up.

Christabel. Do you suppose we could let Alice in on that?

Annette. Oh, bother that tiresome girl! No, we can't.

[*A knock on the door. All hush, and sit up very straight.* Helen *unlocks and opens the door. An* Old Woman *enters. She stoops, leans heavily on a cane, and limps. She has on a long black cloak, and wears a large poke bonnet. Adjusting glasses on her nose, she scans the club members, then hobbles up to the* President.]

Old Woman. Good-afternoon. Might I sit down and visit you a few minutes? (Helen *places a chair*.) Thank you, dearie. You see, it's hard for me to stand. I'm pretty lame. But I can get about very well. Oh yes; very well, considering. You don't know me, I suppose? [Pg 557]

Blanche. I think not. Perhaps you have got into the wrong place?

Old Woman. Isn't this the Ninepin Club?

Blanche. Yes.

Old Woman (*chuckling*). It's the right place. Oh yes, it's the right place. The Ninepin Club is where I was bound for.

Christabel. A most extraordinary person.

Old Woman. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Oh, I see, nine of you. That's why you are the Ninepin Club. Quite a coincidence. (*Shakes her head gravely*.) But I thought there were ten in your class. How does it happen that you're one short?

Blanche. If you please, we would like to know what right you have to question our Club. Who are you, please?

Old Woman. Certainly, certainly. What's my name and where's my home? My name is Granny Playfair, and I am the general Club regulator. Whenever a Club is established, I look after it, d'ye see?

[*The girls appear much mystified.*]

Blanche. Well, Granny Playfair?

Granny. And knowing about the Ninepin Club, I have come to regulate it.

Blanche. But how did you know about our Club? The members are pledged to secrecy.

Granny. How did I know? Well, there's where I am pledged to secrecy. It's a mighty good thing for Clubs that I regulate them, though. Little birds of the air sometimes tell me things.

Blanche. But, are you sure that our Club needs regulating?

Granny. Quite sure. Your Club is wrong all through.

Blanche. I have made a special study of *Cushing's Manual*, and we are quite parliamentary.

Granny. Well, I'm glad of that. (*Shakes her head.*) Oh, but you do need regulating. And I shall do it. Never fear. Now let me see, you were talking about summer. Would you like to see how the birds keep summer? That would help you a little.

Several of the Girls. Oh yes, indeed.

Granny (*knocks on the floor. Door opens, and enter two little children dressed in blue*). Come in, my birds. Are all the other birds assembled to do my bidding?

Blue Birds:

We heard you call, yes, one and all,
And we were sent, we two;
So now, dear Lady, tell us, please,
What you would have us do;
For every little blue bird is
Devoted quite to you.

Granny. Then fly, and find us the wood where the laurel grows thickest.

[*Exeunt birds.*]

Helen (*aside*). This is an interesting Old Woman, but I can't make her out.

Agnes. Nor I, one bit.

Granny. Shall I tell you my dream, young ladies?

Girls. Oh! do tell us your dream.

Granny. I was passing through a long, deserted hall, when I heard sounds as of some one sobbing. In a side room, whose door was just ajar, entering, I saw a small figure huddled in a corner. The room was dark, and I drew a shutter, letting the light in upon a young girl. Yes, she was crying. I went softly to her, and touched her on the shoulder. "What ails you, dearie?" I said. "Oh, I am not in it," she wailed. I took a seat, and drew the poor child to me, and stroked her forehead, and chafed her little cold hands. "Not in what, sweetheart?" I said. "Not in the Club," she answered. "They are all in it but me." "But why are you not in it?" I said. And she answered. "Because my dresses are sober and old-fashioned. I am not bright and witty. I am plain. I believe I am dull in my studies, because the girls look at me so. I am frightened, and can't recite even when I know the lesson. Oh, I have not one friend in the class." My little dear fell to crying again, and I had to take her in my arms, and kiss her, and comfort her a long time before she could tell me all of her story. "My mamma is dead," she said. "Those girls don't know how dreadful it is to lose their mammas. My uncle takes care of me, and he won't send me boxes of sweets, because he thinks they are hurtful. And he thinks girls ought to dress plainly and inexpensively. He has money enough. I have some money of my own, which my mother told my uncle to take care of for me till I was of age. If only I could make my uncle understand that I can't bear to be different from the rest of the girls. When the other girls go home in vacations, I stay here with the housekeeper. My uncle says I ought to be thankful for so good a home. But I'm not thankful. Oh, Granny, I want my mamma!"

I SAW A FIGURE HUDDLED IN A CORNER. [Pg 558]

Well girls, you may believe me, this poor child's story touched me very much, and I thought how I could help her. I asked her uncle's address and kissed her, and told her that Granny would be her friend, and we went out of that lonely dark room, her little heart comforted. Then I wrote to that uncle, and the result was— But here come the Birds.

Blanche (*to the other girls*). It begins to dawn on me what Granny's dream means.

Morna. It's Alice, of course.

Granny. Hush!

[*Enter* Birds. *Eight blue birds, six red birds, six yellow birds. Each carries a cluster or wreath or basket of pink laurel.*]

Granny. Go back, little birds, and find Flora, your Queen.

[*They rush off and return dragging a large chair draped with green cloth. Then they scamper out again.* Granny *blows a toy whistle. The door opens, and enter* Alice, *beautifully dressed in white, a wreath of roses on her head, a small wand tipped with a rose in her hand. On each side of her a blue bird walks. Behind, in pairs, all the others march. They go once around the room, and escort* Alice *to her throne*. Granny *rises and makes a low bow.*]

"HAIL, FLORA, QUEEN OF SUMMER!"

Granny. Hail, Flora, Queen of Summer!

Hail, Flora, Queen off Summer! all Nature speaks your praises;
She spells them in her violets, and twines them with her daisies.

For you the lances lift of countless gallant grasses!
To you all fragrant odors drift, where'er your footstep passes.

Come make your subjects glad, these loyal hearts that love you!
Nor let a single-thought be sad, while bright the skies above you.

Granny. And now, my birds, have you not an offering for your Queen?

[*The birds march gayly around the room: as they pass* Flora, *each set pauses*.]

Blue Birds:

This time instead of laurel we bring you violets.

Yellow Birds:

And we have gathered roses, the flower for coronets.

Red Birds:

And we the little lily bells no loving heart forgets.

Granny. You see, dear Flora, how we all love you.

Flora. Thanks.

For the violets and the roses,
  The laurel bright and rare,
And for the valley-lilies sweet,
  And the flowers all so fair,
As well as for your loving words,
I thank you, Granny; thank you, Birds.

And now, as I am Queen, I may invite you all to a little feast. The Birds will serve it. Strawberries and cream, cake and bonbons. As mistress of the fête, I am happy to serve the lovely Ninepin Club. Birds, help the girls.

Blanche. Girls, do eat these lovely things if you can. As for me, they would choke me.

Felicia. I cannot eat them.

Granny. You must not refuse, girls. Flora would be hurt.

Blanche. Well, then. But, first, as President of the Club, let me speak. I confess our fault. We have been harsh, cold, and cruel. We have treated our classmate shamefully. But believe me, Granny, we did not suppose we were inflicting pain. We were inexcusably thoughtless. For one, I ask Alice—

Granny. Flora, your Queen.

Blanche. I ask Flora's forgiveness. And I want some one in the Club to make a motion that Alice—Flora—be asked to join the Club.

Annette. I make that motion, and I want to say that I agree with our President in thinking we have acted shamefully. Forgive me, if you can, Alice—Flora. I mean.

Agnes. I second the motion, and I want to say that I never was so ashamed of anything in my life.

Blanche. All in favor of this motion say aye.

All. Aye!

Blanche. Now let us go and ask the Queen if she will join us and forgive us.

Flora (*whose voice trembles a little*):

I have nothing to pardon, 'twas all a mistake.
And the sweetest amends you are willing to make;
Hereafter, dear girls, we'll be comrades and friends,
Till, unclouded, our life at this pleasant school ends.

Granny. Kiss the Queen, dearies, and then eat your cake and cream. It is Flora's box. You see now the result of the dream. Instead of sending a box, the uncle, who is really at heart very kind, sent a liberal sum of money, and Flora directed this feast to be purchased.

[*All the girls kiss* Flora, *who beams gratefully upon them*.]

Granny (*to the birds*). Sit right on the floor, you sweet birdies, and you shall have a share in the good things. I must go now. My duty as grand regulator is done.

Christabel (*laying down her plate*). Girls, I have my suspicions about that funny old woman. Let's catch her, and see if she isn't somebody in disguise.

[*All the girls run to* Granny *with shouts and laughter. They pull off the bonnet, cape, spectacles, and cloak. Their teacher,* Miss Foster, *stands revealed*.]

Christabel. I knew it. I knew it. You dear! You dear! What a lesson you have taught us! I shall never forget it.

Morna. So much better than reading us a long lecture.

Miss Foster. But you deserved the lecture.

Lucille. Yes, we did.

Miss Foster. I hope, dear girls, you have learned the lesson once for all your lifetime. Let the main business of this Club be to add comfort and cheer to a sad heart. But you will have to change the name of your Club; you cannot be ninepins any more.

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.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 2.

FOR THE DARK ROOM.

To those who have a room specially devoted to photographic work and materials the only suggestion to them will be to adopt for their rules and laws:

I. A label and place for everything, and everything in its place *with* its label.

II. Keep everything clean and free from dust.

These two directions for arranging and caring for a dark room will save hours of labor, and many spoiled plates.

The lighting of the dark room is the first thing which should engage our attention. If the developing is done at night, the stopping out of actinic rays will be avoided; but if in the daytime, care must be taken to shut out all direct rays of light. If the plate is kept in the direct rays of the red light, diffused light will not harm the plate. By diffused light is meant the stray gleams which come through a crack, or a door that does not shut tight enough so but what light shows around the edge.

There are many makes of lantern of all grades and prices in the market, and care should be taken in buying one that it is perfectly light-tight. An actinic ray from the lantern striking the plate will fog it. Most of the lanterns are made for using kerosene. A lantern in which the lamp screws into the bottom is not as light-safe as one which sets wholly inside the lantern, though there is less odor and grease from the kerosene. The trouble with a kerosene lamp is that the confined air soon becomes heated, causing the oil to lose its density, and it oozes out, not only making an unpleasant smell, but greasing the lantern. It will be found much more agreeable to remove the lantern and substitute in its place a candlestick and candle. The one known as the camping or soldier's candlestick is just the thing for a dark lantern. It is a little over two inches high, and made of brass, and costs only fifteen cents. [Pg 559]

Adamantine candles are the best, as they last twice as long, and do not melt and run down the sides like the parraffine or tallow candles.

One needs two trays for developing—one 4 x 5 and another 5 x 8. The smaller tray can be used when one has only two or three plates to develop, and both trays where one has quite a number. The two trays are necessary also in transferring the plate from one solution to another, if the developing does not work satisfactorily. The tray for the hypo-sulphite of soda or fixing solution should be 5 x 8, so that two 4 x 5 plates can be fixed at one time.

The developing-trays should be of hard rubber or celluloid, and the hypo-tray of amber glass, so that there shall be no mistaking the developing for the hypo tray.

A four-ounce glass graduate is needed for measuring liquids, and if one has no scales, the dry chemicals should be weighed in the right proportions for use when they are purchased. The hypo can be put up in half-pound packages, and this quantity of fixing solution prepared at one time.

A glass funnel is needed for pouring solutions from trays into bottles, and also for holding the filtering-paper when filtering solutions. The funnel should be fluted, for the ribs make passages for the liquid to pass through the sides of the paper, letting the sediment settle at the bottom of the paper.

If one has not the advantage of running water for fixing and washing plates it is better to have a washing box in which to place the developed negatives. The regular washing box is made of zinc, which does not rust. The inside rack, which holds a dozen plates, is adjustable by thumb-screws for different-sized plates. The box has a small tube at one of the lower corners, to which a rubber hose is attached from the faucet, the water is turned on, and comes up from the bottom of the box, circulates between the plates, and runs out through an overflow spout at the top of the box.

The box containing the plates can be transferred from one pail or tub to another, or set on the floor, while the water is changed, without danger of breaking or scratching. A boy who is handy with tools can make a washing box that will answer every purpose.

The cost of the articles mentioned in this article are as follows: Candlestick for lantern, 15 cents; a 4 x 5 developing-tray, 50 cents; a 5 x 8 developing-tray, 72 cents (the price for these trays is for either rubber or celluloid); amber glass tray for hypo, 35 cents; glass graduate (4 oz.), 25 cents; fluted glass funnel (4 oz.), 15 cents; zinc washing-box, $2.25.

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE DRAWER.

immieboy clambered up the side of the bureau with some difficulty too, because he was now so small that the bureau was not so easy to climb. In a few minutes, however, he was comfortably fixed inside the drawer, and the Wizard, taking the key from the lock, followed him. Once inside he touched a spring on the side of the drawer, and with a bang it shut itself.

"There we are," said the Wizard, locking the drawer from the inside. "How do you like it, Jimmieboy?"

"It's awfully dark," said the little fellow. "I can't see an inch in front of my face."

"Then take my hand," said the Wizard, "and I'll lead you to where it is light."

Jimmieboy did as he was told, and the two little creatures groped their way along in the dark until the Wizard found a small door. Turning the knob to this he threw it wide open, and Jimmieboy looking through it saw a beautiful garden in which sweetly perfumed fountains were plashing merrily, and through which there were scattered beds and beds of the loveliest and withal the most singular-looking flowers he had ever seen.

"My!" he cried in an ecstasy of delight. "Isn't this magnificent!"

"Oh, yes—pretty good," said Thumbhi. "I suppose when one sees it for the first time it must look like the most beautiful place in the world, but to one whose prison it has been it isn't quite so beautiful. You never heard my song,

> "'I would rather be free in a dungeon cell
> Than a captive at large in a flowered dell.'

"Did you?"

"No," said Jimmieboy, "I never did. How does it go?"

"This way," replied the Wizard, and then he repeated these lines:

> "'I would rather be free in a dungeon cell
> Than a captive at large in a flowered dell;
> I would rather be free 'neath a load of chains
> Than a prisoner roaming the country lanes.
> I would rather be free in an ice-bound cave
> Than to sit on a throne as another's slave;
> For all the great blessings with which man's blest
> 'Tis freedom, sweet freedom that I love the best.'"

"That's a pretty song," said Jimmieboy. "And I think maybe you are right. I feel that way myself sometimes. Once in a while when I'm told I can't do something, I feel that way. I always want to do that thing more than ever."

"You are just like me, then—though really I didn't think much about freedom and how nice it was, and what a dreadful thing captivity was, until I had a little chat one night with a song-bird. She was cooped up in a cage, and sometimes she nearly broke her wings flattering up against the bars of it trying to get out. As I

watched her I wondered how she could sing so happily when she was shut up that way, and I asked her about it. She answered me softly, 'It isn't I that is happy. It is my song that is happy because it is free.' And then she sang this little verse to me:

"Though they shut me close in these brazen bars,
Though they keep me a captive long,
Yet my notes will rise
Till they touch the skies.
No man can imprison my song."

"I've always felt sorry for birds in cages," said Jimmieboy, when the Wizard had spoken. "And I've wondered, too, how they could sing so sweetly when all the day long they were locked up with nothing to do but jump from one perch to another, or swing in that little swing at the top of the cage."

"Well, there's one thing that's nice about their lives," said the Wizard. "They don't have anybody to quarrel with. I think that's very fine."

"That's true," said Jimmieboy. "And then, too, when one bird wants to swing there isn't any other little bird that he has to give up to; but I'd rather be free, and take my chances of getting the swing, wouldn't you?"

"Rather!" ejaculated the Wizard. "But, my dear fellow, we are wasting time. The Merboy will be back in a few minutes, and if you want to see all the wonders of this place we must hurry. Come. Let's go out into the garden."

The queer little fellow leading the way, the two new friends went out of the drawer. As they sauntered along, Thumbhi reached out his hands and plucked two pretty flowers from a bush at the side of the path, and putting one of them in his mouth handed the other to Jimmieboy.

"You must be hungry by this time," he said. "Eat that."

"Flowers aren't good to eat, are they?" asked Jimmieboy. [Pg 560]

"Cauliflowers and the flowers of this garden are. That is nothing but a biscuit-bush I plucked those from. Didn't you ever see a biscuit-bush?"

"Never," said Jimmieboy; "though I should think they'd be very nice."

"They are," said the Wizard.

"How do you make them grow?" asked Jimmieboy in surprise.

"Simple enough," said Thumbhi. "Take the Buckwheat-cake bush, for instance. Buckwheat cakes are nothing more than cooked buckwheat, so instead of planting the seeds raw we plant them cooked, and when they grow up and sprout, instead of putting forth raw buckwheat out come the cakes. Try one."

Jimmieboy needed no second bidding, for as the Wizard spoke he had reached over to the buckwheat-cake bed, and plucked a half-dozen hot, steaming cakes.

"My!" ejaculated Jimmieboy, as he swallowed the first one, somewhat greedily, perhaps, for he was very hungry. "My! How sweet they are."

"Aren't they!" said the Wizard. "And why shouldn't they be? We water the Buckwheat-cake bushes with maple syrup."

The idea was so overpoweringly lovely that Jimmieboy could not find words to express his delight over it. He simply let his eyes open a little wider, but the twinkle in them showed the Wizard how he felt.

"Now here," said the Wizard, tapping a little door in a curious-looking summer-house—"here is where we keep our tools. They are the funniest tools you ever saw in your life. They do all their own work. I'll introduce you to some of them. Mr. Rake!"

"Well?" came a voice from within. "Well, what's wanted? If you are the gravel path you might as well trot away. I can't smooth you off to-day, and if you are the weed path, I've asked Mr. Hoe to attend to you. I'm having trouble with my teeth."

"It's I—Thumbhi," said the Wizard.

"Oh," came the answer. "Why didn't you say so."

Here the door was opened, and the Rake hopped out.

"Good-morning," he said. "I didn't know it was you or I wouldn't have kept you waiting. Who is your young friend?"

"Jimmieboy," returned the Wizard. "This is his first visit, and I didn't know but what you'd show him how you do your work."

"I'd be very glad to," said the Rake, "but it's impossible this morning. I spent all day yesterday raking the candy field, and it has made my teeth ache like seventy-two—which is twelve more than like sixty; but if he's fond of jokes I can give him a few. Why is a—"

"Well, really," said the Wizard, who knew the Rake's jokes were very bad, and who was therefore anxious to spare Jimmieboy the trouble of hearing them, "we don't like to bother you. We'll run along—"

"No bother, I assure you," said the Rake. "I know it by heart. Why is a trolley-car like a grindstone without any handle?"

"I couldn't possibly guess," said Jimmieboy, with a grin.

"They don't either of them smoke cigarettes, of course," said the Rake. "I should think anybody could have told that. Now, can you tell me why a—"

"Thumbhi!" came a voice in the distance.

"Excuse me for a minute," said Thumbhi. "I think I hear somebody calling me," and he was off.

"You'd better follow him, Jimmieboy," said the Rake, kindly. "Don't lose sight of him for an instant. This is his way of getting rid of you. He brought you in here to tell you his history, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy.

"Well, he hasn't got one," whispered the Rake. "He hasn't got one, and he never had one, and this having himself called away is only one of his tricks. Keep your eye on him or you're lost."

JIMMIEBOY STARTED IN PURSUIT.

With this the Rake slammed the door of the tool-house, and Jimmieboy turning about peered down the path at the Wizard, who was running as fast as his legs could carry him. Jimmieboy started in pursuit—and what a pursuit it was! Like the wind they ran, mile after mile round and round the garden, through forests that turned up on the road here and there, and once in awhile with great bounds jumping over rivers and mountains, until finally Thumbhi turned suddenly, ran backwards directly past Jimmieboy, and before the little visitor had time to turn around was lost to sight.

Jimmieboy was now quite lost. He had no idea as to his whereabouts. The garden had long since disappeared, and so fast had he run the boy had failed to notice in what direction he had come.

"Humph!" he said, seating himself by the road to catch his breath. "Here's a muddle. I wonder where the Merboy is?"

"Here I am," came a subdued little voice that sounded miles away. "Take the first door to your right, open it, and you'll find me."

Jimmieboy started up and walked, it seemed to him, for hours, but no door appeared anywhere until, just as the sun was setting, he came to a big oak-tree with a little bit of a door half-way up its trunk.

"I wonder if that's it?" said the puzzled boy, scratching his head.

"Yes," came the voice from the inside. "Climb up and come in."

"I can't climb 'way up there," said Jimmieboy.

"Then we'll let the door down," returned the voice behind the door. Sure enough down came the door. Jimmieboy opened it and walked in, and there was the Merboy only he had become a goldfish in the aquarium in the nursery again, and was swimming around as unconcernedly as if nothing had ever happened.

"Wasn't it queer?" said Jimmieboy, as he told the story to his father.

"Very," said his father, "but queer things often happen to boys who eat as much fruit cake as you do."

Which was the only explanation of his strange adventure that Jimmieboy ever got.

THE END.

Although the inter-city games at the Berkeley Oval, a week ago Saturday, were at no time exciting, because of the marked difference in strength of the contesting teams, yet in many instances the contests were exceedingly interesting, and, take it all in all, the occasion was worthy of a greater display of public interest than it received. I was surprised at the small size of the audience present. I had expected to see twice as many spectators as there were at the Oval on the previous Saturday, and no doubt there would have been if the games had been properly advertised. As far as I know not a daily newspaper of this city announced, on that morning, that there would be interscholastic games at the Oval that afternoon. This is not the fault of

the newspapers; it is the fault of the managers of the Inter-City games, who should have made it their duty to see that the occasion was duly advertised and heralded. These same managers were so anxious to fill their coffers as to make all contestants pay an entrance-fee into the grounds, like ordinary spectators. If they had spent a few dollars in reading notices in the daily papers, and a few cents in postage on polite notes to the various City Editors, they would have doubled the number of spectators present, and the contestants could have been admitted free—as they should have been in any case. I hope my words on this subject will not be taken as a complaint or as fault-finding, for they are not so intended. Contestants in track games, as in other sports, can do better if encouraged by a crowd, and so I think, in justice to them, no reasonable efforts should be spared to attract a large audience.

Otherwise the games were pretty well managed. The events might have been run off a little faster, but as it was they did not drag, and by five o'clock the programme was at an end. The advantage of having few entries was clearly demonstrated, and a tiresome succession of trial heats was avoided. How much better it would be if the Interscholastics could be conducted on some such plan next year. The programme was a compromise, and a very good compromise at that. The mile walk and the Junior 220 were omitted, and the bicycle race was made two miles instead of one mile. The latter change was commendable, because the inter-collegiate event is two miles, and so it is in almost all of the other interscholastic programmes of the country. The long distance makes a better race, and the fact that New-Yorkers won every place in the event proves pretty conclusively that the N.Y.I.S.A.A. riders can cover that distance as well as they have been doing the mile.

The Long-Islanders started out with a spurt, and earned 22 of their 33 points in the first four numbers on the card. Stevens, the B.L.S. sprinter, was responsible for 10 of these, and he showed himself a strong runner. He is tall and slim, somewhat resembling Sherrill in his build, and will no doubt equal Sherrill's and the other champions' time before he retires from the track. He ran a dead heat with Hall in the first 100, doing 10-3/5, and on the run off he was victorious by about a foot in 10-4/5. Hall is not strong after his first dash, and seldom does himself justice in the finals. I believe that if he would train hard, however, he could get staying power that would enable him to do as well in the third heat as he now does at his first trial. [Pg 562] Whether under any circumstances he could defeat Stevens is a question, for the Long-Islander showed his mettle by following up his first hard victory, and winning the 220 in the record time of 22-4/5 seconds. He could have done even better if he had known he was so close to these figures.

Fisher, of Harvard School, who holds the scholastic record of 52-1/5 sec. in the 440, was counted on by the New-Yorkers to take that event. Fisher has been training for it all spring, but since his injury last year he has not been able to get into very fit condition. He started off at a rapid gait and held the lead for about 300 yards, when his wind gave out, and Jewell, who did so much for Adelphi, in Brooklyn, the previous week, passed him easily, and came in an easy winner, with Fisher a weary third. His time, 54-1/5, was 1-2/5 seconds better than his winning time at the L.I.I.S.A.A. games. Meehan again had an easy victory in the half-mile, running as strong and pretty a race as he did the week before. In the mile, Tappen did not appear, having gone out of training, but McCord, who ran third in the N.Y. Interscholastics, came to the scratch and won in 4 m. 58-4/5 sec. He is a promising athlete, and this performance is especially creditable, as it is only his second race. Mosenthal, who beat him home the week before, ran second.

Harris. Pell. Syme.

FINISH IN FINAL HEAT LOW HURDLES OF THE I.-C. GAMES.

The high hurdles were run in three pretty heats. Beers came home ahead in the first in 16-1/5 sec. with a couple of Brooklyn men upsetting the hurdles behind him, and Vom Baur took the second heat in 16-2/5. Then came a neck-and-neck race between these two. Beers, who won the Interscholastics, ran well, and both men leaped together all the way. But Vom Baur was a little stronger at the finish, and left his opponent only a few inches behind him. It was an exciting race, and an exceedingly close finish. Syme won the final of the low hurdles easily, after coming in behind Harris in his heat, and Brooklyn was closed out of any points in the event by Harris and Pell. Powell took the lead in the bicycle, and made creditable time, 5 m. 32-2/5 sec. This was doubtless due to the pacing of Ehrich, which was permitted by the mutual consent of the Interscholastic Committees.

The field events were more interesting than the track events, especially the hammer, in which the record was broken by two men. Batterman threw first, and landed at 123 ft. 7/8 in. The record is 117 ft. 4-1/2 in., made by Irwin-Martin at the Interscholastics on May 11th. Irwin-Martin did not appear at the Inter-City games. Having made so good a throw, Batterman felt confident of victory, but Ayres stepped up and threw 123 ft. 11-1/4 in. Neither mark was bettered after these two performances. Baltazzi kept up to his mark in the high jump, and cleared 5 ft. 10-1/2 in. Then he had the bar put up to 6 ft., and tried for a record. He nearly did it, touching only with his ankle-bone, and he did not try again. My assumption that Baltazzi would represent the N.Y.A.C. in the International games in September has proved correct. Captain Baxter has asked him to become a member of the N.Y.A.C. team. Cowperthwaite jumped half an inch further than he did at the Interscholastics, but came near being defeated by Jewell, who cleared 20 ft. 10 in., then lost his balance and fell back. Jewell is one of the best all-round men in the schools. Simpson's work in the pole vault was of the first order, his best jump, 10 ft. coming within 3/8 of an inch of the interscholastic record established by him the year before. The accompanying table will show the day's record. The names of the Long Island representatives and schools are *italicized* for

convenience of reference.

POLE VAULT AT THE I.-C. GAMES.

Simpson clearing the bar at 10 feet.

RECORD OF THE INTER-CITY GAMES, BERKELEY OVAL, MAY 18, 1895.

Event.	Winner (Five Points).		
100-yard dash	*Stevens, B. L. S.*		10 4-5 sec.
100-yard dash, for Juniors	*Robinson, St. Paul's*		11 2-5 "
220-yard run	*Stevens, B. L. S.*		22 4-5 "
440-yard run	*Jewell, Adelphi*		54 1-5 "
Half-mile run	Meehan, Condon	2 m.	9 "
Mile run	McCord, Dwight	4 "	58 4-5 "
120-yard hurdle	Von Baur, Barnard		15 4-5 "
220-yard hurdle	Syme, Barnard		27 3-5 "
Two-mile bicycle	Powell, Cutler	5 "	32 2-5 "
Running high jump	Baltazzi, Harvard	5 ft.	10 1-4 in.
Running broad jump	Cowperthwaite, Col. Gram.	20 "	8 1-2 "
Pole vault	Simpson, Barnard	10 "	
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Ayers, Condon	123 "	11 1-4 "
Putting 12-pound shot	Ayers, Condon	40 "	

Event.	Second. (Three Points).	Third (One Point).
100-yard dash	Hall, Yale	*Stevenson, Poly. Prep.*
100-yard dash, for Juniors	Wilson, Barnard	Armstead, Berkeley
220-yard run	Washburne, Barnard	*Underhill, Poly. Prep.*
440-yard run	Draper, Cutler	Fisher, Harvard
Half-mile run	*Hollingworth, Poly. Prep.*	*Van Orden, Poly. Prep.*
Mile run	Mosenthal, Sachs	*Romer, Adelphi*
120-yard hurdle	Beers, D. L. S.	Moeran, Berkeley
220-yard hurdle	Harris, Cutler	Pell, Cutler
Two-mile bicycle	Mortimier, Blake	Gillespie, Col. Gram.
Running high jump	Wenman, Drisler	*Gunnison, Adelphi*
Running broad jump	*Jewell, Adelphi*	Powell, Cutler
Pole vault	Paulding, Drisler	Hurlburt, Berkeley
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Batterman, Harvard	*Fairbank, St. Paul*
Putting 12-pound shot	Bigelow, W. & K.	*Mason, Poly. Prep.*

Event.	N. Y.	L. I.	Points made by Schools.	
100-yard dash	3	6	Barnard	21
100-yard dash, for Juniors	4	5	Condon	15
220-yard run	3	6	Cutler	13
440-yard run	4	5	*Adelphi*	10

Half-mile run	5	4	B. L. S	10
Mile run	8	1	Harvard	9
120-yard hurdle	9	0	*Poly. Prep.*	7
220-yard hurdle	9	0	*St. Paul's*	6
Two-mile bicycle	9	0	Col. Gram.	6
Running high jump	8	1	Drisler	6
Running broad jump	6	3	Dwight	5
Pole vault	9	0	Berkeley	3
Throwing 12-pound hammer	8	1	Yale	3
Putting 12-pound shot	8	1	Sachs	3
			D. L. S.	3
	93	33	W. & K.	3
			Blake	3
				126

Next Saturday the schools of the Pennsylvania Inter-academic League will meet on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, to decide the championship of the association in track athletics. I expect to see Jones of Penn Charter, who did 10-3/4 in the 100, last year, take the event again this spring, with Hunsberger, his schoolmate, second. Unless some new man develops, Branson of Penn Charter and Remington of De Lancey will fight it out between them for first in the high hurdles. Jones should be heard from again in the 220, and McCarty of Germantown will probably take the quarter. Thackara will push him. Thackara will also have a close contest with Hedges in the half-mile, as both are good men, and Thorpe of Penn Charter will see that they make their best time. Branson has a record of 5 feet in the high jump, and it is doubtful if any one else in the I.A.A.L. can better it. The pole vault is uncertain, but Beasley of Germantown has cleared nearly 8 feet. The running broad will probably go to Remington, whose record is 18 feet 5-3/4 inches, but it will be closely contested by Hunsberger and Shoenhut. As Boyd of Cheltenham M.A. will not contest this year, the hammer and shot are uncertainties, and will go to new men.

An unusually large number of schools came into the I.A.B.B. League this year, and some good games were the result. Germantown Academy and Cheltenham M.A. defeated all their opponents, and met last Friday to decide which school should fly the championship banner. The game was played too late in the week for me to be able to notice it in this Department, but I shall treat of it next time. The De Lancey School stands third in the race, with two defeats. Cricket is not a regular I.A.A.A. sport; but a cup, offered by the Haverford College Cricket Club, was contested for last year, and has been played for again this year by a number of the schools in the league. In 1894 De Lancey headed the list, with Germantown, Penn Charter, Haverford Grammar, and Episcopal Academy following in the order named. The struggle this spring will be between Penn Charter and De Lancey, neither having yet suffered defeat. Penn Charter has two strong bowlers in Jones and Brown but in my opinion neither one is quite up to Graves, De Lancey's plucky little, all-round cricketer.

The next three weeks will see some hard training among the athletes of the New England schools, for all the principal scholastic track meets in that region come during the first days of June. The first important [Pg 563] meeting will be the dual games between Andover and Worcester Academy, which will probably be held in Worcester, on June 1st. Then the Interscholastic games of the New England League come, at Cambridge, on June 15th, and they will be preceded on June 8th by the Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A. games at Amherst, and by the Connecticut I.S.A.A. games at Hartford. At the latter we shall see some records broken, for Beck of Hillhouse High is throwing the hammer (16 lbs.) 111 feet in practice, and is putting the shot (also 16 lbs.) 39 feet. He is sure to add ten points to the New Haven school's score.

At the meeting of the N.E.I.S.A.A., held in Boston, May 2d, the legislators very wisely voted to keep men over twenty years of age out of all interscholastic contests. Cushing Academy and Phillips Andover wanted to change the constitution so that young men over twenty years of age, if at school, could participate in games held under the rules of the N.E.I.S.A.A. But, as I anticipated, they found few supporters, and the motion to refer the question to a committee was promptly defeated, and the subject dropped. Lynn High and Mechanics' High schools applied for membership in the League, and were admitted. The New England Association is now the largest interscholastic organization in the country, having twenty-eight schools in its membership.

The dual games between Phillips Andover and Worcester academies will be close, and will furnish an exciting contest. It seems a difficult problem at this early date to name the winner, for there are so many unknown quantities to consider. Nevertheless, the 100 will probably rest between Senn, P. A., and Bryant, W. A., with Barker, P. A., third; and the winner should certainly cover the distance in 10-3/5. The order of the 220 is likely to be Gaskell, P. A., Barker, W. A., and Woodward, P. A.; but as none of them are crack men, the time will be slow. Laing, P. A., and Fish, W. A., will have a tussle for supremacy in the quarter, and will make good time. Laing is the better of the two, and will probably take the half-mile, with Gaskell and Tyler, both P. A., behind him. Richardson, of the same school, will finish first in the mile, with Milner, W. A., a close second, and Lewis, P. A., behind him. Clare of Worcester ought to get the high hurdles away from Hine, who is Andover's best man over the sticks; but Hine will undoubtedly take first in the low hurdles. Barker, W. A., will push him hard, and Fish should come in third. Lockwood, W. A., will have an easy time of it in the walk, and it is uncertain if Andover has any one good enough to secure better than third place. The bicycle race will also go to Worcester, with Crouse, P.A., possibly in one of the places. Holt of Andover should take the shot event, and he will earn second in the hammer; while Edmunds, W. A., will reverse matters by getting first in the hammer and second in the shot. Andover ought to get third in this last event with Maltby. The broad jump is the most doubtful of any event, as neither school has any very good man for that number on the card. The high jump, however, will stay at Worcester in all three places, the probable order being Johnson first, Edmunds second, and Coelith third. Johnson will also win the pole vault for Worcester, as he can clear 10 feet 8 inches. Lewis, P. A., will come nearest to him.

THE GRADUATE.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Why Not

make the baby fat? For the thin baby is delicate, and is not half so cunning.

Give the thin baby Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

Scott's Emulsion is as easy a food as milk. It is much more effective in making thin babies fat, and they like it.

If all the babies that have been made fat and chubby and well by Scott's Emulsion could only tell their story to the mothers of other sickly babies!

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"Anderson's" Celebrated Zephyrs.

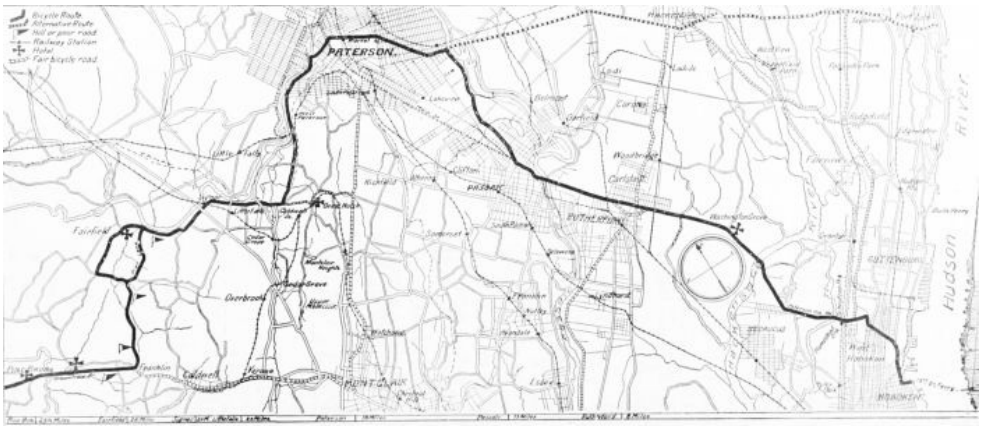
Broadway & 19th st.

NOTE—Commencing June 1st our store will close at 12 o'clock Saturdays.

NEW YORK.

BICYCLING

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



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The map this week is perhaps one of the best in New Jersey which can be taken by a New-Yorker without too long a journey before reaching the starting-point. It not only extends to Paterson, which is a good eighteen-mile ride, and, with the return trip, makes a good half-day run, but it extends to Pine Brook, twenty-nine miles altogether, which is the first stage on the tour from New York to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and thence on to Buffalo.

The rider should take the Fourteenth Street ferry from New York to Hoboken, and his first object then is to get to the Boulevard. The road to the Boulevard is direct from the ferry, with a sharp turn to the right a few minutes after leaving the ferry-house, where the railroad is crossed, and the rider then comes into the Boulevard. After a long gradual ascent, he should take the first prominent turn to the left, leaving the Boulevard on the right, and going northeast to the cemetery, still uphill. The road circles this, and keeping always to the left the rider comes into the Paterson Plank Road, crosses several tracks at Homestead Station, with the Scheutzen Park on the right, then runs across the salt meadows, and finally rides over the Hackensack River. There is but one fork before he reaches the outskirts of Rutherford, which is at Washington Grove. He should keep to the Paterson Plank Road, which is the turn to the left. The road from Homestead Station to the road-house at Washington Grove is macadamized and in reasonably good condition. From the Washington Grove road-house, between Rutherford and Carlstadt, the road is perfectly straight and level, but is in poorer condition, and somewhat sandy. As the rider passes out of Carlstadt he crosses the railroad track, runs a few hundred yards until the road takes a sharp curve to the right northward, almost to the Passaic River. Here he should turn sharply to the left and cross the Passaic. This is a somewhat difficult turn, and he should be careful not to keep on to the north towards Garfield Post-office. Crossing the river, he soon arrives at a fork, where he should turn to the right, the left-hand turn being Main Street, which, though the more direct route to Passaic, is not so good a road. This fork is reached just before entering Passaic.

Passing through Passaic, the run is direct to the cemetery on the Passaic River at the outskirts of Paterson. Keep to this road until you run into Market Street. At the bridge turn sharp left and pass through the city of Paterson on Market Street to its end. Then turn to the right up a short grade to the bridge that crosses the [Pg 565] Passaic again. The rider should not cross the bridge, but should turn sharp to the left and follow the car tracks through West Paterson Station to Little Falls. This stretch of road is in fine condition, is macadamized and level. From Little Falls it is a one-mile run to Singac. Immediately on leaving Singac and crossing the track the rider comes to cross roads. He should keep on the main road, skirting around with the river on the right, over a hilly country, by a hotel, into Fairfield; or if he chooses, he may turn to the left just before reaching Fairfield into Pier Lane. But if he wishes to make a stop in Fairfield, he must keep on to the hotel in the centre of the town. This stretch of country is a rolling macadamized road in reasonably good condition. From Fairfield, or from the junction of the main road and Pier Lane, the road southward to Franklin Post-office is in poorer condition and clay, and is much more hilly. At the junction of the roads in Franklin the rider should inquire for Bloomfield Avenue, which is the direct road to Pine Brook. This is a sandy road, somewhat hilly, and it is necessary to take the side path. At Pine Brook he has made about thirty miles, and may stop either at the hotel just off the Bloomfield road about a mile before reaching the town or at the hotel in the centre of the town.

By examining the map it will be seen that the same trip may be made by riding up to 125th Street in New York, taking the Fort Lee ferry, and riding over the direct route from Fort Lee through Taylorsville on to Hackensack, and thence over a reasonably good straight road, crossing the Passaic, and meeting Market Street above the cemetery at the point where the Paterson Plank Road joins it. A good run would be to take this latter road, to leave Market Street in Paterson, and strike for the fair bicycle road indicated on the map, which runs nearly due south through South Paterson, leaving on the west, or right hand, Montclair Heights, Cedar Grove, Upper Montclair, and riding into Montclair through Watchung, where the train may be taken for New York. This is, of course, a somewhat hilly 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. New York to Staten Island in No. 812.

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.

A subscriber asks if the value of United States postage-stamps is likely to increase in the future in a manner to make them a safe investment. We can only judge of the future by the past, and taking that as a criterion, the United States stamps, with, of course, the exception of the common low values, will increase in value in the future to a far greater extent than they ever have in the past. There are to-day many millions of dollars invested in postage-stamps for collections, and while the question of stamps as an investment was somewhat doubtful ten or more years ago, at present the prominent collectors have less hesitation in investing in rare stamps than in United States bonds. The former they know will pay large interest. The recent great increase in the price of all old United States stamps is due to the buying up by collectors of all the rarities they can get, and the trend of the prices is always upward, not down.

It is reported that nearly all of the Columbian stamps on sale at Washington have been disposed of, only a few values being left. It is a last opportunity to get those much prized stamps at face value as the prices will rapidly rise after they are sold out.

The eight-cent stamp with ornaments in the corner has been issued, thus completing the set. The color is darker than the previous stamp.

The Grand-Duke Alexis Michaelivitch of Russia, who died in March, was an ardent stamp collector, and although only nineteen years of age, had already done much for the pursuit through his writings. He had planned many greater things to do for philately, but these the stamp world will lose through his early death.

When the new issue of Mexico was placed on sale, a band of music was engaged for the occasion, and after the Postmaster-General had opened the post-office window, the stamps were sold to the strains of music.

E. C. Tatnall.—Lithographed stamps are printed from stones, while all the United States, and majority of other stamps are printed from steel plates. In lithographic printing the lines are coarser and the surface smooth, while steel-plate printing shows fine lines and perfectly clean surface. The 1870-2 issue of France is lithographed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Give the children as much Hires' Rootbeer as they want. Take as much as you want, yourself. There's no harm in it—nothing but good.

A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons.

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of health—because she uses Pond's Extract at her toilet, and appreciates the fact that no substitute can equal it.

Avoid substitutes; accept genuine only, with buff wrapper and yellow label.

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Sick Headache

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Constipation

are quickly and pleasantly cured by

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.

The most valuable family remedy for

Disordered Stomach

and Impaired Digestion.

50 cents and $1.00. All Druggists.

Tarrant & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

Postage Stamps, &c.

[Pg 566]

Round Table Chapters.

No. 704.—The Will Carleton Chapter, of Fort Ann, N. Y. It is a school Chapter, and the teachers have been elected as honorary members. Its officers are Julia Wright, president; Fred Baker, vice-president; Jerry Finch, secretary; Gertrude Holly, treasurer; Mamie Kearans, assistant treasurer. Its object is to form the nucleus of a school library. Jerry Finch, Fort Ann.

No. 705.—The Arlington Round Table Chapter, of Arlington, Vermont. James S. Graham, Box 116.

No. 706.—The Summit City Athletic Association, of Aurora, Mo. Officers are Neil G. Garlock, George Nichols, Guy Garlock, Charles Ruby. Other members are Bert Clark, Arthur Spell, Earl Baker.

No. 707.—The W. J. Henderson Chapter, of Leesburg, Fla. Dora Mitchell, Annie Miller, Annie Halden,

Tessie Hall; George H. McKee, Leesburg.

No. 708.—The Outing Athletic Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Samuel Luffberry, William Hanlon; Herman F. Nauman, Jun., 8 Jefferson Street. All Knights and Ladies are invited to join.

No. 709.—The Music Literary League, of Tiffin, Ohio. E. B. Naylor, 166 Monroe Street.

No. 710.—The Uncle Sam Chapter, of Chicago, Ill. Earle Morton, Edward Burrell, Melvin Harlan, Rufus Dickman, Fred Litten; Evarts Graham, 672 West Monroe Street.

No. 711.—The Sylvia Chapter, of Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa. Will the Chapter please send names of officers?

Who Were Wise as the Wizard.

The Wizard gave us one of the best contests we ever had. Here are the answers: 1. Gilles de Retz, Marquis de Laval; Henry the Eighth. 2. Laughing Water (heroine in Longfellow's "Hiawatha") 3. Sir Henry Percie or Percy. 4. "A Merry Interlude," by John Heywood. 5. Lilly the astronomer. 6. Madagascar; Luna Island. 7. Bacon. 8. Slug; Devilfish. 9. Swallow; Swallow-tailed kite. 10. Shoe-bird. 11. Aye-aye; Ai; Horse, because it "neighs." 12. Book-spider or book-worm. 13. Dollar or goldfish. 14. Richard Steele, Thackeray's "Henry Esmond." 15. An old shepherd near Cleone, Greece, who was kind to Hercules, to repay which the hero destroyed the Nemean lion. 16. Don Quixote. 17. Clark. 18. Aaron Burr. 19. General Gates. 20. Poe (Po). 21. Holmes. 22. Marcus Terentius Varro. 23. An Irish secret society, organized in 1843. 24. To be burned as a heretic. 25. Pierre de Ronsard. 26. Snow ball. 27. Scotland. 28. A great churchbell at Lincoln Cathedral. 29. Prince Houssain, "Arabian Nights." 30. Gustavus Adolphus. 31. Earwig; Handcuff; Ear-ring. 32. Smolensk on the Dneiper. 33. George the Fourth. 34. René of Naples. 35. Ticks. 36. Jack Cade. 37. Lady Berkeley. 38. John the Painter: Silas Deane. 39. John Walter, of the London *Times*, Nov. 28, 1814; invented by Koenig. 40. New Orleans. 41. Mrs. Howe, wife of Lord Howe. 42. Edward Longshanks. 43. Richard Cromwell. 44. God of Peace and Pleasure among the ancient Saxons. 45. The initial letters of the twenty-two chapters of the Book of Revelation.

Questions that proved most difficult were 15, 20, 21, 24, 34, and 45. Only six found the 45. Many gave as its answer the title-page of a dictionary, and enough A's down the first column to fill the number; but this would not be a fair question, because, as put to the Wizard and to you, it did not cover all of the thing required. Frisco could not mean San Francisco, because in the puzzle there was no apostrophe showing that part of the word had been cut off. One solver answered correctly all save four of the questions. His name is Philip Castner; he is thirteen, and he lives in Philadelphia. His prize is $10. Two others did almost as well, and hence large second prizes are given them. One is Mae Sterner, of Pittsburg, and the other Edward L. Lyon, of Oswego, N. Y. Their prizes are $4 each. Third prizes of $1 each are given to Edward L. Wharton, New Jersey; Sarah Hodgson, Tennessee; Albert Walton, Illinois; Raymond Tilley and Francis C. Pequignot, Pennsylvania; and Mortimer J. McChesney, West Virginia. Fourth prizes, half-dollars, are sent to J. Benners King, Sydney W. Stern, Elsie Goddard, Ruth W. Balmer, J. Lawrence Hyde, Marion Miller, Daniel Llewellyn, and Katie Bartholow.

The Helping Hand.

To the Whittier Library Chapter, of Milwaukee, Wis., belongs the high honor of contributing a greater amount to the School Fund than any other, namely, $124.25. Not only so, but its contribution swells the amount sent by Milwaukee to such a figure that it enjoys the honor of having given more than any other city in the Union. The Whittier Library got its high honor by holding a two-day fair. Its receipts were $143.24, and it kept its expenses down to below $20, as you can see. Fourteen Ladies accomplished all this, and their names are: Mattie Tomanek, president; Luella Eimer, vice-president; Margaret Mitchell, secretary; Hildegarde E. A. Eimer, treasurer; Lenora Loew, Mary Kuenzli, Rose Faber, Helen Lorenzen, Mabel Diedrichsen, Alma Kuhn. Delia Volktman, Annie Voss, Erna Lasché, and Emily Burke. The Table thanks them warmly, as it does all who have helped the Fund, as follows:

Amount in money, last report	$1165.32
Amount in foundation materials	400.00
	$1565.32

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170.11

$1735.43

On interest for us, which we are to have July 1, if we do well meanwhile

	300.00
Grand Total	$2035.43
Amount the Table set out to raise	$3000.00

The Robert Louis Stevenson Chapter's gift came from a parlor entertainment, consisting of jokes from comic papers, illustrated by shadow pantomimes. The members number five: Homer A. Wessel, Jun., Hugh H. Bates, M. L. Bates, C. E. Hoffman, and J. H. Bates. Its contribution was the neat sum of five dollars.

The Table is earning, not begging, this Fund. Won't you help it to get the balance? It is to build a school-house for some poor boys who have none. Why not raise something in that garden of yours? Or pick some strawberries? Or contribute what you earn one day?

A Fascinating Walk in Rome.

This has been a very rainy season. In February it even snowed a little, which is a wonderful thing in Rome. How I should like to see a big snow-storm! A few days ago I went to the Museo Nazionale, which is made in a part of the Baths of Diocletian. In the entranceway are at least ten headless women, which we call Bluebeard's wives, although they are not hung up by their hair.

Further in is a large "cortile," and in the middle of it there are some cypresses which are said to have been planted by Michaelangelo. And one may almost believe it, because they look old and are almost dead. Near them is a fountain, and all around it are immense animals' heads on pedestals—an elephant, a rhinoceros, a horse, and others—and there are many vases and statues around the garden.

In a room on the first floor is a half figure of a vestal virgin who has a noble expression on her face. On the second floor is a large bronze statue of a pugilist resting. It was found not long ago when they were excavating to build the Theatre Nazionale. It is very powerfully done, with its prominent muscles. Its head is hideous, and he has many scars and a broken nose. In another room is a headless statue of a young man on one knee. This statue is very pretty, and it is a great pity that it has lost its head.

In one room is a lovely head of a woman asleep, and lying on a velvet cushion it looks very natural, although it has lost most of its nose. It has a very peaceful expression. In one room are some old coins dug up here not many years ago. Ages ago they were sent from England as Peterpence by Alfred the Great, Athelstan, and other kings. The Baths of Diocletian are now used in many ways very different from those they were meant for; one large vaulted hall is used to store the wood of a carpenter, another for coal, and a large part of the building is turned into a blind-asylum. There is also a big church made from part of it planned by Michaelangelo. It is called Santa Maria degli Angeli. It is a very handsome church, and has several immense ancient granite columns. Formerly they had been shamefully plastered over, but now the plaster has been scraped off. On the floor of the church is a metal line on some part of which the sun shines at meridian, and on each side of it are the Signs of the Zodiac set in marble of many colors.

Near the entrance is the tomb of Salvator Rosa with his bust over it. He was a good painter, but he chose queer subjects. I have seen dark landscapes, a picture of a witch, and a group of three horrible heads of fierce-looking brigands of his. He was a poet, too, and we have a book of his satires. We have also some pretty songs of his, which prove that he was a good musician. In front of these many buildings, which were once used for bathing, is a very attractive square with a lovely fountain which has a splendid flow of water, and in the evening it is very beautifully illuminated by electricity. Near there is the great Central Station of Rome.

Rome, Italy.
Maria Ojetti, R. T. L.

Want Corner.

A Newport member asks what numbers on the head-light of a locomotive indicate. They are the number of the locomotive repeated on the head-light, in order that it may be seen at night. A locomotive's number is its identification on the books of the company from other locomotives. We would like to print Samuel D. McCoy's exchange notice, but cannot do so. The Table has no exchange column. Harry A. Light is interested in flowers, and his address is 27 Pine Street, New York. He asks how the United States ranks with foreign powers in point of military strength. The German army, when on a peace footing, has 546,136 men in it; the French, 567,464; the Italian, 220,685; the Austrian, 334,400; the Russian, 1,112,684; the British, 138,410; and the United States, 27,957. Great Britain has in its navy 6790 guns; France, 6554; Germany, 1361; Italy, 1562; and Russia, 1643. The United States has about the same number of guns as Germany, though it has no fewer than sixty naval vessels, as tugs, school-ships, small steamers, condemned boats, etc., out of commission and unfit for service in war.

Linnie Schloeman: Jane Porter was born in Durham, in 1776, and died in Bristol, May 24, 1850. She was educated at Edinburgh, and afterward removed to London with her mother and sister. Here she published *Thaddeas of Warsaw*, which was translated into several languages. In 1809 she published *The Scottish Chiefs*, a story of the adventures of Bruce and Wallace. Essex Hobarten asks how to make a simple dynamo. He will find more detailed information than we can repeat here in the Young People dated January 15, 1895. A copy may be had from the publishers. The price is five cents. Any dealer can get it for you.

Two Knights say they collect birds' eggs. Better not, friends. The eggs belong to the birds. We are aware that naturalists say it does no harm to extract one egg from a nest. Perhaps not, when the purpose is clearly for study. But the Table cannot do this thing as a pleasure—a mere fancy for that sort of a collection. Please do not collect birds' eggs. Chester Lewis, writing from Cincinnati, sends no street

address. Suppose he writes again. James F. Rodgers will find an account of the Johnson Impeachment case in any history, Moore's *American Congress*, for example. The Senate refused to sustain the impeachment, hence one might say that it thought it unjustifiable. Stanislaus Bloch, 5 Krueza Street, Warsaw, in Russian Poland, has Russian and Finland stamps to trade, and says he will answer all letters. Carl Deal: The Order has no gold badges, but it has been suggested that it provide such. [Pg 567]

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

Is it right to care about one's clothes, and to like to have pretty and becoming things? Why, of course it is not only right, but a positive duty to have one's wardrobe in good order, and to wear colors and shapes which suit one's style and complexion. The girls for whom I write are old enough to take intelligent interest in their clothes; some of them may even buy their own materials, and cut and make their every-day frocks and waists for themselves. Every girl should understand the principles of dress-making, so that she may know how much stuff needs to be used in a gown, and regulate for herself the sort of trimming which will finish her costume appropriately.

Growing girls do not need many dresses at once. A pretty toilette for best, which may at this season be of wool crépon or of summer silk, and a serviceable frock of serge or some other strong woollen stuff for every-day and roughing occasions, will meet the requirements of ordinary life. A girl should have besides these, for summer, one or two dainty ginghams simply made, a half-dozen shirt waists, four of linen or percale, and two of silk, and a white gown either of Swiss muslin or China silk. A sailor hat for common use, a wide-brimmed picture hat for very best, and a jaunty little toque will be enough in the way of covering for the head, and she will be wise to have, if she can, several pairs of shoes. It is economy to have duplicates of one's shoes and boots, as these last much longer when frequently changed and relieved. For tramping about the roads and hills one needs, as also for the city promenade, an absolutely comfortable walking boot, with broad soles, low heels, and a shape that fits the foot to perfection. Too loose a shoe is as disagreeable and as bad for the foot of its wearer as one which is too tight. A dress boot may be of cloth and patent-leather or of soft kid. Let me insist, girls, on your keeping your boots in order, so far as the buttons are concerned. Nothing gives one so careless an appearance as a boot from which buttons have fallen.

Gloves should be kept in order just as shoes are. As they are a very expensive part of one's outfit, one should care for them nicely. In taking off your gloves, pull them from the top downwards, so that they are wrong side out when they come off. Straighten them at your leisure, and keep your very best when not in use folded up in tissue-paper, and in a box. Chamois gloves are nice for every day, and have the advantage of standing a good deal of rough wear. They are to be preferred for gardening, driving, rowing, and sweeping. I take it that among you are many girls who sweep their own rooms, and do not wish to have hands blistered from the broom.

Margaret E. Sangster.

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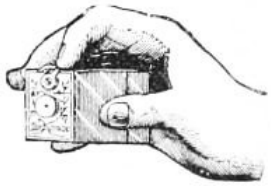

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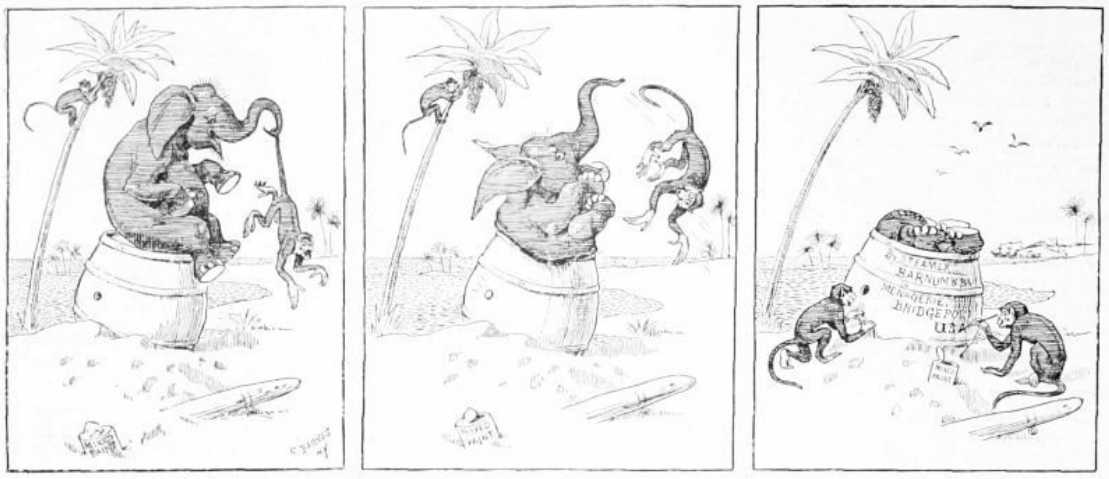

THE SAD FATE OF A MISCHIEVOUS ELEPHANT.

DOGS IN WARFARE.

During Bonaparte's campaign in Italy, says a writer on dogs, as an aid to military operations, a dog whose

name holds a place in military history did service as scout and spy, and showed a reasoning power that more than once came to the aid of Napoleon's army. At Marengo the quaint-looking poodle Mustache on several occasions prevented the regiment falling into the enemy's ambush, and such confidence had the soldiers in his sagacity that they followed where he led, and met with considerable success. When Mustache died he was buried with military honors, and was sadly missed by his comrades in the regiment.

Another dog, known to fame as Dellys, held for a long time the grade of corporal in the Second Regiment of Zouaves of the French army in Africa. The Arabs used to kill the French outposts by crawling up to them in the dark and stabbing them, until Dellys made his appearance, when he soon turned the tables on the enemy. The Zouaves shaved the dog, tied small branches on his back, and taught him to advance slowly on the Arab sentinel, stopping at the slightest indication that he was noticed, and, when near enough, spring on the man, and seize him by the throat.

In ten nights seven Arab sentries were thus killed by the brave dog. For these and other services he was made sergeant, with stripes attached round his fore legs. One day Dellys was induced to wander from the camp, and was killed by the enemy. The Zouaves, furious at his loss, immediately besieged the neighboring village, and notwithstanding its almost inaccessible position on the rocks, took possession of the place in about an hour. Dellys's death was avenged.

In the Thirty-second Regiment of the French army, while manœuvres were taking place a few years ago, experiments were made with the dogs trained by Lieutenant Jupin, which acted as sentinels and were stationed at some distance from the camp, and gave notice by a peculiar bark when any one approached within four or five hundred yards of the post.

TRAINING FOR A PIRATE.

An item concerning Washington Irving, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, although it contains a deal of good advice for certain youngsters of the present time, has lately come to our notice. It is to this intent:

Washington Irving, in his youth, had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experience. He began by eating salt pork. That made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards. That made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who want to capture men-of-war, or who desire to go scouting and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate young Irving's example.

ANECDOTE OF LESSING.

Absent-mindedness has been frequently a characteristic of men of fame. It is to be supposed, no doubt, that their minds have been so wholly absorbed by great matters that the smaller, more trivial things of life have been considered unworthy of their attention. Among men of this stamp who have suffered in this way was Lessing, a famous German writer of plays and books of criticism. Lessing discovered at one period of his life that he was being robbed of his ready money by some person in his home, and, unable to determine who the culprit was, he put the servants of his household to a test by leaving a handful of gold upon his breakfast table one morning.

Meeting a friend he told him what he had done.

"That was risky," said his friend. "How much did you leave there?"

"Dear me!" cried Lessing. "I quite forgot to count."

A BUSINESSLIKE BEGGAR.

They tell a story of an enterprising beggar of Paris who went about with a sign "I am blind" hung around his neck.

"But you are not blind!" said a man of whom he asked alms.

"I know that," said the beggar. "But the man whose business I bought was. He used to make ten francs a day on this route with this sign. I bought him out. Pray help a poor blind man a little, sir."

A CURIOUS DEFINITION.

A great many persons have discussed the question as to what is the true definition of the word gentleman. The ideas advanced on the subject are generally entertaining, novel, and of great variety, but there has probably never been a more singular definition given than that of the Irishman who was asked his opinion on the subject.

"Sure, sorr," he replied, "a gintleman is a—well, oi should say he was a mon what ates jam on his mutton, sorr."

A BARBER'S JOKE.

A well-known American clergyman went into a barber shop one morning, and being somewhat of a joker, said to the barber, "My friend, you may cut my hair as short as you would like my sermons to be."

The barber immediately got out his razor and proceeded to shave the doctor's head.

"Hold on!" cried the doctor. "Are you going to take it all off?"

"You told me to, doctor," said the barber. "I don't want any of your sermons."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, MAY 28, 1895 ***

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